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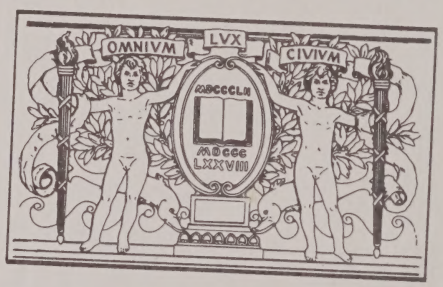

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1930

THE GENIUS OF THE AVERAGE

CALVIN COOLIDGE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It is an immense advantage to a public man to have a reputation for silence, and the dangers of free speech to a politician have been often enough demonstrated. The Blaines, the Roosevelts, the Gladstones, have a glorious gift with the tongue, but it sometimes gets them into trouble. The Washingtons, the Clevelands, the Coolidges, thrive by silence. For the silence always suggests mystery and vast uncomprehended intellectual depths, which may be there and may not.

Calvin Coolidge was born on the fourth of July, 1872, in the little mountain village of Plymouth, Vermont. His family on both sides struck its roots right down into the heart of New England. There was the New England habit of labor, the sturdy endurance of hardship and privation, the thrift, the self-denial, the dominating conscience, the instinctive sense that all amusement was frivolous, if not dangerous. Calvin had a simple, solid education, by which he profited moderately. He went to Amherst College, studied and practised law in an office in Northampton, drifted into politics, and swept up steadily through all the political degrees from the lowest to the highest. One never tires of dwelling on the tremendous contrast between the primitive parlor in the New England farmhouse in which, by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, the father administered to the son the presidential oath, and the palatial splendor of the residence of the greatest ruler in the world. No doubt the contrast has been always present to Mr. Coolidge himself and has always filled him with astonishment.

It cannot be said of course that this extraordinary career has been built entirely on silence. Coolidge has plenty of words at his command when they are called for. His speeches and messages show an abundant and sometimes wearisome fluency. He can say what he wants, when he wants, as he wants. But he also keeps still when he has nothing to say, and most of us would find that this left a terrible void in our habits of utterance. Furthermore, he has what has justly been called a significant silence. His complete absence of speech often suggests more than others' rippling multiplicity of words. And though no doubt Coolidge has sometimes had occasion to deplore

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his lack of small talk, he is well aware of the advantage that the habit of silence gives him, appreciates it, develops it, and has at times insisted on it with great effect. 'I have never been hurt by anything I did n't say,' he once observed.

I have long studied the photographic portrayals of Coolidge's face, though I have never seen the reality. Even with the utmost sympathy of contemplation, it is hard to find power in it. There is no suggestion of quick and eager response. It is a pinched, drawn face, certainly not hard, but anxious, the face of a man perpetually confronted by a problem a little too big for him. One thing may be said — the face has New England written all over it. It seems to me at moments that I detect some shade of the Indian strain of ancestry which biographers generally pass over, but which Mr. Coolidge himself frankly admits. The truth is, there was a strange affinity in some respects between the early Puritans and their Indian neighbors. There was the same silence, the same stoicism, the same grim and bare acceptance of hard reality. Indian or not, there is no question but that Mr. Coolidge sums up in himself these marked qualities of New England inheritance. And it seems a strange thing that, when the country as a whole has outgrown New England, has taken to laughing at it or forgetting it, an unexpected turn of fortune should have made not only a son of New England but an absolute incarnation of New England the ruler over all America.

II

It is extremely difficult to trace and analyze the finer currents and movements of intellectual and spiritual life under this habitual aloofness and remoteness; but the broader outlines may be laid down without much trouble. Coolidge's intellectual training was on the whole ample and varied. The teaching in the better country academies fifty years ago was not very broad, but it was substantial. At Amherst he came into contact with men of real originality and power and he responded to those who gave the historical and human suggestion, which was the thing that chiefly appealed to him. He was not especially concerned with facts of science or achievements of literature. But the working of human nature in history and government meant something to him, and whatever he acquired about it he instinctively stored away for future use.

It does not appear that he read much for pleasure. Novels never appealed to him at any stage of his career. He read extensively and in earlier years a considerable variety, but he probably read slowly, so that he did not cover much ground in proportion to the time spent; and as years went on, the reading was almost entirely restricted to books of history and government. He is supposed to have studied philosophy assiduously with Garman at Amherst. Garman is said to have taught him and others a remorseless regard for truth and a habit of thinking things through to the end. But I see no signs anywhere of any profound philosophical training or activity.

If Coolidge did not spend much energy on speculative scientific or philosophical thinking, his mental processes were incessantly active on his own peculiar business. One who had observed him closely and carefully states this with vigor and force: 'The universal testimony of those who know is that he is always thinking. Not mind-wandering, casual consciousness, but hard, disciplined, purposeful thinking upon his problems. He is, they say, forever thinking ahead. That is why he is never hurried, never caught off his

guard, never excited when the moment for decision and action comes.' Obviously this constant mental activity is in no way incompatible with difficulty and slowness of thought; rather it may well be a result of such conditions. But it is an undeniable characteristic of Coolidge the politician. When any situation is brought before him he works it out to the very bottom, so far as his comprehension goes, and with a minuteness of small detail sometimes astonishing to those who know both him and the subject best.

On the other hand, though Coolidge's political thinking is intense and continuous, when it comes to a question of the abstract quality of that thinking the judgment will be somewhat different. In his early days as legislator he seems to have been attracted by various reforming tendencies, but as time went on he settled more and more into a conservative attitude and became above all the proclaimer of the necessity and desirability of keeping things as they are. His political philosophy is that of the mid-nineteenth century, the optimistic ideal of democracy as the final solution of all problems and cure for all evils. If a few small evils happen not to be cured, you must shut your eyes for the time and trust in Providence. There may be still something to be urged for this theory, but it can hardly be said to denote advanced thinking from the twentieth-century point of view. It can hardly be said that Coolidge has much to do with the twentieth century.

What is interesting about Coolidge's political ideas is not only the ideas themselves, but his gift of expressing them, which is said to be one of the few things on which he prides himself. He has a singular felicitous faculty of coining brief, telling, energetic phrases that take hold of men's minds and stay in them. The sentence addressed to Gompers after the Police Strike, 'There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time,' will not soon fade out of American history. There are plenty of others equally notable. Such things are not only effective phrases; they bear the impress of honest, square thinking.

III

Whether it was his thoughts that did it or his words, there can be no doubt about the extraordinary, steady, unbroken rapidity of Coolidge's political progress. He once lost a contest for School Committee. Otherwise the voters have given him whatever he asked for, and almost without his asking. Beginning with minor municipal offices in Northampton, he drifted into the State legislature, as it seemed a hopelessly rural specimen. But he made his way, just by sheer faithful work. He went back to be Mayor of Northampton. Then he went to the State Senate, became its President, slipped into the Lieutenant Governorship. A little later, as Governor, the Police Strike gave him nation-wide prominence. His supporters urged him for the Presidency, but the Senatorial clique put in Harding instead, and it was left for an unexpected reaction of accident and weariness to land the Massachusetts man in the Vice Presidency. Two years later Harding's death advanced him to the highest office in the country. People smiled, and said, 'That man — President? Not for more than two years at any rate.' At the end of the two years an overwhelming vote gave him the office again, and it seems highly probable that he might have had it a third time, if he had so wished.

It is an interesting question how much of definite planning, of long ambition, went into the shaping and carry-

ing out of this career. Coolidge's ardent admirers of course insist, as always, that he had no personal ambition, but was moved solely by the desire to do his duty and be useful. There are occasional contradictions to this view, but generally speaking even close observers do not seem to detect anything but an attentive and watchful consideration of whatever opportunity might throw in his way and a most zealous and industrious habit of profiting by it.

Nor is Coolidge himself any more ready to admit long ambition than are his admirers to admit it for him. The definite and repeated refusals to neglect any immediate duty for the sake of future advancement may of course be easily reconciled with ambition and may even be regarded as a farsighted and most politic manifestation of it. But constant references in talk, in his speeches, and in his autobiographical writing seem to indicate that Coolidge never looked forward very elaborately to a cloudy ultimate goal of his career, but took each step as it came, and was long inclined to bound his hopes with rather narrow possibilities, political, or even almost locally legal.

And when he had got to the top, how much did he enjoy it? There are signs, little indications and gleams, scattered everywhere, for those who know how to read, showing that he was well aware of the dignity and the grandeur and the far-reaching power of his office. There are shy and subtle touches, as in his speech to the Boy Scouts: 'I am thrilled at the thought of my audience to-night, for I never address boys without thinking, among them may be a boy who will sit in the White House.' Yet, along with the sense of greatness, there was always the sense of the burden and the responsibility: 'It costs a great deal to be President.'

The truth is, it was not in his temperament to enjoy glory or anything else. That temperament was the inherited, cumulative, aggravated temperament of New England, in which the sense of duty is the overriding force and an uneasy conscience always suggests that we are not in this world mainly to have a good time, or even to have a good time at all, but for some higher purpose. Always there is that New England face, with all its subtle implications, and the face seems peculiarly out of keeping with merrymaking or any of the riot of set publicity, most of all with the ludicrously inappropriate decorations which were resorted to in Coolidge's Western surroundings. There is the garish cowboy rig, and in the midst of it the chilly Vermont countenance, wondering painfully and wearily what it was all about. These people were not working: why should anybody want to do anything but work?

IV

He never did, and here is the secret of his whole existence: work, unceasing, unresting, perpetual work, not so much for what was actually accomplished, but for the habit of work itself. In all the accounts of him this habit of work is emphasized, from boyhood up. Undeniably the insistence on such a very virtuous practice of industry grows wearisome, not to say even Weemsish, and one begins to speculate as to whether Coolidge was really such a hopeless prig as the Father of his Country was represented to our youth. The few stories of boyish pranks which relieve this strain — the theft of the cannon from an opposing local faction, the introduction of a donkey into forbidden precincts — are refreshing and comforting. But there is precious little of this sort of thing. The sports and amusements of boys seem to have had small appeal for the incipient Puritan,

and the sports of men had even less. He did like the circus and still does. But his father said of him as a child that he did not care for play, and he himself repeatedly admits the same thing with perfect frankness. If in later years he has taken to fishing, it would seem to be more for the gesture than for the pleasure. Certainly there is none of the passion that Grover Cleveland threw into it.

Nor does it appear that artistic, æsthetic interests and distractions have much more allurement for Coolidge than social pursuits and amusements. There is no evidence whatever that music has ever stirred or stimulated him, unless that he used to play the bones in a minstrel show. The theatre seems to be null. Painting does not count for much more, though there is one curious discussion of it which we will consider in a moment. Coolidge's admirers enlarge upon his love for nature. Unquestionably both the grim and the gracious aspects of the Vermont woodland landscape impressed their influence on that solitary and introverted boyhood, but the nature passages in Coolidge's writings seem to me thoroughly artificial and superficial, the utterance of a man who is trying to say what he ought to feel rather than what he actually felt. It is said that, though Coolidge is a great walker, he never likes to walk alone — observes, with a curious touch, that walking alone gives him a feeling which he refers to as 'a sort of naked feeling.' The real lover of nature, like any other lover, wants to be alone with the object of his affections.

Again, with poetry. Coolidge tells us, and others tell us, that at times he has read a good deal of it. But the reading appears to have been largely confined to Milton, Gray, and, above all, Longfellow and Whittier. In other words, the appreciation of the poets is mainly intellectual and moral. And the same is true of the curious discussion of painting referred to above. When the journalist, Beverley Nichols, tried to get an interview from the President, he did not succeed in starting him till modern painting was introduced. Then Coolidge gave his opinions on an exhibition at Pittsburgh, and gave them with notable clarity and originality: 'As I looked at those pictures, I felt that I could see through them, into the minds of the nations which had created them. I could see the torment out of which they had been born. If the nation's psychology was still diseased, so was its art. The traces of the neurosis were unmistakable. If, on the other hand, the nation was on the road to recovery, if its people were rediscovering the happiness which they had lost, the story was told in the picture too. . . . The only respect in which I would differ from you is that I observed as much evidence of recovery as of sickness.' Here again, you see, the interest, the impression, is wholly intellectual and moral. The purely æsthetic side does not appear at all.

So, when we dissect and analyze Coolidge's intellectual and spiritual life, we find the residuum to be simply an appalling, enthralling habit of work. The curious thing is that he does not seem really to enjoy even work. There are immense workers in whom the pure love of their occupation is so engrossing that it fills all their waking hours and makes every distraction seem dull and unprofitable merely by comparison. There is no suggestion of this state of mind in Coolidge. He works because he always worked, because his father and his grandfather worked before him and the instinct is in his blood; he works because he cannot help it. It recalls the remark which has recently been attributed to Miss Fannie Hurst in regard to her literary pursuits: 'It is not that I am happy when I am writing,

it is only that I am unhappy when I am not writing.'

However this may be, it may safely be affirmed that the essence and the explanation of Calvin Coolidge is the rooted, dominating habit of unceasing, unquestioning, orderly, systematic labor.

V

The order and the system are just as marked in private life and domestic affairs as in public. The President kept a clean desk, but so did the Northampton lawyer, and the desk at home is just as clear. This is accomplished largely by an orderly and systematic arrangement of time. Every minute of White House time is naturally provided for, but here again the habit is constitutional and has always prevailed. As a careful recorder puts it: 'The President practises the most profound reverence for the value of *time* that I have ever heard of. . . . His visitors waste little of his time. *Per contra*, he wastes none of his own by needless speech. The result is he has nearly all his time to himself.'

The same careful system is applied to matters of health, with excellent results, and again to matters of dress. Coolidge knows just what he wants to wear at each particular time, and if by any chance he fails to find it, there is trouble. One of the few recorded instances of his loss of temper is in regard to a mislaid overcoat, and such slight losses seem to spring more from infractions of order than from anything else. But, as one who knows him intimately remarked, you come to allow for these things when you understand the system of 'bitter self-control' under which the man habitually lives. Bitter self-control! Is it possible to sum up New England more neatly than that?

Nothing shows the habits of order more effectively than Coolidge's dealings with money. It goes without saying that his temperament and his stern New England training gave him a caution and prudence in such matters which no opportunity and no abundance have ever shaken. It is not niggardliness or meanness. There is a perfect readiness to spend when there is a real object in spending. But the waste of pennies he could never get used to, never has. He has the only kind of thrift that really counts — the thrift that is an instinctive habit.

And it is hardly necessary to say that such an instinctive habit is of the utmost value to a great public official. It was carried into the practical administration of the national finances, and its value here is obvious and demonstrable, however judgments may sometimes have differed about the application. But the habit was even more valuable as an example to the American people in the huge orgy of regardless extravagance which the twentieth century in general initiated and which was so immensely augmented by the effects of the Great War. Here was a man who actually looked at a dollar before he threw it away, who actually hesitated to buy any luxury that was offered to him, merely because he did not know how he was going to pay for it. It was inconceivable, it was unbelievable. Yet this man had passed from nothing to the White House, and there might be good in his ideas after all.

Also, underneath the habitual thrift you must always recognize the strong, genuine vein of humanity in Coolidge which prompted his fine saying, 'I am not trying to save money, I am trying to save people.' The humanity seems to be always working, constantly, though covertly, in the money dealings as in other things. He was ready to pinch himself. He had no inclination to pinch others. In his law business he worked hard for

his clients without much considering whether they could pay. When he was a legislator, his colleagues could get nothing out of him in words. They were often astonished to find that he had worked for their advantage when they were least aware of it. He kept up a quiet interest in the home people when he was away from them. One who had many letters from him says: 'There is n't a letter in there that is n't packed with kindness, thoughtfulness, with messages to the home folks, and with numerous reminders of his strong affection for the people of these hills themselves. . . . Nobody could read these letters and think Calvin Coolidge a cold man.'

The curious mixture of native tenderness and bitter self-control hardened into a habit shows most intimately in the domestic relations and most of all in Coolidge's relation to his father. They loved each other, they trusted each other, they admired each other. They expressed these things by little more than the 'Ugh! ugh!' of the Indian or the New Englander. On the other hand, when Coolidge comes to write of his mother, whom he lost so early, the habit of restraint makes the expression difficult and artificial, so that one quite understands the happy if harsh phrase of one of his critics who speaks of his 'congealed sentimentality.' When New England attempts sentiment at all, it is apt to be of the congealed order. With his stepmother, with whom his relations were largely practical if at the same time profoundly affectionate, it is quite different. It was not a question of words, but of actions, and his conduct toward her was admirable throughout. So in the minor domestic matters. The staff at the White House liked and respected him, even if they did not feel at ease with him, because he treated them as human beings. He treated animals like human beings, also, and his affection, his consideration, his thoughtfulness, for his dogs and cats and all other live creatures afford the usual sure evidence of a fundamentally sympathetic heart.

The mixture of tenderness with an innate dread of showing it is naturally most of all manifest in the most intimate family connections. It is impossible to imagine Coolidge lavishing demonstrative affection upon his children. Yet it is clear enough that father and sons always loved, trusted, and understood each other, and when the younger boy, Calvin, was dying, it was his profound confidence in his father that kept him alive for some time after all hope was gone.

But when you have made long and careful study of statesmen's wives, nothing can be more curious than the analysis of the relation between Calvin and Grace Coolidge. There is the intimate play of tender irony which is one of the abiding charms of conjugal existence. But underneath the surface playfulness there is the closest mutual understanding and the most perfect and most enduring interdependence. In this particular matrimonial example there is an extraordinary fullness of complementary quality, which again each perfectly understands and appreciates. Mrs. Coolidge likes, revels in, the social world, which her husband detests and avoids. He hates to talk — she loves it; and when she utters the superfluous she gives it a grace and charm which make it seem more indispensable than the necessary, as indeed no doubt it is.

When you follow the whole of Coolidge's career, you cannot help feeling how invaluable that wife must have been at every step. Nor is this in any way discounted by Mrs. Coolidge's own insistence that she never interferes in political matters. In some notable instances she professes to have been

wholly without even such information as was supplied to comparative outsiders. All the same, you feel that she was at the heart of the whole movement of the President's life, as was the case with the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and a hundred others whom you could name. The man would not have been what he was without the woman, and most of all precisely because of her infinite, exquisite tact in effacing herself.

VI

The interesting thing about Coolidge in his larger human relations is the strange combination of remoteness, aloofness, reserve, with such vast contact with men and women of all sorts, and even the apparent need of such contact.

As to the remoteness there can be no question: it hits you in the face everywhere. The man is by nature evasive, elusive, shy. In his boyhood he kept by himself, accepted others when he had to, but did not seek them. A well-known confession of his youth appears in a dozen more or less varying forms: 'It's always hard for me to meet people. As a boy I would shrink with fear if I heard strange voices in the home, and would sneak up the back stairs rather than meet them — I simply can't get used to it.' Thousands of New Englanders — and human beings — are made like that, but they do not usually work their way into the White House.

The evidence of others as to the reserve abundantly bears out Coolidge's own. 'The fact is,' said Judge Field, 'that Calvin is shy. He dislikes the limelight. He hates to have his picture taken. He is an extraordinarily shy man and always was. The only thing that overcomes his shyness is his work.' And the general spiritual attitude is summed up in the comment of one who knew him well: 'He is the loneliest man upon earth.'

The acme, the climax, of Coolidge's remoteness and reserve, of his asocial quality, is indisputably his utter disregard of conversation as mankind in general practises it. There are men who cannot talk even when they wish to. Coolidge can talk freely enough, but talk for talk's sake means nothing to him. If he wants to get information, he will pelt you, storm you, with a string of questions for half an hour on end. Then he has done with you, and you may go. The ordinary small talk of the world, its trivial gossip, drifts by him, slips over him, like the idle wind. He stands silent, apart, absorbed in his thoughts, and wonders how people can chatter so, and why they should.

The most extraordinary, the almost incredible, example of Coolidge's conversational habits is the story told by a competent witness of his sending for a friend, apparently for conference. Thinking he was wanted for his counsel, the friend hastened to answer the summons. He was ushered in from the waiting room. 'How d'ye do?' said the President. 'Sit down.' The friend sat. The President sat — and looked out the window. After fifteen minutes of silence the friend rose to go. 'Don't go. Sit down,' said the President. After twenty minutes more of silence the friend rose to go. 'Don't go; sit down,' said the President. Another twenty minutes of silence. The friend arose: 'I guess you did n't want me for anything, so I'll be going.' The President's reply was: 'Thank you for coming. I wanted to think.' Coolidge is sometimes described as an average man, and so in a sense he is. The average man might like to behave in this fashion, but he rarely does.

The element of humor may be taken as a minor aspect of Coolidge's conversational proclivities. Humor is

sometimes denied him. And social laughter — laughter as a mere solvent, lubricant — he does not indulge in or require. But he has plenty of hard, dry, subtle wit, which may cause laughter in others, and innumerable instances of it are cited. Perhaps the best comment of all on the subject is Coolidge's plaintive remark, 'Whenever I do indulge my sense of humor, it always gets me into trouble.'

With these general social characteristics it is hardly to be expected that the loneliest man on earth should have many intimate friends. Evidently he has not, but those he has he clings to. The humble friends of his youth, like the Northampton cobbler, Lucey, remain his friends through everything. Perhaps it is better in the end not to have it said of you that you pick up endless acquaintances and throw them off when you have no more need of them, but rather that you 'practically never lose a friend.'

Another phase of the human relations is the question how far the influence of others has figured and made itself felt in Coolidge's life and character. Evidently some human contacts affected him profoundly, especially in early life. His father's influence and example went deep. The teaching of the Amherst professors, notably Garman in philosophy, on which Coolidge himself enlarges so much, took a solid and enduring hold. But of influence in the sense of effecting immediate result there seems to have been remarkably little, early or late. Coolidge listened to what everybody had to say, and then took his own course. Above all, no human being could ever boast that he was the President's accredited adviser or that a special line of action was suggested or initiated by him.

An equal curiosity attaches to the point of Coolidge's influence over others, doubly curious because it seems as if he were the last man who would have anything of the sort. There was never what is called magnetism about him, the enthralling personal hold of a Blaine or a Roosevelt. There was nothing of the cordial, back-slapping, drink-partaking politician, nothing whatever. Yet somehow he got the votes, somehow he got and held the confidence of the vast majority of the American people.

This was partly owing to his immense quiet observation of men, both individually and in masses. He saw everything and he remembered everything, at any rate everything that would serve his purpose. His judgment of men and their actions was not infallible, but it was keen, and it was always working. And on this judgment was founded an extraordinary political tact and skill. He knew what to say and do and just when to say it and do it. To be sure, he was cautious and deliberate in such action, and sometimes the extremity of caution exposed him to severe criticism, as with his apparent delay in the Police Strike, and again in getting rid of the dubious relics of the Harding Administration, and yet again as to the nomination in 1928. But even here good observers insist that the wisdom of his course was repeatedly justified by the event.

Finally, there is the question of how much Coolidge has really achieved politically. It must be admitted that he is not a great creative, constructive executive. He himself is said to have observed, in 1928, that it was now time for constructive statesmanship and that his own services had not been of this order and probably could not be. As I have indicated earlier, before the burden of direct governing had been laid upon him he showed a good deal of interest in progressive and for that day radical projects, and took hold of such things with the zeal and thoroughness

that marked him in everything, so that he gained enduring credit with even labor leaders and radicals for fairness and honesty, as in the settlement of the Lawrence strike. But when he went into executive office he became more and more impressed with the immense importance of administration, and declared that it was imperative to give it a chance to catch up with legislation. And this idea seems to have possessed him more and more.

Is it not, after all, a wise and fruitful idea? Is not the failure in administration more than anything else responsible for the growing distrust of democracy everywhere? A hundred years ago it was assumed that the ballot would make over the world. The world has the ballot, and it needs making over more than ever. You have not only got to have the ballot, you have got to have some means of giving the will of the majority governmental effect — that is, you have got to have efficient administration. It is precisely the lack of this which has made parliamentarism a laughingstock everywhere. It was the lack of efficient administration that brought Italy to the benevolent despotism of Mussolini and Russia to the despotic benevolence of Lenin. In view of these things, perhaps, as time goes on, the teachings and the methods of Calvin Coolidge may not prove so futile after all.

VII

There has been endless speculation as to the causes of Coolidge's success. The astonishing contrast between the homely simplicity of the man and the swiftness and smoothness of his political progress makes such speculation inevitable. But his case is only a critical instance of the puzzles that attend practical success and above all political success in general. Why is it that again and again we see brains, power, natural gifts, and even genius, apparently slighted, disregarded, and pushed into a corner, while complacent mediocrity makes its way to the top almost without effort? Sometimes it almost seems as if leaders succeed quite as much by what they have not as by what they have, and one may meditate long and deeply on Dr. Johnson's remark that 'men please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive.' The more one studies Coolidge, however, the more one comes to feel the truth of the excellent prize editorial by Mr. Frank W. Buxton, on 'What Made Calvin Coolidge,' to the effect that while many interesting persons and many strange chances may have had a hand in Coolidge's advancement, the main figure in that advancement was Calvin Coolidge himself.

Most of all what has made Calvin Coolidge is the fact that he is an average man appealing to average men. The average man has the votes, and if you win him the votes will come to you. Perhaps the best way to win him is to make him feel that you are altogether different, but assuredly the next best is to make him feel that you are exactly the same. The common people early came to see in Coolidge one of themselves. They saw a man with their traits, their habits, their interests, their social surroundings, and this man kept all these things unaltered in his steady progress from the bottom to the top. Observing this, the average man said: 'Here is one just like me, who has made his way to the White House. It is immensely agreeable, flattering, encouraging; let us keep him there.'

Moreover, as has been aptly suggested, the average American saw in Coolidge just the virtues that were supposed to constitute the American ideal and supposed to have made America. Coolidge incarnated thrift, self-denial, plain and simple living,

straightforward, hard-headed honesty. The average American had heard that his fathers had these virtues and had made a great nation by means of them. He saw with a sigh that he had not much taste for them himself, and that his children had much less than he; but there was all the more reason why he should turn to a President who embodied them completely.

In Heine's study of Shakespeare's Cleopatra there is a brilliant portrayal of the contrast between the dark, solemn, austere, mysterious, dreary land of Egypt and the gay, frivolous, trifling Parisian harlot who ruled over it. It would be possible to make an equally effective contrast between the mad, hurrying, chattering, extravagant, self-indulgent harlotry of twentieth-century America and the grave, silent, stern, narrow, uncomprehending New England Puritanism of Calvin Coolidge. And Heine caps his climax with the exquisite comment, '*Wie witzig ist Gott!*'

VIII

Not the least interesting question that arises in connection with this long and complicated career is the question just how far Coolidge analyzes and understands himself. There may of course be depths of self-interrogation and self-study which are not apparent, but such depths are not indicated or even suggested in any written or reported words that have come under my eye. Certainly anyone who hopes to find them in the autobiography written at the instance of the popular magazines will be woefully disappointed, for a more unrevealing document has rarely been produced with any such pretension. Nine tenths of it is a rehearsal of surface facts easily accessible elsewhere and the remainder, instead of being an honest search into the man's own character and motives, is merely an effort to portray such a boyhood and manhood as a future President ought to be expected to have. The whole story is in the main a compound of superficial, trivial narrative and the congealed sentimentality already suggested. Every word of it shows the deadly influence of the popular magazine, and the only question is whether the writer is trying desperately to write down to that level or whether the level is one that comes natural to him, either alternative being sufficiently unpleasant.

I find little evidence in Coolidge anywhere of an abstract general interest in the analysis of human motives. Now and then there is an interesting and suggestive touch, as in the remark in the autobiography, 'In public life it is sometimes necessary in order to appear really natural to be actually artificial,' or the still more striking comment on the political mind. But usually the emphasis is placed rather upon action than upon motive, and the undeniably acute judgment of men seems to be more a matter of instinct than of elaborate analysis: perhaps it is all the more practically valuable on that account.

So, it is not to be expected that one who does not analyze others should analyze himself, and such analysis seems to be conspicuously lacking in Coolidge. We have already seen his attitude toward his own ambition. If he has been actuated by long dreams and vast desires and purposes, he is not himself aware of it, or in such comment as he does make disclaims it industriously. There is no clear attempt to analyze his own abilities, or the nature or the working of them. There is an apparently genuine modesty in regard to them, and especially a naïve astonishment that he could have got so far with any powers that he knows of: that is all. On the other hand, there is no particular consciousness of weakness

or defect. I have referred to the admission of a lack of constructive statesmanship, but in regard to neither this nor any other insufficiency does there seem to be any marked appreciation of being inadequate to any office that may come to him. Fate or some higher power has put him in these places; it is the affair of the same higher power to see that he is equal to them. And a similar complacency shows in his curious, at any rate apparent, indifference to criticism. Every President is abused with a variety and virulence of savage attack which it would seem as if no sensitive spirit could endure, and even some very tough spirits have shriveled and withered under it. It appears to have little effect on Calvin Coolidge. He is doing his best, and no man can do more: why should he care?

In short, the sense of occasional failure, of discouragement, of disappointment, which inevitably comes with imaginative obsession by a high ideal, seems to be altogether absent from Coolidge's make-up. The highs and lows of life are taken as they come, without disturbance of sleep or digestion. There is not one trace or hint of that fascinating, inexplicable, haunting melancholy which makes the distinction of Abraham Lincoln, though Coolidge and Lincoln have been often compared. In one of the most striking passages of Renan's history he cuts down to the root of such melancholy: 'A trait which characterizes great men of European stock,' he says, 'is that at moments they become followers of Epicurus; they are overcome with dissatisfaction and disgust when they are toiling with the utmost ardor, and after they have succeeded they doubt whether the cause they have labored for was worth so many sacrifices.' There is nothing of this vague depression in Coolidge, nothing of such spiritual reaction and recoil. Instead, there is a persistent, insistent, certainly not buoyant, but aggressive and almost tediously reiterated optimism, which seems partly physical in its nature, and which always suggests a more or less conventional and traditional habit and attitude of mind.

We have already observed such a conventional attitude in Coolidge's political thinking. It is even more marked and obvious in his thinking on religious matters. And his preoccupation with such matters is everywhere prominent. Turn over his writings and speeches, and on page after page you will come across a religious allusion of some kind. America is under the special protection of divine power. Democracy is divinely ordained for the salvation of mankind, and all the forces of the universe are working with it. Perhaps no passage better sums up the whole attitude than a paragraph from the Boy Scout address: 'It is hard to see how a great man can be an atheist. . . . We need to feel that behind us is intelligence and love. Doubters do not achieve; skeptics do not contribute; cynics do not create. Faith is the great motive power, and no man realizes his full possibilities unless he has the deep conviction that life is eternally important, and that his work, well done, is a part of an unending plan.'

It is impossible to question the absolute sincerity and profound conviction of this religious attitude. It is not only believed but lived, and no man ever carried his convictions into his life with more fervent and reverent piety than Calvin Coolidge. But the attitude is simply that of the Christian, not to say Fundamentalist, orthodoxy of the middle nineteenth century, or earlier. It is the unshaken belief in an anthropomorphic God, who guides the destinies of nations and also the petty affairs of individuals, and to whom it is of real importance what you or I or Calvin

Coolidge may do or not do. Behind such a deity is a future, perhaps unending, existence, in which all the inequalities of this world, riches and poverty, brains and dullness, will be amply adjusted and compensated, and in which again you, and I, and Calvin Coolidge will richly receive the reward of all our labor and endurance here.

Now this matter of religion, with Calvin Coolidge, is not a side issue. It is vital. On the theological fabric outlined above hangs the whole tissue and scheme of the Coolidge type of thinking and living — political, social, economic, and moral. If the theological fabric withers and collapses, what will you do then? Apparently for Coolidge it never has collapsed. But for millions of his fellow Americans there is very little of it left, and in consequence they demand a readjustment of the universe with which Calvin Coolidge can hardly provide them.

THE THEORY OF CENSORSHIP

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

I

THE question of literary and dramatic censorship is not at the moment merely an annoying perplexity in the life of a single city, but is an issue which concerns the whole country. Its emergence is frequently regarded as a particular instance of an anti-liberal tendency appearing in a great variety of forms throughout the nation, and it is highly important that despite its difficulty we should seek to see clearly what principles are implied in the suppression of books and other forms of expression, and whether these are in harmony with common sense and the ideas which lie at the basis of our social structure.

In spite of recent tendencies in legislation and public opinion we still assume, remembering the confessions of faith on which the republic was founded, that we believe in human liberty. The majority still holds, theoretically at least, that for the highest development of an individual or a community a large degree of freedom is necessary. Most of us would also agree that, in particular questions of the restriction of liberty, the burden of proof is on him who would restrict. Yet it is also agreed that for the preservation of liberty itself certain restrictions are necessary. The nuisance of the radio in the apartment house or at the open window is an obvious instance of this, since the right to make a noise may conflict with the right to enjoy quiet. The problem, then, is not one to be solved by a simple statement of general principles, but by a consideration of how and when the principles, once agreed upon, apply.

I believe that on many matters concerned with censorship there is a larger degree of unanimity than is generally supposed, but that a lack of explicitness has confused the public mind and unnecessarily multiplied antagonisms. The present paper aims

not at making a novel contribution but at extricating from the confusion the accepted truths, in the hope that the remaining points of difference may be seen more clearly and perhaps brought nearer to reconciliation.

II

To begin with, we ought to know whether in applying censorship we are considering the welfare of the adolescent or the adult. No one disputes the necessity of different measures in dealing with the mature and with the immature, since, apart from a few extremists, all our educational measures take for granted that the young must be guarded from risks that may inflict injury before experience has been acquired and before reason has been developed to the point where the significance of the risks can be appreciated. So, in the case of certain types of literature, plays, and pictures, it is justifiable and probably necessary to seek to prevent the young from being exposed to them while their imaginations are highly impressionable and their self-control is undeveloped.

The exercise of measures for this end is a matter mainly for parents and teachers rather than for the police, since what books can be put into the hands of boys or girls, or what plays they should be taken to see, is largely an individual matter dependent less upon mere age than upon degree of development and manner of upbringing. For adolescents who are beyond the control of parents or teachers, the question is more difficult. Even in the days before the Eighteenth Amendment, we enforced laws against sales of liquor to minors, and I suppose similar laws could be made in connection with sales of books and admission to plays. But I should urge the weighing of two considerations in this connection. First, keeping an undesirable book out of the hands of a young boy or girl is an affair requiring much tact, and persuasion is usually better than compulsion or threats of punishment. Otherwise we simply add the attraction of forbidden fruit and challenge the child to outwit us. Secondly, the attempt to save our children from what we regard as dangerous knowledge is likely in our times to be a locking of the stable door after the steed is stolen. It is my impression that most freshmen (of both sexes) come to college to-day already familiar to the point of losing interest with many of the facts and ideas which anxious parents are terror-stricken lest they acquire. And not only are they familiar with them, but they seem to have acquired a kind of immunity which leaves them quite as fresh and unspoiled as their ignorantly innocent parents were at their age. The policy of 'Hush, hush!' is seldom effective, and may, indeed, produce precisely the opposite result to that intended.

III

When we turn from the protection of adolescents to the problem of the adult, a quite different point of view is imposed, though certain prohibitions still seem to be justifiable. The adult has a right to be protected against the display of offensive print or pictures where he cannot avoid them. The covers of books and magazines, and still more posters, are a fair subject for police control, since it is practically impossible not to have them thrust upon one's notice. Nor is the risk of poor judgment in selecting those to be suppressed an important one. One cannot honestly pretend that even a mistakenly rigorous policy in such matters would deprive the world of either truth or beauty to a noticeable

degree. The principle embodied in the pure-food law might also be invoked with regard to 'blurbs' and other advertising matter intended to mislead the purchaser of books or theatre tickets. The worst of such tend sometimes to exaggerate, sometimes to hide, the wickedness of the volume or the play or picture; but in any case the law which already seeks to enforce honesty in advertising might well be carried farther into the field.

The opposition to the activity of the censor, however, has not been roused by attempts to save the sensibilities of the public from the outrages of the poster or the jacket. It has been due to the feeling that some branch of the government — post office, customs official, police, or mayor — has sought to save us without our consent from what it considered a demoralizing book or play. The resentment is due to what seems to many an officious intrusion, an interference with the responsibility of the adult individual for his own moral welfare.

The case of the opposition has been strengthened by a number of considerations which, while not of the essence of the question, have made the censorship fatuous as well as annoying. Most detached observers would think it self-evident that the various agencies chosen by the law for the exercise of a difficult and delicate function could hardly have been more unfortunately selected. They would suppose that it is the business of the post office to carry mail, and that officials chosen for this purpose have no inherent fitness as judges of art or morals; that it is the business of the customs officer to collect revenue and prevent smuggling, not to pass on the value of Voltaire or Rabelais; that a policeman's duty makes demands on his courage, judgment, and loyalty, but ought not to be enlarged to include literary or dramatic criticism. In these suppositions most people would agree, and it is hardly worth while to insist on them.

Again the effect of attempted suppression has not been such as to raise the prestige of the censors. It is now manifest that no advertisement is so effective in giving a book a nation-wide sale as its prohibition in a large city. Thus, though it may be argued that, since any such prohibition ought to be a reflection of a dominant public opinion, censorship ought to be in the hands of local governments, exercise of it by a local government stimulates its sale outside and does not prevent surreptitious importation on a large scale.

The statutes of Massachusetts, where the question under discussion is being most violently debated at the moment, contribute another argument to the opposition's case, since they make legal the condemnation of a book on the basis of detached passages. Time was when the Commonwealth was proud of its reputation of leadership in scholarship; but there is no greater sin in the decalogue of scholarship than that of the ignoring of the context. Yet, when a modest attempt was made to amend the statute, the legislature voted to continue a practice in the highest degree unscholarly, unjust, and dishonest.

The absurdities of the customs censorship have been most effectively exposed by Senator Cutting of New Mexico in a recent debate, and he succeeded in inducing the Senate to relieve our revenue officers from an impossible duty as far as concerned the morality of literary works. He was less successful in connection with works supposed seditious, and apparently it will still be possible for the question whether professors of government and economics can obtain copies of the works of Karl Marx or of Lenin for

examination in their classrooms to be settled on the wharves of New York.

These absurdities in the administration of censorship serve only to strengthen the independent thinker's resentment against the essence of the practice. The saving of a man's soul, which one must presume is the object of the censorship, is after all a man's own affair, and is not to be achieved by external compulsion or guardianship. It is of a man's free will that he buys a ticket for a play or borrows a book from the library. If he wants to pander to the lower side of his nature, no censor will prevent him.

Such arguments sometimes lead defenders of the censorship to abandon the strictly moral issue and seek a basis for suppression on æsthetic grounds. But it is clear that these give no firmer footing. The whole question of standards in art is dragged in, and it becomes evident that the result of decisions on the ground of good or bad art could only be the legalizing of the timid and conventional, and the blocking of all progress by the suppression of innovation and experiment. The fact that my personal taste is offended does not give me the right to interfere with my neighbor's choice of reading or of plays, unless he insists on reading aloud in my presence or forcing me to the theatre.

A variant of the æsthetic argument is that which advocates prohibition of a production because it deals with disease. The pathological, we are told, is no fit subject for art. But no one really believes in a principle that would prohibit *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth* because all three interest us in madness.

IV

There are doubtless other principles involved in this difficult matter, and I shall be glad if this attempt to draw out those most obvious provokes a more capable analyst to complete the task. In doing so he must find the ground for depriving the adult citizen of the privilege of choosing his own books and his own plays and pictures, he must find a method of selecting censors wise enough to suppress only what is really demoralizing without stifling progress and experiment, and he must hit upon a device which will prevent banning a book or play from advertising it. And, lest he think that it is safer to err on the side of suppression than on the side of freedom, let him remember that it is through freedom and not through compulsion that the human spirit gains in power and reach.

'Under what precise set of conditions,' writes Sir Walter Raleigh of the novels of Fielding, 'and exactly by what persons, he is to be read is a question that need trouble no one long. Books are written to be read by those who can understand them; their possible effect on those who cannot is a matter of medical rather than of literary interest. Some literary critics, it is true, with a taste for subdued tones in art, have found some of Fielding's loudest notes too strident for enfeebled ears, but not to the great musician can the whole range of the orchestra, not to the great painter can the strongest contrast of colours, profitably be denied.'

THE PRACTICE OF CENSORSHIP

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

LIVING, as I do, in what Alexander Woollcott impatiently termed 'that nasty and silly city of Boston' and deriving my livelihood from publishing, I am naturally sensitive on the subject of book censorship. In itself censorship is an impatient theme, and when it calls for a law so unjust and an enforcement so unhappy as that in operation in Suffolk County (which contains the city of Boston) one is apt to follow Mr. Woollcott's example and lose one's temper. For two years I have served on committees which have endeavored to reform the Massachusetts laws 'relating to obscene literature.' In the course of this service I have come into close contact with the actual practice of censorship and have gained, perhaps, more than a parochial perspective of the whole vexed question.

In a little over two years sixty-eight books have been suppressed in Boston. Only two of this number — *The American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, and *Oil*, by Upton Sinclair — were brought to trial. The other sixty-six were thought to be subject to the present Massachusetts statute, and so, according to the strict letter of the law, they may have been. Complaints, however, were lodged against them only in Suffolk County, where, in most cases, they were promptly withdrawn from sale; but, since officials throughout the other districts of the Commonwealth did not feel called on to take any action, we have the anomalous situation of books being banned in Boston yet being sold openly in Cambridge, only three miles away.

But Boston is not alone in her trouble. In the fall of 1928 the officials of the United States Customs Bureau and the postal authorities held a conference, as a result of which 739 books were blacklisted from importation into this country. Of these books, 379 were written in the Spanish language, 231 were in French, 5 were in Italian, 10 were in German, and the remaining 114 were in English. I shall take up the list in greater detail later.

We should also remember that at the request of the Home Secretary English publishers last winter withdrew two recent novels, *Sleeveless Errand* and *The Well of Loneliness*, both of which, as the sequel showed, were pure enough for circulation in the United States. In Ireland a new censorship law is being invoked which, if it is passed, will remove from circulation those books which 'tend to inculcate principles contrary to public morality,' and, as though to exemplify their object, private citizens and public associations — armed with revolvers — have been seizing and burning such radical journals as the London *Observer* and the London *Sunday Times*. Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist, — author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, — died recently in exile for having dared to criticize the authorities in Spain. The Soviet Government on coming into power condemned Russian classics — Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and others —

which but a few decades earlier had been suppressed by the Tsarist Government for being too revolutionary. And what do you think would happen to a citizen of Rome who undertook to write a biography of Mussolini in the modern manner?

Such evidence could be gathered from almost any civilized age and country; it is, I am sure, sufficiently strong to demonstrate that censorship wherever it exists is as much a problem for the police as for the critics. And, like the poor, it is always with us. In times of stress — such as the late war — it is practised with a rigorous hand and accepted with little complaint. In times of peace, policing is relaxed, and then, as in the present day, we have pause in which to revive our confidence in free speech. Despite the exigencies of war, however, it is our duty as citizens to see that our laws relating to obscene — and other — literature are as just and discriminating as wisdom can provide.

Frankly, I am only distantly interested in the Continental censors, but the censorship laws of England and the United States — which bear, it seems to me, a marked resemblance to each other, and which lately have begun to strike so close to home — interest me enormously. I should like to consider them separately with the hope of deriving, first, an explanation of their vagaries, and then, perhaps, a solution to the problem that has come to trouble so many of us.

II

In England the proceedings against books are taken under Lord Campbell's Act[1] 'for more effectually preventing the sale of obscene books, pictures, prints and other articles.' Introduced in 1857, this Act was regarded as a mere police measure. *Little Dorrit* was published in that year and *The Tale of Two Cities* two years later. This was not an age in which outspokenness on delicate matters was either encouraged or allowed. Desmond MacCarthy tells us that the Act aroused little interest among literary men; Disraeli, Macaulay, and Bulwer-Lytton, the leading men of letters in politics, were silent. The *Athenæum* took no notice of it. Its prime object was the suppression of a trade in obscene books and pictures which flourished at that time, particularly in Hollywell Street, London. When Lord Campbell introduced the bill — now an Act — into the House of Lords, he said that 'the measure was intended to apply exclusively to works written for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth and of a nature calculated to shock the common feelings of decency in any well-regulated mind.' Debate ensued. But at a later meeting the noble lord said that

> since he last addressed them he had received information of a most appalling nature with regard to the sale of these publications; but . . . for decency's sake he would not dwell upon them. But he held in his hand a volume which would give their lordships a notion of what was going forward. It was by Dumas the Younger and was called *The Lady of the Camellias.*

La Dame aux Camélias was too much for the House and they passed the bill.

Under this Act the first step is a

[1] The vital clause in that Act runs as follows: 'If upon complaint there is any reason to believe that any obscene books, etc., are kept in any house or other place, for the purpose of sale or distribution, and upon proof that one or more such articles has been sold or distributed in connexion with such a place, justices may, upon being satisfied that such articles are of such a character and description that the publication of them would be a misdemeanour and proper to be prosecuted as such, order by special warrant that such articles shall be seized, and after summoning the occupier of the house, the same or other justices may, if they are satisfied that the articles seized are of the character stated in the warrant, and have been kept for the purpose aforesaid, order them to be destroyed.' — AUTHOR

complaint made before a magistrate that an obscene book is being sold. The magistrate, if he is of opinion that the book is obscene and is being sold and that the 'publication of the book is a misdemeanor and proper to be prosecuted as such,' makes an order for the seizure of the book. The vendors, or publishers, are summoned to appear and show cause why the article should not be destroyed. After hearing the parties, the magistrate makes his order, which is subject to appeal to the Quarter Sessions. It is clear from the wording that it is not sufficient to prove that a book is obscene in order to justify its destruction. The phrase I have quoted above is a clear direction to the magistrate not to condemn a book because he is shocked by it himself, but to ask himself what conclusion a jury ought to reach after hearing all that could be urged in the publisher's defense. In the end, however, he must come back to his own personal reactions to the book in his endeavor to answer the question, 'Is it likely to corrupt?' Fortunately English justices are notably conscientious.

Though this Act had its origin in an age far less outspoken than our own, thanks to the sapience of English law it has never proved as burdensome as the censorship laws in the United States, which came, as it were, from the same family tree. In the past year Lord Campbell's Act was, as I have said, successful in suppressing two recent English novels. Two is a paltry number when compared to the Massachusetts black list of 68 or the Customs library of 739, and I might point out in further extenuation that one at least of these two dealt with a homosexual theme. Finally, let me emphasize the fact that by the law the censorship is reposed in the hands of a jurist supposedly — and often actually — of high intelligence. The magistrate in the recent case which I have mentioned was Sir Chartres Biron, who is, I understand, an extremely well-read man and a writer as well as a lawyer of note.

III

There are several departments of the United States Government which take an interest in censorship. There is the Post Office Department, the Copyright Office, and the Customs Bureau, which is a subdivision of the Treasury Department. But it is the vigilance of the Post Office and the Customs which needs seriously concern us here.

Up till 1873 there had been vigorous objections to granting to the Post Office the power of excluding matter from the mails, but in that year Anthony Comstock secured the Postal Censorship Law. Thenceforth, obscene matter was to be excluded from the mails together with lotteries, explosives, and innumerable frauds of the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford character. The Law is administered by Federal postmasters who need not appeal to the verdict of a jury. They act simply on their own discretion, and it is extremely difficult to secure review of what is done. Naturally, such censorship has had an eccentric career. At various times and in various places a number of magazines, among them the *Little Review*, *Life*, the *New Masses*, *Physical Culture*, *Hearst's Magazine*, and the *American Mercury*, have been barred from the mails.

One postmaster barred a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* intended for a professor of Johns Hopkins. Another, more recently, interrupted the passage of a publisher's catalogue which listed an edition of the *Decameron*. Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata* was excluded by the New York post office in 1890. Swedenborg's *Amor Conjugalis*, published in 1768, was excluded by the Philadelphia

post office in 1909; and in 1911 postal authorities excluded from the mails the official vice report of the city of Chicago. In 1922 an edition of the *Decameron* was confiscated by the Cincinnati post office, and for having it in his possession a bookseller was later fined one thousand dollars by the district judge. Surely it is apparent that policing of this sort, when it is entrusted — as it must be — to men of moderate, or less than moderate, literary discrimination, is little short of absurd.

The censorship of the Customs Bureau is, it seems to me, less eccentric in its evolution and much more in keeping with the changes which have occurred in some of our states. In 1842 Congress passed the first law giving customs clerks the right of censorship. Like Lord Campbell's Act, this law was originally aimed at pornographic literature and pictures. Its first terms were mild: —

> Section 28: — That the importation of all indecent and obscene prints, paintings, lithographs, engravings and transparencies is hereby prohibited.

The tariff laws of 1890 and 1894 amended this to read: —

> That all persons are prohibited from importing into the United States from any foreign country any obscene book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture, drawing, or other representation, figure or image, etc., etc., etc.

But it was not until 1909 or thereabouts that people realized that the law could be construed in ways which would bar out various pieces of art and literature not previously excluded. In 1909 an attempt was made under this section to prevent the Field Museum from importing Chinese pictures and manuscripts, very important to them, on the ground that they were obscene.

Not to multiply examples *ad nauseam*, let us come down directly to the conference between the Customs Bureau and the postal authorities which was held in the autumn of 1928, and of which brief mention has already been made. As you will remember, a black list the size of a considerable library emerged from this meeting. Further works were added to it in April 1929. As one reads over the horrid roll one is struck, first, by the curious discrimination which seems to have been made against the Spanish tongue. *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, by Gautier, is allowed by the censors to enter the country in its original print and in English translation, but in Spanish it is forbidden. The same is true for the *Mémoires* of Brantôme. Pietro Aretino, the sixteenth-century Italian, is admitted when he speaks his original tongue or is translated into English, but in Spanish dress he is forbidden. On the other hand, *The Arabian Nights* in its literal English translations by Payne and Burton is perfectly passable, but when it has been translated into French by Mardrus it is a book no American citizen can touch. Finally, such books as the novels of Balzac, the *Confessions* of Rousseau, and the works of Voltaire and Rabelais have been declared ineligible to enter the country under this provision in the Tariff Act.

Two recent episodes add their humor to the situation. In February 1929, 13 copies of Voltaire's *Candide* destined for use in a Harvard classroom were confiscated by a customs official on their entry into Boston. A protest was entered and the decision referred back, presumably, to a higher expert in Washington. But it was not till August that the books were released. The classroom, of course, by that time was empty. In April 1929, a copy of Rabelais being imported by the book collector A. Edward Newton of Philadelphia was confiscated by a New York

customs inspector 'acting under Section 305-A of the Tariff Act.' In his letter of protest to the Customs Mr. Newton wrote in part as follows: —

> The action of your representative is positively glorious! Rabelais is one of the world's classics: it is no more obscene than are Shakespeare and the English Bible. In order that you may not be the laughing-stock of the world, I beg that the volume be sent to me immediately; but for no other reason, for one can secure a copy at any well-ordered bookshop or library in the United States.
>
> I am not a youth seeking to gloat, surreptitiously, over a smutty book, but a student of mature years, the possessor of an important library, and the author of *The Amenities of Book Collecting*, *A Magnificent Farce*, *Doctor Johnson — A Play*, *The Greatest Book in the World* (a study of the Bible), *This Book-Collecting Game*. Moreover, I have a copy of the first edition of Rabelais, which is worth several thousand dollars.
>
> If you keep or destroy my Rabelais, it will be in my power to make you and your department ridiculous the world over. This would afford me much greater pleasure than the possession of the book.

But Mr. Newton's Rabelais has not yet been returned. Deputy Commissioner J. D. Nevius is the man who reads and passes on suspected literature. Remember his name. 'What a name to fill the speaking trump of future fame!'

It is such absurdities as these, practised alike by the designated censors of the Customs Bureau and the Post Office, that have led Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico to propose an amendment to this section of the Tariff Act.

In a debate that furnishes some excellent reading to the *Congressional Record*, Senator Cutting declared his opposition to that section of the present tariff law which I have quoted above and he protested just as vigorously against the wording of the new Tariff Act now under discussion, which, in addition to its charge against 'obscene literature,' goes to the further extreme of forbidding the importation of 'any book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture or drawing containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States.' If we may judge by the first vote, there is strong sentiment on his side.

The Postal Censorship Law, as I have said, was originated by Anthony Comstock, the head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. It was one of his weapons in a long and notorious crusade against what he considered to be indecent literature. The censorship of the Customs Bureau, on the other hand, was originated for the purpose of suppressing pornographic pictures and writing, and only through long usage has it come to be applied to all manner of books, many of them classics read and respected the world over. There is ample evidence to show that such bureaucratic censorship is erratic, ill-considered, and unjust; and there is ample evidence to show that censors once placed in authority will rigorously prosecute their charge, if only to justify their appointment.

IV

Senator Cutting has insisted that each state should be permitted to determine for itself the books its people may read. This, it seems to me, is recommended not only by the Constitution but by common sense, but obviously it means that we shall have to take great care in the wording of our particular laws 'relating to obscene literature.' An eminent jurist has said that legislation is 'a compromise between articulate minorities,' and though he was not speaking of censorship, the truth of his words is

clearly brought out by the history of this troublesome subject.

If I read them aright, the early state laws in regard to obscene prints and publications were, as in England, framed with the express purpose of suppressing deliberate pornography. The word 'obscene' runs like a refrain in every one of them and I wish to point out that it is an imponderable word. Lawyers, when they have tried to convey its meaning, have generally followed the decision of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, that 'the test of obscenity is this, whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences.'

But, though we may not easily pin it down, there is no doubt that many of us employ the word as if we were sure of what it means. In 1873 a group of prominent New York citizens, among whom were William E. Dodge, Jr., Morris K. Jesup, and J. Pierpont Morgan, organized the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. It was organized under a special act of the State Legislature and its guiding light was, of course, Anthony Comstock. The agents of the Society were given the rights of search, seizure, and arrest. The idea was contagious, and in a few years the Western Society for the Suppression of Vice, the New England Watch and Ward Society, and, in England, the National Vigilance Association were in existence. Vigilance committees may be necessary to a frontier society, but I contend that their interference is hardly called for in a cultured community which once was supposed to cradle liberty. Paternalism is out of favor to-day, and I believe there are many of us who object to the purpose of such organizations and who cannot approve of their actions. Granting that they perform a service in quietly ridding city life of some of its apparent contamination, yet the fact remains that their ferreting policy is out of keeping with the best American law and custom. The Watch and Ward Society is the only one to come under my observation; I have it on their authority that ninety per cent of their activity is devoted to matters other than censorship and I understand that of the sixty-eight books now suppressed in my state only eleven were subject to their complaint. But by the very threat of their action they constitute themselves the unofficial censors of the Commonwealth. This is strong criticism; I do not mean it to be harsh. For as a citizen I feel under definite obligation to the Society for its devoted and highly disagreeable work in suppressing pornography and for its war upon the contamination of the red-light districts.

Unfortunately, in their zeal to run down and destroy Paris post cards, filthy pictures, and smutty pamphlets, — which still seem to circulate among adolescents, — the Society has also felt it incumbent upon them to act as the unofficial censors of what our adults shall read; and unfortunately, as I see it, the present Massachusetts statute is a ready weapon for such a crusade. Section 28 of Chapter 272 of the Massachusetts General Laws has been frequently modified. Its present wording — for which, I believe, the Watch and Ward Society is in part responsible — is briefly as follows: 'Anyone who imports, prints, publishes, sells or distributes a book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper or other thing containing obscene, indecent or impure language manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth, or an obscene, indecent or impure print, picture, figure, image or description manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth,' etc., will be liable to criminal punishment.

Let us examine this wording closely, for it is certainly far from just. It must

be apparent to anyone that the phrase 'containing obscene, indecent or impure language' is an exceedingly strict qualification. Under these terms the Bible, the plays of Shakespeare, and all of the great novels could be suppressed; for, since a book to be suppressed need only contain 'obscene language,' — that is to say, an 'obscene or indecent' reference, paragraph, or page, — and since, to paraphrase English and American judicial opinions, that is obscene which tends to create obscene thoughts in the minds of those who are susceptible, it takes very little arguing to show that most contemporary novels, many contemporary biographies, and most of our great classics, when found in the hands of a moron, could be banned in Massachusetts on the strength — or weakness — of a single isolated passage. By their own statement the Watch and Ward Society take the whole book into consideration before making a complaint. Why should not the Massachusetts judge and jury be entitled to the same practice?

The actual procedure of complaint is something like this: Discovering in the hands of my little daughter a copy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, I am made curious to see what it is that is amusing her. I read a few pages and am properly shocked. Hastily reaching for my hat, I march indignantly down to the bookseller who sold my child this trash and figuratively throw the book in his face. The bookseller defends himself by saying that he did not publish the book and has not read it. That does not give me the satisfaction I want, so I seek a policeman. With my pencil I mark the outrageous passages and ask him to read them. He is as shocked as I am and says he will take the matter up with his chief. He takes the book with him to headquarters and I go home to cool off.

Now the superintendent of police or the district attorney — should my marked copy of *Tom Jones* be relayed to him — has it in his power, if he believes the book is actionable, to descend without warning on my bookseller and arrest him for selling a book 'containing obscene, indecent or impure language.' The victim will be brought to trial and compelled to defend the book under the terms of the Massachusetts statute. The jury, naturally, will be picked from those who have never read *Tom Jones*. But the lawyer for the defense may not read the whole book to them or defend the whole book before them. His defense must be centred on those passages which were complained of and those alone. Such was the procedure in the recent trials of *Oil*, by Upton Sinclair, and Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. Both books were examined and finally condemned on the strength — or again the weakness — of certain isolated passages. That is why no other publishers have felt it worth while to attempt to defend their books under the present Massachusetts law.

My sympathies go to the bookseller. In the last twenty years there have been well over half a dozen court cases, and in every instance — with the exception of the *American Mercury* case — the verdict has gone against the bookseller. Yet he does not publish the books, and in buying, often from dummy copies, the ten or twelve thousand new titles that are shown to him by salesmen each year it must be apparent that he can have at the outset, and often for a long time thereafter, only the vaguest notion of the contents of the books on his counters. Realizing that the Watch and Ward Society will be on the lookout for what they consider obnoxious books, he anticipates their complaints by asking them to notify him in advance of their taking any action. Upon their notification he is left with the choice of withdrawing the suspected book from his circulation or of running

the risk of arrest and trial. He is human if he does the former and a martyr if he does not — and martyrs are rare in any community. Yet the former action on his part helps to establish the Watch and Ward Society as the virtual censors of our Commonwealth.

I do not wish to give the opinion that the Watch and Ward Society are the only crusaders involved. As I have said, they have been responsible for eleven suppressions in the past two years. The complaints which withdrew the other fifty-seven books from circulation were made by zealots, the police, and, in one case, the librarian of the Athenæum. Under the absurdly strict terms of the existing law no publisher other than Horace Liveright has felt justified in exposing his book and himself to a test case. A book could not be defended as a whole, and the fine and punishment — for this is a criminal law and gives one a criminal record — were hardly such as one would wish to incur even as a martyr. That is the reason why books like *The World of William Clissold*, by H. G. Wells, *The American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, *Dark Laughter*, by Sherwood Anderson, *Elmer Gantry*, by Sinclair Lewis, *As It Was*, by H. T., *The Sun Also Rises*, by Ernest Hemingway, and *The Wayward Man*, by St. John Irvine, — to mention a few which will not profit by any salacious publicity, — were suppressed in the city of Boston, and, if authorities wished, could have been suppressed anywhere within the Commonwealth, without trial. And that is why the publishers of *All Quiet on the Western Front* felt compelled to expurgate the English translation of their splendid novel. The book was printed in Massachusetts; its plates, should any unfavorable action have been taken, were open to confiscation. Printed copies might have been forbidden the mails.

All Quiet on the Western Front was published last June. Prior to publication, it had been adopted by one of the book clubs, at whose suggestion certain expurgations were made. In a few instances verbal refinements were substituted for the 'jargon of the latrine,' but the only notable mutilation was the cutting out of a three-page hospital episode. Those who have read the German or English version find this scene one of the most tender and appealing in the book, an opinion that was borne out in the recent Senatorial debate. Certainly the publishers have no hesitation in saying that their action has been more condemned than condoned, people being inclined to agree with Christopher Morley when he wrote, 'Here is a book that tells what modern war is really like, and the only things in it that we boggle at are the things that made even war seem momentarily human and tender.' Yet, in the face of the Massachusetts law, such prudery was considered expedient.

And what about the sixty-eight books which were actually suppressed? Why did they give cause for complaint, and whom did they offend? While it is not easy to inquire into the reasoning of those who take a morbid interest in other people's morals, we have here certain tangible evidence to guide us. 'It is desirable,' says E. M. Forster, the novelist, 'that people should not be corrupted, but there is no reason why they should not be shocked.' I submit that most of the suspected sixty-eight were banned because the ideas which they expressed on matters of sex and religion were shocking, not because the ideas or the language was such as to stimulate the reader's physical appetite. We know that a gentleman of high position objected to *Elmer Gantry* — presumably because it profaned his beliefs; we know that the Watch and Ward Society objected to eleven books, mostly novels — pre-

sumably because of an anti-Victorian approach to matters of sex; we know a single clerical zealot objected to some thirty books and would have gone on to more had he not been stopped by his bishop; we know that the district attorney's office objected to nearly a score of novels sent them in angry remonstrance by a bookseller. The bookseller had been notified that they were taking action against some half-dozen titles. 'Why, if you ban those,' he said, 'I can send you twenty more, no better and no worse.' He did, and they did. I submit that these judgments are as erratic as any which were lodged by the postal or customs authorities. I submit that they are not such as we should be likely to receive had the books been fairly tried before a Massachusetts jury and judge and under the terms of a just law.

V

We have seen how in England and in the United States our book censorship laws have been derived from statutes originally framed as a protection against deliberate pornography. We have seen how these laws were extended in scope until they were able to be applied against books innocent as well as guilty, classics as well as the *Memoirs of Fanny Hill.* We have seen what erratic judgments are to be expected in bureaucratic censorship, as under the crusading fervor of paternalistic societies. In view of such evidence it is easy to cry out against censorship generally. I believe, and indeed my whole paper is in support of the theory, that there must be a legal control of books, and I believe that the law courts are a logical place for their examination and that our judges, if not our juries, are qualified to decide upon the question of whether or not they are obscene. I believe very earnestly that the law should be so worded as to take the whole book into account. Such a law is enforced in New York; such a reform is urgently needed in Massachusetts if our reading is to be untroubled by self-appointed censors. The Watch and Ward Society have intimated that they judge a book in this way, and, furthermore, that they might endorse such a rewording of the present statute as would make this the legal practice as well.

If the statute is so worded as to ensure the judgment of the whole book rather than the judgment of an isolated passage, publishers will feel justified in defending, as they do in New York and elsewhere, books which have been the subject of complaint. If the complaint is borne out by the decision of the jury and judge, the publisher may be considered to have received fair warning against such continued practice, and if the book is given a clean bill of health no more will be thought about it. Surely such an arrangement is infinitely superior to the present situation in Boston when at the insistence of private, and at times irresponsible, citizens books are banned in the city, without trial, yet sold like notorious hot cakes throughout the rest of the state. The hypocrisy of the present situation, the injury which it does to literature, the notoriety which it too often bestows on cheap books which would never otherwise have been brought to readers' attention, the contempt for law which it encourages among Massachusetts citizens, and the light of absurdity in which we find ourselves before the rest of the world — these are the results of an obsolete statute and of a virtual but unofficial censorship in Massachusetts.

(*The* Atlantic *will be glad to continue the discussion with useful and interesting suggestions regarding this difficult question*)

THRILLS

BY JAY ZARADO

I

Up at the top of the circus tent, on a flying trapeze, a small white and gold figure spun dizzily. Over and over the slender steel bar it turned, now hanging by its toes, now by its knees, now by its hands, now dizzily holding by its teeth. Now it swung head downward, clinging by the very tips of its toes. Far beneath it on the ground, a man held one end of a rope, the other end of which hung just beside the white and gold figure on the trapeze. He held it far away, so that it did not touch the swinging acrobat, whose outstretched hands reached toward the audience watching from the seats below.

The man with the rope stumbles; the rope, suddenly released, swishes toward the swinging figure, strikes it, dashes it from its slender grasp, and down through space hurtles a flash of white and gold, while up above the bar swings crazily. Now the rope in its erratic course swerves toward the falling figure; the outstretched hands reach toward it, grasp and hold it; the hurtling figure, falling head downward, stops with a jerk, the legs whip down, and, a scant yard from the ground, the white and gold figure swings clear, steps off, and takes a bow. The audience applauds the daring trick; the acrobat climbs up the length of rope to the crazily swinging trapeze above and finishes her act.

No one in the crowd knew that it was a fall, that only chance swung the rope toward the falling woman; but I knew it! I was the white and gold figure, and I had a pair of sore shoulders for a while to remind me of it.

My experience has included twenty-two years on the road, and fifteen seasons of aerial trapeze work with circuses, at parks and fairs, in vaudeville and indoor exhibitions of all kinds. Among the circuses in which I have appeared are those of Shipp and Feltus, an all-American circus traveling in South America; Ringling Brothers; Barnum and Bailey; Sells-Floto; Santos and Artigas, a Cuban circus. I have performed indoors for the Shriners, Elks, Moose, and the American Legion. My work has included trapeze, a rope called the Spanish Web, 'iron jaw' (hanging by my teeth), rings, singing and dancing. My rigging usually hung forty feet from the ground, and I have never had a safety net below me.

I liked circus life best of all. I liked the association in the dressing room, I liked the traveling in the circus cars. Out of doors all the time, in all kinds of weather and in all parts of the country! In the many years during which the circus has been an unfailing source of pleasure in the United States, its repertory and types of performance have varied little. It has undergone few changes. One of its fixed institutions used to be the parade, and every time I read how good for the health is an early-morning ride I think of the dressing room in the days before the parade was discontinued. We used to leave the sleeping cars somewhere in the train yards, find the lot, get some breakfast

if we were not too late, go to the dressing room and get ready to ride some kind of animal, or appear on a float or a cage.

The parade may have been beautiful to look at, but as memory presents the scene in the dressing room as the performers made ready it is associated mostly with hurry and confusion, no time for breakfast, boiling-hot days, or freezing cold. If it rained, you just got wet; if the lot was far from town, and if the parade was long, perhaps you missed your lunch as well as your breakfast. I can truthfully say that the admiration of the crowd who witness the parade has little or no effect on an empty stomach. When dinner time arrived at four-thirty, there was no lack of appetite. After the parade as an institution had gone once and for all, we found that it was sorely missed by a lot of people who did not have to ride in it. But we used to read about the strenuous protests of town councils and merchants' associations against parading, and traffic conditions finally made an end of it.

A check-up at the end of the first season without parades showed a general increase in the morale, health, and appearance of people and animals. Yet it used to be fun at the start of the season to watch the new members of the troupe trying to 'catch up with the parade.' If one of them moaned the lack of time, there was a chorus of reminders that people who *would* troupe with a circus must not expect their breakfast to be served in bed, that they ought to consider all the country they were seeing, that nothing was so healthy as an invigorating morning ride, and that it was something to wear a beautiful costume for the crowd to admire. Comforting, for a harried acrobat or horseback rider, trying to wash tights, clean shoes, fix riggings, mend clothes, bathe, or accomplish other odd tasks before the bugle blew to mount!

Parade had few compensations, but often it led to an unexpected thrill. Once I was riding on a cage filled with bears, along with half a dozen other girls, and it upset on a piece of sandy road at the far corner of the show lot. It turned over slowly, and we all followed the turn of the cage and did not get thrown off, but the bears did not like us scrambling over the bars. They were not friendly at all, and we had to do some quick moving to keep from being clawed. It was a noisy tangle: the driver was swearing, the bears were howling, we were yelling, and the elephants were coming right behind us; but nothing at all happened. And we did not go in the parade that day!

II

The press agents have a great deal of patter about the life of the circus people and the running of the show, but one thing which they never fail to say is true, as near true as human statement can be. They say that the circus is one big family. I can think of nothing that will describe it any better than just that. An immense family, who eat and sleep and dress and live together season after season in the close confines of the tents and railroad cars. Hundreds of people from all parts of the world, all nationalities, all beliefs, bound by one common bond — the show.

From the advertising placed by the cars ahead to the tearing down of the tents when the performance is over, the show is the thing. The departments of advertising, commissary, and admissions, the side show, the menagerie, the big top, the wardrobe, and the concessions, all exist only to promote the big show. Hostlers and grooms, property men, candy butchers, light and chandelier men, waiters and cooks for

the cookhouse, truck drivers, wagon makers, sailmakers for the canvas of the tents, blacksmiths, water-wagon men, seat men and canvas men, exist for the same purpose. The centre of activities is the back yard, the space surrounding the back door of the big top, where the show goes in and comes out. Nothing must be allowed to mar the show, nothing must interfere with it, nothing must stop it. It starts with its glittering tournament around the track in the big top. Tournament is as carefully drilled and presented as any act in the performance. Its members are acrobats, clowns, and riders; its places are assigned at the start of the season and are maintained throughout, unless accidents prevent.

About a half-hour before the show is to start, a bugle call is blown. Just before the performance begins, a second call is blown. The Equestrian Director blows the whistle that actually sends the show into the tent. When the show has been delayed in getting to town the three signals follow each other closely, and there is a mad scramble to get ready.

One such day a surgeon, the guest of one of the staff, was going to watch the show from a seat placed beside the band leader. He strolled out of the back door to watch the gathering when the first bugle blew, and stood beside the leader, who told some of us afterward about the conversation. The manager of the show came out of the back door with his watch in his hand, approached the leader, and said: —

'Do you think they are ready in the dressing room? It looks like rain, and we are late now in starting.'

'Oh, I think so,' answered the leader; 'they have had fifteen minutes, and they all know we are late. Shall we have the second?'

'Yes, let's get it on its way.'

The bugle blew the call and followed it by two short quick notes, which mean, 'Hurry up.' And this is what the surgeon later told the leader: —

'What you folks call the back yard was to my notion very small and crowded. When the bugle blew, into that space poured, — yes, poured, — from all the dressing-room tents and some of the wagons, men and women and animals, a wild hurrying mass, brilliantly clothed. Almost instantly the whistle blew, the band formed and entered the big tent, and after it came the rest of the procession. Men and women ran to their places under the very noses of camels and plunging horses and huge elephants, trumpeting their nervousness. An original beauty climbed into a palanquin swung between two jerking camels and called out, "Somebody hold these two ships of the desert so I can assume my languid air."

'The king — I knew it was the king, because he carried his crown in his hand — dashed wildly out of the dressing room and mounted his prancing steed, adjusting his false moustache with one hand and his crown with the other, aided by two grooms. He caught up with his queen and entered the tent with a truly royal air. Men in armor ran with spears and shields, women dressed as butterflies and flowers piloted huge costumes with enormous wings and petals — at risk of their necks, it seemed to me. Floats detached themselves from the maze, their human burdens climbing on all over them; elephants knelt to allow their riders to get up on their backs. Expecting to see some of the men and women get trampled to death right before my eyes, I hurried into the tent to see what it looked like in there. Around the track the procession went slowly and unhurried, sparkling and glowing and in the most perfect order. I stared at it in amazement. At my hospital I

thought I had a system, but here before me was a miracle.'

Most of the circus reaches town early. Often we used to plan an entertainment of some kind for the time between shows — a dance on the stages in the big top, or a swimming party in a town where there was a large pool. In 1925 the combined circus of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey contained two teams of lady baseball players; May Wirth, the bareback rider, was captain of one, and I was captain of the other. We had a game one day to decide which was the better team; we played between shows in a lot beside the dressing room. All through the matinée the teams and their sympathizers wore their respective colors, which waved gayly from the horses in the rings, from riggings, and from costumes. Most of the show managed to be present at the game, and quite a few townspeople. An enterprising reporter on a local paper wrote that he was astonished to learn that all the members of the two teams were performers; he thought that they sank exhausted after their acts and were glad to rest. It was a good game, and about as technical as a game played by ladies should be. We chose as umpire a member of the show who was hard of hearing. All the performers were good hitters; the ball sailed far, and often and many were the arguments. It was not so hard to get them to hit and run, but the rules suffered a lot. I had as third baseman a bareback rider, her body strong as iron. A runner could reach third only after a hard struggle; and she deserved the base when she got there, for my baseman, in spite of all warning, used all her strength and resourcefulness to keep runners off her base. She ran toward second and dared them to come her way. She was used to swarming all over a horse, and she covered the base effectively. She even heaved runners away bodily, and if she tagged them they knew that they had been tagged. My pitcher was a contortionist. She had long arms, and her delivery was weird. She scared the batter half to death. The ball would come shooting at her from the strangest angles of the pitcher's body.

I always admired the wild-animal trainers. There was Mabel Stark, fair and tiny, a little feather of a woman. I think that fear and Mabel had never met; yet no performance of hers was without a thrill or two. Something always happened, which she took as a matter of course. All of her tigers were twice as large as she. 'Cats,' she called them. She dressed near me in the tent, and one day she came in from her act, put her great whip in the handle of her trunk, hung her uniform coat on its hanger, and started to go out. I asked her where she was going, and she said to the doctor's tent, that one of her cats had bitten her. He had, twice, through the leg, and she spent most of the next two or three weeks in bed. As soon as she could hobble, she was on the lot looking out for her cats. She said the cat that bit her had fallen off his seat on the side of the arena and at the same moment she had stepped backward and stumbled against him, and that he was a nice well-behaved tiger and would probably never do it again. She ought to know — she knows her tigers.

And there is Olga Celeste, whom you see so much in pictures. She had a leopard act in the show in which I appeared, and dressed at the end of the aisle. Her leopards were temperamental; two of them seemed to dislike each other, and periodically they would start a row. And right into that mass of snarling, spitting, sure death she would go. A cut with a whip here and a sharp command there, and the row was over. I said to her: —

'But, Olga, suppose they should turn

on you! Not for anything would I ever try to settle an argument like that! No one would ever catch me refereeing a fight, right among the fighters.'

She laughed.

'Yes, and no one will ever catch me balanced in the air on a little tiny trapeze bar.'

III

I think the saddest-looking thing in all the world is the circus lot on a rainy day. Everything droops, even the spirits of the dressing room, and the band in the big top has a hollow, unearthly sound. But of course it has to rain. I have waded over and across and through so many muddy lots that I think I could identify a clod of mud from almost any section of the United States. Down South it is stickier. In some places it is black and in some brown; and some of it is a deep red; but it always is just mud. In the big top it is nicely covered with sawdust, but we have no trouble in finding it.

On a muddy lot one day, I finished my act and came down my rope looking for a nice spot in which to land. I chose a spot that looked innocent of guile, and was deceived — I went in up to my thighs, and it took two property men to fish me out.

A muddy lot, especially on a rainy day, works the greatest hardships on the stock and workingmen. They are right in the thick of it, for the heavy wagons must be brought to the lot and placed. I have never seen kinder drivers than those who travel with the circus. They love their teams; they care for them as though they were children. I have seen them with tears streaming down their faces, calling out to their horses when they were half buried in the mud themselves. On a dull, cloudy day, a bridge that we were crossing caved in beneath the weight of the cookhouse steam wagon. Four of the six horses had successfully crossed. On the seat of the wagon as it went down, the driver loosened the reins and called to his team, and steady and sure they pulled. They dug their hoofs into the pavement and, fighting for a foothold, strained with all their strength. The driver, cut about the head, was fast losing consciousness, but still he called to them, and as long as they heard his voice they pulled. Help was soon there, and men cut the traces and released the team. The driver sobbed like a child for one horse that had broken a leg so badly that it had to be shot.

Rain, wind, and mud make it difficult to work in the air on a rigging that jumps and rattles with the poles of the big top. Wind is the greatest danger of all.

I remember particularly a storm in a town in the Middle West. A cyclone appeared shortly after the matinée began. The big top was crowded; a lot of people were sitting on the ground on straw, in front of the seats. It was hot and uncomfortable. As the wind rose and the tent flapped, some of the crowd near the top ranks of seats began to get nervous, but the show went on just the same. As it grew dark the lights were lit and inside the big top you could not tell much about the storm. Ushers watched the spectators who grew nervous, and soon the crowd settled down. Acts came and went, and to all appearances the show was going on in a calm, unhurried manner. I guess that most performers are nervous themselves at a time like this, but they do not show it. A part of their task is to reveal only a smiling face to the crowd.

But outside the tent no such calm prevailed. All the workingmen on the lot were there, working in gangs of five or six, driving stakes as fast as they pulled, tying down flapping canvas, fixing broken ropes, changing broken poles. Down went our cookhouse (we

had a cold meal), and the side show followed it. The dressing room, in the shelter of the side show, soon had a sad air; its poles were at all angles, and its canvas looked like a bad job of draping. The rain came down in torrents, but by the time the matinée was over it had dwindled to a drizzle, and the crowd poured out of the show and viewed with the greatest astonishment the tents that had been blown down, and the uprooted trees on the lot. And about nine miles away a small village had to be rebuilt. Luckily, we did not get the full force of the blow.

Often during a storm the water floods the tent and you dress on the top of your trunk while the whole thing rocks and the canvas flaps and the side poles dance and wiggle around. And often the tent blows down and is scattered all around the surrounding country. In Cleveland, a storm came suddenly off the lake and the wind blew so hard that the show had to be shortened. I fought the wind to get to the big top, just as word was being sent back that the show would end with what was in the ring. By the time I got back to the dressing room, about three minutes later, one end of it was down and the other looked as if it would soon be on its way. We put our street clothes on over our costumes and dressed in the railway station, which is close to the lot there. In Canada, a sudden wind rose just before the night show started, and in a wink the dressing room was half a block away on top of the station. We closed down our trunks and made a bee line for the cars, for all the rest of the tents were sailing merrily away. The big top was nearly torn to shreds.

IV

People have sometimes asked me how it feels to fall from a great height. Such an experience is commonly supposed to be thrilling. It is, when it is all over, and if the performer who falls is still able to feel a thrill. My past life never floated through my mind during the falls I have myself undergone; I was too much occupied with the immediate present.

I know that all successful aerialists have a sort of sixth sense that makes it possible for them to keep a clear head and perfect presence of mind while performing high in the air. I know that I am not dizzy on my rigging, or at any height, and that I never was. An aerialist from long and arduous practice acquires a keen sense of balance — so very keen that any slackening of the rigging is felt at once. From the same practice comes the ability to decide instantly what is to be done in such a case, and also the instant response of a finely trained body. An aerialist with a head full of fear and a wavering judgment will not stay in the air very long. The perilous moment that demands quick thought usually finds the true performer with a mind in good working order. An emergency comes, a decision is made and acted upon.

Sometimes, when the accident is averted, the audience sees what appears to be a fumbled trick, and again, when Lady Luck has a day off, it sees a fall. Occasionally the rigging breaks, and that will come under the heading 'just too bad.' But the percentage of fatal and serious accidents in circus life is very small, and the number of lucky escapes is legion. For my own part, I did my work because I liked it. The thrill of a fall or two affected me little, except to make me more careful.

In a New York paper was an account of a young woman who desired to commit suicide. She chose to jump off a sixteen-story building, and she was soon on her way to the sidewalk. The

paper said that in some way while she was falling she learned how to fall, as the circus performer learns. An automobile was parked near the curbing and she went right through the top of it and escaped with a broken shoulder and a dislike for high dives. We circus people read the account, and after a careful check-up in the dressing room we could not find a performer who knew how to fall. We agreed that you just fall and that you usually land on what happens to be under you.

Once I was gayly balanced on my trapeze when a steel ring at the top of the centre pole broke with a loud snap. The break, occurring on one side, turned the rigging and threw me sideways and right toward the centre pole. I did not think of anything at all — simply opened my arms imploringly and met the pole, and slid down its length to the ground, acquiring slivers and blue paint all the rugged way, and leaving little pieces of my skin and tights and the whole front of my white satin costume. Down on the ground, I gathered the remnants of my tights and costume around me, took one look at the tangled mass of my rigging on the ground, and crept out of the back door to the dressing room. Later, the band leader told me that the next time I put a long slide for life in my act I ought to let him know in advance, and he would have the drummer coöperate with a stirring roll on his snare drum. The doctor picked splinters out of me for an hour or so, and every once in a while during the rest of the season I would find one or two he had overlooked. I must have been too eager to get started on my slide, for I had a bump on my forehead, black and blue and very prominent.

Many people believe that after a hard fall it is a dreadful struggle to climb back on the rigging. I know that where the fall has been due to a trick that has miscarried the performer practises it as soon as he can, to find out how the mistake happened. And after a fall the acrobat goes back to work as soon as he is able, because muscles soften quickly without regular practice. If the performer is fearful of the trick, then he works to regain confidence.

I think that Hilary Long, the head balancer, gets about as many falls as anyone in the business. He slides down a wire while balanced on his head. To carry his weight, and give the needed resistance, the wire is guyed down very tightly. He has to watch every part of his whole rigging constantly, for overstrain. And he has to examine the slope of the ground, so as to determine how gravitation will act, and its texture, to see whether it will hold the stakes. He is a calm little chap, hard to ruffle. He climbs his rope ladder up to his pedestal and looks down the slide wire while the announcer is telling the audience that he is about to slide down that slender wire, balanced on his head. He takes his position on his head, and away he goes. Part way down, perhaps, he loses his balance, and cannot recover it. He catches the wire with his hands, turns over, slides to the ground hanging by his arms, goes patiently up the rope ladder again and gets ready to do it all over. Down again he comes, after an assistant has adjusted some part of the apparatus. If he makes it this time, he steps off on the ground beneath his wire, takes a bow, and departs. He hears the applause, but his mind is busy with the reasons why he did not succeed the first time. He does not give a single sign that only the quickness of his eye, his hands, his body, has kept him from a broken neck. If you should ask him about it, he would probably tell you, as he told me, that of course he grabs the wire if he can — that nobody wants a broken neck.

V

The big show dressing room accommodates most of the performers, clowns, and animal trainers. It is divided into two parts, for the men and the women, and in the centre are ranged the wardrobe tables and trunks containing the tournament clothes. Outside, in private tents, and sometimes in the wagons, are the dressing rooms of the stars and feature performers. Inside the big dressing room the trunks are arranged in rows with an aisle between. They are all numbered and are in the same place every day. Each member of the circus is allowed a small folding chair, and each has his own buckets for washing and bathing. Outside, on the guy lines of the tent, clotheslines may be strung. Nearly all the larger towns have one-day service for laundry and cleaning, and that is arranged by the porters in the sleeping cars.

The dressing room is looked upon by the circus people as home. It is the only home they have, the long season through, and they act there just as you do in your own home. It has no rules, for it needs none; it is respected and guarded and cared for, much as you respect and guard and care for your own home. As the people who take part in the show are gathered from all parts of the world, the dressing room is a lively place, full of all manner of personalities. Dangers, good times, pleasures, floods, escapades, birthdays, weddings, quarrels, are intimately shared, and everyone risks his neck with his neighbor. There are clubs of all kinds, most of them favoring sports, but chess and card clubs also have their place. Most of the women do lovely embroidery and make their own costumes.

Often the gay orderliness of the dressing room gives place to a hush and a hurrying. As the show goes on, you keep in mind the piece the band is playing and that tells you what troupe is working in the big top. When there has been an accident it is almost always the sudden change in the music that tells of it. For a new number is begun as soon as possible and the next act goes in to take the memory of the disaster from the audience. The man who blows the whistle to start and stop the acts is just inside the back door, watching closely. If an accident occurs, he blows his whistle, and the band concludes its piece. The next act is ready, of course, but the one next to that must hurry up.

One day when the high perches were working the band suddenly went into the fast music of their finish. The number that followed was a riding number, and of course it was ready. I was in the next number to that one, and I hurried to finish dressing. We knew that something had happened; the wife of one of the perch performers went out to the big top. The dressing room became quiet; one or two women came and helped me dress. We learned from a property boy that a perch had broken and that two men were hurt. In the big top, while I was walking down the track toward my rigging, I remembered that that particular act worked in the same ring in which I was now to perform; and when I stepped into the loop of my line, to be pulled up to my rigging, I saw the broken pole lying on the ground, just outside the ring. It is not an easy thing to work at such a time. You have in mind, of course, the injured performers; and then the audience is not in a good mood. They will not enjoy your offering, and the more thrills you provide, the more coldly they will receive them.

This audience was not only still, it was tense, and later, in the dressing room, I learned why. The man on the perch was hanging by one foot from a loop at the top of the pole when it

broke. He dropped at once. The man below, the pole on his shoulders, turned so that the part of the pole he was still holding would not fall into the audience, and threw it away from him and got beneath the falling man. There was not time to brace himself for the shock of the contact; he caught his partner on his shoulders and both of them went to the ground in a heap. All in the flash of a moment, the man below had done the only thing he could do, bravely and without hesitation. The crowd knew that he had taken a hero's part and that perhaps he had given his life to save another. They were both back in the ring inside of three weeks. The one below had a strained back and the one on top had a broken shoulder blade.

VI

The train, as well as the big top, provides its moments of excitement. On a long Sunday run in the Cascades, a drawhead pulled on one of the elephant cars, and as there was no sidetrack long enough to allow the train crew to put the car anywhere else, it was shunted out ahead of the engine. The car was full of small elephants, and when a few moments later we stopped on a curve we saw their little trunks waving out of the doors to right and to left. The sides of the car were going in and out as if they were being agitated by a monstrous kind of breathing, and the elephants were telling the world that they did not enjoy being pushed along ahead of the engine. As soon as trackage allowed they were put on the end of the train, for a herd of baby elephants all possessed by one idea is quite enough to wreck a train.

Somewhere in the Northwest, where we stopped on a long run to feed and water, our section of the train pulled into the town just as the crew were switching the cars of the first section, soon to be on its way. They were for the most part flat cars, loaded with cages containing the animals of the menagerie, two cages to a flat. The yards were full of people who had gathered from all the surrounding country to see what they could see. Some few of us left our coaches and started to walk down the tracks toward the town just as the train crew were bringing two lines of flat cars toward each other. To the right of us was a cross track with a line of slowly moving cars, each with its load of cages, and coming toward it from the other way was another string about as long. There was a sudden shout, and we looked just in time to see one of the cars from the second string break away from the others and head for the centre of the first string. Right before our startled gaze, the runaway car hit one of the others square in the centre, and the cages rose in the air. I expect that everyone there knew as well as we knew that there were wild animals in the cages; there was a wild yell, and a rush, and the yards were cleared. Someone grabbed me by the arm and shouted: —

'Come on away from here! When those cages come down it will be raining wild animals all over the place!'

I had no intention of seeing what would happen; I just vanished. I was back in my berth when the loud crash announced that everything was on the ground. A kangaroo was killed, and a large bird of some kind. Luck was certainly in attendance. Tigers or lions might have been harder to kill.

Toward the end of the season, when the nights are cold and you wonder what you have done with your season's salary, many discussions occur in the dressing room as each performer tries to decide whether to play in vaudeville or to take a long rest. There is much thinking back over the season's trek, and bets on the closing date are offered.

When the circus is over, the people before whom we have played are conscious of the tug and the pull of it, even as we are, as they frantically pick the children off the back fence, or the roof of the garage, where they are imitating the acrobats. There is a lure, and a memory, that will bring them to see the show when next it comes to town, just as we know that when the whistle blows to start the next season we shall be there.

It is the last night, and the last act has played and bowed and left the sawdust ring. The band pauses, then swings into 'Auld Lang Syne'; all work on the lot stops until it is played, and then as the last note dies away there is a cheer, rising from the hundreds of throats. Something has gone. The characters are changed into men and women; the circus has folded its tents and vanished, silently, magically, somewhere into the night.

THE GAMBOLIER

BY MERLE COLBY

I

He stepped off the train, weighing his bags at the end of long arms. His eyes rested on the driver of a rusty flivver. He swung the bags into the taxi. His voice came harshly.

'Where's a good hotel, bub?'

The boy frowned down bare legs locked over the wheel and blew a bubble between his front teeth. 'There ain't but one.' The bubble disappeared and a grin took its place. 'The Non-Pareil. Hop in.'

The stranger climbed in after the bags, and the flivver lurched down the dirt street in the direction of the Square. The boy kept one leg cocked over the wheel, which he aided with his elbow at difficult moments. The bare foot of the other leg fiddled tentatively with the clutch, and another bubble — a larger one this time — began to grow between the lad's teeth, dancing with the movement of the car.

The passenger sat stiffly erect against the shiny upholstery. His grave face was a dull red color, crossed by deep wrinkles. A jutting nose divided eyes bulging palely from their sockets. His hair showed sparse and gray beneath his soiled panama.

'Huh?' remarked the driver above the chattering of the machine.

The man leaned forward in his seat.

'What's doing in town? I said, what's doing in town for a stranger?'

The boy grinned. 'Tighter'n a drum,' he shouted above the din. He eased a front wheel out of a rut with a knee. 'What would it be, now? Likker?' He roared the last word lustily, and half turned to look at his fare.

'No.'

The driver grunted and waved to an acquaintance passing on the sidewalk. 'There's a place other side of the railroad track. You give two raps on the door, like, and —'

'No.'

The boy twisted his neck and regarded his passenger for a moment,

then turned his eyes again on the road. With a jerk the car stopped its motion and his toe twiddled off the switch.

'Here you be. The Non-Pareil.'

The man got stiffly out. The boy watched him lift his heavy bags.

'Flat rate,' he said. 'Anyw'ere'n town, fifty cents.' He caught the silver deftly and watched his fare making his way up the high wooden steps. He blew a thoughtful bubble as the motor came to life.

The dank, memorial air within gave no relief from the oppressive early summer's heat outside. Behind a mahogany-stained pine desk stood a clerk in shirt sleeves, nibbling at a callus on his palm. As the red-faced man approached and set down his bags, the clerk cast a quizzical glance over his knuckles, expertly swinging round the register. With the easy air of a race which does most of its reading upside down he watched the stranger write his name.

'Clarence Stimson,' he read. 'Newark, N. J. . . . Business?'

The guest of the Non-Pareil kicked one of his bags.

'Slum. Slum jewelry for the hired girls and their beaus. Want to see some?'

The clerk looked annoyed. 'Not me. Doing well?'

Stimson did not answer the question. Instead, he leaned closer over the desk, summoning to his wrinkled face a jovial air.

'I'm a stranger in town. What's doing?'

A gleam of interest appeared in the eye of the clerk, and he bent nearer with an air at once confidential and worldly.

'Not much. Been a clean-up last week in this town. Things are kind of tight. In a week, yes. But just now . . . Was you wanting a drink?'

Stimson shook his head.

'We can't sell it, of course, but I can maybe lay hands on somebody that will. Good stuff, and cheap, considering.'

Stimson shook his head again, taking off his panama to wipe his forehead with a muddy silk handkerchief.

'No,' he said.

The clerk stared, then chuckled knowingly. 'Oh. Well, it might be arranged. Let me see.' He tapped his teeth with a penholder. 'To-night's choir practice. But you just have your supper, and go up to your room, and about eight o'clock . . .'

Stimson wiped the sweatband of his hat with his handkerchief. 'No, nor girls neither.'

The clerk tapped the penholder in a slower rhythm, and finally laid it down. 'Guess I can't help you, mister.'

The man before the desk hesitated, and a queer shy look came into his face. His pale eyes gleamed, but his mouth held a straight line.

'Listen,' he said. 'Listen.' He gripped the edge of the desk. 'Liquor ain't my line, and I can't get up no interest in girls.'

The clerk stared. After a long pause, he straightened his back and raised his voice to a normal tone.

'Can't do anything for you, mister,' he said. A face or two looked up from the lobby chairs. 'Town's closed up tight. There's been a clean-up in town. Whatever you want, it ain't to be had.'

The stranger half-dropped the lids over his bulging eyes. His mouth twisted cunningly. 'You say so.' He stood proudly before the desk. 'Liquor don't interest me,' he repeated, 'nor women neither.' Then his eyes searched the faces of the loungers. They stared at him coldly, without expression.

'Mister,' put in the clerk, 'you better do like I said first. Monk, you take this gentleman's cases.' Without a

word, the guest of the Non-Pareil followed the boy upstairs.

II

Stimson did not linger after supper in the stuffy little dining room. As soon as might be he left the cups and saucers and sauntered outside, perhaps to get a breath of air.

The street lamps shuddered one by one ablaze, lighting up the under branches of the dusty maples. Beneath each one a pool of light lay evenly in the dust, held darkly as if in a cup. In these pools boys crawled upon their knees, searching for June beetles, loosing pent screams when bit by their sharp nippers. A street lamp blinked evilly and hummed a small tune. Stimson left the Square, turning off into a wide, deserted street.

The air pressed close upon the tired grass. Overhead, without warning, a locust suddenly began its buzzing lament. Stimson heard other voices take up the wailing rattle as the locust strained its stretched string tighter, tighter, with a sound like that forced by a boy from a button on a cord. At last all the voices, tautened to full stretch, cracked together on their highest note, slid half an octave, ran down, and were still. The man felt the sweat running between his shoulder blades. He fanned himself with his panama hat, warm streams coursing down his flank from under his lifted arm. The air pressed closer.

Down another street, less wide, he went, and up another. A hooded light blinked on behind a pane level with the walk. Stimson stopped and looked in.

In and out of the glare of a shaded bulb hands came and went. They paused for a moment in its circle, hesitated, moved with downward palms, disappeared. Suddenly a large hairy hand strode into the illumined circle like a furred creature; hesitated; made a gesture. Its mate followed, pushing into the circle a tall column, gleaming dully between its fingers. Directly opposite a long thin hand dipped into the light, flinging down five white squares. Stimson leaned closer. Under the lamp shade lay a pile of chips and a row of cards.

Stimson caught his breath between his teeth. Beside the window he saw a basement door. He walked down four concrete steps, lifted the iron latch, and pushed in.

The lamp went out. There was utter silence. It clicked on again, and tilted up sharply at Stimson. A voice growled.

'What's your business here?'

Stimson looked straight into the glowing light bulb. 'Boys,' he began.

'Name your business!'

'I — I saw a little game going on. Through the window. I — maybe you might be letting me set in.'

The swinging lamp fell back into its normal position, swaying gravely once, twice. A little circle of light swept over the small table. Someone in the gloom swore softly.

A bulky shadow detached itself from the other shadows and stood in the light. It became a short, long-armed man, his face and hands covered with red fur. He chewed meditatively a moment, then spoke.

'Git!'

Stimson hesitated. The short man lazily reached out a hand and caught the intruder's elbow in one great palm. The nerves in Stimson's arm buzzed, and his wrist and fingers went dead.

'We ain't partial to setters-in. Git!'

Stimson stood outside, rubbing his elbow. For a minute he watched the basement window. Finally he returned down the narrow street, up the wider one, and so back into the Square.

Once around the four sides of the

Square he paced, past the memorial statue, past the cast-iron drinking fountain. The restaurant keeper, closing his shop, nodded briefly as Stimson went by. Crossing the stale outlet of an alley, Stimson saw a glow of light from a bakeshop behind. The large gray courthouse in the middle of the Square turned slowly one imperturbable side after the other to him as he gradually caught up to his own footsteps, again passing the cast-iron fountain. This time there was a dog lapping busily at its base. The dog looked up at the man, slapped a whiplike tongue against his muzzle, panted a moment, and recommenced drinking.

III

As for the third time he made his way around the Square, pausing occasionally to mop his forehead or to fan the sweat out of his eyebrows with his hat, Stimson's feet and brain lagged. His soaked shirt clung like a second and more tightly fitting skin, and his forehead prickled where the hatband had rested. The nostrils of his jutting nose opened and shut like valves, and his head turned slowly, searchingly, as he walked.

At last, almost without surprise, he noted at a window in the third story of a building, over a store, a thin split of light. He stopped to look more carefully. The window blind drew up to the top of the window instead of to the bottom as a normal window blind should. At its very top a narrow crack revealed a yellow edge of light.

Stimson turned into a hallway. A steep wooden stair led upward. As he started to climb, he felt his toes stub against tin signs nailed against the riser of every step. At the landing, halfway up the first flight, a yellow bulb burned under a coating of dirt.

There was no light on the landing at the head of the first flight. Stimson climbed eagerly, his shadow stretching like rubber before him at every step. He paused to listen. From above came a faint, indefinable noise.

Stimson climbed halfway up the second flight and listened again. The slight noise became clearer. 'Chink-chink!' it said. Chink-chink! Chink-chink-chink! Stimson hurried up the remainder of the flight, and stumbled on the top step. He cursed under his breath as the tiny noise stopped.

On the top step he stood and waited. Outside he could hear, no less plainly, the wail of the locusts in the dusty trees. The air from the street made its way slowly up the stairs after him, pausing at each step like an asthmatic charwoman. When it reached him there was no elasticity in its breath. Stimson stood and waited, as if by stilling the beating of his heart he could force the little sound to take courage and creep out into the hallway again.

Chink! It began hesitantly. Chink-chink! Stimson gasped, as if the climb up the stairs had suddenly caught him under the ribs. The noise steadied, stopped a moment, then went on as merrily as before. Chink-chink-chink-ity-ity-ity-chink! Chink!

The man reached out and touched with either hand the walls of the hall, swiftly making his way between them to a door. Under its lower crack lay a rule of light. He knocked on the door.

Soundlessly the light under the door went out. There was a long silence. Stimson knocked again, and as if at a signal the light poured on. The door opened suddenly. Stimson faced the company in the room.

On a table covered with green felt lay piled stacks of silver dollars, ranged in neat towers before each of the five men sitting before it. In the table's centre more dollars were flung in a great shining heap, melded together

under the hard light. As Stimson stood undecided, the man at the head of the table turned to his neighbor.

'New to me,' he said.

The one spoken to turned to his next. 'A stranger to town,' he remarked gravely.

The third man turned and studied Stimson. 'What does he want?' he asked impersonally of the two next him, two men dressed alike in corduroy trousers, shirt sleeves, and galluses, wearing scanty sandy beards. The two turned and gazed at each other, a vague interest at the back of their eyes, then turned their heads as on one swivel back to the man at the head of the table.

'Might ask,' one of the twins suggested mildly.

The company turned unanimously to a thickset, short-necked man astraddle a chair in a dark corner, a little removed from the table. There was a metal shield fastened to his shirt, and the bone handle of a revolver peered from his hip pocket. He surveyed Stimson slowly.

'Shut the door!' he commanded.

Stimson shut the door. The players returned to their game, and the silver dollars chinked steadily once more. The thickset man curled a toe around each of the legs of his chair, hitched it around to face the newcomer, chewed thoughtfully a moment, and spoke.

'Name?'

'Stimson's the name. What's yours?'

The other moved his jaws vaguely, as if striving to remember. 'Business?'

'Cheap jewelry. Can I sell you some?'

The man reddened, stopped chewing, then suddenly smiled. 'Guess you don't know who I am.' Stimson said nothing; only looked at him. 'I'm the marshal.' He teetered the chair under him cheerfully, pushing the butt of his revolver farther into his pocket, his eyes always on the intruder.

One of the two men in corduroys got up awkwardly from the table. 'Stimson's the name,' he said, addressing the company. A slow grin came over his face. He turned to the intruder with a mock-formal air.

'This here,' he said portentously, making a gesture toward Stimson, 'is Mel Thacher.' The man at the head of the table scowled, wiping his hand on his trousers. 'Mel, meet Mr. Stimson. He handles jewelry.'

The man in corduroys grinned wider. He seemed to take no notice of the fact that Mel did not offer to shake hands.

'And the feller next Mel, he's John Hanspur. He does trucking in this town. Vegetables, not trunks.' A swarthy figure next Mel growled and looked at the floor. 'John, meet Mr. Stimson. He peddles jewelry — glass and brass.'

A bald-headed man let off a laugh like a train of squibs that fizzled and died into silence as it was echoed by nobody else. The man in corduroys turned in his direction.

'And that gent there, he's Marthy Slocum's husband. Slocum, meet Mr. Stimson.' He turned to Stimson in mock query. 'What did you say your line was, mister? I kind of fergit.' He pretended to listen to Stimson, whose red face grew redder as he stared straight before him at the table and its series of little silver towers. 'Oh, yes. He sells jewelry — the cheap kind.'

The tall man turned to his twin in corduroys. 'And that there is my uncle, only we're aged alike. People mostly takes us for brothers. His name is Langer, and mine is Slescher. Henry Slescher, Mr. Stimson. I'm real pleased to meet you.' He grinned widely, looking around for applause.

Stimson stood very straight, his thumbs rubbing lightly over the forefingers of his closed fists. The town marshal jerked up from his chair, shouldering Slescher carelessly out of the way.

'What're you looking for?' asked the marshal. There was no laughter in his voice. 'Whatever it is, you won't find it here.'

Stimson would not take his eyes from the table. 'No offense,' he said slowly. 'Slum's my line, and I'm not ashamed of it. I get my living honest.' He spoke more carefully, his gaze still on the little round towers rising sharply from the green plain of the table. 'I'd like to set in. If you gents don't mind, I'd like to gambolier a little.'

The marshal pondered, teetering thoughtfully from toe to heel. He looked over his shoulder at the rest. There was no expression on any of their faces. He turned back to Stimson.

'Set in,' he said. 'But I'll be setting in, too. Across the room.' He paused.

'Might's well set in,' he muttered, and turned away, the bone handle in his pocket working up and down as he walked.

Stimson studied the impassive faces before him. He made his way to the table. A place opened for him, and he sat down.

IV

From the head of the table Mel Thacher studied him. 'Buy in,' he suggested curtly.

Stimson produced a twenty-dollar bill. Mel took it, examined it carefully, his mouth screwed up, then reached in the sagging pocket of his coat. Surveying Stimson all the while, he pulled out his fist and flung its contents on the table before the stranger. Stimson counted the pile. There were exactly twenty silver dollars in the handful. Stimson began carefully to lay the coins one atop the other.

'Cut!' commanded the man next him, reluctantly laying down a deck of cards. Stimson separated it into two unequal halves, and the dealer picked up the packets warily. On the table before Stimson one card after another drifted down.

Somebody at the table fingered his stack of silver. The sound rang gently in the closed room, seemingly more subdued than its gentle chink-chink had sounded from without. Stimson found himself aware of little noises filtering in gently and persistently from the street. A boy's shout sang faintly, like the rim of a glass touched with a wet finger. A wagon rattled by, the pad of the horses' hoof-falls quieted in the thick dust. A cat cried spitefully with a human wail. Over and above all rang the interminable metallic voices of the locusts in the maple trees. Stimson glanced toward the shaded window, his ears vaguely alert to their cry.

His eyes came back to the players. They leaned forward eagerly, their faces vacant with studied blankness, their shoulders and hands eloquent. His neighbor had passed; the rest stayed in. Stimson stood pat, and after a brief tussle swept in a small pot. The game began now in earnest; the rest were taking his measure. Stimson played carefully, betting on his hands for no more than they were worth until he should have tested his opponents' mettle. He waited patiently for a good deal, then with a lucky draw, after a glance around the table, he began skillfully and judiciously to build up the pot. At this moment he was aware of Slocum's bald head opposite, tilted back, staring over his shoulder. The others had paused in their game, and were steadfastly regarding something behind Stimson.

The marshal spoke. 'Well, Harry?'

Slescher uncrossed his legs, the corduroy whisking in the sudden silence like an indrawn breath. Stimson felt a breath come heavily on his neck, and rose suddenly, hooking a toe under his chair as he did so. The chair toppled and fell backward with a splintering crash. Stimson turned his back to the table, and stood facing a bulky, squat, long-armed man, who had jumped aside out of the way of the chair. One of the man's hands was raised halfway toward his face. It was a rough hand, covered with fur like a strange insect. Stimson recognized its owner for the fellow who had ordered him so abruptly away from the other game in the little room on the back street.

'Well, Harry?'

The intruder ignored the marshal, but addressed Stimson. 'Seems to me you kind of like to bung in where you ain't wanted,' he said. 'We ain't partial to setters-in. Not in this town. Not in this town at this time.'

Stimson said nothing, but half turned to his companions at the table. Nobody stirred.

'A feller was here last week,' went on the bulky man. 'A feller like yourself, mister. He was anxious for a game. So we let him set in.'

As if a portent lay beneath the words, somebody at the table drew a long breath.

'Maybe we found out something about that man,' went on the voice. 'Maybe somebody said something. Or maybe we just guessed. Anyway,' — a long pause, waited upon by stillness, — 'anyway, we rid him out of town. He ain't come back.'

Stimson stared around the table. Not a face held anything but a sullen emptiness. Slescher sat leaning forward, his chin in the heels of his palms, his fingers caught over his high cheek bones. The gesture pulled down the rims of his eyes, until their whites stared blankly out of two red wounds.

The bulky man caught Stimson by an elbow, and again the gambolier felt a pain shoot up into his shoulder socket. 'Nothing you can say won't do you no good. But say it, if you've a mind to.'

Stimson tried to speak. He shook his head helplessly.

His captor turned to the men at the table. As one they rose, their chairs scraping on the floor. With Stimson's elbow still caught in his fingers, the long-armed man made for the door. The rest followed.

From his corner the town marshal, astraddle his chair, cleared his throat apologetically. 'I kind of guess,' he suggested mildly, 'you forgot who I am, Harry.'

The long-armed man stopped in his tracks. The marshal came forward in leisurely fashion, the butt of his revolver sliding up and down like an Adam's apple. He ambled to the table before the piles of silver at Stimson's place. Sweeping them into his hand, he jangled them a moment reflectively, then tossed them into the coat pocket of the gambolier. He turned to the rest.

'Boys,' he remarked, 'I ain't got no grocery store to lock up at six o'clock and go home from. I ain't got no truck garden that can't be weeded but by daylight. I'm town marshal, and that goes even when other folks is asleep. Or even when I be myself. So you see, boys, you kind of got to do like I say.'

He faced the captor of Stimson. 'Harry, you better go home. I'll take care of this.' Harry cast a surly look at the gambolier, dropped his elbow, and went out. His heavy step could be heard descending the stairs. Once he stumbled, and a curse floated up the stairway through the open door. The steps died away.

The town marshal looked around at the rest of the company. He turned his eyes mildly in the direction of the table. Sheepishly they returned to their places.

'Langer and Slescher, you come with me.' The men in corduroys hesitated, swept their dollars into their pockets, tossed their cards into the centre of the table, and followed the marshal and Stimson down the stairs.

V

The heavy night air fell over their shoulders in swathings as they emerged from the doorway at the bottom. The two men in corduroys plodded along silently behind the marshal and Stimson. No one said a word until they rounded the Square and brought up before the front entrance of the Non-Pareil.

'Git your bags,' suggested the marshal.

Stimson entered the hotel, secured his luggage, paid his reckoning to the astonished clerk. He came slowly down the steep steps.

The marshal spoke. 'Mister, you give your bags to the boys here. No call for you to carry them. We got a good piece to walk.'

The two men in corduroys came forward like shadows, one on each side. Each took a bag and fell back. The marshal dropped into step with Stimson.

'There's a train stops to take on water a little ways out of town. You can board her there.'

Stimson nodded.

'Don't ask me no questions, went on the marshal. His voice seemed somehow a little tired. 'Maybe I would n't know how to answer them if you was to ask. All I know is, some of the boys feels a little on edge. And this is one of the times where it's better to walk than be rid.'

They had reached the outskirts of the city, where one enormous maple guarded the street's end. Here they stopped for a moment. At this point everyone leaving that town or entering it paused, as if to remark afresh on the accident of a town with shaded streets set down in the midst of the rolling, almost treeless farm land. There seemed to be no moon, but somewhere light was, for the shadow of the great tree lay softly in the white dust.

One of the bearers of Stimson's baggage lit a cigarette. The tired voice of a cricket gave up its ghost in the long, dust-powdered grass. A locust's reel ran down before it had fully wound up. The footsteps of the little company came down in a succession of plodding puffs, the dust spurting out in tiny clouds under their heels. On each side of the road the cement fence posts whitely marched abreast, behind which lay, right and left, the fields of oats and wheat. The flame of the match, on the open prairie, burned upright and still.

They came to the railway where it intersected the road, the rails glinting sharply. Here the road bent to follow the rails, and the little group in turn followed the road. As they swung to the right, they bunched for a moment. So close were they that each was made aware of the body of his neighbor in the dark by its heat alone.

The oats to one side of the road gave way to corn. It had been shortly laid by, and was now as high as a tall man's hips. The wheat on the other side too made way for its silent march. On both sides of the walking men stood the growing corn.

The marshal stopped and pointed. Ahead and to the right a squat steel tank stood on spidery legs. Near it burned a signal. The two men in corduroys lowered the heavy cases into the dust.

But Stimson, instead of looking at the tank, gazed wonderingly right and left. The blades of the corn were in motion. They swayed gently against each other, rasping audibly.

'Look,' said Stimson. It was the first time he had spoken since the interruption of the game. 'There's a breeze come up!'

Slescher shifted a cud of tobacco and shook his head. His spittle flopped in the dust like a toad leaping. 'No wind, that ain't. It's just the corn. Growing.'

Langer corroborated his statement. 'Corn ain't never still,' he added. 'It grows so fast in weather like this, it can't keep quiet. An inch a night, sometimes. It rustles, sure. But not from wind.'

The corn was growing. The noise it made was the noise of its growth.

The marshal spoke in the darkness. 'I remember when I was a boy, we had just such nights as this. And I used to lay abed, near crying with the pain in my legs. The muscles in 'em hurt just like they was being stretched on a curtain stretcher.' He chuckled. 'And my folks used to ask me what made me thrash so. Was I hot? they said. And when I said I just about had to grit my teeth to keep from yelling at the stretch in my legs, they only laughed. Growing pains, they told me. Every boy has 'em, they told me. Just growing pains.' The marshal's voice slid a note deeper as he forgot his listeners. 'I recollect I was scared when I found out I had to hurt in order to grow. I felt plumb terrified to think I was alive.'

From the distance came the long screech of a train. Stimson turned. His bags lay in the dust. In a momentary panic he whirled about. The marshal stood, a comforting shadow, at his elbow.

'Plenty of time. She'll take several minutes to fill up her boiler.'

The gambolier stooped and picked up his bags. Without them he had walked a little bent, a little warily. At the familiar feel of their leather handles he straightened his back. He passed beyond the double aisles of growing corn, marching up to the water tank without a glance to either side. He flung his bags into the vestibule of the train, and climbed carefully after.

The marshal yawned as he watched the train gather speed.

'What did you make of him, boys?' he asked. 'Spotter, or just a sport?'

One of the men in corduroys dug at his ear with a finger. The other shook his head.

'We heard him say he was a gambolier.'

A BATMAN AT LARGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

[Dr. Irvine, in his vivid paper, 'My Adult Education,' has told us how he landed in New York with a dollar in his pocket, a strong body, a willing mind, faith in God, and in himself. An incomplete list of his activities during the busy American years that preceded his war experience includes driving a milk cart, working in the Bowery Mission, attacking Tammany, and acquiring inside experience in the small-town problem in Iowa. He was a director of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in New Haven; organized a People's Church; was Chaplain of the Trolleymen's Union; tried to raise chickens — this seems to have been his one failure; joined the Socialist movement; worked in the Alabama iron mines, and in a turpentine camp. His outstanding achievement was the Sunday Forum of the Church of the Ascension in New York, where he was the right-hand man of Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, and a pioneer in the development of the Social Forum.

— The Editor]

I

Being a pacifist did not mean to me sitting apart and hooting like an owl in a tree. I was a human being, and nothing that was human was alien. The war came. We in the United States were not likely to be involved, yet over there were millions of men slaughtering each other in ignorance and hate. An inner voice called me to the conflict — not as a fighter, but as a friend.

After seriously thinking it over, I was convinced that my place was with my tribe. I went into the woods and dedicated myself to service, saying nothing to anybody about my plans. Only men of influence or money could get over there. I had neither. I had my belief in God. If I were needed, I should be called; and, if called, the means to get there would be forthcoming. It would be difficult to find or conceive of a man better fitted by experience to be helpful in such a cataclysm. I was as familiar with poverty, ignorance, hardship, and suffering as with my face in a glass.

Twenty months passed. About the first of May, 1916, I received a letter dated November 1, 1915. It was from a Quaker in York, England, a man I had never seen, never heard of. He had read my books, knew something of my history, and 'the voice within' had told him to call me. The letter had been going the rounds of my London and New York publishers and various residences for six months.

This, then, was the call. I cabled at once that I would proceed to England as soon as the school in which I was teaching broke up in June. I arrived in Liverpool on July 1, — the day of the catastrophe on the Somme, — and proceeded to London.

When I met the man who had called me, in York, and asked him what I was to do, he said he did n't know. His inner 'leading' had been summed up in the call. I was new on the ground and must find my work. Very quickly I found out — and very definitely —

what I was there for. In the two years of the war the United States had made billions out of the Allies. Wilson's 'too proud to fight' remark was sneered at. We were said to be 'capitalizing the blood and tears of Europe.' There was a distinctly hostile feeling everywhere. 'I have found my work,' I said to my friend the Quaker. 'I am the self-appointed representative of the American working class to the working class of the British Isles.'

'If thee will speak for thy Maker,' he replied, 'thee will represent all classes.'

I began with the big factories and shops, going there at the noon hour. I made no apologies and offered no criticisms. I represented myself as a disinterested American who had deprived himself of many ordinary comforts in order to get money enough to come over and help. When I told them the story of my life they knew that I belonged to them. My job was, first of all, to give hope and courage; then to inform them that we were not all moneygrubbers; and boldly I capped every climax with the suggestion, well driven in, that America could n't possibly keep out of the war.

My talks to the men were reported to the police and to the general commanding the district. Knowing this would be done, I spoke not merely to the men in front of me but to 'the powers that be' behind them.

My speeches were considered valuable for industrial morale. At the end of the first week I was invited to visit military camps, factories, and churches, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. I went to London to confer with 'Y' leaders. Fearing an orthodoxy with which I had no sympathy, I proposed to give six addresses around London to soldiers and in them to incorporate the substance of my message. This was agreed to, with the result that I was sent to the great camps of the British Isles.

America entered the war. I wrote a score of letters offering my services, but not a word came back in reply. I worked and waited.

A catastrophe on the western front brought me into active service with a suddenness that took my breath away. The long bread lines, sugar queues, meat tickets, hunger, and the Zeppelin raids were all making inroads into the morale of the civil population. The trouble seeped through in letters to the soldiers and affected the fighting men to such an extent that military leaders feared a debacle on the front line. A general was sent from Haig's headquarters to London with an S O S. Something had to be done, and done at once. The Cabinet met. Lord Rhondda was Food Commissioner, and Lloyd George put it up to him. He could n't sink the German U-boats. He could n't call down manna from Heaven. A wire summoned me to the Food Commissioner's office.

'A serious condition has arisen on the western fronts,' Lord Rhondda said to me. 'The morale is in danger of breaking, owing to our shortness of food at home. We have decided to send to France six of the best speakers in England, and you have been recommended to me to head the list. Will you go?'

'Certainly, sir!'

'The British Government will be under great obligations to you — I understand you are an American.'

I had an interview with a general from the staff of the Field Marshal, and when I came out into the murky streets of London the first thought that came to my mind was my dear old father's 'God's a gintleman!'

II

'Let them ask questions,' said Lord Rhondda to me as I left him. 'If you

can't answer them, I will. Just wire me.'

That sounded all right in Whitehall, but in Ypres, when I invited questions, the first one hurled at me was: —

'Is n't Lord Rhondda a b——y profiteer?'

I dodged that, but I could n't dodge them all, and few of them bore any relation to my lecture.

A few days before the great German offensive on the Somme, I was ordered to Ham. Half a million men were camped there. The nearest point to the German lines was Clastres, identified by a sign which read, 'This used to be Clastres.' The British soldiers had made a garden of the place. Flowers and vegetables were beginning to peep above the ground; vines had been trained, and rustic trelliswork, rocks, and scrap iron had been piled together and in a few weeks would be covered with Virginia creepers and climbing roses. The seeds and plants had come from England. Care and labor bestowed on these little plots gave a look of permanence to the place. The Somme trickled lazily through some of the gardens, and the stumps of shell-shocked trees lined the banks. Before I addressed the men I was asked to address one hundred officers. As I went out in front of them in a hut and they had a look at me as a Y man, they almost laughed. I knew they were disappointed.

'I thoroughly appreciate the feeling I see spread out on your faces, gentlemen,' I began, 'but in self-defense I may say that I neither started this war nor invented the uniform I wear, and I am convinced that the man or men responsible for either or both should be shot at dawn without the formality of a court-martial.' I was facetious to prepare the ground; then I exerted myself and succeeded in winning them over completely.

The Y headquarters in Ham was a ramshackle building which it was impossible to keep warm. There gathered around the dining-room table three times a day a strange aggregation of camp followers, yeast stirrers, morale raisers, and others. I noticed among them a very small pale man who seemed to be suffering. I asked one of the assistants who he was. 'He is Sir Harry Johnston,' he said, 'and I wish to God he'd go home. He's a good deal of a nuisance.'

'Sir Harry Johnston?'

'Yes.'

'My dear man, he may be feeble now, but do you know that he added a million square miles to the British Empire? That he is a scientist, an author, an explorer, and a great governor of colonies?'

No, he did n't know, and he did n't care.

I found out that Sir Harry had become a nuisance by asking for wood for the stove in his room and sometimes for a little hot water. That night I went scrounging for firewood. Next morning very early I lit the fire in his room, greased his top-boots, got him shaving water and a mug of tea. I did it all stealthily, noiselessly. When all was ready I pulled the front of my steel helmet down over my brow and awoke him.

'What — what!' he said as he looked around.

'Your shaving water is on the stove, sir; your boots are greased; and I thought you would like a mug of hot tea.'

'Who are you?' he asked. 'I must be dreaming.'

'Oh, I'm just a batman at large, sir. I have to move around a good deal, but as long as I am here I shall attend to your fire and make you comfortable.' And I walked quickly out of the place.

III

The night before the great debacle I was scheduled to address officers in the old Ham Opera House. I had talked to ten thousand men during the day and I was far spent physically, but the sight of two thousand officers of all ranks inspired and strengthened me. Somehow in the midst of that address coming events cast their shadow on my soul and I talked as I had never talked before. Thoughts and words new and strange and perhaps somewhat weird came to me, and instead of the ordinary mixture of humor and pathos and vision it was all vision, and spiritual in the highest degree. I can recall only the closing words, because a colonel asked me later to write them in his diary: —

'We are not puppets in an Olympian show, playing for the amusement of the gods. We are not victims of a blind farce — consciously or unconsciously. We are hammering out on a mighty anvil the birth certificate of a new world. I salute you, sons of Vulcan, sons of God, as you go out to the forge!

'Scoop down that beetling mountain,
And raze yon jutting cape;
A world is on your anvil —
Now smite it into shape.'

Next morning the dance of death began. All lecturers, amusers, and instructors were ordered home — to England. I was the only exception. The Germans opened fire on a fifty-mile front. The earth shook and trembled. Many camp followers seemed to go crazy. There was a rumor that we were surrounded, hemmed in. I went out, invented a counter-rumor, came back laughing and spread it. I laughed the fear out of every man's soul around me except one — a Presbyterian minister, who had an idea that God was laughing at us.

'What makes you think so?'

'The Bible says He shall mock at our calamities and laugh when our fear cometh.'

'Don't worry, brother,' I said. 'God may smile at our stupidity, — I don't see how He could help it, — but He is too much of a gentleman to laugh at calamity!'

Lorries came for the others to take them to the coast, and I was driven in an army car to the 50th Division at Haroomers. For twenty miles along the route the British cavalry stood in readiness — the men at the horses' heads, bridles in hand. Lances gleamed in the sunlight, horses pawed the ground restlessly, but there was no noise — not a sound; not a word of command broke the stillness. A sense of power seemed to charge the very air. The Artillery Reserve was in the sunken roads; overhead British planes kept off the eyes of the enemy.

The 50th Division was entraining for the front when I arrived. I returned to Ham. On the way we met miles and miles of ambulances carrying back the broken bodies that were the morning's toll of German gunnery. Chaos reigned at Ham. The Germans could have reduced it to ashes, but they needed it as a base, probably, and spared it. But the British could not hold it. In one single day they had been pushed back thirty kilometres.

I selected my own work and at Ham railroad station attended all night to the 'walking wounded' — that is, men whose wounds permitted them to walk back from the fight and leave the casualty clearing stations for the more seriously wounded. They straggled in all through the night, fingers gone, heads, arms, and bodies swathed — temporary dressings they had had near the line. We gave them refreshments and cigarettes, piled them into lorries, twenty at a time, and sent them back.

Next day I helped to entrain the civilian population. The town was to

be totally evacuated. The last person to be entrained was an old woman who limped along with a few worldly possessions in a bed sheet. I picked her up in my arms and carried her into a compartment. Then I gathered her bundle and put it by her side. She put both her long lean arms around my neck and, kissing me on both cheeks, sighed, 'Ah, M'sieur Tommy!'

One phase of the aftermath was the thousands of men who became separated from their regiments and battalions. Hearing that there were thousands of such men at a railhead called Abancourt, I asked to be sent there. The Y man did n't know me, and said the men did n't want meetings. I had to ignore him, but I tried to do it kindly and diplomatically. I had signs painted and hung around announcing that at a certain hour there would be a one-man show. Two thousand turned up. I gave my programme, lengthening the humor, shortening the serious appeal. At the second meeting I had seven thousand.

In that region there were about twenty thousand men. Coming back from the camps one night, I was groping my way along the railway tracks when I heard voices. I listened. They were Irish voices, but there were so many freight cars that I could n't, in the darkness, discover where they were.

'Who are ye?' yelled a voice in answer to my call.

'It 's mesilf,' I said, 'and I 'm looking for a fast train to the hills of Donegal!'

'This is it; come over here an' let 's look at ye, an' don't stand there foolin' us. Shure we have n't had a bite to ate since th' battle of Waterloo!'

They had shunted in there in the darkness and had n't the slightest idea where they were. I piloted the fifty of them to the nearest Y, where they had something to eat and stocked up on tobacco.

IV

In the British Army morale-raising was a hit-or-miss sort of thing. It was of more importance than guns, but nobody in the High Command had any idea of its value. Most of the officers with whom I talked about the psychology of war seemed to think that the best use the Army could make of psychology was in dealing with cases of shell shock. I was not in a position to advise the British Army; I could only demonstrate and muddle through like the rest when the theory did n't work.

I was sent out to the 18th Division on the Somme just as the men came out of the front line for a two weeks' rest. The general was on furlough, and a brilliant young colonel was in command. There was a deadlock in the minds of the soldiers. They had been fighting until war had become the natural thing. They were 'fed up.' It was my job to break that deadlock. A new method, a new dynamic, was necessary. I was equipped by military experience, and I talked to them as an older comrade; I wore two bits of ribbon on my coat which reminded them that I was one of those old-timers who had served in the Gordon Expedition. I had a keen sense of humor, and an array of facts that amazed them. When they had laughed with me for half an hour they were mine.

War arouses all the fear instincts. All men have fear, in varying degrees. I analyzed fear so that every man could distinguish it from its results. I told a story about the Duke of Wellington. An artist who was painting his portrait said, 'My lord, I should like to see the look you had on your face at Quatre Bras.' 'Oh,' said the Duke, 'if you want me as I was that morning, paint me crawling on my belly in a ditch.'

Every branch of the division re-

ceived the best I had, and every man in that division became my friend. I gave talks on literature. I outlined an educational scheme and helped to choose an educational director. I went to Dieppe and selected two thousand volumes for a divisional library. The division was covered in a week, and it was a complete job in morale-raising. I was on my feet talking an average of seven hours a day. When the car taking me to Mers for a day's rest drew up at the door of the inn the driver found me crumpled up in a heap in the back seat. I was carried in and put to bed. Two days later I was on my way to another appointment.

General Jackson, commanding the 50th Division, had heard of me in the War Office, and made a special request that I be sent to his division in the Dieppe area. There I did for the 50th Division what I had done for the 18th.

The Honorable Artillery Company has a regimental history that runs back to the middle of the twelfth century. It was a distinguished unit during the war, and went through it without having a court-martial — a very remarkable tribute to discipline and spirit. The commanding officer in introducing me said I was 'the funniest man in France' — a statement he amplified by telling two of my best stories. Such an introduction, of course, is fatal to humor. It would have paralyzed a Mark Twain.

My task was one of the most difficult I had ever known. I politely disclaimed all credit for the reputation the commandant had given me. 'It is with the Irish, gentlemen, in the matter of humor, as it is with the English in the matter of war — we just blunder into it and blunder out again. The things you English would consider funny are to me very serious — in fact, our stupidity is often looked upon as humorous. When I became a writer I joined a literary club in New York. I used to see men play a game called poker — I am sure nobody here ever heard of the game. It's peculiarly an American institution. Well, I had never played cards, but when I saw men get such a barrel of fun out of "penny ante" I thought I should like to learn. So I was told the value of certain card combinations — and here let me explain some of these.' A roar of laughter greeted this assumption of innocence — a nest of inveterate poker players were sitting right in front of me. 'Well,' I continued, 'I got a hand, and one of the five cards seemed worthless, so I asked for another. Two of the four players were satisfied with what they got at first. So the chips began to pile up. I seemed to hold on — in fact, they all gave in. The last man to succumb asked me what I had. Not being as familiar as are old-timers with the names of the cards, I said: "I have four ones!"'

This set the place in a roar. My face was as devoid of a smile as a wooden Indian's.

'Well, would you believe it,' I continued, when they had quieted down, 'that man who made me show what I had seemed annoyed, and he said, "What the hell did you want — five?" Of course those "ones" were aces, I may explain.'

Three or four stories set me right, and I gave my lecture. When I finished, the commandant arose amid wild cheering and said: 'I think you will all agree with me that this is an occasion for H. A. C. fire.' The officers rose to their feet instantly and, moving their right hands from side to side as if they held bombs, made a fizzing sound as they did so. After nine moves they gave a wild yell. This peculiar salutation, I was told, is very rarely given. To me it was of small concern that it was given. That it was evoked was important.

V

I was ordered to visit the Field Marshal's headquarters and address his staff officers — a small army in themselves. Going to Montreuil was like going to Tibet. It was supposed to be a great privilege and something of an honor. To those in line for honors and privileges I presume it was; but I was not in line.

I addressed the staff in two groups — one at 6 and the other at 9 P.M. I was told to talk to them as if they were all Tommies. What I should have liked to do was to repeat an address I once gave to the officers of a division, when I said: 'Gentlemen, I am Tommy Atkins. I died on the Somme in 1916. I have come back from the dead for an hour to tell you what I think of you.' Which I proceeded to do.

During the first fifteen minutes here at Haig's headquarters the atmosphere was cold. The officers sat like gravestones coldly examining this new specimen. A very profane thought fluttered through my brain. Its expression would have produced shell shock. So I began to tell some stories not on the programme.

'An Australian sheep farmer bumped into a staff officer on the Strand. The digger apologized as any sheep farmer would. "Why don't you salute me?" asked the irritated officer. "Kid," said the Australian, "I'm not here for physical exercise!"'

This story gave some facial latitude, a rehearsal for a smile. The next one made them laugh, and when they were thawed out I went on with my talk; at the close they applauded generously. But there was as much chance of getting a new idea adopted, especially a psychological idea, as there would be of passing a prohibition bill in the House of Commons. At the second meeting I jollied them, and when they were slow to catch a joke I would say, 'Never mind that one, gentlemen — I have another!' When I got away from that stifling atmosphere of pomp, red tape, bowing and scraping, and fear, I had an idea that I should like to get drunk or do something ridiculous — just for a change.

I was called to Flexicourt to address a large gathering of officers of the Fourth Army Corps, commanded by Sir Henry Rawlinson. The meeting was in a large marquee tent, and I was ten minutes late. Half a dozen generals stood outside the side entrance. I walked briskly from the car and, saluting them, announced myself with an apology for my lateness, due to a faulty tire.

'Well, sir,' the senior general said, 'you come to us with a wonderful reputation — can you live up to it?' His tone and look seemed half in fun yet very much in earnest. I could n't sit down and think it over, so I just blurted out what came to me: —

'No, sir, I can't; but I can blunder along like the rest of you!'

There was a moment's silence, during which I again saluted and passed into the tent. The generals followed me, and as they took the seats reserved for them they were still laughing.

At that meeting my humor failed. Before I had been speaking five minutes I became possessed of a sense of sadness. The audience was mentally restless and so affected me that I abandoned my usual appeal and spoke of the immortality of the soul and the glory of adding something to the tradition of the race. Where had my reputation gone? What would the generals think of such an address?

'Just the thing we all needed,' said one of the generals, and the others concurred. I understood it all when, in Sir Henry Rawlinson's room half an hour later, he told me that his army was

going into action at four in the morning. When I told him how I felt at the meeting and how I was unconsciously led from the beaten track, he said I had just addressed men who in twelve hours would be in their graves. 'You did n't know; they did n't, either; but both of you got it by intuition.' I was kept addressing various units until midnight — the Royal Canadian Dragoons, French mortar men, Strathcona Horse, and machine-gun units. Then at the window of my billet on the main street I sat and watched the long procession of guns and men pass along to be swallowed up in the mouth of hell. They were singing now, — singing the old songs with the old gusto, — but at dawn thousands of them would be leaving a vacant place in the heart of the world.

At four the guns belched forth their lava of death. At seven I was in the general's map room listening to the record of the three hours' slaughter. At eight I was off again to the reserves — more mind-sweeping, more speeches to crowds within the range of the guns. Then suddenly, as I addressed a battalion, my voice ceased. I was talking, but there was no sound. I realized the situation instantly and indicated to the commander that I was 'all in.' For a moment the men laughed, but when they saw tears streaming down my cheeks they broke into cheers, and I could hear them still cheering when I was on my way toward the Fourth Army Medical Corps.

I was ordered to London. Medical men warned me that I had exhausted the life force of years in a few months; I was to make up my mind to an inevitable collapse. I became haggard. My eyes sunk in my head. I was weak. At Calais another examination confirmed the first. They ticketed and labeled me for a London hospital. In my inner consciousness I did n't believe a word the doctors said, but there were disabilities I could not deny. Even if I had come to the end of my rope, I was satisfied — better a thousand times to wear out than to rust out, and it had been a wonderful experience.

Instead of going to a hospital I went to the home of a mental healer, a man I knew. I wrote on a slip of paper: 'How soon can you get me back to France?' I heard him laugh, but knew no more for some hours. I had collapsed. When I came back to consciousness my friend was sitting beside me. He picked up the slip of paper and showed it to me, and said, 'In a few days.' The words sent a glow all through my body. I took some warm milk and went to sleep. I slept for six hours, and when I awoke I got up — tottering, it is true; but my voice had come back, and hope revived. In a few days I was quite ready to return. I wrote a letter to the Adjutant General, asking him to permit me to dispense with the ghastly stock collar that always seemed to suffocate me. It was hurtful to my voice and irritating to my mind. I begged the Y officials to intercede for me. It was the only favor I had ever asked either from the Government or from the Y. The former ignored it, and the latter looked upon it as one of my pleasantries and evaded it. I was so sure that I should be accorded this privilege that I had a khaki jacket made with a turned-down collar.

VI

I was in the Étaples area. Three hundred thousand men were there. I had been around for nearly a week — borne about like a bag of flour from one part of the district to another to speak to small groups. One night there was a big entertainment. The 'talent' did n't turn up and the leaders were commandeering anything they could get

hold of to pad the programme. By this time I was inured to the hit-or-miss methods and took things as they came, in big lots or small doses. I suggested that I could help them out. It was a big crowd and I just opened up all the stops and held them for an hour. The Y staff woke up — they really did — and thereafter I was busy.

One night in an air raid about seven hundred men were killed. Next morning the London papers charged the Germans with bombing hospitals. One German airman was brought down, unhurt. When he was before the commanding officer he showed photographs of the area. There was not a single red cross painted on a hospital, and around the hospitals were ammunition dumps, railways, and camps with tens of thousands of men, including the Life Guards. When the English Tommies read the papers they were angry, and the general comment was: 'It ain't cricket.'

A Scotch regiment had quite a different reaction. Many of their friends had been killed, and as a reprisal they made up their minds to break into the German prison camps and bayonet the prisoners. I was let into the secret of the intended reprisal and made it my business to prevent murder by informing those in command. Every evening thereafter for some weeks the embittered troops were marched to the seaside and marched back in the morning.

The morning after the raid red crosses were painted on the hospitals and photographed before the paint was dry. These photographs were published as evidence of German ruthlessness.

During September and October 1918 I had my greatest satisfaction in my work. I made use of the last ounce of my energy, and enjoyed every day of the whirlwind of activity. The fighting men knew little of the power-of-mind stuff; the camp followers knew less. I blamed nobody, criticized nothing. I looked upon every day as a little lifetime in itself, and functioned to the extent of my ability in its given tasks.

When the Germans were swept back the Y advanced with the troops. Five new Y stations had to be established in one day. I took charge in Péronne that day. The first item was the marching of German prisoners from their stockade to the Y on St. Fursy Street, where they were put to work renovating the wrecked building. The mayor of the town gave me an orderly, and I sent him for the prisoners. All he had to do was to fix a bayonet in his rifle and march beside them. But he was an Army Service Corps man and had never handled a rifle. I got him an old German rifle-and-saw bayonet, put him through a few moves, and marched him off. He brought the prisoners, but as they marched into the yard it was a German cavalryman who carried the rifle on his shoulder and not the orderly.

When I assigned the men to their work I began to take stock of the Y larder. Uncle Remus's receipt for rabbit pie was: 'Fust you done gone catch a nice fat rabbit.' The rabbit of the Y larder was bully beef, — six cans, — a pound of margarine, and eleven potatoes. There was n't a shop within fifty miles. Two American officers called, and they were starving. While I was wondering what I could give them an orderly came in for a gallon of petrol. Certainly, but what had he to trade for it? A loaf of bread. Fine! I gave him the petrol and went with him for the bread. In a corner of the hut — it was the office of the military police — I saw a small box of onions. I got them for a hundred cigarettes. I returned and fed the Americans on coffee and bread. A young officer looking for a ride toward

Calais came in. Through him I got in touch with the Transport Department. They would lend us a lorry to bring stores from Amiens, if we would give them a thousand francs' worth of cigarettes. I made the deal.

A weary subaltern came for a night's lodging. Yes, of course, in return for service. 'You have rank and prestige,' I said; 'just lend me your dignity for the rest of the day, and we will see you to the coast to-morrow.' He went foraging, and his achievements added considerably to our comfort, if not to our reputation. All forenoon men from all parts of the front came straggling in, for tea, for cigarettes, for the *Daily Scream*, for stamps. The orderly reported that a German prisoner was doing something reprehensible upstairs. I found him having a bath in a tin dish, and punished him by making him peel the onions. Later I saw that the prisoners all had a bath.

The prisoners fared poorly in food that noontime. Rice and raisins and a drink made with a yellow powder supposed to make lemonade were all they got. It was all we had. A message came from a part of the front line that a brigade of artillery had n't a cigarette among them. I got a car and a driver, took ten thousand packages of cigarettes and a case of biscuits, and went up the line. Our destination was just beyond Maissemy, but we lost our way. We drove up a hill in order to get a view, and at the top we found ourselves between the German and British balloons. As soon as we stopped, a shell whizzed over our heads. I saw a Red Cross sign about two hundred yards away, with two men standing beside it. We left the car and joined them in order to find out where we were, and a quick succession of shells led us to believe that our car perhaps was the objective. The red cross marked a casualty clearing station — a hole in the ground, twenty feet deep.

In the Red Cross dugout we were treated to tea and made comfortable as long as the strafing continued. To our amazement the car was there when we returned — and intact. We found the artillery and distributed the cigarettes and biscuits. The men came at us for the cigarettes like famished wolves; I had never seen men so frenzied. Cool and calm when around them fellow humans were being blown to shreds — and half crazy for want of a cigarette! I made a short speech to each battery; then returned to Péronne and resumed the problem of providing a meal for half a dozen hungry Y men.

I fried the onions on a boiler lid. When well done I mixed them with the bully beef, and over that I grated some cheese. The eleven potatoes I cut up and stuck into the stuff like eggs in a salad. There were some strange and unusual odors, but a severe dose of pepper allayed their vehemence. The prisoners had cleaned the place. The tablecloth was a clean newspaper. When the famished workers returned they were overjoyed to see such a nice layout. Oh, yes, I forgot — we had soup.

'What did you make that soup of?' asked the leader.

'A ham bone.'

'Where did you get it?'

'In the cellar.'

'That was n't ham,' he said. 'It was the hip joint of a mule.'

'Well, in that case, you'll have a strong kick in your work to-morrow.'

VII

One day after the Armistice had been signed the General informed me that the King was to inspect the Division and that I was to be presented to His Majesty, if I cared for the honor. He thought there might be something

in the American mind opposed to royal recognition. And that reminds me that once in a speech I had referred to a time when the American colonists 'told George III where to get off; and we're now telling George the — what's the King's number?' I asked the audience, having really forgotten. The men went into spasms of laughter. It seemed the funniest thing they had ever heard. 'What is his number?' The slip went so well that I deliberately used it hundreds of times afterward to produce the laugh, and it never failed.

One high official hoped I would n't joke with the King or tell him a funny story. He was told — but doubted it — that I knew how to behave myself before kings. Seven men of the thirty or forty thousand were selected for the honor of presentation, and we were instructed by an expert in court manners. At this juncture it suddenly occurred to me that, since the war was actually over, I could dispense with the stupid stock collar and face the King in comfort. I put on my double-breasted khaki jacket, with khaki shirt, turned-down attached collar, and four-in-hand tie. This was a luxury and made me human again.

The King had wired instructions that there were to be no ordered or formal cheers, no stiff-starched parade. The men were to be loosely arranged and left entirely to their own initiative. As I was the civilian of the group to be presented I stood at the tail end of the line. It just happened, however, that the royal car stopped at that end and I was the first to be introduced. Englishmen are sparing in praise and incapable of fulsome flattery, but that day General Jackson certainly spread it on generously as he told the King of my services. The fact that I was an American reconciled His Majesty to my unusual uniform, and on that double-breasted jacket were two bits of ribbon which he recognized.

'But you were in Egypt,' he said, looking at the ribbons.

'Yes, sir, I wore the uniform of Queen Victoria in the Gordon Relief Expedition.'

'Ah,' he said, 'then originally you were an Englishman!'

'No, Your Majesty; originally I was just an Irishman.'

The King laughed; he laughed heartily; but in my mind there was absolutely no idea of being humorous.

'Well,' he said, 'I thank you for coming back. I thank you for your splendid work.' And a second time he extended his hand. But that was n't all of the conversation. He asked me what 'morale-raising' meant. The term seemed as unfamiliar to him as the actuality was to his High Command. A few minutes after the King had passed, the Prince of Wales came.

'I was not here when the King was talking to you,' said the Prince, 'but the General has been telling me about your splendid work and I want to add my thanks.'

It was all over in a few minutes. The battalions melted away. The General and his staff mounted their horses and rode back to Doulers, followed by a lone lancer on a gray charger. From his long lance there fluttered in the wind a little red and white pennant — a splash of color, a touch of the old régime, that fixed in my memory an historic example of a king functioning as father to his divisions of fighting men.

It was over a cup of tea beside a warm fire in a London club that I heard the last word of the high official who had some suspicion that I should cave in before royalty.

'Well,' he said, 'I'll be hanged if he did n't joke with the King after all — don't you know!'

(Further chapters of Mr. Irvine's autobiography will appear in February)

LINCOLN'S WASHINGTON

Recollections of a Journalist Who Knew Everybody

BY WILLIAM A. CROFFUT

I

THE city of Washington during the Civil War was a desolation. The Capitol's unfinished dome and wings looked like a Roman ruin. Secretary Seward and his clerks were cooped in a small and dingy brick building where the north end of the Treasury rears its superb classic colonnade, and Secretary Stanton with his small department filled an insignificant building where now is the forelawn of the White House.

Along the north edge of the Mall slowly crept and soaked through the city a fetid bayou called, by courtesy, 'The Canal,' floating dead cats and all kinds of putridity and reeking with pestilential odors. Cattle, swine, goats, sheep, and geese ran at large everywhere. There were only two short sewers in the entire city, and these were so choked as to back the contents into cellars and stores on Pennsylvania Avenue. Happy hogs wallowed in the gutters. At night the city was in darkness, scarcely ameliorated by a faint glim on remote corners, and the rustic lantern was by no means unknown.

Few of the streets had any pretense of pavement. Some were paved with cobblestones so unstable as to be worse than none at all. On wet days Pennsylvania Avenue was a river of mud and filth in which carts and even light buggies were often mired so deep as to be extricated with great difficulty. The sidewalks were filled with Union soldiers on parole or absent without leave, and many of the houses concealed members of Mosby's guerrillas acting as spies and waiting to dodge back across the river. There were forty-eight forts around the city, and within the circumvallation were eighteen vast hospitals, sheltering thousands of sick and wounded. To make the round of these was a melancholy task indeed.

It was in the fall of 1861 that our activities were suddenly increased. The battle of Bull Run was over; McClellan was slowly reorganizing the Army of the Potomac; masterly inactivity prevailed, and life in Washington was rather a sleepy affair. Opportunely a happy idea presented itself and moved me to insert in the morning paper of the city, the *National Republican*, this paragraph: —

NOTICE. — Young men in Washington who desire to have a course of lectures during the winter similar to those of northern cities are invited to meet this evening at ——.

Responsive to the invitation, several young men, mostly strangers to each other, met at my rooms. A comparison of views revealed the fact that they were all heartily in favor of the abolition of slavery, and one, Lewis Clephane, manager of the *National Era*,

which had a year before been the victim of a proslavery mob for publishing Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had just been appointed postmaster of the city by President Lincoln. We took counsel together, and an adjourned meeting was held at Clephane's residence the next week.

On that occasion at least twenty young men were present, and much interest was manifested. About nine o'clock there was a knock at the door and it was opened to admit a venerable man with long flowing white hair and beard like Raphael's Saint Jerome, a quick, nervous manner, a glowing pink face, and vivacious and merry blue eyes. He paused, leaned against the door, and said, 'Gentlemen, I saw an advertisement summoning young men to come here to consult to-night, and here I am!'

The little speech was greeted with a welcome of applause and laughter, and Mr. John R. French, of the Treasury Department, rose and introduced the newcomer as the Reverend John Pierpont. We knew that the poet and apostle of temperance had come down as chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment at the age of seventy-six, and that Charles Sumner had rescued him from the swamps of Virginia and induced him to accept a clerkship under Mr. Chase. Without much discussion, or even consideration, we elected this 'young man' to be our president, organizing as the Washington Lecture Association.

II

In our advertisement authorized by that meeting it was announced that, 'desiring to aid in placing the community of which they form a part on a higher plane in regard to literature, loyalty, and liberty, one hundred citizens of Washington have united in an organization with the present design of a course of lectures by men who have earned a reputation for the highest culture and the most earnest patriotism.' And we named the men already on our list — Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Edward Everett, Orestes A. Brownson, Daniel S. Dickinson, Bayard Taylor, James Russell Lowell, George B. Cheever, Charles G. Ames, Moncure D. Conway, George William Curtis, John Jay, William Goodell, Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, Joseph Holt, Anna E. Dickinson, Richard S. Storrs, William Lloyd Garrison, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George Thompson, the great English abolitionist. Not one of them had ever spoken south of Mason and Dixon's line, and several of them enjoyed the exalted honor of having a perpetual bounty offered for their heads.

As secretary of the Association I was directed to 'engage these lecturers and obtain a suitable hall.' The former duty involved a voluminous correspondence but was comparatively easy, and, in fact, all of them except Everett, Garrison, Beecher, Lowell, and Miss Dickinson, appeared in the course.

The second duty assigned to me was much more easily defined than performed. There was no public hall in Washington that would seat a thousand people, but we wanted to seat two or three thousand. The churches were all closed to us. In this dilemma I made a bold and what seems to me at this distance an audacious request for the House of Representatives, but Speaker Grow instantly and peremptorily vetoed the suggestion. I have an impression that he spoke sharply and severely about it, but do not remember exactly what he said. He probably remarked that I was crazy to imagine that such a preposterous thing was possible.

At any rate, I gave it up, replenished my courage, and immediately went and asked Professor Joseph Henry to give us the large amphitheatre of the Smithsonian. This was apparently worse yet. He was struck with horror at the sacrilegious suggestion and froze me out with harsh words which made me almost wish that I had been burdened with less responsibility. Heavy-hearted, I took all these troubles to the Honorable Owen Lovejoy, with whom I had the privilege of such acquaintance as a zealous young recruit might enjoy with a kind-hearted veteran, and he valiantly entered the lists. 'Henry's an old traitor!' he exclaimed hotly. 'We'll bring him to terms. Come with me.' And he led the way to the rooms of the Honorable Schuyler Colfax. Here, too, was a sympathetic listener. 'I am a regent of the Smithsonian,' Mr. Colfax said, 'and Hamlin is another. I'll see him to-day about it. Call at my residence to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and bring John Pierpont, and we'll do something.'

Dr. Pierpont and I were at Mr. Colfax's door promptly next morning, and were delighted to find the Vice President there waiting. They had arranged for an assault on the fortress of science without delay, and had sent word to Professor Henry and made an appointment. When we had crossed the broad but unkempt Mall and reached the red sandstone pile of Norman towers and turrets constituting the handsomest public building in Washington, its distinguished master was armed with arguments and protests and ready to receive us.

'How can such lectures as you contemplate be permitted here,' he asked, 'when this institution, like science, is nonpartisan and peaceful, and when we do not allow a lecturer to speak even on chemistry without knowing in advance whether his theories are sound? Besides, you would be sure to offend some of the regents.'

This gave Vice President Hamlin the chance he sought.

'Which of the regents would be offended?' he asked.

'Gentlemen from the South,' replied the Professor.

'They are getting scarce,' said Mr. Hamlin. 'Jefferson Davis has gone and is not likely to return at present,' he added, remembering, no doubt, how active Mr. Davis had been as a friend of the Smithsonian and how intimate his family had been with Professor Henry's family.

'Senator Mason is a regent yet,' suggested Mr. Colfax, 'but he has fled from Washington and will not come back to plague you.'

'And the Mayor of Washington has resigned and gone to Richmond,' pursued Hamlin. 'Then look at this,' he added, taking up a list of the new regents President Lincoln had selected, but had not yet appointed, and sticking a pen through it to punctuate the names: 'Fessenden, Trumbull, McPherson, W. B. Astor, W. L. Dayton — none of them will object, and as for Badger, of North Carolina, he has gone home, and is in very bad company; I guess he will not trouble you. If he does, Colfax and I will stand by you. Lincoln will.' (A year later Mr. Badger was expelled from the Board of Regents on motion of Mr. Hamlin.)

For a fortnight, while lecturers were being engaged, the siege of the Smithsonian was carried on. Gradually Professor Henry weakened and prepared to surrender. Lincoln took a hand. It was finally agreed that the dreadful innovation should be tried, but the Professor stipulated that it must be published that it was against his remonstrance, and that the presiding officer should make it distinctly understood at every lecture that the Smithsonian

Institution was in no way responsible for the sentiments avowed.

So, when John Pierpont, the venerable poet, came forward to introduce the first lecturer, Orestes A. Brownson, the distinguished Catholic of Protean creed, he said: —

'Ladies and Gentlemen: I am requested by Professor Henry to announce that the Smithsonian Institution is not in any way responsible for this course of lectures. I do so with pleasure, and desire to add that the Washington Lecture Association is in no way responsible for the Smithsonian Institution.'

And so the course began. Even the first lecture was heard by an audience that crowded the large hall in every part, and it was noticeable that the most radical utterances concerning slavery received the warmest applause. Dr. Brownson became an abolitionist during the next few months, for his two sons had perished in the war.

III

The course was a success from the beginning. Brownson was followed by Daniel S. Dickinson, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. For months the audiences increased, both in enthusiasm and in numbers, so far as a full hall could become fuller, till it was necessary to go very early to get a seat of any sort. There were always scores of Senators and Representatives in the hall. Cabinet officers often lent their approval by occupying seats on the platform; but when Wendell Phillips lectured, as he did three times, I think they avoided conspicuousness by taking seats in the body of the hall.

This period was marked by that outpouring of anonymous letters which often accompanies great excitement. Most of the lecturers experienced the sensation of having their lives threatened while they were in Washington. Mr. Pierpont was menaced both through the post office and orally, and even the unobtrusive secretary had his share of this unpleasant attention in letters bearing mysterious suggestions and a great variety of badly drawn skulls and amorphous coffins.

In response to the invitation to come, Horace Greeley replied, 'Yes. I was intending to come down there to talk, anyway; and I am glad to have this chance — especially as I have already earned the reputation of being the poorest public speaker in America.' When he arrived he asked me if Lincoln would be present. I did not know, but at his suggestion I went at once to the White House and asked the President if he would attend.

'Yes, I will,' he said. 'I can get away, can't I, Hay? I never heard Greeley, and I want to hear him. In print every one of his words seems to weigh about a ton; I want to see what he has to say about us.'

So the President came, and consented to be perched on the high platform immediately at the great editor's right. Near him were Secretaries Gideon Wells and Edward Bates, and at Greeley's left sat the chief of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, glowing with pleasure at the significance of the occasion. Before introducing the speaker, President Pierpont began, as usual, 'It is my duty and pleasure to announce to you, ladies and gentlemen, that the Smithsonian Insti —' The rest of the sentence, which had become amusingly familiar, was drowned in a great roar of laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned, with a puzzled smile, and asked the nearest officer of the Association what it meant. When it was briefly explained as the proclamation required by the Smithsonian at the beginning of each lecture, he

joined in the laugh heartily, though a trifle behindhand. The object of it — Professor Henry — was within ten feet, concealed from the audience behind the little door that opened on the platform from the rear. Here, after the first lecture, he was generally found listening to the dangerous utterances, but in his next report to Congress he complained that the experiment had raised up enemies for the Smithsonian and ought not to be repeated.

When Mr. Greeley turned and addressed himself personally to Mr. Lincoln, who sat almost within arm's length, appealing to him to cease trying to make peace with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, but to free the blacks and arm them, proving equal to his high responsibility in the crisis of the nation's fate, the audience, which had already listened to the same injunction more than once, rose and uttered a wild and prolonged cheer and cry of joy. A more dramatic scene has seldom been witnessed by any popular assembly.

IV

It will be noticed that four of our most distinguished orators did not appear in this course — Edward Everett, Anna Dickinson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Everett curtly replied to the secretary, 'I thank you, but I cannot come. There has been too much talking already.' It will be remembered that he had been defeated the year before for Vice President.

Miss Dickinson had peremptory engagements — her card was full. But she came two years later and delivered her 'Joan of Arc' in the Senate Chamber to a record audience, the Vice President in the chair.

Mr. Garrison was not invited. Over him there was what might be called a quarrel in the executive committee of the Association, which was about evenly divided on the subject, part of the members insisting that he was the best representative of the principles which the government was contending for, and the other half insisting that a man who pronounced the Constitution of the United States 'a covenant with death and a league with hell' would not be likely to strengthen the war for the Union. The contest over him went on week after week without settlement, while he sat in the *Liberator* office at Boston, wondering why he did not hear from Washington.

Getting a negative from Mr. Beecher, I went to Brooklyn to make a personal appeal to him. When I called at the house on the Heights after dinner, he had already left to deliver a lecture, but was expected home at eleven. Mrs. Beecher kindly urged me to wait and see him.

'Perhaps you may get him,' she said. 'I want him to go to Washington, and will add my appeal to yours. I want him to go, though I see so little of him. I do not complain of his absence, for a woman who marries a popular favorite must be ready to divide him with the public. It keeps getting worse, though, every year. When I married him I merely had to share him with the congregation, but since then,' she added with a pathetic smile, 'he has married the Platform and the Press and the Goddess of Liberty, and I miss him a good deal. However, I want him to go to Washington to speak, and I think it is a thing he ought to do.'

I waited. At last Mr. Beecher returned, and, leaving in the front parlor someone who had accompanied him, he came through into the family sitting room. Well remembered is the breezy gesture with which he flung off his overcoat, as who should say, 'Here's Vitality for you.'

Being presented, I told my errand, outlined our purpose, and offered him two hundred dollars for a lecture — the highest price then paid anywhere. 'Don't decide hastily, Henry,' said Mrs. Beecher. 'I think you ought to go. Mr. Lincoln will perhaps attend. You can do good there. It seems to me the occasion calls for you.'

He walked up and down the room a few times, talking about Washington city and asking questions about our course, and then he said, 'No, I can't think of going. I've got just all I can carry. I'd like to speak in Washington very much and especially to see Lincoln, but I can't get away. I can fix you out, though. We have here the most brilliant and eloquent young man I have ever known. Take him!' And he put his head out through the folding door and said, 'Come here, Theodore!'

A tall and handsome youth entered and I was presented to him. We exclaimed that we had seen each other before. It was Theodore Tilton.

'He's just the man you want on these questions,' persisted the great preacher. 'An original thinker, and a fervent and electric speaker — and he's one of my chickens!' added Mr. Beecher. As Mr. Tilton blushed a little and disclaimed the compliment of eloquence, I recalled that my commission did not include the engagement of any substitute, but I thanked them for the chance presented and agreed to lay the suggestion before the board on returning to Washington. This was done, but the conclusion was unanimous that we would not hear from Plymouth Church vicariously. A few years later I sat through the fearful trial of Mr. Beecher in the suit brought by his 'chicken' for $100,000 damages for the destruction of his family.

I wrote to John G. Whittier and asked him if he would address such an audience as ours. He answered, 'I do not talk in public. I wish that great good may come of thy work. But thy way is not my way.'

V

One or two other episodes of these lectures may be worth recalling. Emerson spoke on 'American Civilization,' in February 1862, and Mr. Lincoln sat upon the platform. The lecturer declared, 'Emancipation is the demand of civilization. That is a principle; everything else is intrigue. What is so foolish as the assertion that the blacks will be made furious and revengeful by being given freedom and wages?' Like Thurlow Weed and many other publicists, he favored paying for the slaves, and he and Secretary Seward had a long talk with the President the next day upon the subject. It was in this lecture of Mr. Emerson that the fine epigram was first heard: 'Let's hitch our wagon to a star.'

When Wendell Phillips came to Washington I waited upon him to complete the business arrangements.

'What sort of audience is it?' he asked. I told him as well as I could.

'I feel afraid and embarrassed,' he said. When I expressed astonishment at hearing he was ever afraid of any audience, he said, 'I am always afraid. It is a tremendous responsibility, to try to interest a crowd of intelligent, perhaps learned persons, whom you don't know and never saw before. Why, I sometimes have stood paralyzed in front of an audience with the audacity of it — tongue-tied and not knowing what to say next.'

Phillips had a musical voice which rang out like a trumpet when his deep feeling was enlisted. His handsome face covered a volcanic and emotional nature and the pleasant lips easily broke into invective. He said to me on

leaving for Boston, 'A great enterprise this of yours, but tell your association for me that it will leave its good work half done if it fails to secure Garrison.'

From Cincinnati Phillips wrote to Ann Phillips in Boston, 'Assure Garrison that Washington is as safe for him as New York is. I think he ought to go there and lecture. He knows not the enthusiasm with which he will be received or the good he will do.' Garrison replied to this, 'One reason why I do not go to Washington is that I have not been invited.' He then disposed of the objections that had been made to him by saying, 'I am in the position of Benedick in the play. When I said I would not support the Constitution because it was a covenant with death and a league with hell, I had no idea that I should live to see death and hell secede from the Constitution.' Garrison visited Washington later and had a pleasant interview with Mr. Lincoln. The President alluded to his guest's experience in having been mobbed and put in jail in Baltimore in 1830, and, being told that the old jail was torn down, he added, 'Then you could n't get out of jail, eh? And now you can't get in.'

John Jay lectured in full evening dress and wore white kid gloves which he quietly slipped off as he proceeded. After his lecture I called on him at Willard's to see if he had been paid and had received proper attention. I asked if our treasurer had called.

'No, I think not; have n't seen him,' he answered. And then, after a pause, he added, 'I hope he'll call soon.'

His anxiety seemed a trifle odd, but I reassured him, and said that such a visit would not be forgotten or long postponed, intending to remind and hasten the treasurer as soon as I went out. As I rose to go, Mr. Jay said with much earnestness, 'I am afraid your treasurer will neglect to call. Can't you and I fix it?'

Embarrassed at the suggestion, and somewhat confused by the impossibility of doing so, I merely murmured, 'I am not prepared just now.'

'How much do you need in all?' he inquired.

I told him his question was not understood.

'How much does your association need?' he repeated.

The significance of his mistake struck me so humorously that I sat down and laughed, quite speechless. On recovering words I explained.

'You meant to hire me?' he gasped with astonishment. 'Well, that beats all I ever heard of! This lecture course actually pays? And in Washington! Now I have hope of the country!'

So his fee was left in the treasury and on inquiry we found that he was a millionaire. The subject of his lecture was 'The Great Conspiracy and England's Neutrality.' We cleared two thousand dollars that winter, and when summer came we divided it up and made personal distribution of food, medicines, and various luxuries among the soldiers, who were already clustered by the ten thousand in the hospitals on the hillsides above Washington.

It is not too much to say that these lectures helped to change the moral atmosphere of Washington. From being fanatically proslavery, the capital city became neutral; to intolerance succeeded tolerance; to treason, loyalty; to sectionalism, nationalism; and even the army felt itself less a trespasser on the soil and rights of others after Greeley, Phillips, and Douglass had faced friends and enemies in the spacious semicircle of seats in the Smithsonian. Both Cabinet and Congress acknowledged the support which these courageous addresses gave, and it will never be known how much influence

they had in the enactment of that law which six months later decreed the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

VI

During these tumultuous years Walt Whitman occupied the second-floor hall bedroom of the house where I boarded. One morning when we met on the stairs he told me he had been dismissed from his clerkship by Secretary Harlan. He did not know the cause, but the Secretary made no secret of the fact that he had turned the 'good gray poet' out of office because he considered *Leaves of Grass* an indecent book, the circulation of which ought to be diminished instead of increased. Of course the purpose miscarried, and a new edition of the improper book was immediately called for and exhausted.

Whitman laughed at the alleged salacity, and he was restored, or rather reappointed to another place within a year by Attorney-General Speed, who did not classify the book with erotic verse of an extreme type. In the resulting excitement Whitman was called to the lecture field, but the call was not a very loud one. His long and flowing white hair and beard made a picturesque halo around his face which his extravagant linen collar and cuffs emphasized. But all Byronic affectations did not avail, and he was never a success upon the platform.

I recall how one noon about this time I met six of the Treasury's literati at the little lunch table spread in the lower west corridor of the Department. The venerable poet John Pierpont and I, who greatly admired him, went downstairs together from our adjoining desks, — and it was something of a climb for the old man of eighty before the elevator era, — and there, seated on a bench near the door, taking rolls and coffee, were Edmund Stedman, A. B. Johnson, Sumner's private secretary, and John J. Piatt, also a fertile and delicate mind, afterward useful in diplomacy. They were congenial companions. As we were taking off the edge of the midday appetite, Walt Whitman and W. D. O'Connor, his enthusiastic laureate, appeared and joined the group. All of them had produced something notable, and all of them except Pierpont did much better work afterward.

One trifling detail of the luncheon I remember: Piatt ate mince pie, at which Stedman expressed his mocking horror, and Pierpont said, 'Piatt, is that the ambrosia you eat when you go to Parnassus? When I eat it, I go to Tartarus!' It is perhaps not odd that I never go out of the west door of the Treasury Department without thinking of Pierpont, Stedman, Piatt, Johnson, O'Connor, and Whitman, and the mince pie of that noontime long ago.

This small and studious coterie of clerks met weekly at this time to familiarize themselves with the French language. To one of them Victor Hugo kindly sent advance proofs of *Les Misérables*, and they employed their evenings in translating the novel orally into English, passing the proofs from hand to hand for that purpose. Whitman was the most expert interpreter, and when the rest were stalled, with the thieves' argot, he was usually called on to clear away the obstruction and keep the story going.

One evening Whitman was an hour late, and on arriving explained that he had just come from the police station. He was walking quietly along F Street, he said, when a policeman grabbed him and charged him with being in disguise and wearing a mask. He was amazed and angry, but in the darkness he was sternly held as a dangerous lawbreaker and taken to the station. On close inspection the lieutenant on duty at once

released him, but the officer who had brought him in tried to explain: 'You looked so queer; your long white hair and whiskers, sir, and your eyes set well back, and your pink face looking as if it was painted. . . .' 'Well, well, never mind,' said the good-natured prisoner; 'we all of us wear masks!'

Another poet I saw while in Washington — thenceforth a pleasant remembrance. I got the first glimpse of him from the Press Gallery. He was standing in a corner of the Senate, leaning forward and patiently trying to pick a bit of the thread of current business from the bewildering tangle. Obviously he was a lion, for Sumner, Hamlin, Sprague, General Halleck, and other such advanced to greet him. It was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow — illustrious poet, linguist, and traveler. He was not tall; his dress was scrupulously neat; his hair was dark, with whiskers and moustache flowing together unmutilated. It would not have been surprising if they had been white as snow, for it was just after the awful accident in which his wife lost her life by fire. From a calm face he smiled welcome and good will on all, and maintained, through the formality of introduction and the running fire of conversation, an unflagging interest in the proceedings. Even from the gallery his identity was unmistakable.

The next day he called on Dr. Pierpont at the Treasury. As my desk was only ten or twelve feet farther off, I earnestly hoped and rather expected that Pierpont would do me the honor of introducing me; but they seemed to have a thousand Boston topics and people to discuss, and my great wish to meet our greatest poet was not gratified. Finally the visitor consulted his watch; whereupon they rose together and sauntered out — the Divine Comedy wafted to the door by the Airs of Palestine.

VII

I have never known so great a change to take place in any man's appearance as in Mr. Lincoln's during the three years following the day when I first saw him — March 4, 1861. He was never handsome, indeed, but he grew more and more cadaverous and ungainly month by month. The terrible labor which the war imposed prevented him from taking systematic exercise, and he became constantly more lean and sallow. He had a very dejected appearance, and ugly black rings appeared under his eyes. I well remember how weary and sad he looked at one of the inevitable receptions as he stood near the folding doors where the central corridor empties itself into the East Room.

As there was a pause for a moment in the stream of visitors, I heard a lady standing near him ask if the incessant handshaking was not even more fatiguing than his work up in the office.

'Oh, no — no,' he answered. 'Of course, this is tiresome physically; but I am pretty strong, and it rests me, after all, for here nobody is cross or exacting, and no man asks me for what I can't give him!' And he gave his hand to the next in line.

During the last two years of his life, he was constantly threatened with assassination. Of course no public notice was taken of the menaces, and he alluded to them only to protest against the military escort which he could not always escape. When Secretary Stanton or General Hitchcock warned him of danger, he said, 'Nobody can escape assassination by dodging. Moreover, if they kill me, the next man will be just as bad as I am! Under a republic no man can defend himself with a bodyguard. If I had a platoon with drawn sabres always at the door, they would

cry out that I was aiming to be emperor!'

He was always exposed to personal attack. There were at least two doorkeepers to pass before getting to his room, but they did not consider it necessary to be vigilant after office hours, and I often walked into the White House unchallenged and went straight up to the private secretary's room adjoining his own, without seeing any person whatever. And it was no uncommon thing for him to go alone out of the house at almost any hour of the day or night, and walk across the lawn to the War Department for a consultation or to seek some news.

During the search that succeeded his assassination it was ascertained that very complete arrangements had been made to kidnap him, and the gloomy cellar of the old Van Ness mansion down by the river had been prepared for his prison.

If not afraid on his own account, however, Lincoln certainly had some fear for his family's safety, and early in the war he sent them to Philadelphia out of harm's way. He was not only prudent, but he was somewhat superstitious, for one day he telegraphed: —

> Mrs. Lincoln, Phil.: Think you had better put Tod's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him. A. Lincoln.

If Mr. Lincoln had weaknesses they were of an amiable sort that 'lean'd to Virtue's side' and excited a vast amount of sympathy, love, and grateful enthusiasm, which recruited the Union armies from the ranks of those who hated battle and were moved to enlist only by the highest purpose.

He never was quite as sad as he looked, and amid his heaviest responsibilities he generally decorated the situation with a story, an allegory, or a joke — though the latter were less broad than reported. And on occasion he was not without real vigor.

Of a committee that came to protest against making the South so angry that it would never reunite, he asked, 'Would you prosecute the contest in future with alder-stick squirts, filled with rose water?'

To a visit of Louisiana planters who complained of their great losses and besought him to get them back into the Union without further injury, he remarked, 'Broken eggs cannot be mended. Louisiana has nothing to do now but to take her place in the Union as it was, barring the already broken eggs.'

An acquaintance of mine asked Mr. Lincoln to appoint his son to the position of paymaster.

'How old is he?' the man was asked.

'He is twenty — well, nearly twenty-one,' said the applicant.

'Nearly twenty-one!' shouted Mr. Lincoln. 'I would n't appoint the angel Gabriel paymaster if he was n't twenty-one!'

Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, dropped into the Treasury Department one morning and invited John Pierpont, Ed Stedman, and myself to go over to the White House and see the portrait of Mr. Chase which he was just finishing in the great historical group on which he was engaged — 'Signing the Emancipation Proclamation.' The large canvas was propped up against the wall in the state banquet room. It was the opinion of a majority that Mr. Chase's unfinished portrait promised to be more lifelike than that of the President or any other of his Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln was the severest critic the artist had. He was not present on this occasion, but Mrs. Lincoln paused in passing through the room and said to John Pierpont, 'What puzzles me is what on earth we are ever going to do with it' — evidently having a

vague idea that it must somehow be got into the little wooden cottage they had left in Springfield, Illinois. Nobody could conjecture that Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson would come forward and pay $25,000 for it and give it to the country, so that it would find permanent place upon the walls of the Capitol.

In Washington during the war I was acquainted with an accomplished violinist named William Withers. I met him afterward and asked him to tell me the story of Booth and Lincoln, as I had heard that he was present on that dreadful night. 'Well,' he said, 'you know I was leader of the orchestra at Ford's Theatre. That night when Lincoln came in and took his seat in the proscenium box up at my right he acknowledged with great cordiality the cheers of the audience. He stood for a minute or two bowing. Every bow seemed to say, "Lee has surrendered!" and every cheer to answer, "You bet he has!"

'Laura Keene was on in *Our American Cousin*, and I had written a song for her to sing that night. When she left it out I was mad. We had no cue, and the music was thrown out of gear. So I hurried round on the stage on my left to see what it was done for. I was just giving the stage manager a piece of my mind when Spangler, the scene shifter, came forward to the gas box and took hold of the handle with which they turn the gas out. Knowing he had no business there, I pushed him away, and saying, "Get out of here! Go back to where you belong!" I closed the box and sat on the lid. I sat there a minute talking, then started down the stairs to my place.

'That minute I heard the pistol shot and ran back. Wilkes Booth was rushing madly across the stage toward me, brandishing a knife and shouting, "Out of the way!" He ran to the gas box, but was unable to turn out the gas for some reason, and jumped aside against me. He must have thought I struck him, for he made two savage passes at me with his knife, cutting me both times — once on the shoulder and once under the arm. I fell, and he sprang to the door and was gone. I was the first man arrested, and I told them the assassin was Wilkes Booth. I knew him intimately, and we had played billiards the very night before. I also knew Mr. Lincoln pretty well, for I had taught little Taddy how to play the drum, and he used to drum for the guards.'

BALLAD OF A CURIOUS ENCOUNTER

Over the hill in the birch and pine
I met an old, old friend of mine
With a crimson sash about his hips
And silent mocking on his lips.
Oh, it was good to find him there
With cold wind blowing in his hair
And laughter slanting in his eyes.
Oh, it was stranger than surprise!

We lay all day in the birch and pine
Watching the needles shake and shine,
Hearing the wind go sighing through
Till the shadows crowded thick and blue.
Then he kissed me thrice, and the first kiss tore
Like briars at the gown I wore;
The second slashed like knives somehow;
The third I can't remember now.

But since I met him, what do you think?
I face the sun and never wink.
I walk the woods from night till morn
And never flinch from a single thorn.
I don't know why, but I do know this:
Since that unremembered kiss
Thorns and knives are dull indeed.
I never falter, never bleed.

Rosalie Hickler

WILDCAT SETTLEMENT

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

In the false dawn, soft *madrugada* of the Spanish, we set out to Wildcat.

We walked softly under the clear song of the stars. For it is the morning stars that sing together. In lonely mountain camps we never hear the night stars sing. Perhaps our ears are dulled by the clamor of the day. They seem very far away, silent with the resignation of faith — or of despair. And now, the earth washed sweet by last night's rain, the wet leaves trembled with the nearness of dawn.

John, frantic with joy at the open road once more, disappeared in the shadows of the deep wood, and Sisyphus rattled happily over the rain-sharpened rocks.

'This constant breaking of home ties!' cried Peter. 'We grow attached at the slightest opportunity. Say we camp alone after this.'

'Oh, but that is being afraid of life, is n't it?'

'According to report, there are idiots and mudholes to be afraid of to-day. And the most sumptuous still in the mountains. The fellow who runs it is king of Wildcat Settlement. I left John's harness out for the mudholes.'

John knew it. He always knew. He would return when the way grew difficult and pull cheerfully as we urged Sis over some steep bank, or through deep mud where his four feet trotted lightly.

The dawn breeze died. The last star faded. And as the light suffused the dense wood that surrounded us we stopped on a hilltop overlooking the lush green plateau, watched with never-failing awe the sunrise, and lighted the little flame of our breakfast fire. Water for coffee by the roadside. For every despairing stream was chuckling now, and every drooping mountain flower was smiling with the recent rain.

This day we did not linger for accustomed cigarettes and conversation; for beyond, across the low, level stretch of Wildcat, slept Shady Cove, which we hoped to reach by sunset.

At the base of the mountain we slackened our pace and all three went into harness, for now each foot must be lifted with effort in the thick, sticky mud. Once, at a rushing stream with high banks, it took some time and some work to induce Sisyphus to cross on the two frail planks that bridged the swollen creek. And I, who can never walk steadily in high places, shuddered at the foaming depth below.

Noon — and we were at trouble to find a mound dry enough for a comfortable camp, hemmed in as we were by tall dark-shadowed woods of oak and gum and of sycamore and hickory, with fern and spongy moss beneath.

Immediately after a buffet lunch beside Sis we hastened on, although we were undeniably weary, and John so tired we set him free. But we were anxious to finish this journey across Wildcat, which abounded, we had been warned, with congenital idiots from intermarriage, with treacherous mudholes, and with lawless moonshiners.

We had seen several cabins set back

in the forest, but now that we were apparently near the centre of the plateau we came upon a rather pretentious log house, and near it a barn three times the size of the house. Something common enough elsewhere, but unusual in the mountains. We picked our way gingerly, the swamps on either side of the road recalling alligators to me and suggesting water moccasins to Peter and John. As we neared the place we could see that there was a corral of oak poles between the barn and the house. It must have been seven feet high, and there appeared to be something exciting taking place within. For on the top rail were perched a dozen men in a row, like so many outlandish birds with half-spread wings. They were squawking wildly: 'Now's yer time! Git 'er now! Look out, Lureely!'

John ran forward and stood transfixed, stiff-legged, staring between the poles of the fence. At this each bird turned his head like an owl and sent us an appraising glance of hostility. An owl hoot of 'Who-who' would have been more reassuring than this inimical silence. Unabashed, we climbed the fence and augmented the number of birds by two.

Inside the long corral, deep in the mire, at least twenty cows were plunging wildly about. A man with a coil of heavy rope stood in the middle of the enclosure trying, we could see, unsuccessfully to lasso one particular cow who had seen the hand of Fate, for she ran around the outside of the circle of cattle pawing and bellowing.

Time after time the man threw his rope, but the cow always evaded it and plunged about until the whole herd was milling. Deep in the mire a woman with great bare feet splashed about. She wore a long blue calico dress so plastered with mud that it flapped heavily about her tall, thin form. Her sunbonnet had fallen in the mud and her long graying hair whipped in the wind as she bounded around calling, 'Soo! Soo! Soo, Reddy!' She was carrying a heavy bucket and was endeavoring to place handfuls of salt on the backs of the frightened cows in the hope of quieting them when they stopped to lick the salt from each other's and their own backs. The foam from their licking lips filled the air like spindrift in an ocean storm, but they never ceased to mill. A tall bearded man in high-topped boots called continually: 'Lureely! Kim on outern thar! Lureely! Let thet-air fool man ketch ther consarned cow-brute! I don't keer effen he don't buy her! Kim outern thet, Lureely! Ye'll git trompled!'

It might be supposed that one of the dozen men who decorated the fence would have gone to the woman's assistance. But in the mountains a cow is peculiarly a woman's charge. The man buys and sells. But no mountain man would so demean himself as to feed or milk a cow; and I have seen cows frightened by the mere presence of a man.

Now there is the glory of a frenzied horse, and the grandeur of a maddened bull, but a cow, when she forgets her dignity and ceases to pose for her picture beneath a tree or knee-deep in quiet water, is undeniably an absurd creature. A matron, fashioned for contented repose in home surroundings; when she takes on speed her every move is some grotesque and lumbering antic. It was impossible not to laugh; but I cried to Peter: 'The poor woman! Why does n't Lureely come out? Why does n't someone go in and help her?'

'Why, yes,' said Peter. And to my consternation he dropped lightly from the fence, threw me his sombrero, dodged the racing cattle, and called to the man inside to throw him the rope. There was a high stump in the centre of the corral and Peter, mounting this, cried: 'I'll rope this cow for you! But

I want you to understand the moment I have roped her I'm over the fence and out! It's up to you then. You can snub her around this stump.'

No one spoke, and I called involuntarily: 'Lureely! Come on out!' But the misguided woman stood staring at Peter, who had spoken as one having authority; and the man brought the rope without a word.

'This is a cable, not a rope,' said Peter, 'but I'll try it.' And he stepped from the stump and carefully examined and coiled the rope.

My heart was in my mouth. What utter recklessness! This desperado mood of Peter's would draw down upon us contempt. Already there was hostility. And this, we knew, was the home of the great moonshiner — the king of Wildcat. And the danger! The cows were now tearing about in a way that defies description. And Peter, his black curls flying above his scarlet handkerchief, so very slender compared to these stalwart men of the mountains! I called to John, fearing he might rush to Peter's assistance and further enrage those terrible animals. But John did not answer. He was waving his white plumed tail in pride and expectancy. His god was adequate to any situation. Of course I knew that Peter had spent some time on a Western dude ranch, but he had never claimed proficiency in roping cattle. Now, astonishingly, unerringly, the heavy rope swirled through the air and dropped precisely over the head of the unfortunate cow in question. In a second Peter was laughing on the fence beside me.

Inside the corral it was no laughing matter. The man had seized the end of the rope and had snubbed it around the stump. But the rope was long and the lassoed cow began to race around the outside of the circle of milling cows, and the screaming woman, as well as the trampling herd, was pressed to the middle of the corral about the stump. Round and round the roped cow ran, gathering the woman and the plunging cattle into a clashing, bellowing mass. I shut my eyes, but opened them when a great shout went up. For the bearded man, seizing a rail from the fence, ran into the corral and laid about him valiantly. At last the poor cow fell, and Lureely, unexpectedly alive, limped away toward the house.

A man assisted the buyer with the cow, and the poor creature was dragged from the corral. As he passed us the buyer said: 'I'd give a hundred dollars effen I could rope a cow lak thet! Hit wuz a plumb surprisin' sight on yearth!'

Peter dismissed this praise with a wave of the hand, as if he roped a cow daily before breakfast. But, meeting my gaze of awe and pride, he said: 'Surprisin' to me, too. A long time since I twirled a rope. I wanted to help the old woman; and, by George, I nearly finished her.'

Said the buyer to the bearded man: 'Hed I knowed thet-air cow-brute would a sulled lak thet, I'd niver bought her. Effen ye iver fish my hat outern thet mud jest give hit to yer womern. She shore airned hit.'

Said the bearded man to the buyer: 'Hed I knowed whut kind o' a cowman ye air, I would n't a sold her. Effen I iver fish inything outern thet-air mud hit'll be my womern's toenails! Lak 'nuff she air crippled fur life.'

Delightedly we called the fascinated and reluctant John and pushed on. The bearded man seemed to be in conference with the men who had sat on the fence. Suddenly he called: —

'Hyar, ye-all! Stop! Ye feller thet roped ther cow — stop!'

We stopped.

'Whar ye aim ter go?'

We replied that we were aiming to go to Shady Cove.

'Got kin thar?'

'No.'

'Wal, I 'low ye cain't make hit ternight. Ye kim inter ther house an' stop by all night. In ther mornin' some o' ther boys'll show you-all ther short road ter Shady.'

The king of Wildcat spoke more in command than in invitation, more in menace than in hospitality. Our eyes met, and we turned and followed him into the house. For always we bore in mind the advice of friendly mountaineers. And when the owner of a still said turn, we turned. And, after all, we had wasted so much time that we knew we should never reach Shady Cove by sunset.

II

Inside the big bare room redolent of muscadine jelly in the making, Peter prevailed upon Lureely to remove the muddy rags from her lacerated feet and to apply antiseptic gauze and peroxide from our little medicine chest. She rewarded us by a sight of her marvelous quilts — her treasure — and by addressing Peter as 'Doc' and informing the household that he 'war a Doc.' There were three handsome young women, and one beautiful girl of eighteen perhaps, evidently 'lakin'.'

At an earlier supper than is common among farmers, eight men sat sullenly and silently with us, waited on by the women. When we had finished and were taking snuff — the wine and walnuts of a mountain dinner — one of the women lighted a lamp and showed us our room, destitute of furniture but for four beds, one in each corner.

'You-all,' she said, 'kin pick out whutiver baid ye want ter. The rest kin take whut's lift.'

We asked permission to bring Sisyphus in and to tie John to the wheel, and, selecting a bed near the only window that could be raised, sank gratefully into the feathers and awaited the others. Presently six men with rifles stalked in and, depositing their firearms beside their beds, blew out the lamp, and soon the heavy, liquor-laden air was filled with snores.

Peter whispered: 'Go to sleep. We're safer here than we should be in camp.'

'Of course,' I answered in a resigned whisper, 'though they probably mean to shoot us at sunrise.' And we slept sweetly until the sound of the breakfast horn awakened us. The six roommates were washing their faces at a trough and combing their hair with a small horn comb hanging by a long string to the porch wall. They were fine, fair, strapping young fellows, silent and sullen. From the bank behind the house by the lazy river the steam of the still rose gallant and unashamed.

At snuff time the king of Wildcat said curtly, 'Three o' ther boys is goin' yore way.' And they did — one preceding us with his rifle on his shoulder, and two following, also armed. We marched on until well past the road that leads from Shady Cove to the world. Then, telling us the road led straight from there to the Cove, they left us.

We passed several small cabins, often guarded by a moat and a drawbridge of planks. For there were standing pools of water everywhere, and the rising steam in the hot August sun made our walking a perpetual Turkish bath.

Before one of these log cabins we stopped on a slight elevation to catch the fitful breeze and to rest. A wild figure in a dress of coarse sacking came running down the path from the house, stopping to reach for a stone.

'Stop!' she screamed. 'Stop, you-all!' And a rock whizzed through the air, striking Sisyphus with such force that the scar remains to this day. Peter quickly pushed me down behind the cart, and, running to the woman, seized her hands.

'You know,' he said quietly, 'you must n't do that.'

'I wants my fortune telled,' croaked the woman. 'Ye air gypsies. I know 'bout gypsies. I wants my fortune telled!'

'We are not fortune tellers,' Peter replied, and released her hands. Instantly she hurled a rock at me where I had risen and was standing behind Sisyphus. 'Ye gotter tell my fortune! I wants my fortune telled!' And suddenly she began to cry. A pathetic, a terrifying creature. Incredibly emaciated, her head shaven. Her immense eyes, blazing like a light from out an empty skull, peered out as if all the life in her body had been sucked up by some alien tenant who gazed out with a wild curiosity at the world of men. Her hands, which could so well cast a stone, were great dirty claws. And her cracked voice was like the croak of some huge threatening bird. From her waist dangled a small rope that seemed to have been gnawed apart.

Peter, not daring to release her, called repeatedly, hoping to bring someone from the cabin or the field. But no answer came. Gently he tried to induce the woman to return to the house. But at this she began to fight and to scream. 'She's gotter tell my fortune! I hain't goin' back! I wants ter git erway frum Wildcat! I wants my fortune telled!'

'All right,' said Peter desperately, 'I'll tell your fortune.' The demented woman struck at his face with her long brown claw. 'I don't want no man ter tell my fortune! Hit's gypsy womern thet tells fortunes. They looks in yer hand. Tell my fortune, gypsy womern!' She sprang away from Peter and grasped my hand.

Heaven forgive me if the mere outward appearance of any human creature should bar me from fellowship in a mad world. But rather would I have faced the rifle of any moonshiner in Wildcat Settlement than have held the hand of this shell of a woman possessed of a devil. But Peter had reached for my free hand and was whispering, 'Try, if you can.'

So I swallowed hard and managed to say, 'Sit here on the fallen tree and be very quiet, and I will tell your fortune.'

Poor creature! Her fortune! Fortune! The very word filled my mouth with bitterness; signaled the curtain to rise on the farce of life. Each of us on his precarious island of security, cold with a secret fear of the awful acquiescence of the stars. Always the cruel persistence of our dreams amid sardonic laughter of whatever gods there be. Her fortune!

At last the piteous creature seated herself on the wet ground beside the fallen tree and commenced to simper in a silly, satisfied way.

'You are soon to go away from Wildcat,' I faltered. 'You will go where it is sweet, and cool, and pleasant always — and you will be happy.'

'Be whut?' whispered the woman.

'You will be young again, and you will run about as you used to do when your beautiful hair was brown and your cheeks like red roses. You remember a time like that. You will fly as free as a bird wherever you like. This day will only come back to you like the memory of a troubled dream. You will love everyone and everyone will love you.'

'Will I hev a pair o' gold yearrings? I allers wanted gold yearrings. Allers I craved 'em.'

And oh, the shabby dreams, the gewgaw ambitions that never die! 'Yes,' I answered firmly, 'if you still want them you will have them.'

The woman fixed her great eyes on the distant horizon of purple hills and spoke as if to herself. 'He allers said he'd git 'em fur me sometime. "Mammy," he'd say, "whin my leetle

calf grows up I'll sell hit an' buy ye some gold yearrings."'

Suddenly the skeleton figure rocked and wept. 'I don't want thim yearrings, gypsy womern! Hit hain't *thet* I wants ye ter tell. I wants him! Thet nice place whar I'm goin' ter, will he be thar? I wants ter hyar him sayin' whin I war plumb tired, "Mammy, I'll holp ye tote ther water frum ther spring in my leetle gourd." I wants ter hyar him! Hit air so still hyar in Wildcat! Folks dies by tharsilves hyar. Will he be thar too, gypsy womern, in thet nice place whar I'm a-goin'?'

The woman was quiet now and spoke with piteous expectant appeal. Peter turned away his face. For we both knew the sudden silence that comes over the world, never again in its entirety to be lifted. 'Tell her!' whispered Peter gently but relentlessly. 'Tell her.'

And with more assurance than I felt I answered: 'Yes, you will have that, too. The same voice; the sound of the little feet; and the small hand shut in your own.'

The woman looked up through happy tears.

Suddenly we seemed to have drawn all the latent forces of horror that lurk about us into an epitome of all human rebellion and despair. How paltry all our egoistic writhings in a tiny point of time — in a swinging universe! It was grotesque. A demented old woman, two obscure wanderers, and a dog with the ache of dumbness in his throat. The melancholy hills hemming us in here in this remote lost valley.

'Hyar, Miss Annie! Ye leave thim folks erlone, an' kim back ter the house!' called a woman who came running from around the cabin. 'She war worser ter-day, an' whin I wint ter ther field I hed ter tie her ter ther baidpost, fearin' she'd git ter ther branch. She allers makes fur ther water. She air outern her haid sence her boy died an' the water wuz too high fur a doctor ter kim. But hit would n't a done no good noways. He war bited by a moccasin snake. Kim on in now, Miss Annie,' said the woman kindly.

'Come on, poor gypsy woman,' said Peter. 'You've had an evil dream. We'll make camp to rest, and I'll brew you a fine cup of tea.'

Easier said than done. For on either side of the road was a swamp, and not until we had come to a wide shallow stream where a great, flat, sun-baked rock lay in the middle of the river was the problem of a camp solved. John, as he often did, suggested the solution. For at once he swam across to the dry island rock and, shaking himself frenziedly, stretched out to dry in the sun.

So we unlocked the cart, found our bathing suits, carried Sis across, and soon had a fire blazing on the rock from the débris we found there. It was a happy little river — the water crystal clear, and the banks bordered with laurel and shaded by willows. Presently we were smiling, a trifle wanly, over our adventures in Wildcat.

'There are those,' said Peter, 'who might consider Wildcat Settlement an unusual choice for a somewhat belated wedding journey.'

'But there's Shady Cove just ahead. And it is better than seasickness or a summer hotel where all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

And, unusually weary, I lay back in the hot sunshine with John beside me, while Peter packed the cart after lunch. For even in this sweet spot we dared not linger to-day. Suddenly Peter whispered: 'Lie still. Don't move. There is a man with a rifle hid in the willows behind you.' Then, 'Hello, stranger! Come across and have a cup of tea with us.'

The man lowered his rifle and came through the laurel.

'I'm a-lookin' fur a wild hawg. Hain't seen none erbout, hev ye?'

'No,' said Peter. 'Going to shoot him?'

'Wal, I shoots wild hawgs and ither varmints some days. Most mistuck ye-all fur varmints in thim striped clothes.'

'Oh,' I said, 'these are our swimming clothes. Our others are in the cart. Had your dinner? We have eaten, but there's some left. Come across.'

'No, I hain't ben ter dinner; but I hain't no striped swimmin' clo'es, an' I don't 'low ter git wet. I got ther rheumatiz pow'ful bad.'

'I'll wade across and bring you a bucket of tea and a sandwich.' And Peter cut two huge slices of bread and two pieces of boiled ham.

The man ate and drank eagerly. 'Whar ye-all aimin' ter go?' he asked.

'Shady Cove,' answered Peter. 'We spent the night with Sanford.'

'Wal, hit hain't nothin' ter be proud of. Got kin in Shady?'

'No.'

'See Sanford's store?'

'No.'

'Hit's er big store. I 'low he's got duebills on ther hull settlemint. Nobody hain't got nothin' lift but iniquity in the *en*-tire settlemint.'

'Iniquity?' I queried.

'Yeah. He's got a mortgage on iverbody. I hain't got no iniquity lift now myself.'

One might suppose that the sudden confidences of the mountaineers are premature. But the customs of sophistication do not obtain in remote places. Reserved, silent, even sullen, when the mountain man condescends to speech with a stranger it is of vital, fundamental things.

'Much obleeged,' said the old man as Peter waded across for the cup and plate. 'Hit tasted pow'ful good. We air outern meat at our house. I war tryin' ter shoot a wild hawg. I air got ther rheumatiz so bad I cain't work murch. But I gotter new medicine thet holps some.' And he unfolded with pride a paper from his pocket.

'Hit air called Blessed Relief; an' ther *di*-rections says, "Rub on ther afflicted part in ther mornin' an' before goin' ter baid at night. Keep ther feet dry, an' eat sparin'ly o' meat." I follers thet last *di*-rection an' all ther family foller hit too, I 'lows. Thim *di*-rections is all right, only I hain't got no parts. I air all afflicted parts. Effen er man kin git his rheumatiz lo-*ca*ted he air placed so he kin work on hisself. Trouble is ter git hit lo-*ca*ted.'

To make amicable conversation while Peter packed the cart, I said: 'Did you ever try the sun cure? This sun-baked old rock has taken away all the pain in my back.'

'Hey?' said the old man. 'Mebby so.'

'But where,' said Peter, 'is that fine new pound of butter? It was unusually good butter. I spread the sandwiches with it only a moment ago. It is humanly impossible that it should have disappeared from this rock.'

'I 'low the dawg et hit,' suggested the old man.

But this I denied. John is an honest dog.

At last, pitying Peter's bewildered state, I arose lazily and assisted in the search.

'He, he, he!' laughed the man. 'I reckon I see thet pound o' butter. I 'low hit war not ther rock but ther grease thet holped yer rheumatiz! Hit air stickin' to ther afflicted part.' It was. I must have slid over on it when the man appeared and startled me.

The old man, still chuckling, shouldered his rifle and crept through the laurel. 'Effen you-all sees iny wild hawgs jist skeer 'em this-away, will ye? Hit's er long ways ter Shady. 'Low

ye'll be startin' on in yer clo'es. Apply ter ther afflicted part! He, he, he!'

'He is not hunting hawgs. He is a spy. If we ever get out of Wildcat I would n't cross it again even in an airship,' said Peter.

'Another escape. It is lucky for us he was hungry. Well, we shall soon be at the Cove. We'll hurry.'

III

Carrying Sisyphus across the river and changing to our clothes that looked less like 'striped varmints,' we trudged on through the mire. But where the river made a horseshoe bend there was a small bridge, and across it came a wagon drawn by mules. A man and a woman sat on the spring seat. The mules took fright before we could extricate Sis from the mud and climb the high bank, and the man was at trouble to hold them. The woman pushed back her sunbonnet and cursed us with astounding fluency and vigor. Never before in the mountains had we heard a profane word. Men in the mountains do not swear before their women.

'Ye ort ter be putt offen ther road, skeerin' folks an' takin' up ther road!' She turned her head to some louts leaning on the railing of the bridge and screamed: 'Whoop 'em, boys! Whoop 'em outern ther settlemint! The—' And here followed such a minute and vivid description of each of us, of John, and of Sis, that we were compelled to laugh; though I put John on his chain and took the rifle from Sis's slandered back and carried it across the bridge. One of the youths called, 'Whar'd ye steal thet dawg?' and threw a clod at John.

We felt we had had a narrow escape. And we did not release John or relax a certain vigilance for an hour. But now we realized with a kind of terror that, owing to our slow progress through the mud, we must make camp. We could not reach Shady Cove by dark. At last we found a mound that seemed high and dry above the swamps, and we set about at once collecting wood for a friendship fire as well as a cooking fire. For already the damp air was rising from the swamp and mosquitoes were singing.

Not until we had established ourselves comfortably did we miss John. I sounded the little whistle we carried, but no white form came bounding through the trees. We were not yet disturbed, for often John disappeared, bent on original research, and we would find him farther along waiting to welcome us. So we walked on, searched the woods, and, now thoroughly alarmed, called until it was so dark we feared to lose our way and fall into some treacherous bog. We built a great friendship fire, after our brave attempt at supper, and Peter piled wood near it for what he knew would be for me a sleepless night. Then he set the smudge fire across the door of the tent; and though he insisted that he share the watch with me, I refused the sacrifice. Presently he was asleep in the tent and I was sitting with my back against a tree, staring into the flames, and all about me the cold malice of the night.

Always I have envied Peter, Napoleon, and the entire Negro race their ability to advance determinedly into the ocean of sleep. For me, I must climb cliffs, descend tortuous paths, and then fall into slumber by mere accident.

We had exchanged few words as to John's fate. Our hearts were too sick. But we agreed to start back at daylight and search Wildcat Settlement until we found him if we spent the remainder of the summer there.

At intervals, above the mighty chorus of the frogs, I sounded the shrill

whistle. And always, as if it had been the signal for the curtain to rise at the theatre, the orchestra was suddenly hushed, and I could hear the whisper of leaves and the crackle of the fire. What a deafening chorus! So many frogs — were they to advance upon us they must bury us tent and all! I had n't thought there were so many frogs in the world.

There was a curious harmony in the pandemonium. As if the deep-embedded rocks, the roots of giant trees, the hollow caves inside the earth, gave tongue together in a horrid sanction to the eternal sovereignty of the powers of darkness. There was no mockery, no rebellion, in their shouting. Rather a solemn assent to the cruelty that lurks below the flowered surface of their world. Had John slept here with his head on my knee, we might have thought it funny — this wild chorus of mournful demons. For, listening through the long hours of the night, I came to distinguish certain voices. Boom! boom! boom! the mighty bass. A silence — then the lyric soprano trilling away, and waiting an instant for the barytone — then all the voices in triumphant unison.

And ever my mind ran in a vicious circle. He was trapped. He was calling us who had never failed him before. Our comrade! He was stolen. He was beaten. John, who had never heard a harsh word! Then I scorned myself for wasting such grief upon a dog. Why, there were children in the world that very night beaten, suffering, orphaned, alone. It was useless. My mind would go back to the days when he was a little white fluffy ball, so wildly proud in that hour when he could first jump as high as my couch where I lay ill. And the day when he staggered home, poisoned. And he lay under the chinaberry tree on the cool grass, and Peter said, 'Come away. We have done all we can. He is gone.' And I leaned down and said, 'Good-bye, little friend,' and he gave the slightest wag of his plumed tail, and I ran for the cup of hot coffee — and he lived!

They tell us we love dogs because they flatter our vanity — parasitical sycophants. John admired Peter extravagantly, but one could see that he considered me inferior in all that goes to make a man. And now the memory of those pleading eyes when sometimes I denied him a place in the car — a day that would have meant unalloyed bliss to him — only for the reason that he might cause me some slight inconvenience! We recognized that John was not as intelligent as some other dogs we knew. But who loves his friends for their intellectual superiority? John was honest, faithful, brave, and had a real appreciation of beauty.

How loud the frogs sing! Louder. Louder. An indistinguishable ringing in my ears. And day is breaking, and I lie in a crumpled heap by the ashes with a pillow under my head, and a blanket carefully tucked about me.

We made our coffee on the embers of the friendship fire and, hiding Sisyphus in a laurel thicket, set out on the back trail with heavy hearts. But Heaven sent us luck. Behind us trotted two sleek horses, with a wagon driven by a friendly man who asked us if we wanted a lift. We told him our story as we jolted along. He was from Shady Cove and was going 'outside for Granny who war over ter Jim Blake's.'

'No,' he said, 'yo'-all's dawg hain't trapped. Thar hain't no trappin' in Wildcat nohow. Nothin' but makin' pore liquor an' sellin' hit, an' raisin' houn' dawgs an' sellin' 'em. Wildcat sells iverthing an' lives as hard as heck. We-all don't neighbor 'ith Wildcat.'

'How,' asked Peter, 'did Wildcat get that way?'

'I kin ricollict back whin Wildcat

war as good er settlemint as thar war in these-hyar mountings. But whin Sanford got ter sellin' red-devil-lye liquor outside, iverbody got ter makin' hit an' sellin' hit too. Thin Sanford he buys 'em out er whoops 'em outern ther settlemint, an' they loses ther places, an' iverbody loses heart. Why, some o' 'em don't farm a-tall — don't raise nothin'. Effen ther womern did n't make gyarden they'd starve.'

'Here,' I cried, 'is the place where I saw John last! He ran east, chasing a rabbit.'

'Yo'-all jis' projict round,' said the man, 'an' ye'll find him tied up summers. Ther air some houses back thar up thet road to ther left. I'll be comin' erlong 'ith Granny this evenin' 'bout four o'clock. I'll pick ye up on ther road an' ride ye inter Shady. I air ther storekeeper thar, an' ther best campin' spot in ther Cove air jist ter one side o' my store. Git erlong, hosses!' And our only friend in Wildcat was gone.

'How do I "projict round"?' asked Peter. 'I don't know how to projict.'

'Neither do I. But I'll carry the rifle and you go ahead and projict.'

We came upon a desolate cabin set far back in trees.

'Now,' said Peter, 'I'll just go in and ask if they've seen our dog. I'm no diplomat.'

A grim woman with a locked face came to the door and asked us in. 'No,' she replied to Peter's question, 'hit's all we kin do ter take keer o' our own dawgs, 'thout keepin' track o' yourn.'

Peter, for a chance to look about, asked if he could get himself a fresh drink of water. The woman took the bucket and gourd and said she would go with him to the spring.

By the one window of the room sat an old woman in a clean calico dress. She was piecing a quilt of such a pretty and intricate pattern that I examined the work and told her how beautiful I thought it. She seemed pleased, and showed me all the pieces in her basket. As I followed Peter and the woman out of the door, the old woman coughed. There was something significant, portentous in that cough, and I looked back. She beckoned me. 'I'll wait here and rest,' I called to Peter.

'Now,' whispered the old woman, 'effen ye'll swar on a stack o' Bibles higher'n yore haid thet ye won't tell, I'll tell ye sumpen.'

I swore.

'Yistiddy evenin' thar war a white dawg runned past hyar — chasin' er varmint, I 'low. I hearn him barkin' over to Al Grier's house nixt ourn. Thin I heerd a dawg howl lak he war ketched an' drug. Minnie, hyar, war outen ther gyarden patch. She musta knowed hit too, but she don't 'low ter hev no trouble 'ith thim Griers. They is low-down folks. I 'low you-all's dawg is shet up thar this holy minute.'

'But oh, how can we get him? There are no officers of the law in Wildcat, I suppose. They may not give him up to us.'

'Lawsy, no! They aims ter sell him outside. But I 'low ye hes a chancet ter git him effen ye is slick enough. Al Grier an' his biggest boy rid by goin' ter Sanford's airly this mornin'. I hain't seen 'em kim back. They did n't hev ther dawg, fur I watched 'em. Solly air lakin', but he air plumb stout an' kin fight, though they don't give him no gun. Mostly he air sleepin' under a tree whin his pappy air away. Don't let on whin yer man kims 'ith the water. Minnie air my son's womern.'

I took from my pocket an envelope containing two bright little handkerchiefs and gave them to the dear old woman.

'Lawsy,' she cried, 'thim air too leetle to do no good fur hankerchers!

I'll jis' snip 'em up fur quilt pieces 'fore Minnie gits 'em.' And she snipped them with her great shears and hid them in her basket.

Catching Peter's eye as he gave me a gourd of water, I nodded significantly. We thanked the sullen Minnie and the gallant old woman and went down the grassy road that led to Grier's.

'What luck!' cried Peter excitedly. 'I'll go on and climb the side fence. Give me the rifle. Wait here till I signal you to come. We'd best be together. But don't call or whistle if you hear John howl.'

Peter disappeared around the cabin, and in a minute that seemed an hour he waved to me, and I climbed the rail fence and joined him at a ruined barn behind the house.

'My word, but he's a whale — that Solomon! He's asleep on the grass at the east side of the house. John is not inside. I looked in.' Neither was he in the barn. Oh, could they have sold him outside already — taken him where we could never find him? Peter went to look in a henhouse and I turned to a small shed with the upper half of a locked door open. I found a piece of plank and climbed up to look inside. There lay John, exhausted, his weary head between his paws, tied by a thick rope to some implement. I crept away and brought Peter, then climbed through the upper door, leaving Peter on guard with the rifle. I put my hand over John's mouth and his excited barks changed to sneezes. But he jumped about so wildly that I could not untie the rope and had to get Peter's knife to cut it — horribly frightened at the delay.

At last John vaulted through the door and whined with his head on Peter's shoulder. I found a keg and climbed out. We put the chain on John and ran for the fence, Peter and John in the lead. But my skirt caught on the fence and I could not tear it loose. A gigantic, shambling figure came from behind the cabin and sniffed the air like some huge wild beast. I screamed to Peter, brought the top rail down with me, but freed my skirt, and ran for my life. Forsaking the road, we plunged into the deep woods. As we cautiously emerged again into the open road, there, driving down the road from the north, came two men in a wagon. The Griers! Laughing hysterically, we all three took to the woods again until we were almost at the thicket where Sisyphus waited. We pushed on at once and it was long past noon when we stopped for lunch. But oh, the delight of that dinner of herbs together!

At last came the rattle of a wagon and our friend from Shady called: 'Got him! Git in. Best putt him in too so thar won't be no chancet fur a ruckus. Granny likes dawgs.'

How happily we jolted along on the board set across the wagon for a seat! How gratefully we clutched the little bumping, interfering form!

'Where is that place called Wildcat?' grinned Peter. The man turned alarmed eyes, and I hastened to say, 'He means we have forgotten our troubles at Wildcat.' And, indeed, how faint already was the memory of the king of Wildcat and his patient wife with the lacerated feet; the demented woman who had opened Dantean gates for me; the rheumatic spy who hunted wild hogs; the stealer of dogs. A little new happiness — at best but an escape from sorrow — had, like a ray of sunshine, chased away the demon-peopled dark. And all because a little creature who cannot speak, and some tell us cannot reason, was with us again.

Peter, waving his hat, stood upon the insecure seat and chanted wildly: 'Farewell, Wildcat! "And if forever, still forever fare thee well."'

GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION

BY H. D. HILL

THE difficulty of distinguishing between the major American parties on any other basis than that of the 'ins' and the 'outs' has become proverbial. The absence of a recognized political opposition is inevitable in America so long as we retain our present governmental structure. The system of checks and balances was put into the Constitution because its makers were looking backward toward absolutism, not forward toward impotence; it was impossible for them to know that the early democratic measures taken against autocracy in kings might paralyze all governmental action and in the end bring back autocracy in the form of dictators.

At the time when the founding fathers were writing, the legislative estates of the realm collaborated in a system which reached its apex in a powerful king. In England the germ of the new order was growing, but it was difficult to see the prime minister of the future in the foremost minister of His Majesty; the sovereign was still the king, not the people. The Whigs and Tories were yet vacillating between being parties and being factions; and the principle of ostracism of the party out of favor was whole-heartedly enforced. Party government was therefore in its infancy, and an opposition in the modern parliamentary sense unknown. And by an unfortunate accident Montesquieu had just looked at the English government with a too intellectual eye, and schematized its structure with an inaccurate precision that attracted the constitution-making American lawyers. The model of political structure which the Constitutional Convention made was therefore balanced and symmetrical enough to conform to every requirement of the classical revival, but, unfortunately, too rigid to permit the subsequent development of a technique of responsible party government.

As a result of our ancestors' choice, the elements which would normally make up a party government are, in our system, separated from each other by the thin steel walls of constitutional requirements. Messages are indeed conveyed from one compartment to another by means of tapping, but more or less surreptitiously. The President and his Cabinet are on one side of a wall; the House and Senate and their Committees on the other. Constitutionally these party elements may not become cohesive; no wonder, therefore, that they are incoherent. Each is separate from the other, and each has the impunity of fixed tenure.

Responsibility on the part of the legislative is lightened because the execution of the laws it declares is somebody else's affair. Responsibility on the part of the executive is lightened because its initiative is strictly limited; in most cases it must accept what is passed on to it to execute. Responsibility on the part of both is lightened because accountability for what they do may be as much as four years off. The sensitivity of a cabinet which may be brought down to-morrow because of

errors in either legislation or execution is wholly absent. And the impunity provided by the once-in-four-years rule is, so far as specific issues are concerned, a permanent impunity. Since governments are not put out for a specific issue, a favorable vote is at best a mandate for a multitude of measures — it is more likely due to a desire to 'keep the outs out,' to foster 'continued prosperity,' or to some other such general urge.

The lack of coördination and of clear-cut party purpose shows most plainly in the realm of foreign affairs. The President and the Department of State are under no obligation to discover what support they can obtain for their acts before acting; the Senate, in reviewing the agreements they make, is under no obligation to consider the position of the Secretary of State with regard to further foreign relations after the Senate's decision. During colonial times the fact that the executive was appointed in England and the legislative chosen by the colonists created a tradition of hostility and irrelevant utterance by the latter in regard to the acts of the former. This tradition survived the break with England, to be directed against our own State Department. And whereas in the colonial situation the executive received his support from a higher authority, which left the resolutions of the legislative without effect, and the system continued to work, the present executive depends on legislative ratification, so that sabotage and stalemate become not only practicable but practised. We disregarded this possibility in the days of our isolation because foreign relations were normally few, and we approved of their being kept at a minimum; now that foreign relations are increasingly numerous we are still trying to handle them with the old technique.

Our party organization reflects the looseness of our governmental structure. We have no parties in the sense of cohesive and coherent bodies of men coöperating in the accomplishment of a chosen series of policies. The irrelevance of everything except logrolling has divided the figures of our political life into the academic and the self-seeking (as the boss understands the word 'self'). We have no leaders. We have candidates, chairmen, committeemen, favorite sons, and bosses, but we do not have leaders. Occasionally a 'nation-wide figure' appears, but he is hastily transformed into a candidate by the rest. And, once a successful candidate, his active influence is confined to the compartment into which he has been voted. We have no unsuccessful candidates. The 'man who did n't get in' fades back into private life. Likewise the 'man who has had two terms.' The system has no place for them. We are utterly wasteful of political brains. The presidential candidate who fails of election, instead of becoming the leader of the opposition, looks for suitable private occupation. The man who has had the experience of the office of chief executive passes quietly from the political scene. Responsible party government — where the executive is a committee of the legislature, where each measure as it appears, and the manner of execution of each measure as it takes place, are debated singly and on their merits on the floor of the house — is unknown to us. The only time we have a coherent party, either as the government or as the opposition, is for a brief moment prior to elections once in four years, and at that time anything in the nature of genuine discussion is drowned by the 'ballyhoo' of the brass band.

Our present governmental technique thus prevents us from ever having a genuine political discussion, carried on

by fully responsible persons whose tenure depends on their ability to make good their case and, therefore, gives it reality. The Speaker of our House rules, but does not govern, and even his rulings are only locally applicable. We provide no opportunity for the development of coherent alternative policies, followed through over long periods, tempered by continual debate with other equally coherent policies, and rendering alternate periods of national service as the government and as the opposition.

The compartmentalizing of the means of government has prevented the development of general philosophical points of view on the treatment of public affairs. We have no body that incorporates the Conservative way of looking at things, or the Liberal way, or the Labor way (for our various left-wing 'ists' are mere formularians, puritanically conning their texts). We take our public life in morsels; we never have an opportunity to get a broad view of different possible standpoints. Segregated on the islands of this jurisdiction and tenure, the elements of public life are disjoined; the manner of their present arrangement prevents them from ever coming to grips with the fundamentals of political reality.

In the economic world, questions of practice, problems of how best to organize the elements at our disposal, interest us intensely, and we have never hesitated to replace a machine that at the time of its invention was indeed remarkable by a model which proved better in the light of later experience and events. But we have not yet come to this point of view with regard to the machinery of government.

THE LAST OF THE SQUIRES

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

I

As I look backward over long years it seems to me that almost my earliest recollection is of the 'Old Place,' as it was always called, and of its very personification in its master the Squire, my mother's father, Ira Blake of Kensington. At an age perhaps of four or five years, I seem to have had a sort of dim apprehension of the fact that here in this unity of place and character there was something that set itself apart from the life that was shaping itself around me, something that was even then a rare survival out of an older time, and was even then, as a matter of fact, about to disappear forever. Recovering now something of the memory of those old days, and of the reality that was so stimulating to a young mind, and creative, or at least formative, I know that this was a true instinct and that my grandfather was in a sense the last of the squires.

In this he represented more than a social episode, for the squirarchy of England, and of New England, was the last phase of that feudalism that came into existence as a social necessity after the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, with the resulting political and

social chaos, and was the social basis of mediæval civilization for a thousand years. And this system with its vitality of human, personal relationship, which had persisted here and there in scattered enclaves, chiefly of English speech, was coming to an end, — had come to an end, as a matter of fact, — giving place to something altogether new, and Squire Blake was perhaps the last representative of an old régime in what his fathers had known as a new land.

It was not altogether a handsome place, this ancient homestead, for it antedated the eighteenth-century mansions of the maturer culture that came of hard-won stability and a measure of wealth. The land had come into family holding early in the reign of King Charles II, and the older part of the house had been built under William and Mary. The estate included many acres of rolling country in what was then the town of Hampton (Kensington was set apart many years later), with some fine old trees, while the house was a standard New Hampshire type of the late seventeenth century, very square and broad, of two stories, with the gigantic central chimney stack, the narrow winding stairway, the great 'east room,' the long kitchen and its huge fireplace and brick oven. Later another section was added to the west and still later a long wing to the north, for it was our custom in New Hampshire to divide the homestead into two independent parts so that the old folk might have one section, the eldest son the other, as soon as he took to himself a wife.

During two centuries endless subsidiary structures had multiplied themselves in every direction; barns and stables of enormous size and in prodigal number, smokehouses and dairies, carriage houses and workshops, and quarters for spinning and carding and weaving both wool and flax. The chief loom was in the attic of the main house, a place to us, as children, of wonder and mystery and not a little awe. The old shops were even more beguiling, full as they were of the plunder of generations. One in particular I hold in kindest remembrance. It was gambrel-roofed and stood this side of the slaves' burying ground (the Squires of Kensington were slaveholders down to the Revolution), and was a mine of wealth. Here were old muskets and decrepit military equipment from three wars, flax wheels and snowshoes and dismembered clocks, old sweet-smelling honeycombs, bundles of herbs hanging from hewn rafters, mouldy calf-bound books, cocked hats, little leather trunks full of musty papers, rusty tools of all sorts, moulds for casting bullets and running candles, spring traps, foot stoves, punched lanthorns — in fact such treasure as bulked larger in youthful eyes than the hoarded gold of Spanish galleons.

And the house itself was no less enchanting. It was all so different; its atmosphere was so distinct, so stimulating. I was born in a house my paternal grandfather had built, and it was hardly forty years old when I saw the light. It had no history; love and life and death had had no time to breathe into it the soul that makes old houses living entities. The Blake Place was different; it already had two centuries behind it, and even to a child this was subtly manifest. The east room was typical: very large, with a ceiling so low a grown man could put the flat of his hand on the under side of the huge central beam that spanned the room from north to south; the windows with their tiny panes, the solemn tall-clock in one corner and in another the cupboard with its old china and pewter and its cut-glass decanters of metheglin; the curly-maple desk with its secret

drawers, the old queen's arm and the sword with the ivory hilt and the silver lion's head; the 'drawn-in' rugs, and the chairs and tables of curious contours. And the long kitchen was no less engaging, for here was the fireplace, so large that I was told my mother and her sister used in winter to sit within it on either side of a fire of cordwood and look up the great throat and see the stars. One room above I particularly remember — a long and narrow room looking to the west and directly into a vast horse-chestnut tree that in summer filled it with green light. There were great chests along the walls, and not much else in the way of furnishing. There was some mystery about that room, — of this I was sure, — but what it was I never found out. Its atmosphere was curiously mingled of delight and terror; therefore it was delectable.

II

Such was the Squire's environment, and he himself was its excellent presentment. Without being extremely tall, he was of very commanding presence. Smooth-shaven, rubicund, with great masses of waving snow-white hair, he looked, with his strongly modeled head, like a handsome version of Henry Clay. To me he was rather terrifying and I suspect he was so to everyone else, including his family. To them he was also the 'Squire' and was never referred to in any other terms. I still remember what seemed to me his supercondescension when once he showed me his surveying instruments and told me of their use. As the recognized head of the community by right of succession, it was for him to survey lands when this was necessary, to draw wills and prepare all legal papers. As of right he represented his town in the legislature at Concord, but beyond this his function was far-reaching, for he was the court of last resort in family feuds and domestic difficulties, and to him his townsmen went in all kinds of trouble.

I do not think he ever assumed the status arrogated by my great-grandfather on my father's side, who claimed such precedence that on the Sabbath day no one could go to meeting until the 'Leftennant' had been seen riding down the road on his big white horse, when the waiting faithful were at liberty to fall in meekly behind. Toward the end of his life one sprightly old dame revolted against this enforced subjection, and when Leftennant Jonathan entered the meetinghouse there she was sitting in solitary and aggressive state. It is said that the old gentleman gave one look of outraged dignity, turned on his heel, and went home to take to his bed, from which he never rose again. No, I think Squire Blake ruled and influenced his community without assertion of place and privilege, but rather through personal character and acceptable tradition, and that really he was not as stern and awful as he seemed to be.

Politically he was, of course, a Federalist, though by his time the party name had changed. His admiration for the Adamses knew no bounds, in testimony of which he named his eldest son John Adams. He had scant liking for innovations of any kind, whether political, social, or economic. Down to my own day everything was done at Old Place exactly as it had been since the time of William and Mary. I cannot now recall a single new thing in the ménage. Since my great-grandfather's time the growing of flax with the sequent processes of carding, spinning, and weaving had been given up, and the spinning and weaving of cotton and wool fabrics, a necessary defection which must have weighed heavily on the Squire's soul, but still

rugs were braided, both of rags and of corn husks, while most marvelous carpets were drawn in by the women of the household and their neighbors. This was a most social and festive process. In the east room the frame and canvas were set up, and here some half-dozen dames assembled to work day after day at some masterpiece of design and color. The more original the pattern, the better, and on one occasion on a gray November day I was dispatched with a cousin to find brown oak leaves to use as a model. Even now I remember that sumptuous carpet with admiration. In a shadowy, far-off sort of way it seems to allocate itself in my mind with those wondrous tapestries the ladies of some ancient castle used to weave in its dim curtilage. The impulse and the method were perhaps the same, but how different, artistically, the result.

III

So far as I know nothing in the way of food supplies was ever purchased, except perhaps condiments and such alien products as could not be provided in those latitudes. Wheat for flour was grown on the place and sent to Exeter to be milled, and all other grains as well, including oats and buckwheat. Beef, mutton, ham, and fowls the farm provided, and the smokehouse was a fundamental institution. No such ham and bacon and sausage (the latter put up in cloth bags four inches in diameter) ever came out of Chicago, as I very well know! Honey was a staple product. Out by the old slaves' burying ground was the long row of hives, and golden honeycombs appeared for every breakfast. Moreover, it was from the comb after the liquid honey had dripped away that the metheglin was made. I doubt if there was any place in the world where this seductive beverage was made later than here. You read of it in Chaucer and in pretty much all Middle English literature, but though I remember it in Kensington as late as 1878, I have found no trace of it in England, Scotland, Wales, or the southern American states. It was never made after my grandfather died, for with him the secret was buried, but its fragrant memory lingers with one individual at least, and the thrill that came when as a special favor the decanter was taken down from the corner cupboard and the small wineglass given into the receptive hand. As I recall this metheglin, it looked and tasted like a rather full-bodied sherry, but with an added flavor and bouquet of honeycomb.

The process of making was somewhat mysterious and it is unfortunate that the secret is probably lost, for metheglin would have been a very valuable and lawful addition to the list of stimulating beverages now supposed to be so limited. I only know that the combs of fresh honey were placed in coarse linen bags and hung from a beam to drip their nectar into an earthen crock. After the flow stopped, the combs and what remained of the honey were put into a great copper kettle together with a certain amount of water, and hung over the fire, there to simmer for several days. As the wax rose it was skimmed off for candles (the expensive little paraffin lamps or kerosene, then just in vogue, were not for the Squire), while the honey and water were boiled down to a certain point and then the result was subjected to the two processes of fermentation. I dare say a little experimenting would result in the restoration of a lost but noble art.

Apropos of the bees, it is known that they have little liking for a house of unhappiness and are also sensitive to

slights or unfriendliness. Always, therefore, they were 'told' the moment there was a death in the family — that is to say, strips of black cloth were draped along the fronts of the hives. Where this is done promptly and properly the bees will stay, and so they stayed when the Squire died, for they were considerately told. Some years later at the death of my grandmother, my uncle, who was more of a modern in his sympathies, disregarded this precaution, and every bee left the place. I am sure my grandmother would have wished otherwise. She was a very wonderful old lady, — a Sanborn, with all that means of intense individuality, — with piercing black eyes and black eyebrows. She had a great fund of old English folk songs and would sing them to us children with immense gusto. There was a mild version of the 'Derby Ram' and another that, for the first two verses, ran as follows: —

Oh, I have a master and I am his man
(Galloping dreary on),
Oh, I have a master and I am his man,
I'll marry a wife as soon as I can
With my haley-galey, gamborary,
Higgledy-piggledy galloping, galloping,
Galloping dreary on.

I met with a friar and asked him the way
(Galloping dreary on),
I met with a friar and asked him the way;
'By jinks!' said the friar, 'you've both gone astray!'
With your haley-galey, gamborary,
Higgledy-piggledy galloping, galloping,
Galloping dreary on.

Years afterward I found a completely distorted and corrupt version of the first verse in a nonsense anthology by Carolyn Wells where it had place as a meaningless jumble of words — which it was not, but a song that had come over from England with the first Colonists and that dates back, I suppose, to pre-Reformation times.

IV

It was the annual Thanksgiving Day that fixed the reality of the Old Place and the Squire in youthful minds with indelible alchemy. Whenever my father was home from his pastoral charges at this season, we, with all the others of both families, forgathered under the patriarchal roof for this greatest of New England feasts. There was the long anticipation; the three-mile ride, if the winter came early, in the box sleigh, well wrapped in buffalo skins and to the clash of bells, up over the hills to Kensington. Tables were put end to end in the east room, covered with linen woven many years before, and loaded after a fashion that was paralleled only by some of the scandalously unrestrained menus recorded of the Middle Ages. There was nothing on the table the farm had not produced except pepper, salt, and sugar, but there was everything from turkey, duck, and chicken to (of necessity!) three kinds of pie, mince, pumpkin, and apple, while cider and metheglin were the accepted — and acceptable — drinks.

At the head of the table sat the Squire, his highly colored face with its crown of tumbled white hair rising magnificently from his high old-fashioned stock. Around him were his sons and daughters, sons- and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren — twelve or fourteen in all, no more, for his was never a prolific line; but all were there, for none died before him. Now the name is extinct, since neither of his sons had issue, and after almost three hundred years there are no more Blakes in Kensington and strangers hold the lands and the ancient house.

For some reason the memory of breakfast at the Old Place holds more firmly than that of the great festivals. The waking in the early light with dim

sounds from the poultry yards and farm, the smell of bacon from the kitchen below mingling with that of lavender and old linen. The long kitchen with its vast fireplace and the table between the windows with its 'sprig china,' thin old silver, and the curved knives and two-tined forks with their buck-horn handles. Probably the food was better than anywhere else; it certainly seemed so, for the ham and bacon were cured over smouldering corncobs; the cheese — made, of course, on the place — was as good as Stilton, though milder; the honeycomb crunched lusciously between the teeth. The 'rye drop-cakes' and the cream toast made from these now forgotten delicacies take, however, first place. These affairs were baked in the brick oven on a layer of corn meal, and were unquestionably food paramount, especially when they were served toasted with a sort of butter sauce. I do not remember that the New England tradition of pie for breakfast was adhered to, but it would in any case have been an act of supererogation.

It was all a lingering episode out of the eighteenth century with no single intrusion of the then fast developing factors of the imminent social and economic revolution that has brought in a new world. I am thankful indeed that I have known it and been a part of it; have swung my scythe in the echelon of mowers pacing in the dew at dawn around the field; have taken my place on the staddle in the salt marsh to dispose the forkfuls of salt grass thrown up to me, so fashioning one of the great pyramidal haystacks, and, when all was finished and the sedge ropes lifted and fixed over the bounding top of the resilient stack, sliding down headfirst by means of one of the long poles used for 'poling in' the marsh hay.

It was a life of singular peace, serene, wholesome, and strong, as I saw it from time to time during school holidays; and in the Squire, what he was, did, and stood for, there was something of that normal life of human society that took its form, I dare say, among the Minoans and the Egyptians of the Old Kingdom and in Ur of the Chaldees. Cnossus, Athens, and Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Paris, Berlin, New York, create from time to time a vivid, violent, and predatory seeming of supremacy that submerges the old institutions under the turbulent flood of great achievement. Then each passes; the earth receives the shards of the temples and palaces and strongholds as it once had yielded them building stones. The glory of a sudden greatness perishes and is forgotten, and after 'the tumult and the shouting' of victory and defeat have died away, the old life of human relationships and human scale emerges once more and establishes another period of dominance.

I dare say that in process of time even a technological civilization may pass, and the old life come back when Wall Streets and Woolworth Towers and Leagues of Nations have become one with Tyre and with Babylon. For the moment, however, Squire Blake and the life he embodied have become no more than a memory.

A LEAVE-TAKING

As I went down through Eskdale
  In a sudden shower of rain
I heard my heart within me say:
  You may not come again.

The pack-straps on your shoulder
  They bear a heavy load;
They carry boyhood's dead delight
  Along the outward road.

Scawfell is set behind you
  And Bowfell stands to keep
The memories of racing blood
  Where the wind's among the sheep.

On Crinkle Crags the black rain
  Is yours no more to love
And Border End stands yearlong now
  The grave of youth above.

Then, if I go forever
  From Cumberland the kind,
O last-met winds, breathe into me
  A clean breath for my mind:

O rain across the tarn's face,
  Brown sunlight on the slope,
Give the last gift of courage now
  To exile's heart of hope.

OWEN LATTIMORE

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FRENCH POLITICS

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

I

In French political life certain qualities seem to be permanent, such as the individualism originally inherited from the Gauls, which is now innate in our character.

Instead of organized parties on the English model, we have political groups that are as uncertain and changeable as clouds, and with no real discipline. The individualism of France is negative in comparison with the constructive individualism of the Anglo-Saxon Protestants; in fact, the two schools of thought are so definitely opposed that one needs entirely different sets of words to express the two ideas. Our political combinations are unstable, but their tendencies are remarkably fixed, for even after fifty years we often find the same political tenets adhered to in some districts. They still, although the party labels may have changed, represent the solid foundation of our political history.

Another thing that we are apt to overlook is that we are satisfied with our own mode of life; so contented, in fact, that we cannot picture any other. The social structure built on this foundation is possibly the most solid basis of the nation, for the daily routine of the French people is ingrained in their very being — the wine at every meal, the black coffee after lunch, the little garden tended so lovingly, and the modest café where they chat and play cards with their friends. Watch a mason in the South lunching under the trees at noon, or a French gendarme lingering over his coffee, and you will agree that there is something in our atmosphere which you can neither replace nor carry away with you. Danton spoke truly when he said that we could not take our native soil away on the soles of our shoes. France means to us a way of living on which we are all so entirely agreed that scores of things are taken for granted, no matter to what political party we belong. In this sense one might say that the most progressive are really the most conservative.

Our discussions on practical matters are thus anything but sensational, and although they may be ably, even brilliantly presented, they interest only the specialist, so the game as a political game is hardly worth the candle. In France a policy of interests rarely pays, for, as Albert Thibaudet remarks, 'our political life is autonomous, and it is not a supplement to economics. . . . If a party puts "Interests" on its banner, absolutely nothing doing!'

On the other hand we get quite worked up when we discuss persons and personalities, and the position of the individual in the community — especially if theory enters in! Even such a simple matter as our own personal theory on the point entails endless debates and floods of eloquence. Principles and ideals are the heart and soul of our politics, but their eventual application often remains a matter of quasi indifference. That subtle con-

noisseur, Robert de Jouvenel, rightly observes, 'Our legislators are far less interested in the contents of the bills before them than in the resolution closing the debate.' This explains the carefully prepared speeches to establish the exclusive claim to some great man long since dead and gone, or to some glorious national heroes over whom, anywhere else, there would be no dispute whatever. If we are not quite sure what group Vercingetorix would now back, at least we do know that the Church claims Joan of Arc as belonging politically to her, and so the posters in the windows on her saint's day give us an exact map of clericalism and anti-clericalism in Paris.

The municipal disputes over the names of streets are even more amusing. Such excitement when it comes to voting for the title to be posted up on the walls, whether it is to be Boulevard du Maréchal Foch, Place Anatole France, or Rue Ferrer! The animated discussions which arise in this respect really amount to opposing various conceptions of life, politics, and man to each other, and they disclose within those militants full of 'sound and fury' a fine imaginative power. In the end they go off peaceably to a café, and probably nothing is changed.

Party divisions — political tendencies, if you prefer the term — are based on opposing conceptions of life, and the instinctive personal reaction of like or dislike felt toward a certain social order. During the past century we have had two main lines of cleavage: first, the French Revolution and whether or not we accept it and its consequences, in which case the contest is for or against the *ancien régime;* secondly, the intrusion of capitalistic production into the social system born of the eighteenth century, in which case liberty and individualism, the moving forces of yesterday, defend themselves against collectivism, the invading force of to-day. The Revolution was still the outstanding issue up to 1848, but later, and especially at the end of the nineteenth century, the question of capitalistic domination became entangled with it, without, however, supplanting it. Thus we must consider the parties according to whether they are based on the Revolution or upon the industrial problems that are steadily increasing in importance.

II

Even to-day, a hundred and forty years after the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the French Revolution has not yet been accepted by everybody. Do we, or do we not, agree with the spirit of 1789? That is the point. It is not a question of the republic versus royalty; the issue lies much deeper. 'You are rallied around the republic,' said Léon Bourgeois to certain Orléanistes on the morrow of the Boulangist imbroglio. 'That means nothing. Do you accept the Revolution?' The line of demarcation is not where we expect it to be, for except among the masses the number of devotees to the Revolution is surprisingly small.

Underlying the spirit of 1789 is the conviction that sovereignty is vested in the people; that is to say, we are ruled from below, not from above. This presupposes equality of citizenship, at least in theory; but it does not mean Communism, for we wish to keep our personal independence, nor yet real equality, for we are too practical for that. In the last analysis it is the confirmation, jealous and unyielding, of the theory of the dignity of the individual, a theory in which one still feels the passionate eloquence of Rousseau.

We find the same idea to-day when

Alain makes his villager say, 'The rich may use the highroad for their automobiles as much as they like, but don't let them try to tell me that they are any better than I am! . . . If we must have inequality, I should like to hear some good loud shouting for equality at the same time.' Thus it is the working classes — that is, universal suffrage — that must inspire the politics of the nation. Yet if we admit this hackneyed phrase we get ourselves involved, for we implicitly deny either government by the social authorities (I mean the traditional ruling classes) or the right of the Church to intervene in the affairs of the State. Resisting the claims of the adversaries of the Revolution thus amounts to assigning limits to the domain of the Revolution.

The social authorities to whom our theorists refer are certainly not recognized as such by the masses. Although they may not admit it openly, they would consider that they are entitled to govern the country politically as well as socially by divine right of wealth and birth. In the old days we were ruled by the king, the nobility, and the bishops; to-day it would be by the great landed proprietors, and captains of industry, the high officials of the State, organized capital, and the salons.

When M. Thibaudet describes the rivalry between the well-off student and the poor scholar — Barrès as opposed to Lagneau or Burdeau — it is a case of the classes versus the masses. The former, however, do not understand the spirit of 1789. Wealth and birth have always been candidates for the government of mankind, and if occasionally they admit that their power has only been delegated to them they must not be taken too seriously, for at heart they believe that they rule by divine right. Some instinct out of the distant past always prompts them to bring the lower classes under their tutelage. 'I doubt if a salon exists,' says Alain, 'where the hostess accepts the sovereignty of the people without question.' This is an actual fact.

In the case of the Church the quarrel is more complex, since doctrine is involved — a serious matter in a country where the political leaders are doctrinaires. Theoretically the Church cannot recognize the complete independence of the State, but in actual practice she will admit the *de facto* independence of any temporal power provided it is admitted that it comes from above and not from below — or, in other words, is divinely inspired.

In the face of such circumstances the Church leans toward authoritative government, and as the sovereignty of the people and the religious independence of the State are abominable in her eyes it is not easy to foresee any reconciliation with the laity who are still faithful to the Revolution. In France the Church is traditionally linked with the ruling classes against the practice of the Left, although she is undoubtedly extending her influence far beyond the aristocratic classes. Among her followers are to be found more workingmen than gentlemen, for she gives wonderful personal protection to the families of the humblest citizens, and she often even goes the length of embarrassing the Radicals by her daring. And yet no politician of the Left will ever believe that the Church could work sincerely for the republic.

At this point the anti-clerical party traces a boundary of such importance that it dominates our political life. To be anti-clerical, of course, it is not necessary to be anti-religious. In France, where strained relations perpetually exist between the Church and the State, nearly everyone is nominally Roman

Catholic, and therefore some practical method must be found according to which politics and religion can be carried on independently.

As a matter of fact, the French mind is trained to throw out the clutch with marvelous ease when religion and politics are to be kept in their respective spheres. The existence of the Church alongside the republic would be impossible except in this atmosphere of intellectual liberty mingled with skepticism and subtlety, with a highly developed civilization behind it.

The following impressions written by an Alsatian friend of mine are interesting in this connection: —

'The French are not sufficiently mystic to be ruled by the Catholic Church. I sometimes think that the French Catholic has unconsciously come to an understanding with his church in order to quiet his conscience, to absolve himself in advance, as it were. He is thus completely at ease in his private life, perfectly poised and self-possessed, and without the slightest fear of the terrible impending deity who broods over the Germans.'

I know of no more representative type of Frenchman than the anti-clerical member of Parliament whose wife is a regular churchgoer and whose daughters are at the convent. Jaurès was a case in point, as was once duly noted by a heckler at a political meeting. 'My friend,' answered Jaurès with good humor, 'no doubt your wife obeys you. Unfortunately I am less privileged!' Everyone laughed, for they all understood and many were probably in the same boat. As a matter of fact, if the anti-clerical Frenchman happens to have a pretty wife, he thinks it is just as well to let the priest keep an eye on her. This is the secret of our family life, but, as in the Orient, common sense forbids our discussing it.

III

In the nineteenth century the various social classes, using the term without legal significance, were clearly grouped according to their political tendencies, for or against the spirit of 1789.

In this connection let us first consider the peasant and the village craftsman, whose attitude — except where they came under the influence of the Church — may be summed up as an instinctive resistance to the priest and the château. Sometimes to-day the nobleman and the priest may not be on the best of terms, but in the most rural districts the political balance of their claim to domination and the resistance to it still holds good.

Like the peasant and the artisan, the factory worker — a later social type — was originally imbued with the revolutionary spirit, to an even more passionate degree. Class war came from other countries later on, but we had a working-class movement of our own, which has not lost its significance even to-day. I can remember a time, not so very far back, when many workmen were simply Republicans.

We next come to the small civil servant of ordinary birth and education, thoroughly under the thumb of an administration related to those in authority, but eager to emancipate himself under the banner of the republic which he felt belonged to him. At the time of Gambetta, the schoolmaster and the postman were the village enthusiasts for the cause. The middle and the lower classes, who were always losing their more brilliant members as they passed on to better things, were all the more resentful of the snobbish-

ness of the rich, and therefore loyal to an order working for equality. It was in these various groups that the budding republic found its most spontaneous and faithful supporters on the morrow of May 16, 1877.

On the other hand there are certain classes whose ideals are incompatible with the New Order: the Church, for the reasons given; the nobility, which naturally clings to its traditions of hierarchy, and successfully enough, too, in some districts; and the bourgeoisie, promoted in its turn to a position of social authority. Each has its own satellites: the Catholics, devoted to the priest; the poor, assisted by the Church and the rich; the small farmers, fearing the great landowner; the tradesman of the village and small town, frightened by the thought of a boycott; and finally employees, domestic servants, and laborers, kept in a state of dependence. Wherever society is bound by hierarchy or organization, it tends to free itself from the spirit of 1789 in order to revert to other ideals. It is hard to realize how far tradition, sometimes in modern guise, still exerts its influence. The people, with their naïve idealism, always hope to win in the end, but the wise know that they are dreaming of a Utopia.

The line dividing these two groups stands out as clearly as the contours on a map. The people of the lower classes naturally mingle only with one another, and the rich and powerful also keep to themselves. Both feel they are on the defensive, and so they are. In every French community we find the schoolmaster and his followers eager to emancipate the people, while behind the priest, the nobleman, and the rich bourgeois are lined up the Conservatives, who consider that, as the masses are incapable of governing either themselves or anyone else, they must keep them under their tutelage. The two temperaments are so definitely opposed that it is difficult to judge them fairly, for everything depends on the point of view.

'Those who are familiar with the provinces,' says M. François Mauriac, 'know that contemporary France was born of the mortal sin of envy. The peasant shuts his eyes and casts his vote for the Left, certain that he can make no mistake if he votes against those who wash and go to Mass. He loathes any distinction in dress, occupation, or ideas.'

It is true, and yet we cannot fail to admit that there is a certain grandeur in this appreciation of personal dignity, a sentiment born of the Revolution. As the explosive power of this ferment is still anything but exhausted, timid foreigners, not unrightly, believe that France is a dangerous country, for nothing is harder to swallow than the doctrine that every human being has the right to think freely, to form his own opinions, and to lead his own life. This theory is feared alike by Anglo-Saxon Protestants and by the Roman Catholic Church, and everywhere the great majority implicitly condemn it. Our poor little village enthusiast seems to be fighting in the front trenches for humanism!

This is the key to French politics, which would be incomprehensible if we lost sight of the fact that the counter-revolutionary party keeps constantly rebuilding itself as its spirit crystallizes into new forms. Although it has long been threatened on the Left by the Marxians and Communists, — whom it detests, — our Democracy must still defend itself against the *ancien régime*, although that is now out of date, as its own followers are the first to admit. It is difficult to explain these things in a country like the United States, where political reaction does not exist, or even in England, where tradition is not only

accepted but almost childishly revered by the man in the street.

IV

These political creeds have left an indelible impression on the country. First there is the tendency to a constant outbidding in our political programme, which seems to be the degenerate outcome of the popular belief that to-morrow will be better than to-day, and therefore we must progress at all costs — in other words, go to the Left. In this sense democracy is a living movement, and therefore programmes are less important than relative positions, so no one ever has any luck who tries to fight someone more advanced than himself. Even if he happens to be a Socialist, he is sure to be called a reactionary, while the pure flame of democracy will invariably aid the Moderate fighting a Royalist. This is the essence of the great game of politics, as it is played not only in Narbonne or Toulon, but even in our most northern provinces. In purely business discussions such an attitude is perfectly absurd, but if we admit that our politics are based on sentiment this mystic attraction to the Left, as of the pilgrims to Mecca or the mad Captain Hatteras of Jules Verne to the north, falls naturally in line with the general direction of democracy.

No party label can resist this attraction, for at all costs one must be — or seem to be — the most progressive. On the first ballot many a Southerner votes on principle for the candidate most to the Left, a method which, by carrying the system to its logical conclusion, also reaches the climax of absurdity. Describing a southern constituency in his deep and witty book, *Le Monarque*, Pierre Mille sums up the situation in a single sentence: 'They had a Socialist committee which was Republican, and a Republican committee which was Royalist.' In this game the great trick is to spot them right, for the Radical-Socialists come to be only pale-pink Moderates, Marseilles can offer us 'patriotic Socialists' who swear by the *Action Française*, and the Var is already preparing us Governmental-Communists.

I once saw a poster in a station in a little town in the Western States which read in enormous letters, 'See us increase!' This perfect expression of the boosting spirit would, if transposed into politics, delight the Mediterranean, where 'progress' knows no respite. I remember hearing of a man in the Department of Hérault who, on meeting the local member who had been put up as a Radical-Socialist six months earlier, asked to what party he then belonged.

'Radical-Socialist, the same as you elected me.'

'You don't say so,' was the priceless reply. 'Then you are making no progress!'

In this the South is simply a caricature of the rest of the country, yet, if we run for a seat, might we not safely follow the advice of Duo Caroli and exclaim, 'Don't lag behind. Don't mark time. We must get on. Let us show them that the Department of X is determined to progress!'

Of course, although there is a great deal of talk about all this, there may not be the slightest intention of putting any of it into practice. 'We may as well discuss reforms,' says the wise old 'Monarch' of Pierre Mille, 'but it might be dangerous to carry them out.' It makes one think of the opera chorus which sings interminably, 'March, march,' without ever moving a step. How representative the prudent Southerner was who remarked, 'To the Left, to the Left — but not further!'

Meanwhile our politics are so bound

down by this logomachy that it has perverted the very idea of government so far as the parties of the Left are concerned. They feel instinctively that discipline is arbitrary, that order must be reactionary, and that authority means tyranny. To them liberty is purely a negative claim, and when they are in power they literally cannot tell what is sound from what is unsound. Indeed, for that matter, most Frenchmen can't anyway. In private life we love method and order, so we lay down good rules because we know how to follow them. In public life, however, the progressive Republican feels he must overlook disorder, for if he tried to set it right he would risk being called reactionary. In his opinion to govern is to be reactionary nine times out of ten — especially if he is not a member of the government. At any rate a hundred voters in the Radical-Socialist group are ready, waiting, to prove it. Thus we are paying for an arbitrary rule in the past which has too long outlived its time.

Alain describes power as essentially reactionary, always tending to become an end in itself, and unfailingly corrupting those who exercise it. Pelletan, according to him, is the only man who has never betrayed it. Such is the experience of a country in which power has been autocratic — but can we ever hope to set up an efficient government if we are to be deterred by such fears?

These political theories were quite suitable to the electorate of peasants and artisans which we inherited from the French Revolution, before the great industrial changes took place at the end of the nineteenth century. Society then was not complex, being composed chiefly of independent landowners, with a simple organization of government and production. This old foundation, on which our present system is largely built, was made up of satisfied people, tending to the Left politically, but socially conservative. Beneath a coquettish froth of disorder lies an instinctive repulsion from anarchy, for apart from personal favors we really do not want social change — hence how much leisure to indulge in political controversies! This explains the curious indifference to reform among so many of the Radicals, although they always have the word on the tip of their tongue. 'Resistance to authority rather than practical reform is their watchword,' admits Alain, and really it is marvelous how satisfied these progressives seem to be with the existing social order! In our democracy, so daring in theory and so temperate in practice, any kind of political outbidding is safe and easy because it is developing in a sphere where change is not desired.

But what is to happen now that a new conception of production comes to transform the face of the world and disturb the balance of our social structure?

V

The French Revolution recognized only the individual, and ignored the working classes, as at that time industrial life hardly existed. The problems arising from the new conception of production only began to make themselves felt from about 1880 onward; in fact, they only came properly into existence at the time of the Revolution of June 1848. It was only in the last decade of the century, when the Socialist Party began to be powerful, that social questions really competed with the political matters which had hitherto exclusively claimed our attention. Although industry is still only of secondary importance in France, its repercussions have had a distinct political influence on our various social classes.

The transformation of the workingman was less marked in France, no doubt, than in any of the other great Western nations, for our craftsman lingered on long after the Industrial Revolution. He was a fine type, imbued with professional honor, his very being bound up in his work, according to true French tradition. Behind his barricades it was he who was mainly responsible for the revolutions of the past century, which drew their inspiration, not from class hatred or revolutionary doctrine, but from a democratic ideal. He later became a Socialist, and again it was he who originated the Socialist Party and the Confédération Générale du Travail. His Socialism was always true to the ideals of the nineteenth century, and therefore he is not and never will be a true Marxian.

The factory worker of to-day, at least when transformed by mass production, is a very different type, for he no longer feels that he has a trade. Once a Frenchman has let himself become the servant of a machine he loses his pride in his work, becomes discontented and devoid of political conscience. In Paris the factory worker is the backbone of the Communist Party, a fact which proves that machinery has exerted a fatal influence. Its introduction in France marks a step backward from the political standard of earlier generations.

Wherever our government administration has been industrialized, the small civil servant has undergone a similar change, although if he happens to be isolated in a village he is still a simple and traditional enthusiast for political progress. In the latter case, I do not believe his psychology has altered, in spite of the fact that he now advocates Socialism and Communism instead of the republic, as his father did fifty years ago. But if he is attached to an industrialized administration, like the post office in Paris or one of the large cities, his case is different, for he is then inclined to stray from the old democratic ideals, which originally attracted him, into the ranks of the extreme Left. The collective demands of professional worker, class warfare, and the revolutionary spirit lay hold of him, and he naturally joins one of the parties of social discontent.

The result of the Industrial Revolution has been to turn the bourgeois to the Right. It brought him without struggle to the front ranks socially, for the nobility were soon little more than a memory. Politically he feared the workman, who also was becoming an important influence in the State. Since the days of June 1848 the bourgeois has shown himself in his true conservative colors, for he has abandoned, one after another, all the ideals he learned at the time of the Revolution. With a few rare exceptions the bourgeoisie now belongs to the party of resistance, and hardly any of its sons would wish to remake a really democratic republic, I think, if it had to be done.

The religious evolution of the bourgeois has been no less marked. Up to 1848 he was usually a follower of Voltaire, although he felt that religion was a necessity for the masses, but after 1849 he suddenly began to regard the priest as a valuable aid to the police in keeping order. The salons eventually ceased fighting the Church, although in the smoking rooms the unbelievers still continued to rail against it. The generation that came of age at the end of the century were weary of excessive individualism, and longed for moral and social order. They rallied around Catholicism, not for the matter-of-fact reasons of their ancestors, but because they needed a constructive philosophy of life. Since the Dreyfus Case and the war, religion has become an integral

part of the convictions of the bourgeoisie. Thus in the past hundred years they have gone right over to the other side of the fence.

'Midway in his intellectual development, the writer or the politician,' says Barrès, 'finds that he must stop chasing his predecessors in order to deal as swiftly as possible with his successors. He becomes a Moderate, as the expression goes.' This is precisely what happened to the bourgeoisie when they were no longer irritated by the diminished ranks of the nobility. Meanwhile a Caliban, daily gaining in strength, began to push them into the background.

Where do the people stand in all this — I refer to the People with a capital *P*, the mystical democracy which preceded Karl Marx and class warfare, the People of Michelet? They have changed little, for the spirit of conservatism persisted with them as the small landowners with a stake in the country became more numerous. In France it is impossible to take liberties in the name of Marx or Lenin against the property of the small people, although the masses are still faithful to the mysticism of equality and democracy. At heart they are still inclined to the Left, not only against the Church, but more urgently against the dictates of capitalism. Recently one has discerned signs of a new demagogy, rural in character, attacking the great landowners on behalf of the small. Public opinion with us is still jealously hostile to big business, and although bankers and industrial magnates may exert all the influence they wish, they must not do it openly.

Have the French people become more international as the result of their contact during the war with the armies and people of the five continents? Theoretically, perhaps they have, although they still obstinately cling to their own customs and ideals, and are largely indifferent to new conditions. Feminism, prohibition, and departments of health mean not very much to them. They stand firmly between the priest on the Right, whose leadership they refuse, and anarchy and revolution on the Left, which offend their bourgeois susceptibilities; and finally they decide that international Socialism does not suit either their habits or their routine. So they remain negative, but still sufficiently important to create a great unorganized but stable democracy.

VI

The contradiction in French character is obvious. A Frenchman wears his heart on the Left and his pocket on the Right — and in practice every Frenchman has a pocket! His innate love of order — his own interests, to express it more crudely — counteracts the extreme political ideas which delight him. This Don Quixote is accompanied by a Sancho Panza who never leaves him for a moment. His slogan, 'Always to the Left,' is only used as a symbolic gesture, for his practical politics run up against barriers piled quite as high as progress stretches in front. This explains why foreigners treat us as dangerous revolutionaries when we talk, and as slow bourgeois of the old type when we do not come to the point. It also explains why we have been for a century on the offensive against autocracy in all its forms, and are now on the defensive against a new type of production which we find disturbing. We remain the republic of little people, preoccupied, according to Alain, with the 'continuous struggle of the small against the great.' We are always ready to protect the small and weak, the little landowners, the little employees, the little

pensioners, and even the little cheats.

All the achievements of the present material epoch of super-collectivism will eventually be accomplished in France, but outside of politics. Our political structure belongs to an earlier period, and offers neither methods nor solutions for such a programme. Possibly these great achievements are essentially anti-democratic, or at least not in sympathy with the democratic spirit which refuses to sacrifice the individual to the discipline necessary for coöperation. Although in this sense France is not politically adapted to the needs of the present day, I hesitate to condemn her altogether, for it may be that a vital instinct forbids her to make an adaptation which might in the distant future imperil the individual, who is the corner stone of her civilization.

THE ANTI-RELIGIOUS FRONT

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

I

Can it not be laid to heart by the clever gentlemen who are making it their life's vocation to cure us of God that religion, however much they dislike it, is at all events profound? Will they not remember that it has been professed and served by great minds, indeed by the very greatest; and that of all the deeper experiences of the race it is the oldest and the noblest? And will they not in consequence regard it as requiring, in one who treats of its foundations, a laboriously exercised mind and also something of a soul?

These are simple questions which there should be no need of asking, but as things are there is urgent need of asking them. Our advocates of the great negation force us to ask them. For a good many of them deal with religion as though any kind of thought would suffice for it, however loose; any kind of culture, however provincial; any kind of dismissal, however summary and crude. In fact, some of them employ in the treatment of it methods so hasty, and logical processes so leaky, that if they studied any other subject in like manner they would lose their intellectual reputation. And this is too bad, first because an ill-educated nation is being led to believe such nonsense as that a trained modern intelligence cannot accept God any longer, and so pitches forward into the spiritual anarchy which the men who are creating it are utterly powerless to cure, and secondly because religious principles need the constant purification of criticism. In this field, as in every other, criticism is the conscience of truth. But the criticism, to be useful, must be fit for the thing criticized. In America, to our misfortune, religious criticism sheds but little light on its subject and none at all on our fame.

It is strange indeed that the dilettante should select religion as the region of his casual holiday, and stranger still that a rapt audience should attend upon his tale. The very nature of religion should impose upon one who

examines it the most careful thought and the most delicate perception, to say nothing of the responsibility that should weigh upon one's words in a matter so grave with consequences. Religion is the first beautiful companion that man encountered in his wilderness. It is the pathway between life and death that is worn deepest by the feet of the perpetually seeking generations. It is never far away when man knows exaltation and rapture. It is always present when he transcends himself in unearthly consecrations. It opens the door of vision when his genius hungers and thirsts for the substance behind all symbols, and other hand that can open it there is none. It is by his side when he walks the high and lonely places where he makes the discovery of himself. In life it is with him, illuminating him at his noblest, scourging him at his basest — the latter presence even more wistfully loved than the former. Neither in death does it leave him; but when all other voices moan of irreparable defeat, it alone lifts the cry of defiance and stands on the ruins of mortality announcing mysterious and splendid victory for the fallen.

Man cannot escape religion if he would. Return to it he must after however long a denial, unless he changes his nature and becomes something else. For it is the form and figure, the throbbing pulse and the living flame, of the dream which is his one and only enduring reality, the perfection that drives him through yearning and tears and beyond the stars in search of a fulfillment not to be found in all the fabric of the world.

This is something of what religion has been — a religion, I mean, that includes the divine. A religion with its head cut off, which rises no higher than the resolutions of a philanthropic committee, we may for the present leave out of account. Destiny is dealing with that in its own thorough way. If, then, religion has been and is all this, if it is so deeply rooted in mind and soul, if it does for humanity what nothing else can do and yet must be done, then it is no subject for frivolous haughtiness and superficial learning. It is too deep, too close, too sacred. Hence if someone tells us that it is invalid throughout, and that man's most tragic delusion is ever to have looked upward, we shall thoughtfully listen to him, but shall ask that he have spent long labor in understanding what great light he extinguishes in history and in souls. But if he 'barges' in on us with crippled argument that he has not toiled over, with catch phrases, with slogans, and with disdain, we have a right to send him back to his own place; he has nothing to say to mature men.

Now this is the kind of thing that we are getting on the anti-religious front in America, if we may borrow a phrase from Moscow. Whatever the cause is — whether it is due to the spiritual exhaustion which has brought on our famine in philosophic minds; whether it is the disparagement of intellect and the exalting of the infantile which are the current fashion in psychology; whether it is the lurch to immoralism which now is receiving a benediction from erudition; or whether it is the disposition to go where bedlam is loudest which is observable in obsequious academies and pulpits alike — we cannot but notice the incoherence and even the intolerance of the great warfare against the divine.

II

Consider, for example, the severest pedagogical injunction which the leaders of that warfare lay upon us — namely, that we are to submit our opinions to test and proof. We are, they tell us, to look things straight in

the eye. We are to be tough-minded. We are to abhor hasty statement, easy assent, and gross credulity. We are to have the cold impartiality of science and the austere parsimony of truth. And when, so we are assured, we are cleansed by this catharsis we shall find our religious beliefs, even the most fundamental of them, vanishing away. Should we, however, shrink from the penitential discipline, should we catch at romantic ideas and facile solutions, we shall be outlawed from the great society, and cannot be so much as doorkeepers in the mansion of the civilized minority.

From this I suppose the inference is both justified by logic and required by courtesy that our guides are themselves exemplars of this ascetic habit. Are they? Consider in answer the case of Professor Millikan. This gentleman bears perhaps the most distinguished name in American science. He is known everywhere to be a believer in God. He is consequently a stumblingblock to those who want it believed that as scientific method comes in religious principles go out. He stands in the way of that belief, and although secure of his fame in all other respects must be discredited in this. So a writer in a learned periodical declares that Professor Millikan's spiritual convictions are probably due to atavistic emotionalism. And the chivalrous charge is repeated with every indication of approval by one of our philosophers in a published book directed to the abolition of Deity.

We shall hold back our indignation, although it is impossible not to feel it. What pertains to our purpose is that the kind of intelligence which is capable of this descent sets itself before us as so stern a supervisor of its integrity, and so vigilant a guardian of its pure enclosure, that it cannot let in the proposition that God exists. A little rowdy intolerance, however, may walk in, and welcome! Our great physicist, we may be sure, has not exempted his most important conviction from the scrutiny to which he habitually submits all his other convictions. He sees the universe to be interpretable rationally. If it were not, neither his own science nor any other would be possible. And he makes rationality the foundation of interpretability. What other foundation can there possibly be? Hence follows his conclusion that it is reason that makes the discourse of existence reasonable. These steps to a sovereign reason from the existence of our own are plain enough. But it is easier to invite contempt to deal with them than for a hostile mind to try its teeth upon them. And so our chaste pioneers are not above publishing a charge that is irrational and coarse, and setting down a man superior in every element of power to themselves, not as a thinker who reflects, but as a child who only feels. Such minds, I fear, we shall have to call not spotless, but as unchaste as Ashtoreth. It is to be dreaded also that they are in danger of a spreading form of seizure which we may designate theophobia, an obsession quite beyond the healing power of reason and reluctant to any exorcism known.

We have made a bad start and it will not get better as we go on. It will be remembered that we are speaking of men who are jealous with a fierce jealousy of admitting into their heads opinions which are shaky, and who would rather, if we may say so, have their throats cut than admit anything positively absurd. They carry this monastic renunciation of the presumably unproved so far that some of them are now maintaining that to believe in God is immoral. This novelty in ethics defies comment. Let it stand unencumbered with words as a memorial to a

terrible purity. Yet they puzzle me, these knights of the vanguard. For, although they reach for the whip if I say that I believe in God, I am favored with their approval if I say that when an infant sucks its thumb it is unconsciously pursuing a sexual adventure. Freud says this, so it is all right. Again it is all right if, observing the same infant falling asleep after feeding at its mother's breast, I declare that the child sinks into the slumber of sexual satiety. No censure for that! No offense in it for the most antiseptic minds!

Once more, when a little boy declares his intention of becoming a locomotive engineer when he grows up, you may say, again with Freud's support, that the lad is expressing a subtly disguised desire for sexual gratification. Furthermore you may interpret shell shock as meaning that a vast flood of *libido* or sex energy has flowed over into the inner self and produced an immensely augmented narcissism or self-love; that the narcissism, doubled or quadrupled by the turbulent libido, has to be suppressed in battle; and that the repression causes the disorganization known as shell shock. All this passes the test of acceptable opinion. For holding it you are not blamed; rather you are praised as sailing down the full current of the contemporary renaissance. And if we inquire what then in heaven's name shall be kept out of the mind if these preposterous things are let in, we seem to be answered: Practically nothing except God!

III

The thing becomes diverting. We are making discoveries in the cathartic mind. Perhaps, then, we may go on. There are some students of color as a factor in evolution who hold that the flamingo got the pink tints of its plumage in this manner: The crocodiles which lived in the vicinity of flamingoes long ago, being shortsighted, fancied that the tinted birds standing in the shallow water were the rising or the setting sun and so let them alone. The hues which served so well became perpetuated; such flamingoes as were less fortunately colored were eaten; and we have the flamingo of to-day a living testimony to the value of resembling crepuscular dawn and afternoon. Is it all right to believe this? Certainly; it is eminently respectable. Still further let us take man's beard and woman's beardlessness — a curious phenomenon, since both man and woman came from apes, and the female ape is quite as hairy as the male. It came to pass, sages say, because some of the earliest women were born with less hairy or possibly quite hairless faces. Instead of being crushed with shame as unaccountable freaks, these ancient dames discovered something amazing happening to them. The males round about fell violently in love with them. But this was not all. There was more of marvel and surprise. The males, once smitten by the smooth-faced ladies, refused to fall in love with the other kind. The bearded damsels, old as their lineage was, were ousted by the parvenues, could get no husbands, and died forlorn and childless. What began as a freak extirpated the original stock. On the other hand such males as may have been beardless were shunned by the females and could get no wives. The women coveted whiskered, as earnestly as the men set their hearts on unwhiskered, spouses. And as a result of it, here, with such physiognomies as we have, we are!

May a man believe this? With the utmost distinction of modernity, yes. But a man may not believe in God? Ah, no! That is too insecure an hypothesis! And we turn away feeling that it would be too rude to ask whether

the billy goat got his beard by the same discriminate selection of æsthetic love.

Perhaps we can tolerate one example more. Although we are informed that the argument on the existence of Deity is closed for intelligent people and closed with a loud negative, persons worthy of that description may still carry on the debate over the cursorial or arboreal origin of wings. It runs thus: Birds evolved from reptiles; and the ancestral reptile, one of the lizards probably, had to get wings or a bird it could not be. How did it get them? The cursorial school maintains that for ages this family of lizards ran rapidly over the ground on their hind legs, flapping their forelegs as they went. After ages of this apparently insane procedure the forelegs changed their outer form and inner skeletal and muscular structure and became wings. No, say the arborealists, it was not so. What happened was that this lizard was not a runner but a tree climber, and got into the habit of incessantly jumping from trees to the ground. As it jumped it spread out its forelegs, which acquired, after countless years, first possibly a parachute form and later the wing form.

We may indeed marvel at the perseverance of this tree jumper in letting go his hold for a thousand centuries before he had acquired any device for easing his fall. The breakages must have been enormous and the casualties appalling. We may also wonder how it is that monkeys which have been jumping from trees for ages on end have developed thus far not a sign or rudiment of wings. But these solicitations of curiosity are beside the point. The point is that wise and solemn heads may dignify the cursorial-arboreal debate while hushed academies look on; whereas if one should mention the divine as worth our study, we should hear from the anti-religious front that it is a subject to which the scrupulous mind can no longer descend.

Since, then, we see it permissible to cover creation with a fog of theory, fashionable to entertain conjectures which can never reach to even the lowest grade of knowledge, and praiseworthy to erect learned memorials to absurdity, but censurable to hold a conviction which the greatest minds have held and unnumbered generations have lived by, we cannot be blamed if we regard this whole business as confusing and incoherent. May we not even be pardoned for thinking that the claim to intellectual austerity is humbug? The men who make it seem to have a credulity and to show an intolerance as capacious as may be found in any of the less advanced souls who tremble before them. And so in the general method and intellectual climate of our monitors we end with disillusion and the sense of having been pompously fooled.

IV

Shall we be similarly afflicted when we pass from general method to particular argument? In order to answer this, suppose we look into the argument most frequently used at present for the destruction of spiritual foundations — the Copernican argument, as it is beginning to be called. Three men, we are reminded, have reduced us to our proper insignificance and put an end to our primitive dream that we are godlike or that there is any God for us to resemble. They are Copernicus, Darwin, and Freud. Copernicus began the revelation of the vastness of the universe and the consequent triviality of our poor molecule of a planet. Darwin showed man's ancestry reaching not up to the stars and their glory, but down to the mud and its fermentation. And Freud has pushed our humiliation into

the last pit by the knowledge that what we thought was the light of spirit is only the sickly gleam of funguses growing rank in the cellars of physiology. Our masters in the luminous life have the habit of saluting with a strange joy every sign of our degradation. They perceive, and correctly, that man if he has a God will be majestic, and if majestic will have a God. But the nearer we are lowered to the things that crawl, and the more pitiable our place is in an ultimately senseless universe, the more likely it will be that over us is no eternal splendor and awaiting us no transcendence of Truth and Beauty everlasting. Our nothingness is a price they gladly pay if only Deity is made nothingness also. And just now it is the Copernican plea that rules the favorite to this end.

It runs as follows: There are from three to thirty billion suns. Our sun is of third-rate size among them. Our earth is a pathetic cinder spinning round it. Ourselves are ephemera clinging to the cinder with our ridiculous little heads thrust out into empty and prodigious space. With our whole solar system making up, let us say, one five-billionth part of the universe, how can we suppose that the mighty power behind it all is concerned with us? How can we pretend that this power is our Father? The notion of a Father-God arose because men thought that they and their planet formed the centre of existence. How can it survive when we are reduced in the grand scheme to all but zero? And how can we homunculi presume to know anything of the Originator of the stupendous cosmos if an Originator there is?

The argument contains three propositions: first, that physical size is the determining factor in attracting God's attention, if there is a God, since the smaller a thing is the less likely it is to interest Him; secondly, that men came to believe in God through a miscalculation in measurement — they imagined a Father-God because they fancied it was a kitchen universe; and thirdly, that physical magnitude is a barrier to thought — the vast universe now known forbids us to form any conception of its ultimate source if it has one. On all this let us briefly comment.

To the first proposition: if God's lack of interest in us is because we are so little, then it must follow that He would take interest in us if we were enlarged. How large should we have to be before His interest began? If we were a hundred miles tall should we attract His attention? The answer, I gather, is: No, that is not enough. Ten thousand miles tall? We may probably expect another negative. But if we towered up to a stature equivalent to the orbit of Neptune we might possibly enter upon significance for Deity. And if we stood so high that our hair was singed by Betelgeuse we might be admitted to the honor of audience with the Demiurge.

Roaring nonsense? It is indeed, but it is the roaring nonsense of very solemn and learned men who seem to shrink from thinking things out. They join together two incommensurable things — bulk, which has all the physical measurements, and meaning or value, which has n't a single one. A divorce of the two, I fear, must be pronounced on the ground of incompatibility for union and the miscegenation of diverse species. But not only does the argument go thus far; it goes farther. It makes the higher of the two depend upon and be a function of the lower. It puts meaning or value as a secondary appendage to bulk. And this is such an inversion of the proprieties of taste and reason that, in addition to the sentence of nullity just given, we should impose a penalty of some kind

upon the man who has committed it. And the worst penalty will consist in fetching him into the Arctic winter which reason inhabits, there to shiver till he is acclimated. Fortunately, however, nonsense has this quality — that it cannot be followed through to the end. And so our learned friends do not themselves adopt the valuation scheme which they attribute to God. If they did they would judge a small child to be worthless, a man of normal size barely acceptable, and a mountain of fatness a paragon of his day.

The second proposition was that men made a mistake in measurement, and thought that there was a God because they thought the universe was a cabin. First of all we may remind the logicians whom we are concerned with that they have forgotten one detail in making this statement. They have forgotten to prove it. I do not know a single one of them that even attempts to prove it. But it needs a great deal of proof, and we cannot let it slide in on the slippery surface of cool assumption. Not only, however, is it negatively inadequate because unproved; it is positively worthless, I venture to say, because it is false. Belief in God no more arose from measuring the universe than from smelling it. What it arose from is the essential structure of reason, whose first and irrepressible question in the presence of anything is: What accounts for it? That is how belief in God arose, and not from any computation in yards, miles, or light-years. And this question — What accounts for it? — presses upon us with its full force, whether the universe is the size of a parish or has a diameter that staggers mathematics. Size has absolutely nothing to do with the search for the rationale of a thing; indeed it is itself included within the compass of that search.

And the source — that is, the intellectual source — from which the conviction of a God who is a Father arose is this: the reason in us that looks for the reason in things is seeking for its kindred. Knowledge means hunting for the rationality immanent in things and rethinking it. And when reason finds rationality it has discovered its kindred. And since this immanent rationality is the original and our own rationality its derivative, what is more inevitable and right than that by analogy we call it Father? The whole process comes from the indestructible fact that reason communes only with its like and cannot possibly commune with anything else. Physical bulk has no more to do with it than color or sound or the combustion of stellar gas. The notion, therefore, that the communion of kindred natures is made impossible by bigness, although bigness has absolutely nothing in common with the tie that constitutes the kinship, seems to be very weird indeed. And in its weirdness let us leave it.

The third proposition, that we can form no idea of the ultimate power because its works are stupendous, need not delay us long. There is only one condition that would prevent us from forming an idea of the principle of the whole, and that would be if the whole were a chaos. Then indeed any idea of it would be impossible, for it would contradict the power in us which forms an idea of anything. For an idea is a form of reason, and if there were chaos — that is, irrationality — there would be nothing to which a form of reason could apply. Science would be impossible, and we, like everything else, should be mad. But since the universe is not a chaos but a cosmos, then not only *may* we say, but we *must* say, that its organizing principle, its constituent ground, is of the nature of rationality; for when we say cosmos we say objectified rationality. The affirmation proceeds

again from the nature of reason and the responsive nature of things. Once more size as mere bulk has nothing to do with it. What we are concerned with all through is no huge aggregate of sense qualities that turns our lower imagination tipsy, but the constituent life of a system that makes our higher reason coherent. Every page and paragraph of science postulates a rational universe. Therefore the principle of the universe is rational. Not only is it not presumptuous to say this, but we should wreck the whole order of the world if we did not. And that would be an achievement which really would be presumptuous.

Finally, there is another queer feature to the Copernican argument. It is so preoccupied with irrelevant physical hugeness that it ignores the only thing which it is vital not to ignore — namely, spiritual majesty. It fixes our attention on billions of suns. But we ask: Can any one of these globes of gas on fire, or can all of them put together, perform a single act of heroism, or live in self-sacrificing loyalty, or suffer for justice, or die for truth? No. Yet this atom called man whom these men wish to make paltry can do that, has magnificently done it, and will magnificently do it again provided they do not corrupt him with the sophistry of worthless bigness. Before this capacity to live and die for what is august, all the fires of incandescent stars fall away to ashes and leave the human soul confronting eternal Holiness as its ultimate explanation, its last end, its final authority, and its only kindred and companion within all the horizons of the world.

Instead of man's being extinguished by the stars it is the stars that are extinguished by man. He alone, with whatever other spiritual beings substantially like him that the universe may contain, speaks the language of the Infinite; alone transcends the spatial; alone answers when heavenly voices speak to him; alone has a hunger and a thirst which neither the earth nor all those conflagrant spheres can assuage, but only the central Spirit can allay, only the eternal Truth and Right whose likeness he is, whose child through unimaginable ascents to fulfillment he shall ever be.

V

The conclusion, then, seems forced upon us that neither in method nor in detail have our captains in the assault on high Heaven given us any illustrious performance. Nor should we, I believe, find this conclusion greatly modified if, in addition to the Copernican argument, we had time to examine the negation based upon the work of Darwin and Freud. The whole anti-religious effort, especially as we observe it in America, is abrupt and slipshod. It does not go to the heart of things. Like most of the rest of our philosophy it does not descend to first principles; and like a good part of our philosophy it is declamatory, and more suggestive of the proceedings of a caucus than of the reticent sobriety of a search for truth. If the thing is to be done at all it could be better done. But it will not be better done until there is an abatement of the grosser symptoms of theophobia.

When, further, we consider how flat and common, how destitute of insight and emaciated in power, the proffered substitutes for God are, we are obliged to say that the whole design slithers away to very dreary stuff at the end. So impotent in imagination are these substitutes, and so much more marked by sentimentality than by coherence, that nothing is left us but to call the endeavor to discover something just as good as God the worst bankruptcy in

history. If the destructive effort was not too brilliant, the constructive is hardly less than shabby. And if we look into the latest development of it the shabbiness is seen to be moral as well as intellectual. We are now having morality defined as conduct that best serves the human physiological organism. We hear from an eminent philosopher in England that infidelity in marriage is not a thing to take offense at, but to expect and condone. From another student of social *mores* we learn that the revered mother-image and wife-image are coming to be regarded as suffocating to man's erotic life, and that they are on the way to being replaced by the mistress-image and the courtesan-image, which will be so little revered and so subject to casual change that they will relieve eroticism of danger from suffocation forevermore. Another scholar tells us that libidinousness, whoever commits it, need give us no concern if only it is attended with 'artistry.' Still others admit frankly that in sex habits we are reverting to the level of savages and that it is right we should. And so civilization arrives at its final splendid term.

All this, with its complete lack of an historical sense, with its impressionism instead of thought, with its powerlessness to reason out what animality is or to give it its ordered place in an ascending scale of values, and with its essential levity in taking account of consequences, is but the last step in a crooked course. Mutilate the human spirit in the manner now so fiercely pursued; make man a trivial biped, his reason a comic incident accessory to his belly, his conscience an echo of the stupidities of the jungle, his aspiration a by-product of sexuality, his life an animal episode in the midst of chaos and the lightless bosom of death, and his universe a brazen solicitation to delusion—and you will one day see unfolded the ruin that is implicit in these germs of desperation and collapse. We do not see them unfolded yet, for we are still living on the spiritual nourishment stored for us by those who aspired and adored. Mighty souls have led forth our migration from the sty, and the shining remembrance of them lingers with us still. It will remain with us, we hope, forever. And perhaps one of the reasons why we shall not cast the memory away is the plain sight of the results of deserting it.

These results are now laid before us in the outspoken words of the men who are counseling us to extinguish the light of spirit. They imply that there is a new firmament — the abdomen; a new end for philosophy — to prove that man is ridiculous; a new purpose for culture — to bestow on animalism the touch of the æsthete; a new conception of morals — to show that conscience is barbarous; and a new ideal for the home — to be an interval in the pursuit of promiscuity. High lords of thought are saying aloud what twenty years ago the brothel would not have said above a whisper. By such means felicity and dignity are promised to our children, kept happily ignorant that once a luminous spirit spoke in Galilee, and fortunately delivered from the peril of fidelity to a holy and glorious God!

Perhaps, however, the learned men who propose all this do not expect us to adopt it. It may be that in their inmost hearts they hope, and for all we know pray, that we shall continue to believe in God and in our stumbling way try to do His will. Possibly even they might confess to us in secret that, after all, God is the only refuge of sanity from the lunatic asylum which certain of the erudite are so busy in building.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

It was still and hot under the cherry trees, and the brassy sun seemed to have stuck in the sky halfway down to the horizon. In the dust under the trees, ground fine as flour by tractor and heavy disk plough, hundreds of white Leghorn pullets were lolling, awaiting the time when a cool breeze would draw down from the Cascades, and one after another they would rise, luxuriously stretch a sulphur-tinted wing over a bright yellow shank, and then stroll off in mysteriously selected groups to a neighboring kale field for their evening appetizer of greens.

I was filling the farthest watering trough, idly computing the number of gallons of water two thousand four-months-old pullets consumed daily, when a sharp 'Kut! kut! kut!' from the direction of the kale field warned me that something dangerous to pullets was abroad. And indeed there was, for sliding along through the deep dust was a large snake, on either side of him a rapidly forming wall of excited birds whose sharp call of danger now rose to a staccato chorus.

As the white walls closed in behind him, his snakeship speeded up, displaying an air of jaunty assurance that he could easily escape from this unsolicited bodyguard and gain the tangle of brake ferns and wild blackberry vines that monopolized the fir grove beyond. But Time, that sly old meddler who plays so many cruel jokes upon his creatures, had reduced this once-lordly marauder to a mere four-foot caricature of his ancient self, depriving him not only of the great speed with which he used to swish through the rank vegetation of the primordial world, but of three other weapons, the lack of which nearly proved his undoing on that hot August afternoon. Ultimately, a fourth weapon proved effective when used against those impudent tormentors, any one of which his ancestors could have swallowed whole.

When speed failed to deliver him, the snake paused and cautiously raised his head. But the good old days when that simple act would have placed his eyes several feet above the level of the surrounding field availed him nothing; for his head was now only a pitiable six inches above the dust, and his view cut off by two menacing white walls.

The pause proved not only futile, but dangerous; for one long-shanked pullet that had followed him closely seized his tail, and, bracing her feet, pulled with such suddenness and vim that not only was the snake's progress arrested, but the body was jerked back several inches through the soft dust that offered no suitable contact for the resisting abdominal scales. This daring feat was acclaimed by an enthusiastic chorus of 'Kut, kut, kuts,' and soon a dozen birds were jostling each other for a share in the thrilling sport. Snap! would go the beak, and a good two feet of the snake's body would be lifted clear of the ground, the pale belly revealing the fine polish which nature gives to this part of a reptile in order to reduce friction to a minimum.

In a few moments snake baiting became so popular among the pullets that the traveler's progress was beset with as many difficulties as was ever Bunyan's Pilgrim, and for the first time he showed signs of alarm, even of panic. He shot desperately to one side and then to the other; but always he encountered a row of craning necks and sharp beaks that sapped his courage and turned him back.

These two white walls, flowing steadily on ahead of the prisoner and extending a couple of rods behind him, were straight and compact, suggesting a front as impenetrable as that of Harold's archers at Hastings. Would the serpent prove another William?

Then came the psychological moment, — that tide in the affairs of both beasts and men, — which could easily have brought victory to the pullets had they possessed even a modicum of that most precious gift of the gods — coöperation. One bird whose body had not yet rounded out, and whose comb had not yet begun to redden (still in the tomboy stage, you see!), moved by some long-dormant instinct left over from the time when the jungle fowl had both the strength and the skill to kill snakes, darted forward and delivered a telling blow just where the head joins the body. What ages of experience in fighting reptiles must have lain behind that unerring aim at this vulnerable spot! This truly vicious stroke made the snake coil like a steel spring. At sight of the swift manœuvre all the birds sprang back and stood motionless and silent, each with an alert eye fixed upon the thing which might at any moment lash out at them.

But here the snake's second weapon failed him — lost, no doubt, during an æons-old period of degeneration. He remembered how to coil preparatory to dealing the decisive blow, and he stirred through all his loathsome length under the impulse of an ancient reflex that should have hurled him to victory. But nothing came of it. Again and again he coiled through the ensuing fight; but he never struck, however favorable the opportunity.

And why not? Had the grim joker, Time, slowly and surreptitiously robbed him of his venomous fangs as a penalty for feeding on small rodents and frogs that he could capture without the aid of poison, and had repeated emergencies such as this subsequently drilled into him the discouraging fact that the weapon was gone? Or, assuming that he was descended from non-venomous constrictors, had the same deadly absence of an incentive to keep fit rendered his muscles so flabby and his aim so uncertain that he felt himself no longer equal to the strenuous business of seizing and crushing his prey?

The snake was now halfway across the fifteen-acre orchard, and the choicest fighting spirits among the pullets had pressed to the front. Bird after bird, as though in response to Biblical prophecy, was doing her best to bruise the serpent's head. Then came a masterful piece of strategy that would have brought victory to the hard-pressed reptile had not that arch-humorist, Time, spoiled the manœuvre centuries before it was ever made. Instead of trying to run away from an exceptionally swift assailant, the snake shot in between her legs, and, with a writhing motion that through racial inheritance is still shudderingly repulsive to a human observer, attempted to wrap himself about her. But again the prowess of his ancestors failed him, and the Leghorn pullet, her domestic imbecility momentarily supplanted by the alert instincts of the jungle fowl, leapt high in air and escaped.

Although the now thoroughly weary reptile did not again undertake to trap an assailant in this particular fashion,

he did make use of a part of the trick as a means of protecting his head and gaining ground. For as soon as a bird started to close in upon him he would dart between her legs, when she would shoot upward, and he would slip forward a good six feet before his way was again blocked.

By this time the snake had reached a watering trough some seven feet long and six inches high. Badly mauled, but not yet crippled, he stretched himself at full length close beside it, and slowly flattened out until he seemed gradually to melt into the box on the one side and the dust on the other. Bird after bird turned an inquiring eye upon the trough, saw nothing unusual there, and, presto! in the hen mind there was no longer a serpent in the entire universe. Accordingly, the birds gradually began to stroll away, spreading out over the orchard in utter forgetfulness of the stirring experience through which they had just passed.

With a movement so slow that my eyes could scarcely detect it, the snake raised his head above the side of the trough. Higher and steadily higher it crept, until the repulsive wedge-shaped thing was several inches above the top. But at sight of it a pullet, strolling up for a drink, gave a sharp 'Kut!' which again transformed the entire flock into alert and eager warriors. Back they came in white swarms, milling about the trough to a stirring chorus of 'Kut, kut, kuts.'

In sheer desperation, the snake tried the inside of the trough; but the commotion which he raised in the water drew about him such a throng of enemies that he quickly slid over the side and sped away in the direction of the kale field from which he had started. Then the pullets let loose upon him the acme of their fury. They hammered at his head with a rhythm that suggested the driving of a tent peg at a circus; they tweaked his tail in derisive glee; or, taking a firmer hold, slapped his groggy body into the dust and jerked it out again with a fury that epitomized the hatred of all the animal kingdom for this Cain among the beasts. Suddenly the blind will to fight on seemed to snap within him, and he gave over the struggle and lay still, the body no longer responding to the punishment inflicted upon it. Once motionless, he quickly became to his assailants only a brown stripe in the dust, and again they began to disperse.

For some time the snake did not stir; then slowly and with the utmost caution he again raised his head, pivoting it about at a rate of progress so uncannily uniform as to suggest a panoramic camera photographing the field. The birds had now wandered so far away that they did not detect the motion. Stealthily lowering his head, he again glided toward the kale field; but before he had gone three rods the pullets were once more upon him, and in the face of this last assault he resorted to the only weapon left him. He slowly wound himself into a coil so tight that one could not have touched the ground with a knife blade at any point short of the circumference. At the movement the birds sprang back as usual; but as he remained motionless they again slowly scattered.

So I stood and watched for the next manœuvre of this remarkable creature that, in its patience and resourcefulness, so closely parallels human intelligence, embodying, I suspect, nature's final effort along a certain line of evolution — the attempt to produce a limbless vertebrate that would maintain the balance of power against the limbed varieties. But the effort failed; and one of the limbed vertebrates, for want of any sufficiently restraining force, is rapidly overrunning the earth, destroying it as he goes.

Nevertheless, the guile of the serpent is no empty phrase, and the Biblical story of Eve and her resourceful tempter is doubtless profoundly symbolic of a long-forgotten racial experience in which the balance of nature came near being restored; in which event the astounding thing called civilization would never have come to pass. Not until the sun was low and the field empty of birds did the snake stir. Then he raised his battered head with infinite caution and, after satisfying himself that no enemies were in sight, slid rapidly away toward the kale field.

And the moral of the tale? In this little drama were involved three degenerate classes of a dying globe. I, the audience, watched the enfeebled actors largely through the medium of cold intelligence, that unique and comparatively new weapon which has won for the human animal his present supremacy, but which, in all probability, will ultimately accomplish his destruction. True, there flared up in me the slowly dying urge to kill, that fundamental instinct upon which evolution itself rests; but my simian-born curiosity, overgrown to the proportions of the scientific mind, stayed my hand.

That night, however, the elemental savage which still slumbers at the bottom of all of us reasserted himself, and in dreams I wrestled mightily with huge serpents that stole upon me with a low whispering of horrid scales out of an infernal and fathomless silence. Probably in that nightmare was unfolded the span of man's pre-human emotional life, covering its passage through the reptilian age.

Is terror, after all, man's richest and most fundamental experience?

THE BREAK IN THE CREDIT CHAIN

BY EDGAR LAWRENCE SMITH

THREE paragraphs in an agreement too often signed without thought have played a devastating rôle in recent stock-market history. They relate to the customer's borrowings from his stockbroker, pleasantly referred to as 'debit balances.'

The sum total of these debit balances furnished the flimsy scaffolding upon which stock quotations were lifted so far above rational investment values that they could only fall on any change in speculative sentiment. And it is on account of them, and the lack of real credit behind them, that the fall in stock prices, once commenced, was precipitate and could not be stopped until thousands of financial tragedies had occurred — tragedies affecting the life prospects of hundreds of thousands of individuals. These loans by brokers to their customers, made without regard to the customers' credit rating and without pretense of credit investigation, form the weakest link in our credit structure.

I

On the stage, the Mortgage on the Old Homestead played a familiar part in the melodramas and tragedies of a former day. In the tragedies of real

life to-day, the mortgage has been replaced by the much more highly efficient debit balance — efficient in its power to wipe out a man's financial standing without affording him recourse to any of the protections and safeguards against hasty action which are thrown about the borrower on mortgage.

Moreover, formalities of law, evidenced by documents and red seals, have firmly planted in our minds the idea that the condition of being a mortgagor is not one to be entered into lightly. It is understood by a majority who mortgage their homes that interest and payments to reduce the principal of the mortgage must be calculated ahead and made a part of the family budget, along with life insurance, clothing, groceries, meat, fish, and music lessons. A mortgage is solemnly contracted and plans for its repayment out of income are made in family council, for it is understood that if the mortgage is not paid the home is in jeopardy.

Likewise, when a man wishes to borrow from a bank, although the lending of money is the bank's largest source of profit, he will not find himself urged to borrow. In the well-conducted bank he will meet a counselor who will investigate the whole question of whether the loan is advisable, and if so, within what limits it should be kept, in order that it may be as happy a transaction in its termination as in its inception. In other words, the man's credit is appraised and a loan is made proportionate to his credit standing.

Banks rarely, if ever, make loans to people with whose affairs they are not reasonably familiar. And even in the case of a well-known customer, if the loan exceeds what would normally be expected to satisfy the ordinary requirements of his business, the bank will call for a special investigation, perhaps an engineer's or an auditor's report, before making advances. And further, when a loan is made the bank will insist that a direct promise to pay a definite sum of money be signed by the borrower, so there can be no question in the borrower's mind with regard to the amount and terms of his debt. This again is a sober business transaction, soberly entered into.

Not so with the debit balance and the agreement concerning it which is signed when an account is opened with a stock brokerage firm. A new customer enters the brokerage office with $25,000. He may or may not be known to a member of the firm. Perhaps he knows a 'customers' man' who is eager to report a new customer and to swell his record of commissions earned for the firm. The customers' man is delighted to see some real money. No question is raised even as to whether or not the money actually belongs to the customer. It may belong to his wife, his child, or, in a few unfortunate cases, to the bank where he is employed — situations that would come to light under credit investigation. But to the customers' man it is too often sufficient that the money is present and that it is the material out of which margins are made.

The discussion proceeds at once as to what may be a 'good buy.' In ordinary times, this may involve discussion of earning ratios and dividend records, but in the last year or so generalities and golden future prospects have been substituted, because the earning ratios did not account for the current quotations. The customer's own enthusiasm to participate in some of the 'easy money' which his friends have made and the youthful assurance of the customers' man are enough to result in an order involving $50,000 or perhaps $75,000, of which from $25,000 to

$50,000 must be borrowed by the customer. Is he asked to sign a note for $25,000 or $50,000, with a promise to repay it? Hardly, for in many cases the full realization of what he is doing would bring him part way back to his senses, and he would be unwilling to sign such a definite obligation. Commission business would suffer. Instead, 'as a matter of mere form,' the standard agreement relating to debit balances is presented for his signature.

Many who have suffered a tragic change of prospect as the result of having incurred a debit balance at their brokers' may not even now remember just what it was that they signed that put them in such jeopardy. So it is well to print below the three paragraphs in the standard form of the agreement which has brought so much trouble upon so many people. No lawyers were present when this agreement was signed, no red seals attached; no drama had forewarned them of the seriousness of their act, when they affixed their names; nor had any disagreeable questions been raised as to their capacity to protect themselves against the full force of the third paragraph, in case of need. The three fatal paragraphs run in part as follows: —

AGREEMENT OF . . . . . *Richard Roe*
WITH
X, Y, Z & COMPANY

In consideration of X, Y, Z & Company consenting to act as my brokers, and to carry for me securities on a debit balance, giving me credit service and/or affording me facilities for the transacting of business in securities, I hereby agree with them, as follows:

FIRST: [unimportant]

SECOND: I agree that X, Y, Z & Company may at any time, without prior notice to me, pledge any securities deposited by me with them, or purchased by them for me, or any part or portion of such securities, for the debit balance due thereon, or may pledge any or all of my said securities with other securities in a loan or loans for an amount greater than the debit balance due on my said securities . . .

THIRD: X, Y, Z & Company may, at any time, if my indebtedness or my obligations are not secured to their satisfaction, without notice or demand, sell at public or private sale, without advertising the securities or any portion thereof that they hold in my account . . .

How many have signed this agreement to their own and their family's irreparable harm?

The debt they incur, represented by an ever-growing debit balance on their brokers' books, has rarely any relation to their power to repay it. The hope of extricating themselves from debt, if in fact they fully realize that they are in debt, is founded upon the hope of selling the securities in their account upon a constantly rising stock market.

A stock market rising constantly at a rate greater than the steady growth of the country's investable surplus is without precedent and presupposes an endless chain of optimists forever ready to incur greater and greater debit balances at their respective brokers'. It further presupposes an inexhaustible reservoir of credit available to the broker. It presupposes, in fact, a combination of circumstances which is obviously absurd.

II

It is now evident that a serious thing has happened in the lives of a large number of individuals through a dangerously unguarded use of credit. If it had happened to a relatively small proportion of the community, it might not call for more than passing thought. But it has happened to a substantial portion of the community, and its effects will be felt eventually by almost all who do business in this

country and by many abroad. The normal flow of credit has been broken. The effectiveness of thousands of members of the community has been impaired.

Our civilization is based largely upon credit. Credit has become, in its various forms, the circulating medium of the country. It is the commodity in which banks deal. Through hundreds of years, banks have developed an experience enabling them in some measure to control the volume and to safeguard the quality of credit in use at any one time; to prevent it from being squandered and rendered valueless. They have learned that credit, to be a valid form of purchasing power, must be based on one of two things, either (1) *upon the competence, character, and earning power of the borrower*, or (2) *upon documents representing genuinely self-liquidating transactions.*

By self-liquidating transactions, we mean transactions which involve goods, services, or, in fact, securities which are in transit toward the ultimate consumer, user, or investor who will be able to pay for them in full without incurring a new debt.

The term 'banker' in its best sense implies a man who, through long training and experience in the affairs of men, has developed some degree of wisdom enabling him to form sound judgments with respect to the competence, character, and earning power of those to whom his bank is to extend credit, and to recognize the type of transaction which, under the conditions prevailing at the time a loan is made, will be genuinely self-liquidating. The community depends upon the fraternity of bankers to see to it that the credit of the community is not squandered, that it is sound in character and can be depended upon. And this is the function of the innumerable bankers who deal directly with the borrowing public. No Federal Reserve or other system can be devised to protect the *quality* of credit if the bankers throughout the country do not apply sound judgment in the making of each loan.

Broadly speaking, bankers have accepted this responsibility, but only as they have dealt directly with the final borrower. In the case of loans which they have made to brokers, secured by Stock Exchange collateral, they may have used some discretion in selecting the brokers to whom they were willing to loan. But the amount of the loan has been based almost entirely upon quotations on the Stock Exchange for the securities pledged. The final appraisal of the ultimate source of credit, namely, the power of the ultimate borrower to repay the loan, has been delegated in this class of transaction to the stockbroker. And it may be fairly said that hardly a brokerage office, if any, maintains a credit department.

Here we find a serious break in the credit chain; serious because of the enormous volume of brokers' credit which is put in circulation, running to a peak, as it did in September 1929, of over eight and a half billion dollars. This is the amount reported by the New York Stock Exchange as having been borrowed by its members alone. It does not include loans made by banks or others to brokers not members of the New York Stock Exchange. But without further addition or estimate it is a staggering volume of credit to be allowed to grow under an established practice which provides no adequate deterrent to its reckless use, no systematic investigation of the ultimate borrower's capacity to discharge his part of the total debt, and, in too many cases, no clear intimation to the ultimate borrower of the amount of his loan or of the serious nature of the obligation to pay which he has incurred.

The financial fallacy which underlies the creation of such a volume of loans and the manner in which they are created is evident to all who have made a study of the major influences which contribute to the creation of stock prices. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have made such a study that the general level of stock quotations above a normal valuation is itself chiefly dependent upon the volume of brokers' loans. Certainly it becomes almost wholly dependent upon this factor when stock prices have risen to a point where they are obviously far above any possible current investment values represented by the stocks.

How unwise it is to base a substantial portion of the nation's credit upon the general level of stock prices, when those prices themselves are a function of the volume of the credit so granted, without introducing the credit standing of the ultimate borrower as a safeguard.

III

Out of the nation's income, a certain part is available for investment in securities, and there is evidence to show that this amount increases from year to year in an orderly fashion along with the growth of industry and the consequent need of industry for additional capital. On this basis, new investment capital to buy outright the securities offered by corporations in providing for their growing corporate needs is available without the introduction of any abnormally large amount of credit. Some credit, indeed, is needed, as it is in any business involving distribution. But no gigantic credit burden would ever be created if the effort were only to coördinate the capital needs of corporations with the growing investing power of the community.

The greater part of stockbrokers' loans to customers (in the form of debit balances) are made in the speculative hope that it will be possible for the customer to sell some of his securities to investors or to other speculators at a price higher than he paid for them. The hope is frequently justified in the early stages of a rising market, as more and more speculative buyers on credit are drawn in and the volume of loans to customers increases, while the general price level of stocks rises. Thus the appetite of the earlier speculators who have bought and sold out to later speculators is whetted by the profits they make, and they again enter, making larger commitments at a higher level. During the course of the process, some considerable volume of stock is distributed to bona fide investors; but to the extent that the investor pays more than what may be regarded as the normal investment value for these stocks, the investing power of the country is depleted more rapidly than it can be replaced. Consequently, toward the end of a long rise, both in brokers' loans and in stock prices, there are few investors left capable of buying stocks outright and removing securities from the market. Only those are left as possible purchasers who must create new debt if they are to buy at all.

The sum total, then, of the debt against stocks is no longer self-liquidating, and the amount of debt owed by each individual borrower bears no relation to his competence, character, and earning power. The quality of a great volume of credit is then found to bear no relation to sound banking standards. It is based solely upon fictitious stock quotations, themselves the result of the abnormal volume of debt created. The credit structure breaks at its weakest link, and thousands who suddenly find that they are in

debt beyond their means to repay are sold out.

It is all very well to say that the customers were foolish. As we suggested earlier, if only a small part of the population were affected, the matter might be passed over lightly. But when a system prevails which caters to the folly of too large a proportion of a population, a proportion so large that the destruction of its purchasing power is of concern to every business in the land, then it deserves serious attention.

Particularly is this true if stock quotations are to be used, not only as a basis of credit, but also as a basis upon which major financial transactions are undertaken. It will be well for the banking community, who are vitally interested in the maintenance of stable credit, thoroughly to investigate how valid stock quotations are, either as a basis of credit or as a basis for major intercorporate transactions. If they do this they will soon find that, under the present indiscriminate method of extending credit to brokers' customers, such quotations are without validity, and the principal reason that they are without validity is that the credit upon which they finally rest has never been really appraised. It has not been based either (1) upon the competence, character, and earning power of the ultimate borrower, or (2) upon documents representing genuinely self-liquidating transactions.

The collapse of the stock market in 1907 was attributed in large part to an inelastic currency and banking system, which resulted in an inadequate volume of credit and a shortage of actual cash. The lesson learned inspired the formation of the Federal Reserve System, which cured these particular weaknesses.

The fall in stock prices in 1920 and 1921 was attributed largely to the inflated inventories which had been accumulated during 1919, accompanied by a spectacular rise in commodity prices. Attention then was focused upon the use of credit in its relation to commodity prices and inventories. From this episode, business has learned a lesson, and in 1928 and 1929, as stock prices reached ever higher levels, great comfort was taken in the fact that corporate inventories were low, and that therefore there could be no danger in the situation.

Let us not forget the lessons learned from these two former experiences. But let us face the fact that, while in 1929 we had apparently no inflation in commodity prices, no accumulation of inventories, and, through the operation of the Federal Reserve System, abundant credit and currency, yet a fall in stock prices has occurred, exceeding in rapidity anything we have previously experienced. Let us focus our attention upon one of the causes, perhaps the principal cause of this unprecedented break: namely, a weak link in our credit structure — the fact that no proper credit investigations are made when stockbrokers make loans to their customers by means of the debit balance. These debit balances, to be a valid part of the security price structure which they support, should bear some relation to the borrower's power to repay the debt, whether or not stock quotations move in the direction he hopes they will. Let us find the means of applying to this form of credit standards which have been tested through centuries of banking practice.

ISLAM AND OURSELVES

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

I

I HAVE just been spending a month in traversing the Islamic World. I entered it at Adrianople; I left it at Basra. My route took me to Constantinople, Angora, Aleppo, Damascus, Baghdad, and Kerbela. I passed through the territories of three Islamic states — Turkey, Syria, and Iraq — and I skirted one corner of Persia. Of course my visit was brief, and I took only one cross section. To make a thorough survey, I ought to have gone on from Damascus to Egypt and Morocco and from Baghdad to Tehran and Samarkand. I ought to have given not a month but a year to the investigation. Still, even a glimpse tells one something — especially if one has had other glimpses before. At any rate, I have been able to feel the pulse of Islam once again as I have gone hurrying by in the course of this journey from England to Japan; and here on a British India mail boat, steaming down the Persian Gulf from Basra to Karachi, I have an opportunity to collect my thoughts and put them down on paper.

I will start with a general proposition. The several Islamic peoples that I have encountered are all trying to be Western — trying with all their might. But we must not flatter ourselves that they are adopting the ways of Western civilization because they are enamored of it. They do not really much like our ways; still less do they like ourselves. At the back of this astonishing metamorphosis there is, I fear, no love — nothing, for instance, that corresponds to the passion for Hellas and Hellenism that inspired and ennobled our Western Renaissance. The Muslims are Westernizing their life in a rather hard, matter-of-fact spirit and for rather prosaic reasons: because they have realized that they will go under if they do not do it, and because the thing is catching. You do not love chicken pox, but you catch it all the same and you endure the incubation philosophically. In this spirit these Muslim peoples are taking to sewing machines and automobiles.

So long as they possibly could, the Muslims held aloof from the West and took a sedate pleasure in their sense of superiority. 'Whizz, whizz, all by steam! Whirr, whirr, all by wheels!' as the Pasha expressed it to Kinglake. These restless inquisitive Franks might monkey very ingeniously with the works of the Creator, but they would not be able to change one jot or tittle of His decrees. And had He not decreed that Islam was the true faith and the Islamic community the Chosen People? The Unbelievers were playing their pranks on sufferance. In the sight of God, they were beyond the Pale. Dar al-Islam was the *orbis terrarum;* the Muslims were Mankind.

That attitude died hard in the Islamic World; but I believe it is stone-dead now; and though, if you looked in the right places, you could doubtless find some old-fashioned Islamic Fundamentalists still lingering on, you would also find that their influence was neg-

ligible. The vast majority of Muslims have succeeded in making a profound mental readjustment. They have perceived, at last, that while they have been looking on superciliously the Franks have made the planet their own and have laid the foundations of a world order which will develop, for good or evil, on the Western pattern. The Muslims have discovered with a shock that it is now they and not the Franks who are 'a peculiar people.' And since it is irksome and boring to be peculiar, when once you realize that you are, the Muslims are endeavoring to become as other men are, and not as that Pharisee, their former self.

This new craving to be ordinary — with our Western ordinariness as the norm — has expressed itself outwardly in a sweeping change of headgear; that is, of male headgear, for I shall come to the question of women's dress in a moment. In Turkey, the Ghazi has simply put a ban on the old headgear — the red felt fez or the black sheepskin kalpak — and has ordained that every male citizen of the republic must wear a hat with a brim, the cut and color being left to the individual's free choice. In Persia, Riza Shah Pehlevi has not only banned the old sugarloaf-shaped felt *kulah*, which the Persians have worn since they first left a sculptured record of themselves in the fifth century B.C.; he has further compelled them to wear, instead, a 'Pehlevi hat,' which is neither more nor less than a French officer's kepi. You can have it blue-black or you can have it sandy brown, but that is the only choice that is allowed you. Finally, in Iraq, King Faysal has instituted the 'Faysal cap,' which is a version of the forage cap worn in the American and British armies, in two alternative colors — khaki or dark blue. The Faysal cap is not compulsory; but in the towns of Iraq to-day you seldom see a fez. Of course the tribesmen — whether Bedouins or fellahin — still wear the traditional Arab headdress, which suits their environment to a nicety: the woolen headcloth, kept in place by thick woolen coils.

The interesting point is that this is an exact reversal of the conventions in dress that prevailed in Islamic countries until recently. In Turkey, for instance, before 1925, a man of fashion would wear a suit of the latest Western cut, so that, when you met him bareheaded, he might, for all you knew, be your own fellow countryman; but for headgear he kept rigorously to the fez, as if to show you that there were definite limits beyond which he declined to go along the path of imitation. He might clap on a hat when he crossed the frontier by train or went on board a steamer; but you would find him in his fez again when he was in the act of reëntering his native land. Nowadays, the convention is just the opposite. Your Persian, for instance, is free below the neck. He may still wear a cotton nightgown from neck to ankles (though I fancy that such conservatism is not well looked upon). But his head must be crowned with a Pehlevi hat, or the police will be after him. The fact is that, in the East, all headgear is intensely symbolic, and the symbolism of the new-model headgear is this, if I rightly interpret it. When the Pehlevi hat or the Faysal cap or the Turkish Homburg passes your Frankish sun helmet in the street, it signals: 'My wearer is as good a man as yours, and he is going to stand on his rights from now onward! You will see!'

II

What are these rights which the Muslim peoples are claiming? For after all the mere cult of ordinariness, though it may carry one a long way,

can hardly account for the whole of this immense upheaval that we are witnessing. The right which exercises the minds of Muslims just now is one which is fundamental in our Western scheme of life: the right to independence. In the name of all our Western prophets and apostles and martyrs of liberty, the Muslims are demanding independence from — ourselves. And they are demanding it on at least three planes: the political, the social, and the economic.

On the political plane, the victory is already substantially won, and one is amazed at the greatness of it when one remembers the political prostration of these nations ten or twelve years ago, just before and just after the Armistice. In 1919, Iraq was being governed (I believe, very well) by British administrators. Persia was having the pleasure of being swallowed whole by the British Empire — a reprieve from her previous destiny, when she had been condemned to be cut up alive in order to be divided equitably between the British and the Russians. As for Turkey, the Straits were occupied by the Allied fleets and Smyrna by the Greeks; and what the Greeks did not take in Anatolia was earmarked to provide two 'zones of special influence' for France and Italy. What a change in ten years! To-day, both Turkey and Persia are politically independent in absolute fact as well as in theory. Their territories are clear of foreign troops and they have successfully repudiated those ancient servitudes, the Capitulations. In Iraq, the British administrators (taught by the experience of the insurrection of 1920) have transformed themselves into an Arab National Government, which looks forward to attaining the status of complete sovereign independence through being admitted to membership in the League of Nations. At this moment, it looks as though Egypt, too, were at last within reach of the same goal. And these are the leading countries of the Islamic World.

Of course there are exceptions. In Northwest Africa, for instance, it looks (though appearances may be deceptive) as though the struggle for political liberty which was started nearly a century ago by Abd al-Kadir had ended in failure with the collapse of Abd al-Karim in 1926. Northwest Africa is on the periphery of the Islamic World; but that cannot be said of Palestine and Syria. Of Palestine I cannot speak, since I have not been there, either on this journey or before. I simply came across the wave of unrest which the Palestinian troubles were producing, a week or two ago, in Aleppo and Baghdad. I did see something of Syria; and there I found the exception which seems to prove the rule. Syria was the one Islamic country through which I passed that reminded me of the old Ottoman Empire. In Syria, one's spirits are still oppressed by that atmosphere of helplessness and hopelessness which the neighboring peoples have thrown off by such a remarkable effort of will. The blame must be apportioned between the map makers who condemned Syria to strangulation by drawing her present frontiers and the officials who have been administering the French mandate since those frontiers were drawn.

The upshot is that Syria is Ottoman still — for evil and not for good. And her paralysis is faithfully symbolized in the headgear of her people; for, when you pass into Syria out of behatted Turkey, you are startled to find the Syrians still wearing the fez. I interpret their conservatism in this way. The new Turkish and Persian and Iraqi hats are symbols of being master in one's own house. One clothes one's head like a Westerner because one has

successfully asserted one's right to look him in the face and meet him as an equal. But the Syrians have not yet asserted that right. In 1925, they made a desperate attempt to drive the French out, and they failed. In Syria, the Westerners are still the masters; and all that the Syrians can do is to intimate that, although they have been beaten, they remain unreconciled. I fancy this is the message which every Syrian fez signals to every French officer in the army of occupation — if the Frenchman has eyes to see.

Another symptom of discouragement in Syria is that the Syrian women have reverted to the veil, though I am told that during the war, when Syria was still part of the Ottoman Empire, they had begun to discard the veil like their Turkish sisters. In Turkey, of course, the veil has now almost completely disappeared, and, with it, that relation between women and men which the veil implied. The change in the position of women in Turkey is, I am convinced, both genuine and profound; and although at present there is little sign that the Syrians, Iraqis, and Persians are following the Turkish lead in this matter, I feel confident that, in time, this great emancipation, which is now an accomplished fact in one Islamic country, will spread throughout the Islamic World. And this is a greater step toward true independence than abolishing the Capitulations or even than driving foreign invaders beyond the frontier.

It is interesting to notice that in Turkey the process of Westernization has been much more spontaneous among the women than among the men. The men have been dragooned into wearing hats and have submitted. The women have merely received permission from the authorities to discard the veil and to wear whatever headdress they choose. On one or two occasions when the authorities have attempted to dragoon the women, too, the women have taken steps to show that they value asserting their liberty even more than being in the fashion; and, in each of these trials of strength, the authorities have got the worst of it. At present, the vast majority of Turkish women have discarded the veil without putting on the hat. Hats are expensive and they are ugly. So the Turkish women very sensibly continue to wear the *charshaf* — the black, madonna-like coif or wimple which was the universal headdress of all women, in Dar al-Islam and in Christendom alike, not so many centuries ago. The Turkish women are steadily moving forward, but they are choosing their own pace, and they do not seem to be succumbing to that revolutionary frenzy which rejects the old and adopts the new on principle, without discrimination. Among the men who control the destinies of Turkey to-day, a certain streak of this inverted fanaticism is discernible. The more calm and liberal temper of the women is a valuable antidote. The women may still save Turkey from the setbacks to which revolutions are notoriously subject when the revolutionaries move too fast. The achievement of social independence is the women's task.

III

But if independence is to be complete, it must be achieved not only on social and political planes but on the economic plane as well; and it is greatly to the credit of the Ghazi that he set to work on this task as far back as 1923, immediately after the Turkish War of Liberation against the Greeks and the principal Allied Powers had been won. Moreover, the Ghazi has encouraged economic regeneration by example as well as by precept; and he has avoided

the common mistake of ignoring agriculture, which in all these countries must remain the basic industry for a long time to come. On the outskirts of Angora, the Ghazi has established a model farm; and similarly, on the outskirts of Baghdad, King Faysal has established a model cotton plantation. This is one of the greatest services that either ruler could render to his country.

A sign of the times is the activity of the Turkish and Persian Governments in building railways. (The Iraq Government is in the fortunate position of having had the essential skeleton of a railway system constructed for it by the British Army during the Great War. The network is now being completed by the extension to Mosul of the line that already runs from Baghdad to Kirkuk). The Ghazi found the whole northeastern half of the territory of the Turkish Republic unequipped with railways — the reason being that, before the war, the Imperial Russian Government had imposed a permanent veto upon railway construction in those Ottoman provinces, on the ground that it would threaten Russian military security in Transcaucasia! This deficiency is now being remedied as rapidly as possible. A new line has already been built from Angora to Cæsarea, and this is to be extended to Sivas and Erzerum. Another line is being carried southward from the Black Sea port of Samsun in order to open up the tobacco-growing districts round Amasia.

As for Riza Shah Pehlevi, when he took control of the destinies of Persia he found, I believe, no railways in existence at all except a five-mile tramway between Tehran and a suburban shrine, and a fragment of track, between Tabriz and the Russian frontier, which linked up the second city of the Persian Empire, not with other parts of Persia, but with Transcaucasia — in other words, with the Soviet Union. The Shah has now embarked on the ambitious project of building a Trans-Persian Railway from Khor Musa, an estuary at the head of the Persian Gulf, to Bandar Gaz, a port at the southeast corner of the Caspian. The supervision of the work has been entrusted to American engineers (I have mentioned in another article that I traveled from Damascus to Baghdad in the company of one of them, who was on his way to Ahwaz).

Outsiders have criticized this undertaking on various grounds. The route that has been chosen misses, they say, most of the important centres of population and production; to carry the railway over the mountains of Luristan toward one end and over Elbruz toward the other will be very expensive; and neither the Caspian nor the Persian Gulf is any longer the natural outlet and inlet for the trade of Persia. In this era of trans-desert motor transport, they say, the right policy for the Persian Government would be to concentrate all its energies upon opening up routes to the Mediterranean — the gateway to the markets of Europe and America. The Persians reply that these criticisms miss the point. The Trans-Persian Railway, as planned, may not be the most profitable way of opening up Persia if the problem is considered exclusively from the economic point of view; but in Persian minds the primary function of the railway is to promote the independence of the country. On the trans-desert route to the Mediterranean, they would have to traverse the territories of two foreign countries, Iraq and Syria, which would have the trade of Persia at their mercy if its flow were to be directed along that line. As it is, Persian trade is at the mercy of Iraq in the Shatt al-Arab; for the whole breadth of the Shatt is Iraqi territorial waters up to low-water mark on the Persian side, so that the Persian port of

Muhammerah, at the junction of the Shatt with the Persian river Karun, has no direct communication with the open sea. The point of the Trans-Persian Railway is that the southern terminus, Khor Musa, is a port on the open sea which lies wholly within Persian territory and under Persian control. The sea may be the wrong sea from the mere economic standpoint; but from the standpoint of independence, that is a trifle!

The sincerity and the strength of this passion for independence may be gauged by the fact that both the Turkish and the Persian Governments are making a heroic attempt to build all these railways without borrowing foreign capital. Financially, this heroism is akin to folly. It is practically unheard of that such poor and undeveloped countries should be able to execute ambitious railway-building schemes out of current income. The common-sense course, in an undeveloped country with latent natural resources, is to build on credit and eventually pay off the debt as the new railways produce their effect in developing the wealth of the country. This has been the history of railway building in the United States, in Canada, in the Argentine. But then the people of these countries were not obsessed by an almost morbid fear that the foreign capitalist would make himself master of their country and take their independence away. This fear does obsess the Turkish and the Persian mind; and when one recalls the history of the financial relations between Islamic governments and Western capitalists during the past century, one is forced to admit that there is some justification for apprehensiveness. 'Once bitten, twice shy.' These Islamic countries do want capital, but they want independence more; and therefore, at present, they insist on imposing conditions upon the import of foreign capital which the capitalists find intolerable.

'Do you suppose that we are going to put money into your wretched country on these conditions?' they ask with indignation. 'Why, the whole of tropical Africa lies open to us and the whole of Latin America. Good-morning, gentlemen. And next time you want capital, apply elsewhere!' But the Turks and Persians are not moved by such expostulations. Politely, they bow the foreign capitalists out, and congratulate themselves on having been firm enough to refrain from putting themselves in their power. Development is good, but independence is better; so, if it is a choice, development must take its chance.

IV

This is an impasse which may retard the economic progress of the Islamic World for many years. It is difficult to see a way out; for the standpoints of your foreign capitalists and your Islamic government are very wide apart; and, from their respective standpoints, they are each amply justified in taking an intransigent line toward the other.

But there is an insidious factor at work which may eventually break the impasse down. Under the blandishments of salesmanship, the Muslim peoples are going the way of the rest of the world. They are beginning to develop new and expensive wants. Let us move from this writing desk in the lounge into the smoking room, and peer down through the windows at our fellow passengers traveling third class on the foredeck. There they are, apparently making the voyage in the traditional fashion. The steamship company takes fifteen rupees from them per head (from us, 274!) for the journey from Basra to Karachi; gives them water to drink and an awning to

shelter them from the fury of the sun; and that is all. For the rest, they must fend for themselves, finding their own food and cooking it on deck as best they may.

Look at that old man in spectacles, lying sound asleep on the boards without even a piece of matting under him. Surely his wants are infinitesimal? Yes, but wait a moment. Let us look more closely; for, perhaps, the old man is no longer entirely typical. Look, for example, at that Indian family — husband, wife, and one little boy — who are camped a few feet away from him. They are traveling with an iron bedstead and a deck chair. And what is this that comes trundling round the corner of that pile of baggage, where three graybeards are making coffee over a spirit lamp? It is a little brown child on a toy tricycle. And that brazen note that beats upon our ears from the foot of the ladder that leads up to the fo'c'sle? I am blessed if it is n't a gramophone. Yes, even here the insinuating arts of Western salesmanship are making headway. These simple people, who used all to live like the birds of the air, or like that sleeping old man, are acquiring the taste for expensive toys; and one can foresee what is likely to follow. To buy they must pay; to pay they must produce; to produce they must lay out capital; and to find capital in any quantity that counts they must look abroad. There are forces at work here which will assuredly bring Muslim governments and Western capitalists together in the long run.

These third-class passengers are mostly (though not exclusively) humble people. The greater folk are buying not only bedsteads and gramophones, but cars. The provincial governor who entertained me at one country town in Iraq drove his own car — an Americanism that would have shocked his predecessor under the old Ottoman dispensation! A tribal shaykh, with whom I took lunch in his little mud castle, had a chauffeur. And I am told that the chiefs of the desert tribes now have themselves driven majestically from pasturage to pasturage — at the head of their menservants and their maidservants and their wives and their children and their flocks and their herds — in motor cars. Hitherto the caravans of camels, traveling in single file, roped head to tail, have submitted to being led by a donkey. I should not be surprised to hear that they were now threatening to strike unless the donkey were replaced by something at least as up to date as an old Ford. This is conjecture, but I can testify that, throughout the Islamic countries which I have been traversing, one sees cars plying for hire in almost every village and the common people riding in them — disdaining the snail-like pace of oxcarts and arabas.

At this point, the toy turns into an effective source of economic productivity; for when cars come to be used to this extent it means that the whole standard of traveling and transportation is being raised; and this is another way of saying that one of the most important stimuli of production is being 'tuned up.'

In Iraq, the next most conspicuous new want, after the demand for motor cars, is the demand for pumps, driven by oil engines, in order to lift the water from the Tigris and the Euphrates on to the fields. At this moment, the importation of these pumps is increasing rapidly, and the area of cultivation is expected to extend in proportion. . . .

Yes, the meshes of our economic net are entangling them. They are being drawn into our vast world-wide system of production and consumption. They are being Westernized in every limb and every organ — except the heart.

Their hearts are still far from us. I

felt it all the time, but perhaps most acutely when I was talking to that quiet and kindly officer of the Iraq Police Force who was doing me the honors in a certain celebrated holy city. I had no Arabic and he no English; so, rather tentatively, I opened the conversation in Turkish, wondering whether it was quite tactful to address him in the language of the ancient oppressor from whose yoke his country had been liberated twelve years ago by British arms. As the first Turkish word fell timidly from my lips, his face lighted up. 'Speak Turkish? I should just think so' — and he beamed. 'Why, I was in the Turkish service before the war. I served everywhere. In Istanbol — that is one of the great cities of the world. In Salonik — the Turks had made a really European city there, really modern, with quays and trams. Afterward I had a glimpse of Europe. I went to Brindisi in Italy. And I saw that the city which the Europeans had made at Brindisi was a poor thing compared with the city that the Turks had made at Salonik.' 'Then perhaps you came from Turkey-in-Europe, or at any rate from Anatolia? You speak Turkish so fluently.' 'Oh no, I am a Baghdadi.'

Being a Baghdadi, my friend had taken service first with the British and then with the new Iraq Government after Iraq had been separated from Turkey for good and all. In this stage of his career, he had won the British Military Cross. In the previous stage, when he was fighting against the British during the Great War, he had received the Iron Cross from the Germans! And of course he had Turkish decorations as well. Like a good soldier, he had served one master at a time and each of them faithfully. He was evidently not discontented with the present régime. Probably his reason told him that Iraq was better off as an independent state than she had been as a pair of outlying and rather neglected Ottoman provinces. And I think, from what I saw of his relations with the local British police inspector, that he was also intelligent enough to realize the necessity for a temporary course of British tutelage if Iraq was to stand on her own feet in the end. But his reason and his heart spoke with different voices. When he was talking his native Arabic, no sense of national pride seemed to be evoked in him. It was the sound of Turkish that brought the light into his eyes; and, in spite of those British and German decorations, it was his Turkish service that was the romance of his life.

What had the Turks done to secure this extraordinary hold upon his affections? Knowing my Turks, I knew that they had done nothing intentionally. The Turks exert themselves to make a Baghdadi policeman love them? The mere suggestion was ludicrous. No, that was not it. It was the story of Brindisi and Salonika that supplied the key. What the Turks had done for my Baghdadi friend was this: they had made him feel that — in one case, at least, which he had seen with his own eyes — an Islamic nation had beaten a Western nation at the Franks' own game of material efficiency. Salonika better than Brindisi! That was balm to Muslim eyes, and to Muslim sensibilities. The Turks had done for him a great thing indeed. They had given him confidence in the power of the Islamic peoples to hold their own. They had helped him to look Western civilization in the face and hold up his head. Though they had slain him (and they would have done it for a trifle), I think he would have loved them still.

The startling discovery of letters so intimately connected with one of the most interesting and moving dramas of literary history leads us to remake this number of the Atlantic *at the moment of going to press. Our readers will recall that they owe to Dr. Hotson the true story of the death of Marlowe (see the* Atlantic *for July 1926). This latest* trouvaille *must take its place among the supreme rewards of original and intelligent literary research. — The Editor*

SHELLEY'S LOST LETTERS TO HARRIET

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

So much controversial ink, all too often from partisan pens, has been poured out on Shelley's marital difficulties that one would be glad to let the subject rest. The reader who cares enough for truth to have stepped behind the pages of defamer and whitewasher alike and scanned the original evidence for himself will have formed his own opinion. He will agree that Shelley incurred his measure of blame not so much by separating himself from Harriet as by yielding in the first place to the chivalrous and sentimental folly of his nineteen years and marrying her. Not less will the reader agree that such blame, whatever be its amount, has been long outweighed in any fair mind by the signal nobility, constancy, and generosity of his life taken as a whole.

'If you were my friend,' wrote Shelley, six years after the separation, to Southey, who had presumed to condemn him for the tragic death of Harriet, 'I could tell you a history that would make you open your eyes; but I shall certainly never make the public my familiar confidant.' The public of 1820 knew him only as an outcast to be abhorred and abused. A century of change has made the public sufficiently his friend to hear him with a degree of sympathy and understanding. Simple justice to his memory, moreover, demands the production of all available evidence that can lead to a clearer view of Shelley's mind at this chief turning point in his life.

Up to the present, only one letter from Shelley to Harriet has been known to the world. To this, by reason of a fortunate discovery, I can now add nine more, written between July 14 and October 25, 1814; and, finally, a letter dated December 18, 1816, written to Eliza Westbrook shortly after her sister Harriet's suicide.

Before we come to the text of the letters, several queries must be answered. Where, it will be asked, have these letters been hidden away these hundred years? Why have they not been found before this? And how did I come to discover them?

In the first place, it will be remembered that after Harriet's death, in 1816, the Westbrooks instituted proceedings in the Court of Chancery with a view to combating Shelley's claim to the custody of his motherless children, little Ianthe and Charles. For this purpose they submitted evidence which they regarded as damaging to Shelley's character. But since the hearing was held behind closed doors, and Lord

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Chancellor Eldon forbade any public report of the proceedings, the details of the nature of the Westbrooks' exhibits remained a secret.

In 1860, more than forty years after the Chancery case, Shelley's friend and executor, Thomas Love Peacock, was seeking evidence to corroborate his personal recollection of the manner of Shelley's separation from Harriet. To this end he caused a search to be made in the Record Office for documents in the case of *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*. He was rewarded by the discovery of an affidavit of Eliza Westbrook which revealed that the secret evidence already mentioned included ten letters written by Shelley. On January 10, 1817, Eliza Westbrook 'maketh oath and saith . . . that she hath looked upon certain paper Writings now produced and shewn to her at the time of swearing this her Affidavit and marked respectively 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. That the said Paper Writings are all of the Handwriting of the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley and were respectively addressed by him to Harriet his late Wife deceased the sister of this Deponent. . . . That she hath looked upon a certain other paper Writing . . . marked 10. That the same Paper Writing is of the Handwriting of the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley.'

Suspecting the probable importance of these mysterious letters, Peacock redoubled his efforts to discover their whereabouts, but with no result. His supplementary article on Shelley, published in *Fraser's Magazine* in March 1862, owed its belated appearance, as he tells us, to his tenacious hope of recovering the lost letters.

Twenty years after this, Godwin's biographer, Kegan Paul, attacked the problem afresh, in the interests of Professor Dowden, who was then preparing his two-volume *Life* of Shelley. Paul succeeded in obtaining some documents, but the ten letters eluded him as they had eluded Peacock.

No one knows how many later students have attempted the solution of this major mystery in the Public Records; but every inquiry at the Record Office would naturally be met by the statement that it is not the practice of the Court of Chancery to file exhibits. The original letters, the property of the Westbrooks, were in all probability returned to their solicitors, Messrs. Desse, Dendy, and Morphett, and have not been heard of since.

Yet, although the originals have vanished, no one seems to have realized that certified Public Record copies might have been preserved for the use of counsel and of Mr. William Alexander, the officer to whom the Chancellor referred certain matters of the cause for report. If Mr. Alexander did not destroy those copies, where might they be found?

Among the obscurer records of the Chancery there is preserved a series of documents, little known and less used, called Masters' Papers: officially described as consisting of 'The Evidence, as Affidavits, Examinations of Witnesses, Accounts, and other documents on which the Master founded his Report, together with the Drafts of the said Reports.'

It was in searching the indexes of this series, while engaged on a quest far removed from Shelley, but one which had led me further and further into the unexplored corners of Chancery, that my eye fell upon the entry, *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*. Since the Masters' Papers are quite distinct from the files of Proceedings in which the petition, answers, and affidavits in the case had been discovered, it seemed likely that this further source had escaped search. Here might possibly be found the lost letters of Shelley. I was not slow in

making out a ticket of application for the documents.

A bundle was brought out, covered thick with black dust. To all appearances, the *dossier* had not been opened since it was tied up in red tape more than a hundred years ago. At the bottom of a heap of affidavits and other original papers in the Shelley case, I came upon the quarry: a file of twelve large folio sheets with the superscription, *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke. Mr. Shelley's Letters referred to in the Affidavit of the Defendant Elizabeth Westbrook.*

Though the copies were perfectly clear, I found it difficult at the moment to read these letters. Before me lay the undiscovered evidence, so long and so ardently sought. What might such letters not contain? Eagerness to know their secrets, and the fear of finding out too little or too much, made the words swim before my eyes. With an effort, I read them through. To one immersed in the moveless atmosphere of legal form and ancient record it was painfully startling to be thrown on a sudden into the midst of this the greatest convulsion of Shelley's sensitive nature.

Another momentary obstacle in the path of clear understanding arose from the discovery that the letters, some of which were undated, had not been arranged in their proper order. For example, while Letter Number 1 was dated September 15, 1814, the contents of Letter Number 2 (undated) showed that it belonged to July 14, a date two months before Number 1. Fortunately, however, it is not difficult to assign dates to the undated with some degree of certainty.

Publication of these letters presents a curious problem. Properly, they should be read in their places in the body of Shelley's letters, where, in the future, they will be found. All I can hope to do here is to furnish a necessarily imperfect introduction and comment.

II

The earliest letter of the series to Harriet — July 14, 1814 — is of the deepest interest, and demands a brief recollection of the events which led up to it; and, in the first place, of Shelley's marriage with Harriet.

On his expulsion from Oxford for 'atheism,' and at odds with his horrified father, Shelley came up to London. His sisters, Mary and Hellen, were at school near by, in Clapham. Through them he became acquainted with their friend Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a well-to-do retired coffeehouse keeper. She was sixteen, and easily the prettiest girl at Miss Fenning's school. Peacock describes her: 'She had a good figure, light, active, and graceful. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with taste and simplicity. In her dress she was truly *simplex munditiis*. Her complexion was beautifully transparent; the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality; her spirits always cheerful; her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanor such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly.'

Such, considered by the favorable observer, was Harriet. But unfortunately, as Shelley discovered only too late, she could not be considered by herself. From her childhood she had been under the care of her elder sister, Eliza, a woman almost old enough to be her mother. The result of this

training was that her thoughts and desires were completely subject to the control of this sister-and-director, to whom she was blindly devoted.

Eliza promptly saw in young Bysshe Shelley the heir to a great estate, and set about making a match for little Harriet. Already attracted by her beauty, Shelley found his quick sympathies further engaged by Harriet's unhappiness under the 'tyranny' of her father, who obliged her to continue at the school, which she had grown to dislike.

To an eye less discerning than Eliza's, Shelley's Godwinian detestation of the slavish institution of marriage might well have loomed as a real obstacle. 'For God's sake,' he had written to Hogg in a discussion of matrimonialism, 'if you want more argument, read the marriage service before you *think* of allowing an amiable, beloved female to submit to such degradation.' Undismayed by such talk, Eliza permitted Harriet, after an acquaintance of some months, to fall in love with the desirable youth, and to propose elopement.

From Wales, a few days after assuring Hogg that he was *not* in love with Harriet, Shelley writes: —

> I shall certainly come to York, but *Harriet Westbrook* will decide whether now or in three weeks. Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. She asked my advice: resistance was the answer. . . . She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but that she would fly with me, and threw herself upon my protection. We shall have £200 a year: when we find it run short, we must live, I suppose, upon Love! Gratitude and admiration all demand that I should love her *for ever*. We shall see you at York. I will hear your arguments for matrimonialism, by which I am now almost convinced.

Some months after writing this letter, he confided to Elizabeth Hitchener that suicide had been a favorite theme of Harriet's letters to him, and that they became more and more gloomy. 'At length one assumed a tone of such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately.'

Within a few days after his arrival in London, he writes to Hogg: 'Harriet is yet undecided, not with respect to me, but herself. . . . I am become a perfect convert to matrimony . . . [persuaded that] the sacrifice made by the woman [in an extra-marital union] is so disproportionate to any which the man can give.' When Shelley had arrived at this state of mind, acceptable to Eliza, Harriet's decision soon followed. At the end of August, 1811, they eloped and were married in Edinburgh. After a brief interval of happiness, Harriet sent for her indispensable Eliza, who not only came, but stayed.

The two years of married life which followed were the happiest years of Harriet's existence. She had now not merely her Eliza, but a husband and, in due time, a baby as well. Her father no longer obliged her to go to school. She traveled about the British Isles with her companions, and enjoyed the change of scene to the full.

But for Shelley the winter of 1813–1814 and the succeeding spring brought a crisis of profound unhappiness. His unbelievably quixotic attempts at political reform had failed wretchedly. In a barren pursuit of Reason he had exiled himself from nature and poetry. Less fortunate than the knights of romance, he had lived to see that his hasty carrying off of the oppressed, enamored, and sixteen-year-old Harriet had been a tragic mistake. Their relation could never have survived as a true marriage of minds; never, even if Eliza had not added her weight to their frail matrimonial skiff. To compensate for the want of passionate feeling between them, Shelley's fantastic plan

had been to make of the daughter of the coffeehouse keeper an intellectual comrade. Here, too, he met with utter failure. Although she could never have understood his attitude toward formal religion, an unfettered Harriet might have echoed his revolutionary political formulas with an undivided attention; but after the baby Ianthe had come it was clearly hopeless to expect the young mother to carry on her rôle of philosophical neophyte.

As early as the summer of 1813, a growing discouragement and hunger of the mind had driven Shelley to seek out new friends. A Mr. Turner, who had introduced him to the philosophy of vegetarianism, now went further and made him acquainted with his wife, Cornelia, and her mother, Mrs. Boinville. Charming, cultivated, and sentimental, these ladies took their chief delight in turning their house, first in London and afterward in Bracknell, into a centre for Godwinian theorizing and literary studies. Shelley, a brilliant planet among the muddy glimmerings of their commonplace satellites, was warmly welcomed. To begin the study of *belles-lettres* with those who sympathized with his philosophical and political notions was to bridge the gap between the old Shelley and the new.

Peacock, the devoted scholar, had certainly the largest part in guiding his friend out of the lunar desert of the worship of Reason and into the field of classical letters. Yet the genial influence of the Boinvilles' interest in Tasso and Petrarch must be allowed to have led him to the literature of the Renaissance. And when, at the summer's end, Shelley took his little family north to spend the autumn in Edinburgh, he entered on an intense period of reading. His study of Homer marks the first dim movements of his soul before waking from a nightmare of futile political action into the full life of poetry.

III

In this fateful winter and spring there is very little direct evidence of the progress of the estrangement between Shelley and Harriet. It is clear enough, however, that Eliza's presence made home a misery for Shelley; that his efforts to dislodge her were met by dogged resistance on Harriet's part. The folly of insisting on Eliza's company was not apparent to her. Painful contention ended in Shelley's defeat, and, under Eliza's influence, in altered behavior in his wife.

After returning to London in December, as early as February he had gone to live at Bracknell with the Boinvilles. Here, in spite of the kindness that he found and the delight he took in his renewed studies of Italian, he was deeply unhappy. The struggles of his spirit had reduced him to the dejection which appears unmistakably in the following passages to Hogg, written on March 16.

My friend, you are happier than I. You have the pleasures as well as the pains of sensibility. I have sunk into a premature old age of exhaustion, which renders me dead to everything, but the unenviable capacity of indulging the vanity of hope, and a terrible susceptibility to objects of disgust and hatred.

My temporal concerns are slowly rectifying themselves; I am astonished at my own indifference to their event. I live here like the insect that sports in a transient sunbeam, which the next cloud shall obscure for ever. I am much changed from what I was. . . .

Eliza is still with us — not here! — but will be with me when the infinite malice of destiny forces me to depart. I am now but little inclined to contest this point. I certainly hate her with all my heart and soul. It is a sight which awakens an inexpressible sensation of disgust and horror, to see her caress my poor little Ianthe, in whom I may hereafter find the consolation of sympathy. I sometimes feel faint with

the fatigue of checking the overflowings of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch.

On March 24, as doubts had arisen of the validity in England of their marriage in Scotland, Shelley and Harriet were married again, in London. This act has been gratuitously interpreted on the one hand as an indication that Shelley was in love with Harriet and on the other as a scheme of his to assure the legitimacy of a possible heir. No one has shown it to be more than a simple affirmation of Harriet's position in the eyes of the law. In April they seem to have tried unsuccessfully to live together again; but by the middle of the month, when Eliza too late disencumbered the household of her presence, the estrangement had deepened. Harriet had lost the little interest she had ever taken in Shelley's intellectual pursuits, and he no longer attempted to stimulate her mind.

There is no reason to suppose that Harriet could realize the hopelessness of the situation; but for Shelley the pain of double failure and the self-reproach at the folly of his ill-considered marriage were a suffering which no anodynes of pleasant society and study could alleviate.

He was called, in the early part of May, from his retreat at Bracknell to London. Godwin, the theoretical revolutionary, had got himself deep into debt, and demanded pecuniary aid of his valuable young admirer. Although himself in need of money, Shelley devoted his energies with characteristic generosity to the task of mortgaging his future property for the benefit of the indigent philosopher.

From London Shelley addressed touching verses to Harriet entreating her love and a reconciliation of their differences. Despair leads him to the thought of self-destruction: —

> In mercy let him not endure
> The misery of a fatal cure.

And he closes with a last appeal: —

> O trust for once no erring guide!
> Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
> 'T is malice, 't is revenge, 't is pride,
> 'T is anything but thee;
> O deign a nobler pride to prove,
> And pity if thou canst not love.

His loneliness in Harriet's cold withdrawal of sympathy is only too apparent. The marriage had been built upon Harriet's love for him. If that had proved changeable and subject to the guidance of another mind, what was left?

It was while he was a prey to despair, and endeavoring to distract his mind with repeated interviews with Godwin about money, that Shelley first saw the sixteen-year-old Mary, Godwin's daughter by his first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. This remarkable girl combined every quality, except a physical beauty equal to Harriet's, that could render her irresistible to Shelley. Her mind, intense, enthusiastic, and original, was controlled by an emotional nature powerful and sensitive to the verge of morbidity. More than this, she shared not only his love of poetry but his revolutionary ideas and his passion for study as well. Hogg's graphic picture of her and Shelley in Godwin's bookshop in Skinner Street is memorable: —

> He continued his uneasy promenade; and I stood reading the names of old English authors on the backs of the venerable volumes, when the door was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called, 'Shelley!' A thrilling voice answered, 'Mary!' And he darted out of the room like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting king. A very young female, fair and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time, had called him out of the room. He was absent a

very short time — a minute or two; and then returned. 'Godwin is out; there is no use in waiting.' So we continued our walk along Holborn.

'Who was that, pray?' I asked; 'a daughter?'

'Yes.'

'A daughter of William Godwin?'

'The daughter of Godwin and Mary.'

Meetings followed, often in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, by the tomb of Mary Wollstonecraft. Mutual attraction grew to passion, passion to a whirlwind. Imbued with her father's theories against marriage and the memory of her own mother's extra-marital union, Mary found little to hinder her avowal of love. Shelley's mind was torn between this new and overwhelming passion and a tormenting fear of hurting Harriet, who had loved him.

Peacock's often-quoted account of Shelley's condition in this crisis leaves an ineffaceable impression: 'Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could ever present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion than that under which I found him labouring when, at his request, I went up from the country to call on him in London. Between his old feelings towards Harriet, *from whom he was not then separated*, and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind suffering, "like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection." His eyes were bloodshot, his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said, "I never part from this." . . . Again, he said more calmly, "Everyone who knows me must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." I said, "It always appeared to me that you were very fond of Harriet." Without affirming or denying this he answered, "But you did not know how I hated her sister!"'

In such a storm of the passions, little was needed to bring him to the verge of catastrophe. On July 6 he went to Godwin and asked him for his daughter. The revolutionary anti-matrimonialist was horrified, and, like the most conventional father, turned Shelley out of the house, denounced his passion as 'licentious,' and put his Mary into the custody of her disagreeable stepmother. This person relates in the sequel that 'one day when Godwin was out Shelley suddenly entered the shop and went upstairs. . . . He looked extremely wild. He pushed me aside with extreme violence, and entering, walked straight to Mary. "They wish to separate us, my beloved; but Death shall unite us," and offered her a bottle of laudanum. "By this you can escape from tyranny; and this," taking a small pistol from his pocket, "shall reunite me to you." Poor Mary turned as pale as a ghost. . . . With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she entreated him to calm himself and to go home. She told us afterwards she believed she said to him, "I won't take this laudanum; but if you will only be reasonable and calm, I will promise to be ever faithful to you." This seemed to calm him, and he left the house, leaving the phial of laudanum on the table.'

IV

Elopement or suicide: there was no other way. Yet even in the delirium of love and death Shelley's tenderness for Harriet forbade him to elope without explaining his passion to her and reassuring her of his affection. She might even prove sufficiently noble to rise to a Platonic scheme he had conceived of an ideal household — all three to live

together, Harriet as the sister of his soul, and Mary as his wife. Shelley sent for Harriet, who was now living at Bath, far from the scene of turmoil. She arrived on July 14, and he broke the news to her.

Immediately after this painful conversation he wrote the following undated letter, the first of the newly discovered correspondence.

A. Letter Number 2[1]

My dearest friend

Exhausted as I am with our interview, and secure of seeing you tomorrow at 12, I cannot yet refrain from writing to you.

I am made calmer and happier by your assurances. It is true that my confidence in the integrity and disinterestedness of your conduct has ever remained firm; but I dreaded lest the shock might inflict on you some incurable unhappiness; lest you should doubt the continuance of my affection for you, lest you should see, what I so deeply felt, nothing but misery and despair.

My spirit turned to you for consolation, and it found it; all that vulgar minds regard as so important was considered by you with consistent and becoming contempt. Feeling still persuaded that my affection for you was undim[in]ished, you offered to my view, and anticipated[2] for yourself that pure and lasting happiness which is the portion only of the great and good.

For this, dearest Harriet, from my inmost Soul, I thank you. This is perhaps the greatest among the many blessings which I have received, and still am destined to receive at your hands. I loathed the very light of day, and looked upon my own being with deep and unutterable abhorrence. I lived — Mary too consented to survive — I lived in the hope of consolation and happiness from you, and I have not been deceived.

I repeat (and believe me, for I am sincere) that my attachment to you is unimpaired. I conceive that it has acquired even a deeper and more lasting character, that it is now less exposed than ever to the fluctuations of phantasy[1] or caprice. Our connection was not one of passion and impulse. Friendship was its basis, and on this basis it has enlarged and strengthened. It is no reproach to me that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing passion; perhaps you are even yourself a stranger to these impulses, which one day may be awakened by some nobler and worthier than me; and may you find a lover as passionate and faithful, as I shall ever be a friend affectionate and sincere!

Shall I not be more than a friend? Oh, far more — Brother, Father of your child, so dear as it is to us both, for its own sake and because we love each other.

Mrs Boinville deeply knows the human heart: she predicted that these struggles would one day arrive; she saw that friendship and not passion was the bond of our attachment. But I derided her short-sighted prophecies — I! who was so soon to become the object of their completion.

Can your feelings for me differ in their nature from those which I cherish towards you? Are you my lover whilst I am only your friend, the brother of your heart? If they do not, the purest and most perfect happiness is ours. I wish that you could see Mary; to the most indifferent eyes she would be interesting only from her sufferings, and the tyranny which is exercised upon her. I murmur not if you feel incapable of compassion and love for the object and the sharer of my passion.

If you want to draw on the Bankers before I see you, Hookham will give you the checks.

Adieu. Bring my sweet babe. I must ever love her for your sake.

Ever most affectionately yours

P. B. Shelley

Come at 12

Nothing could be plainer here than Shelley's urgent wish to believe that the announcement of his intended step

[1] While I have retained the numbering of these Chancery exhibits from 1 to 10, I have rearranged them according to their apparently proper order, and lettered them from A to J. In printing them, I have changed '&' to 'and.' Obvious misspellings are given in footnotes. Some punctuation has been added. — Author

[2] MS. anticapated

[1] MS. plantasy

is not a heavy blow to Harriet. Though self-absorption is annoyingly apparent in the phrase, 'It is no reproach to me that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing passion,' the feeling throughout is warmly and earnestly conciliatory. What is more, in face of this letter it is impossible to give a shadow of consideration to the misbegotten notion which Dowden fostered — namely, that at this time Shelley thought that Harriet had been unfaithful to him, and that he justified his leaving her on that ground. The reference to Mrs. Boinville and her somewhat officious predictions is a further testimony, if any were needed, to the obviousness of the estrangement from Harriet before Shelley found Mary.

'Feeling still persuaded that my affection for you was undiminished, you offered to my view, and anticipated for yourself that pure and lasting happiness which is the portion only of the great and good.' What Shelley imagined to be Harriet's acquiescence in his plan was certainly no more on her part than temporizing in the hope that this infatuation of his would wear off. Her 'consistent and becoming contempt' for conventionality was all in Shelley's mind, and the shock of his disclosure was a serious one to a wife who was expecting a child within five months.

In the following November, Harriet wrote her version of the affair to her friend Catherine Nugent: —

> Mary was determined to secure him. She is to blame. She heated his imagination by talking of her mother, and going to her grave with him every day, till at last she told him she was dying in love for him, accompanied with the most violent gestures and vehement expostulations. He thought of me and my sufferings, and begged her to get the better of a passion as degrading to him as to herself. She then told him she would die — he had rejected her, and what appeared to her as the sublimest virtue was to him a crime. Why could we not all live together? I as his sister, She as his wife? He had the folly to believe this possible, and sent for me, then residing at Bath. You may suppose how I felt at the disclosure. I was laid up for a fortnight after. I could do nothing for myself. He begged me to live. The doctors gave me over. They said 't was impossible. I saw his despair. The agony of my beloved sister; and owing to the great strength of my constitution I lived.[1]

According to Harriet, Mary's threat of death was a decisive move. Three years before, as a girl of sixteen, she herself had successfully used this very device to secure Shelley as a husband. She had now the bitterness of believing, however mistakenly, that another sixteen-year-old had taken him from her by the same well-tried method.

She was prostrated. In this crisis of misery, Mary called on her and told her that she would give Shelley up. The poet, in despair, took poison; but luckily the dose did not prove fatal. All three, therefore, lived. As soon as he was able to be about, and still imagining that she acquiesced in his schemes, Shelley made preliminary arrangements with Harriet and his lawyer Tahourdin for an allowance to be settled on her; and as soon as he could travel he eloped with Mary to the Continent, accompanied by Mary's stepsister, Jane Clairmont.

V

They fled on July 28. From Troyes, two weeks later, Shelley wrote the only letter to Harriet that has hitherto been published: —

> My dearest Harriet,
>
> I write to you from this detestable town; I write to show that I do not forget you;

[1] *Letters of Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent*, ed. Thomas J. Wise, p. 57

I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear — by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me — all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own, as Mrs. Boinville, to whom their attention and affection is confined. . . . [After a description of desolation in France, he continues] You shall hear our adventures more detailed if I do not hear at Neufchatel that I am soon to have the pleasure of communicating to you in person, and of welcoming you to some sweet retreat I will procure for you among the mountains. . . . I wish you to bring with you the two deeds which Tahourdin has to prepare for you, as also a copy of the settlement. Do not part with any of your money. But what shall be done about the books? You can consult on the spot. With love to my sweet little Ianthe, ever most affectionately yours,

S.[1]

A month later, instead of seeing Shelley in some sweet retreat among the mountains, Harriet saw him at her door in London. The explanation was that no sooner had the party reached Switzerland than it was discovered that funds were running short, and that Shelley could not obtain further supplies without personal application in London.

Penniless on his arrival, for immediate necessaries he was obliged to turn to Harriet for twenty pounds of the money she had drawn from his account at the bank. Mary records their return to England and this visit in the Journal:—

Tuesday, September 13. We arrive at Gravesend, and with great difficulty prevail on the captain to trust us. We go by boat to London; take a coach; call on Hookham. T. H. not at home. C. treats us very ill. Call at Voisey's. Henry goes to Harriet. Shelley calls on her, whilst poor Mary and Jane are left in the coach for two whole hours. Our debt is discharged. Shelley gets clothes for himself. Go to Strafford Hotel, dine, and go to bed.[1]

It appears that even this two-hour conference did not permit Harriet sufficiently to voice her discontent at Shelley's defection, for she followed it at once with a letter of lament.

The two were at cross-purposes. Harriet, entrenched with her sympathizers behind the wall of convention and public opinion, clung to the belief that Shelley's love for Mary was to be treated as a temporary lapse from virtue, and that consequently she might render him penitent by volleys of alternate reproach and entreaty. Shelley, unconscious of sin, and steadfastly attached to Mary, yet longed to retain Harriet as a sister of his soul. In after years Browning told W. M. Rossetti that 'Shelley, after returning from his first continental trip with Mary, consulted Basil Montagu with a view to getting back Harriet to live with them (S. and M.) and could hardly be persuaded that the thing would "never do."'[2] Shelley's notion that Harriet and Mary would get on together takes its place among the most absurd of his illusions.

Mary's next entry in the Journal is dated 'Wednesday, September 14.'

. . . Shelley calls on Harriet, who is certainly a very odd creature; he writes several letters; calls on Hookham, and brings home Wordsworth's *Excursion*, of which we read a part, much disappointed. He is a slave. Shelley engages lodgings to which we remove in the evening.

[1] *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Roger Ingpen (1914); I, 427

[1] This quotation from the Journal and those which follow are drawn from Mrs. Julian Marshall's *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*

[2] *Letters about Shelley*, ed. R. S. Garnett, p. 28

One of Shelley's 'several letters' was probably the following one to Harriet, dated September 15; for, since its contents show that he had not yet found the lodgings Mary refers to, no doubt events of the fifteenth got included in the Journal with those of the day preceding.

B. Letter Number 1

15th Sept. 1814

My dear Harriet

I have not yet obtained a lodging. I do not know that it will be possible to do so to night.

Indeed my dear friend I cannot write to you in confidence unless my letters are sacredly confined to yourself. I entrust you with circumstances and feelings which prudence and perhaps virtue forbid to be divulged: my conduct in this will be in some respects regulated by yours. A half confidence is not enough. I cannot call her a friend with whom I am to consider concerning what and concerning whom I write. I know not what is the nature and extent of the intercourse which is hereafter to take place between us. Whatever it be let it not be contaminated by the comments and interference of others. Suffice to your own self, and despise the miserable compassion of those who cannot esteem or love.

Forgive this frankness, Harriet. Let us understand each other and ourselves. I deem myself far worthier and better than any of your nominal friends. Me you may keep as a most steadfast and affectionate friend, but I have a certain price. It is confidence and truth.

You think that I have injured you. Since I first beheld you almost, my chief study has been to overwhelm you with benefits. Even now when a violent and lasting passion for another leads me to prefer her society to yours, I am perpetually employed in devising how I can be permanently and truly useful to you, in what manner my time and my fortune may be most securely expended for your real interests. In return for this it is not well that I should be wounded with reproach and blame: so unexampled and singular an attachment demands a return far different. And it would be generous, nay even just to consider with kindness that woman whom my judgment and my heart have selected as the noblest and the most excellent of human beings.

We must agree on certain points, or our intimacy will be the mere gibe and mockery of affection.

Are you above the world, and to what extent?

My attachment to Mary neither could nor ought to have been overcome. Our spirits and [blank] are united. We met with passion, she has resigned all for me.

But I shall probably see you tomorrow. I wish you to answer this letter.

Do not call what I have said cold and unfeeling. I never affected what I did not feel. Give me faith however for what I do express when I say that I am truly and affectionately your friend.

In this almost incredibly sincere and tactless note, the most striking thing is the change of tone. Harriet has carried his confidences to Eliza and her other friends for comment and advice; yet, while naturally annoyed by this, the naïve Shelley is far more disturbed at discovering the loss of his modicum of influence over her mind. Moreover he is astonished that she feels more resentment at being put away than gratitude for his past kindnesses and his plans for benefiting her in future.

On receiving this urgent communication, Harriet neglected to let him know at once whether or not she was above the world. Instead, she incautiously divulged his new address to a lawyer who had business with him. Shelley was at this time embarrassed with debts which he saw little present hope of discharging. Immediately on his return to England creditors had begun to hound him with bailiffs, and his only safety lay in concealing his whereabouts.

Uneasy at Harriet's silence, and at

the danger to which she had exposed him, Shelley promptly addressed her again.

C. Letter Number 4

16 [*recte* 56] Margaret Street
Sept.r 16, 1814

My dear Harriet

I confidently expected to have heard from you today: an answer to my letter of yesterday is indispensible to me. I am deeply solicitous to know the real state of your feelings towards myself and Mary. I will not consent that our intercourse is to be disturbed by misunderstandings so unworthy, so fatal to all peace[1] as that which dictated the last letter I received from you.

This morning Cooke's attorney called on me, and I appeared at the Insurance Office. I fear that my personal safety is endangered by your imprudence in sending him hither. It was not possible to keep the appointment in Chapel S.t on account of the bailiffs. My absence indeed at present from you arises from the mixed consideration of this danger and of your silence.

Where can I obtain a copy of the settlement? I am desirous that the deeds in Tahourdin's hands should be executed without delay. I owe it to myself not to continue the subject of unjust suspicion.

I have heard from Turner. M.rs Boinville has just received intelligence of her husband's death. She is considerably affected by this circumstance, so that probably some time will elapse before I see her.

I have reason to suppose that I am known at my present residence. I shall give you intimation of my removal, and whither, on condition of complete secrecy.

I am anxious for your answer to my letter. Collect your maturest judgment, and acquit yourself with justice towards me and Mary. United as we are we cannot be considered separately. Consider how far you would desire your future life to be placed within the influence of my superintending mind: whether you still confide sufficiently in my tried and unalterable integrity to submit to the laws which any friendship would create between us; whether we are to meet in entire and unreserved faith or allow our intimacy to subside.

On you these things depend.

Affectionately yours

P. B. Shelley

[1] MS. piece

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PASSING OF PIPPA

WHEN Pippa stepped out of the open door of the bookcase in my study, that evening, as she had done so many times before, I hardly knew her.

'Why, Pippa,' I exclaimed, 'you look like a wilted wild rose! What on earth is the matter with you?'

'I thought,' said she sadly, 'that perhaps you could tell me that. You know all about us, don't you? I have heard you talk by the hour to those college girls you introduced to me —'

'Oh, Pippa,' I confessed, 'we are sometimes placed by academic necessity in an entirely false position. There is much that I do not know. — Tell me, if you please, just what has happened.'

She sat down in an armchair, sighing deeply. 'There it is!' said she. 'I never used to want to sit down.'

'I know,' said I. 'You moved like a young deer.'

'For months and months,' said she, 'I have n't been like myself. — You know, of course, that the life of us characters of fiction consists of repeating, thousands, millions of times, — indefinitely, in fact, — precisely the same experiences? I have just been startled by discovering that *I can't do it any more.*

'You see, I always wake at sunrise — a beautiful, bright sunrise: —

> 'Day!
> Faster and more fast,
> O'er night's brim, day boils at last!'

'Just so,' I nodded.

'Well, this last time,' she continued despondently, 'it simply would n't boil. The weather was gray and muggy. And when I started on my walk and tried to sing, I *had* to sing off key. It was perfectly weird. But can you imagine what I felt when I found that my words either would n't come at all or came absolutely wrong?'

'That sometimes happens to a tired teacher,' said I sympathetically. 'It's very alarming at first; but it soon goes over.'

Pippa looked tragic. 'Listen to this!' said she. (Her voice was quite unrecognizable.)

> 'There's no pep in the spring,
> There's no zip in the morn;
> All's at sixes and sevens
> And deplorably soiled;
> The shrike's on the wing,
> Sticking mice on the thorn;
> There are hells, but no heavens —
> All's wrong with the world!

'It is not only the hideous ideas — but what an awful, awful rhyme!'

'Oh, don't mind that!' I soothed her. 'It might pass for local pronunciation; and anyhow, false rhyme is now the only wear. Our best critics demand it; it produces variety and flexibility. You must call it something else — I forget what. But, Pippa!' Suddenly a thought struck me. 'Dear child, I believe I've got it! The same malign influence that has forced you to rhyme *soiled* with *woild*, against your better instinct, is also responsible for the unhappy sentiments you have expressed. You are obviously a bad case of spiritual malaria.'

I continued to expound fluently, though I had not previously considered these matters. I have noticed this tendency in myself, when exhausted at

the end of a term; and have sometimes been surprised at the coherence of the product.

'You see, Pippa dear, your existence is dependent on two factors: the mind of the author and the collective mind of the readers. Reading — though it is not generally understood — is a co-operative act. Hence the general mass of readers *must* understand and sympathize with the intention of the author. When such conditions are not present, a character of fiction cannot fully come to life. Present conditions in the reading world are, it seems, unfavorable; and a poisonous atmosphere produces these unfortunate results. Have you observed it in other cases?'

'I was going to tell you,' said Pippa. 'I went on singing — if you call it singing — as I trudged up the hill, past the shrub house, in the customary way. And as I passed I heard Sebald and Ottima talking.'

'Yes,' I said expectantly, as she paused.

Pippa's forehead was knitted like that of a puzzled child. 'I could n't expect such a song as I have repeated for you,' said she, 'to produce the usual effect, could I? Still, I *was* surprised when Ottima said to Sebald, just as he was faintly beginning to show his natural reaction, "Cheer up, old thing! We have the right to be happy and live our own lives, have n't we? For pity's sake, don't be Victorian!" '

'What happened then?' I asked.

'I did n't stay to see,' answered Pippa piteously. 'I came straight to you. And now your explanation makes it clear what is affecting us all.'

I subdued my pardonable curiosity as to the symptoms of Jules and Phene, Luigi and Monsignor. 'With whom were you attempting to coöperate?' I inquired.

'It was — a *young* person,' said Pippa, pressing her eyelids with her fingertips. 'Oh, what will be the end of this?'

'Be strong, my dear,' said I. 'I will pay you the compliment of frankness. You will have to recognize that most readers of to-day consider you, in your proper state of mind, too *saccharine* — or too *roseate*. Both terms are used. Now and then you must expect these seizures, as the inevitable consequence of an altered atmosphere. But as long as there remain a few gray-haired old friends like myself, you will retain a thread of your genuine life, and can occasionally — though not with any degree of certainty — feel yourself again.'

Pippa looked at me appraisingly. She seemed to calculate my age. 'And when —?' she faltered.

'Yes, Pippa, when we pass, you will pass, too. But some of us are still robust. You may linger for years. As Herrick said to the blossoms, —

> 'Your date is not so past
> But you may stay yet here awhile
> To blush and gently smile,
> And go at last.'

I heard a little, shuddering sigh. Then I was alone. The door of the bookcase was slightly swinging. I meditated the rest of the evening on the probable future of Little Nell, Dora Copperfield, Patient Griselda, and the Lily Maid of Astolat; and projected an essay 'On the Precarious Immortality of the Characters of Fiction.'

How death may feel

She who was once my colleague, Dorothy McL——, who crossed over Lethe last year, imparted to me in the early days of our acquaintance one of those narratives in which mortal life seems to launch out on death, and then to turn its prow and come back to shore. She had all but died after a surgical operation. The watching nurses, and her

sister, had not thought she could survive the night; and she herself had been clearly conscious that she was dying.

She said that it was the most heart-satisfying experience she had ever known, and that at first she gave herself up altogether to the profound pleasure she was feeling. But gradually she began to be troubled by her sister's grief. For her sister's sake she made a monstrous effort at recovery; it succeeded, and she reëntered mortal life. 'But I was convinced,' said she, 'that I was making an enormous sacrifice; I thought so at the time, and now, when years have gone by, I think so still.'

Her account is quite in keeping with many others we receive from persons who have approached death after an anæsthetic and either a severe illness or an operation. They usually report death as an indescribably agreeable experience. 'A floating out,' they sometimes call it, thus bearing witness to the verisimilitude in the imagery of the boat in 'Morte d'Arthur,' and that in Arnold's poem, 'The Life of Man.'

There is nothing in these reports about that swift rush of memory through the whole previous life which is generally believed to take place when drowning. Yet such rushes of memory are common in dreams, which so often seem to be constructed without a proper recognition of time; so much so that an English engineer maintained, in an odd book a year or two ago, that in sleep we move with perfect ease both forward and backward on the time-tape, and visit the future as readily as we do the past.

Doctors tell us that death is calm and painless in ninety-five out of a hundred cases. Maeterlinck argues against the association with death of sickness and pain. These, he maintains, belong to life's debit; death emancipates us from them. Keats, the fiery, pugnacious youth, the ardent and accepted lover, found it in his heart to say, —

> Now more than ever seems it rich to die.

Any association of love with death seems to brush aside all childish notions of dreadfulness. The survivor of lovers whom death has parted looks forward to death as a reunion. 'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders? Is there ony room at your feet?' Romeo, with confident brevity, says,—

> 'Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.'

The lovers in Heine's song are so well pleased with the privacy of the grave that they disdain to join in the noisy and crowded resurrection.

> The dead stand up, the judgment calls,
> They rise in airy swarms;
> We two stay still where the grave shade falls,
> And I lie on in thine arms.

Sometimes, lying on the ground at the foot of a tree in summer, and having strayed far enough away from the teasing vibrations of self-consciousness to feel a gliding in of cosmic relaxation, one can imagine an almost imperceptible death; a final drowsing-off of some outdoors-living old age like Walt Whitman's into so complete a sleep, lying thus, that such a sleep, by hushed and lulling degrees, would blend unnoticed into death; and the body, never discovered by bustling coroner or officious passers-by, subjected to no funeral, would nestle back into earth with æolian sighs of comfort and security.

I entertain the notion that death, in unwinding the tapes and unsealing the legal wafers of personality, may very likely impart an intoxicating sense of expansion, such as Browning describes in another regard: —

> . . . a long-cramped scroll
> Freshening and fluttering in the wind.

Certainly a sensation of newness and freshness, a sort of divine gloss all over the vegetation of earth and over those experiences of daily life that formerly seemed humdrum, is peculiar to those who have been mistakenly convinced that they were ill with a fatal malady. It is very like the penetrating refreshment of the senses which mystics find after their spiritual excursion. Apparently the loosening of the body's hold upon us, even when it is due only to a mistaken belief, has some vitalizing power over life, enriching the capacity of the body itself for wonder and for joy.

Pointing the view

'Into our modern age there's a point of view creeping,' writes an earnest young person who never studied mathematics long enough to reach geometry. If a point has no dimensions, what arrangements has it for creeping? A university dean recently had a more subtle idea, suggesting a beneficent dumdum bullet. 'There is a kind of momentum about a point of view once mastered,' he wrote, 'which makes it go on developing in the mind.' 'A fuller and more balanced point of view' is advocated by the *New York Times;* and dozens of well-meaning people tell us to broaden our point of view. Points of view have so magnified their office that no one nowadays attempts to adopt views, or express views; we merely take a point of view, or a 'concrete standpoint,' as one journalist advises, and we rest satisfied.

Trying to find out more about these necessities of life, we learn from a freshman discussing college traditions that 'there are viewpoints which grow up in a place,' whereat a literal-minded listener feels himself to be surveying the campus from something very like a toadstool. *Plato's American Republic* has already informed us that 'there are many points upon which it is excellent to camp, and chief among them the nature of the good.' So we get back to the broad point of view so frequently mentioned. It may even be broad enough, if it is the nature of the good, to serve as 'the home stretch toward the unattained' of which a preacher recently told us.

During the early days of the war a woman mentioned to me that she was assembling her point of view. Many others were presumably busy at the same task, and when they finished the assembling they sat down in a way calculated to hold the mosaic together and to weld its various elements beyond breaking. The other day someone told me of buttressing his point of view by careful investigation. Not yet have I heard of an upholstered point of view, but I am only waiting; already we are treating the spot like a divan. The United States, according to the Foreign Policy Association, 'bolstered the French viewpoint' on disarmament in May 1929, and in doing so 'paved the way for agreement.' Would n't 'carpeted' be a better term than 'paved,' especially as the whole thing was 'on the carpet'? National points of view have often 'clashed,' in these international parleys, and there has often developed, between two opposing points of view, 'a great deal of friction.'

The moving points of view beloved by writers of descriptive literature do not always creep; they are so likely to run away that their owners positively need to tether them. I have read of a person who 'pursues his point of view with no thought of others' welfare.' The book reviewers have a special gift of noting the strange habits of points of view. One of them says of a certain author, 'He brings to his present undertaking a rich and racy point of view.' And Struthers Burt tells us that 'to

write truthfully of pots, pans, rape, and gunmen in their relationship to universal sorrow requires the objectivity of a released viewpoint.' A shifting point of view, even with its halter dangling, is, however, an easier conception to form than that suggested in the following passage from a recent magazine article: 'It's all right for every man to have his own viewpoint, but the danger lies in adopting a viewpoint the way a house adopts paint — by having someone lay it on.'

Perhaps these spacious and agile points of view, defying mathematical orthodoxy in their versatile performances, harmonize after all with the newer laws of physics and mathematics. After reading a few expositions of relativity, of the latest quantum theory, and of space-time, one no longer demurs when a radio fan remarks, 'I got a new point of view this morning, listening in. Just *look* at the education we get through our ears!' Thinking of the first time I heard Big Ben telling the London hour to American listeners-in, I am ready to say that one does hear a new point of view every once in a while. This is a favorable moment for physics to tell us that our everyday world is as truly four-dimensional as any Utopian playground of H. G. Wells.

But still I feel a little uneasy about these points of view on which we perch so airily. From their vantage we look at something and everything in a way that commits us to nothing. Some such notion as this must lie behind the increasing vogue of the phrase. Naturally the phrase begins to seem weak, and one advertiser has already felt moved to proclaim that he is offering 'values powerfully interesting from any standpoint of view.' We are tempted to reflect that, with the multiplying of points of view, less and less is seen from them.

Self-sufficiency

Before the sharks and flounders swam
I was the clam, the only clam.
I have been always what I am,
Autonomous life, the only clam.

I feel the pressure of the tides
Change against my pearly sides.
Soulless pebbles rattle by
Never guessing I am I.
It enchants me they don't know
How near to royalty they go.

Occasionally, for my sake,
The waves go farther out to break,
The sun beats down upon my sand,
I majestically expand,
I move my unique diaphragm;
Noblesse oblige. I am THE CLAM.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Gamaliel Bradford, during a dozen years the most frequent of all *Atlantic* contributors, — witness forty-four papers of his which we have published to our satisfaction, — has never, we think, drawn a portrait more interesting than this for the American public to gaze upon. ΔResponsibility for the education of some thousands of young women renders this judgment which **President Neilson** passes upon the value and danger of censorship of exceptional importance. **Edward Weeks** is a member of the *Atlantic* staff who has made a close study of the machinery of censorship.

For years **Jay Zarado** swung in jubilant safety from the top of the Big Tent. She did somersaults and flip-flops at any height. But a motor on the highroad unhappily cut short her career of thrills and applause. **Merle Colby** is a Boston bookman. **Dr. Irvine** is in a London hospital recovering, we are happy to say, from a dangerous illness. **William A. Croffut** was, during the generation of the Civil War, an all-knowing correspondent at the Capital. **Rosalie Hickler** is the author of a number of lyric verses which have appeared in the *Atlantic*. **Mrs. Risley** lives in the heart of Arkansas — if Arkansas has a heart. **H. D. Hill** has been studying government in a number of European capitals. **Ralph Adams Cram** is the famous architect of many Gothic churches. **Owen Lattimore,** author of *The Desert Road to Turkestan,* is now on his way to new explorations in China. **André Siegfried,** student of peoples and governments, is at present on a new American tour. **William L. Sullivan** is a minister of the Gospel, living in Pennsylvania. **Bradford K. Daniels,** known to us by a remarkable autobiographical paper entitled 'Pagan,' which we shall shortly publish, sends his 'Götterdämmerung' from the State of Washington. **Edgar Lawrence Smith** published in 1924 a volume on *Common Stocks as Long Term Investments* which had a widespread influence. Unfortunately, many who followed his judicious theories to injudicious extremes neglected his chapter entitled 'The Time Hazard in the Purchase of Common Stocks,' in which stress is laid upon maintaining a 'liquid position' in times of high prices. Mr. Smith is at present President of the Irving Investors Management Company, the successor to Investment Managers Company, which he was instrumental in organizing in 1924. ΔCaptain Owen Tweedy's paper announced for this issue is postponed to make room for the Shelley letters. **Arnold J. Toynbee,** long a professor at London University and an acknowledged expert on Eastern affairs, is now attending the Pacific Relations Conference.

The recent contributor to the Club who suggested collections for the indigent hardly knew what he was in for. More collectors than ever robbed a bird's nest have sprung into the predatory ranks. But collecting is n't the only fun. You must prove the items in your rival's collection spurious. Among the curios offered by our contributor is this explanation of 'the bitter end.' In describing a terrific storm at Yarmouth Roads, Robinson Crusoe wrote: 'We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.' 'Better,' the writer holds, was corrupted to 'bitter.' But Mr. Henry C. Lahee, who was once a sailor and still knows a bitt when he sees one, remarks that in the days of Crusoe there were no chain cables and the anchor was 'bent' to a hawser which was veered out over the bitts and made fast to them when a sufficient number of fathoms had been paid out. Defoe probably wrote — or meant — the 'bitted' end.

Our collector makes a graceful attri-

bution of his 'P's and Q's' to the ancient injunction of the dancing school, 'Gardez vos pieds et queues.' Other collectors pounce on this exhibit, and label it (we ourselves should have done so) as derived from the landlord's score board where the pints and quarts of our granddaddies were chalked up fatefully against them. A more erudite explanation is sent us from Paris by Mr. George Ladd Munn, who states that in the manuscripts of the mediæval period the letter P with one or more dots or other marks indicated the particular Latin preposition beginning with the letter P which was to be supplied (*per, pro,* etc.), while the letter Q in similar fashion was made to represent the desired form of the pronoun (*quis, quid,* etc.).

The tavern, it seems, has left its mark on our language as well as on our predilections. Professor Gaehr, of Wells College, sends this entertaining specimen for our collection — 'I took him down a peg,' so current in familiar speech. 'In England it was a custom, in the alehouses, to serve the drink in large wooden tankards, which were passed round the table. Each man would drink as much as he could without stopping for breath. Now down the tankard, probably on the inside, there was a series of holes into which a peg could be inserted. It was therefore possible to gauge a man's ability at a long draught. If you could drink three pegs and I four, then I took you down a peg.'

Then, of course, there is Dick's hatband. As letters all the way from Yorkshire to Honan assure us, 'It went round seven times, and would not turn in at the end.' This seems queer enough, but it is queerer when one remembers that Dick was Richard Cromwell, and his hat the sorry substitute for a crown.

An amusing item in our contributor's collection disclosed how the weak went to the wall. On this Mr. S. V. M. Ray, a lawyer at Miami, contributes an equally entertaining gloss. It was the custom, he tells us, of the Lombard merchants, or rather of their indignant creditors, to break the benches or counters of those who failed to pay their debts. (Italian *banca rotta:* Latin *rupta.*) The bankrupt, with counter smashed, certainly went to the wall.

Doubtless, as many readers remind us, 'to a T' comes from the accuracy of a T-square, but whether 'coming down to brass tacks' alludes to the yard marks tacked to the counters in the 'general stores' of our youth, or is borrowed from the vocabulary of the sailor, who scoured his ship down to the last brass tack, is apparently for every man to decide for himself.

'Calling a spade a spade' presents some difficulties. *Spada* was the sword which served as the precursor of the spade on early decks of cards, but a sword is rather a rough and ready weapon to be spoken of so gingerly. An ingenious correspondent, the Reverend Daniel McGurk, opines that the overnice were reluctant to refer to a *spayed* bitch. However this may be, the delicacy enveloping a spade was of ancient origin. Erasmus, as Udall renders him, was aware of it: 'Philippus aunswered, that the Macedonians wer feloes of no fyne witte in their termes, but altogether grosse, clubbyshe, and rusticall, as they whiche had not the witte to calle a spade by any other name then a spade.'

This seems, does it not, to put the boot on the other foot, where we will leave it. But, before turning to pastures new, may we ask someone to inform us why the etymologists are so fond of picking on the dog? With them it is 'a dirty dog' and 'a dog's life.' They 'dog-ear' our pages, and tell us we 'blush like a dog' when we have n't the grace to blush at all. It is natural enough to 'let sleeping dogs lie,' but why 'try it on the dog' or 'lead a dog's life'?

Have n't any of you a word to throw at a dog?

How different and how appealing is this understanding tribute from a lover of dogs.

TO TOTO

Little toy dog, curl and lie —
Apple of milady's eye —
Curl and cuddle in her lap
For a quiet canine nap.

Einstein will not worry you
With his lambda and his mu:
Silly philosophic schemes
Cannot curdle in your dreams.

God is someone you can see,
Silken femininity,
Exquisite in flesh and bone,
Warmer than a god of stone.

You have no unholy yen
For the pallid sins of men:
All the old Mosaic laws
Cannot manacle your paws.

Sex is neither wrong nor right,
Just a simple appetite,
Never troubled you a bit.
Men have complicated it.

Run or bark or make a fuss,
That is not enough for us,
We need radios to live,
And the talkies, God forgive!

We, the silly jackanapes,
Bending over ticker tapes,
Following a put and call,
Watching Anaconda fall:

Sweating in our petty shops,
Figuring the curve of crops,
Aching over overhead,
Marking losses in the red:

Guessing what the end will be
Out beyond eternity:
Sipping on our anodyne,
Immortality or wine.

You are wiser as you are
Following a canine star:
Dream your dainty little dream
Of a saucer and some cream.

WILFRED J. FUNK

The Editor would gladly fill this Column with the delightful correspondence of his friend, Mr. Charles D. Stewart, but must content himself with a single example. An *Atlantic* reader, Mr. Charles W. Collins of Pittsburgh, inquired why Mr. Stewart had planned war upon sparrows while he contented himself with merely treading the dandelion underfoot. Mr. Stewart replies:

DEAR MR. COLLINS: —

I might have known that, while I was preoccupied with sparrows, others would be equally interested in dandelions. I never did get rid of them, either by single combat or chemical warfare. I found it easier to change my attitude toward dandelions, and to ask myself what my real objections are against them, anyway.

As for sparrows, they would not let me sleep to a reasonable hour in the morning. A sparrow always 'takes off' with a chattering, scolding noise; his leap into space is accompanied with a noise like a small airplane and an impudent whirr of his electric horn. Consequently their habit of using the bedroom window sill as a perching place every morning interfered with my own rights in what I had supposed was my own house. I kept on till I fixed them permanently. And then when I turned my attention to the dandelions again it occurred to me that they had not really 'done me anything.' In Peter Henderson's catalogue, too, I noted that they had nice dandelion seed for sale — that some people cultivate them carefully in their gardens; a fact that made them look a little different to me. As I could not kill them even by cutting them off below the crowns, I decided to change my mind about them; and that was the end of the whole trouble between me and them!

It is the same with snakes. My house is built of glacial granite bowlders of such size that the walls are two feet thick. Above ground the crevices between these undressed stones are well filled with mortar; but just at the ground line, where the soil has sunk a little, there are cracks and openings leading deep into the thick wall; and this state of affairs exactly suits the purposes of a snake. It is an avenue of escape; it holds the heat and keeps him warm on chilly nights; and in winter it offers the poor snake a place in which he may go to sleep and not freeze to death. It seemed that whenever I went to water the vines or trim the grass by the wall I was always meeting a snake who was in a great hurry. I would act more rapidly and often kill one. But as years went on there was no change in the snake situation; and in the meantime I had had a snake's problems, and his way of locomotion, repeatedly brought to my attention. I saw more and more that a snake is mysterious and beautiful; and I began to think them out. On my study window sill (two feet wide, as I have explained) are two deep cages of fine wire netting containing snakes, Jimmy and Pete. They eat angleworms at mealtimes, and are always doing things that are interesting. My wife has become interested in them and their ways and refers to them by name. I would love to write about snakes; but, unlike trees and evolution, snakes have not had a good press. You know that Ellery Sedgwick, some while back, alluded to the fact that evolution had had a good press.

I have mentioned Jimmy and Pete by way of illustrating what may be done by the simple

process of changing one's mind. It is the only way I can think of to get the best of a dandelion. Yellow is really a beautiful color.

CHARLES D. STEWART

A correspondent of this Column announced the other day that the casual adventurer is grown as rare as the stowaway on a Zeppelin. To which a present-day adventurer takes exception. The tribe, he says, is not extinct, but merely inarticulate, and goes on to tell of his own wanderings in 'antres vast and deserts idle.'

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just returned from a five months' trip through the wilds of Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa. I carried a pack, had no money, shot meat for food, and lived like a native, on the country. I was attacked by one crocodile, four baboons, and a herd of buffalo. The trip commenced when, as a sailor, my ship, the *Western Knight*, was wrecked on April 8, 1929, at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. On August 21, I was arrested in Umtali, Southern Rhodesia, and deported to Cape Town. On September 24, I was signed on as mess boy on the *S.S. Eastern Glen* and made to work my way to New York, landing on November 2, 1929. The total cost of my trip, including rifle and equipment, was $130 — and I still owe $60 for the rifle.

With pack and rifle, often penniless, I have made my way from Canada through every country on the way to Venezuela. I have joined three revolutions in Mexico and was with Sacasa in Nicaragua in 1926. I have known illness, fever, cold, hunger, heat; floundered through swamps; crossed deserts. I've been outlawed and had a price on my head, dead or alive. I've chased men; been chased by men, and have bullet scars. I've never had, in my life, a job at more than $4.50 per day, except as a revolutionist. I've hoboed my way over the United States and sailed on many ships. In the last five years I have never had as much as $150 at a time. In Philadelphia, in October 1927, I was penniless and had nothing to eat for six days. And in my wanderings I have met many, many more of my own kind.

It is a hard life the wanderer leads. Yet the fascination of the unknown lying over the horizon's edge draws him on. For, as I look back, there comes to me the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the moonlight; the Owens Lake vista; the savannas of Honduras; the rearing peaks of the Andes in the morning sun as I saw them from where I crouched in the lee of a stone for shelter, at 17,000 feet altitude; the rush of great beasts through the bush, and their hair-raising appearance in charge when, on the Lundi River of Southern Rhodesia, I tackled a herd of buffalo; the Waianae Mountains of Oahu in a mist veil; the surge and shiver and upheaval of a ship in a storm, while the waves crash over the bulwark and roar over the deck; the fierce, unconquerable excitement as the blood lust rises when the shrilling machete men leap to the assault.

Yes, the out trails still know them, these men who

See afar a light that is past eye seeing,
Hear the far-off murmur of magic seas,
Reach for a star and follow a phantom fleeing,
Drawn by the beauty of unknown leas.

LEWIS V. CUMMINGS

'Are ordinary people interesting?' queries a friend, and answers his own question.

Eleanor Risley's people are. Anybody she might write about would be, for she writes that way. Grandmother Brown is, too. Her daughter-in-law has preserved intact the pioneer atmosphere, no slight accomplishment. The mountain folk are, for they are the last bulwark between Elizabethan English and seeming destruction. 'Stump farm' people are so naturally.

I sometimes wonder whether I myself might not have been interesting twenty-five years ago.

One rainy Saturday during Christmas week in 1901, my father and I drove all day long over country mud roads in a no-top spring wagon — what the New Englanders call a democrat wagon — to one of the best-known preparatory schools in the South. In the rear of the wagon was my small zinc-covered trunk filled with bedding and books. My wardrobe, practically all on my back, consisted of one black coat and vest, mostly wool; one pair of striped pants, mostly cotton; one pair of brogan shoes, mostly squeak; two shirts, a few collars, and money to match. I deposited the only fifty dollars I had ever had in the local bank and began to check it out twenty-five cents at a time as needed to meet the cash requirements of my first educational venture.

According to the standards I was already educated, particularly in respect to my mother tongue. I spoke Elizabethan American. I had never seen a mountain, though I grew up within fifty miles of the foothills of that enchanted land, 'clum' trees, 'wropped up' my toes when I 'stumped' them, and 'holp' raise the bread and meat on the farm. In ordinary speech I used many of the old forms enumerated by

Charles Morrow Wilson in the August *Atlantic*. I reckon I would be using them yet but for the sharp barbs of my more sophisticated schoolmates. Their ridicule, plus some years in the classics later, a little French, some self-acquired German, and the corrupting influences of the barbarians have spread an imperfect veneer over what might otherwise have remained a picturesque style.

Yet in spite of it all I sometimes even now cause an occasional slight arching of the eyebrows when unawares I "low that sich and sich' is the case. But my would-be critics are charitable. Those who happen to know that I went to Yale, have a doctor's degree, and sometimes write for the *Atlantic* are sure that the slip is nothing but a prostrate pass at wit.

Though in the forties, my early experiences parallel much more nearly those of Grandmother Brown than they do those of my Phi Beta Kappa New England wife who graduated at Smith, third in a class of three hundred and sixty-five.

And so it goes. We Elizabethans break out to study the world; and the world breaks in to study us.

The pleasantest thing about travel is the traveler's capacity to find unfamiliar interest in a familiar scene. Such a gift is Edward Newton's. To us fireside travelers he brings the kind of refreshment described in the couplet of 'a once famous American, now rapidly being forgotten,' sent us by Mr. W. C. Hawthorne of Chicago: —

If with vision unfurled you leave your abode
You may go 'round the world by old Marlboro' road.

Have you an iconoclast in your family? And if you have, what do you do with him? We have, and our philosophy runs, If you can't keep him silent let him have his say, asking our friends with quiet earnestness not to hold us responsible.

THE SALLYPORT

Is Mr. Bradford's Coolidge the 'real' Coolidge? Alas, it is no easy matter to put a 'real' man into a book. It would be a more pertinent question to ask whether there has ever been a 'real' Coolidge. Is there a conscientious medical man alive who can gravely certify to his entrance into the world? Is there any adequate evidence that he has ever truly existed? How many of us could ourselves offer such evidence? We have heard a voice over the radio, cracking with a sudden twang that strained and portentous silence that follows the announcer's balmy intonations. We have accepted the assurance, from persons totally unseen and unknown, that the voice belonged to a 'real' Coolidge. We have read speeches in the newspapers, and seen a figure in the moving-picture news reels. But these evidences, looked at with an unprejudiced eye, are singularly inadequate. Even the physical presence which some of us may have observed, while certainly tending toward verisimilitude, is not altogether competent to establish the case. Who knows what could not be done by a little group of bankers or a small board of politicians who understand that the country is not ruled by its laws, but by its fictions?

And why should we not be ruled by a fiction? A fiction, that is, without the bother of a man behind it, for we shall be ruled by fictions in any case. The Cheshire cat, as a cat, was far less effective than its mere floating grin. And so with the President. No 'real' Coolidge could have had half the success which the fictitious Coolidge enjoyed. If there was a 'real' Coolidge, — and the more we think of this hypothesis, the more we are inclined to doubt it, — then it was not he, but the fictitious Coolidge, who ruled the country so greatly to its satisfaction. It was just the virtue of Coolidge to be admirably unreal. A 'real' President — we mean one who makes his personal force as an individual existing man unquestionably felt — arouses the enmity and jealousy of the people. Witness the eclipsed Wilson, whose name is never mentioned when statesmen meet to discuss disarmament and peace. It could not be plausibly maintained that Wilson never existed.

But Coolidge was essentially a fiat of the country's imagination. Endowed with the typical virtues, stamped with every traditional characteristic, his career answers perfectly to the necessities of fiction, from his rustic origin to his retirement, which suggests a delicate classical allusion. Like Cincinnatus, he has come home after the splendors and powers of office to his little country

villa. The popular imagination has rounded out the figure of Coolidge, and completed its work with him. Now, like an author who has tired of his early writings, or has outgrown them, it is looking about for a new theme. Hoover offers many possibilities, but there are discouraging signs of reality about him, as there were about Lindbergh, who resisted every attempt to turn him into the national milksop.

It grieves us to utter anything even faintly disparaging to Mr. Bradford, but we cannot help thinking that the best discussion of the 'real' Coolidge which we have seen appeared some time ago in the columns of a contemporary. It was a brief notice, reviewing, in the best tone of dramatic criticism, all his appearances on the screen, in the news reels, taking them up as though they were the work of a comedian of exquisite talents, a comedian who preserved an admirable gravity, an air of innocent if somewhat pessimistic wonder, amid all surroundings, whether he were arrayed in the sleekly tailored costume of the official reception or the less formal chaps and sombrero of the Southwest. This notice discussed Coolidge as, essentially, he was: it looked on him as a figure created by the national imagination. And the most eminent example of the country's creative capacity certainly deserved serious æsthetic consideration.

We approve of Dr. Sullivan's vigorous application of a logic-poultice to some of the inflammations which the critics of religion have offered as healthy and sincere arguments. Dr. Sullivan makes good sport of the 'Copernican argument,' the conclusion that man is debased as the size of the known universe expands. Yet, while Dr. Sullivan goes far toward destroying the logic of the Copernican argument, it was not logic that gave it birth. It sprang from an all but inescapable feeling. Men have been known to fly, sickened, after their first look through a telescope. That is the Copernican argument. Mere size has, no doubt, nothing logically to do with a spiritual judgment; but the knowledge that the earth is not the centre of the celestial system, and that its dimensions are infinitesimal in comparison with innumerable members of the whole, leaves many with little active disposition to believe that man is important to any intelligence but his own. But cosmic humility will not hurt us. It has been said that the meek shall inherit the earth. Perhaps they will also inherit the universe.

That literary censorship should have to be seriously and painstakingly discussed by two busy men as an effort toward relieving the public of a moral oppression shows the dreadful perversion in our notion of what is important and what is n't. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and has consequently been held up as an example of inattention to the main business in hand. But he could not put the fire out, and something is to be said for the cultivation of a musical ear at any time. Our custodians of the public morals probably cannot be expected to do much, actually, toward mitigating real social evils. Very well then, if they cannot put the fire out, let them fiddle. They will be far better so employed than interfering with numerous custodians of their own morals who wish to read books, even if the books are naughty and reprehensible.

Many things lead to the conviction that Americans are terribly afraid of words and ideas and remarkably callous toward facts. We all know that vices and moral horrors worse than any hitherto described in books exist in every quarter of the land. Knowledge of this fact inspires little action; but expressions of it in books — records of the significant experience of people in their journey through the world — move an influential section of the community to self-righteous indignation that too often finds a legislative outlet. The methods of our police in applying to arrested men the third degree result in horrors that can only be thought of with a shudder. Yet a fact of this kind seems less important to our moral guardians than the danger that a book may advocate a new social theory, or a novel may contain a scene of seduction. Perhaps it is too much to expect those interested in moral causes to deal with real evils; but if this must be so, it seems a pity that there should be so little demand for fiddles.

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THE MONGOLIAN NOBILITY

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

I CAME out to Mongolia from Sweden in 1893, for the Christian Missionary Alliance of New York, and worked under their direction until 1900. I was twenty-three years old. Except for six weeks spent in England, this was my first venture away from my homeland. I settled first at Paotao, on the Chinese border of Mongolia, and here I began to study the Mongolian language. I could find no books from which to work, but I secured a teacher, and used the method of asking him the name of this thing and the name of that — in this way making up a vocabulary. It was not very satisfactory; I made slow progress. I wished I might learn by living where Mongol was the native tongue, but it was not easy to secure residence within Mongolia. The Mongols are a proud people and do not encourage foreigners to settle among them.

I was attracted by what I saw of Mongolia across the border. All my life I had liked horses. I grew up with horses in Sweden; I groomed, fed, and rode them from my earliest boyhood. I longed to talk and live with these people who galloped through the streets of Paotao, for I admired their free, easy grace and the jolly good nature with which they seemed to joke with each other.

In those days I was very homesick. The Mongols seemed more akin to me than any other folk near.

The whole of Mongolia then was divided into innumerable states, each ruled over by a nobleman, with the power of an absolute monarch in his own territory. All these noblemen traced their right to rule back to the old days of Genghis Khan; many of them were direct descendants of Genghis's sons.

My opportunity to enter the country finally came through the courtesy of the monarch of Ortos, the state whose borders touched Paotao. I made friends first with the Chinese military official in Paotao, through his horses, and he took me with him one time when he went to call on the Prince of Ortos.

The festivities lasted for three days. The Prince and his family were all very kind to me; I was very happy during the visit and very sorry when the end of the third day came and the mandarin took me up to bid farewell. The Prince spoke to me kindly. I knew enough Mongolian by that time to understand that he asked me to stay longer. I stayed.

Living quarters were prepared for

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me inside the monarch's residence, and he personally selected a teacher to help me with the language. I had daily lessons, but more helpful than these lessons was the opportunity of hearing Mongol spoken all day long. I had to speak it too, because there was no other means by which I could let my thoughts be known to the people around me.

The Prince gave me good horses to ride and took me out with him continually on trips over the state. His wife visited me daily, always bringing one or two of the ladies in waiting with her to my quarters. She became my mother adviser in the small but important details of Mongolian etiquette.

One day she brought a crowd of young ladies to visit me, and they soon let me know that they had come for the special purpose of examining my knees. A Chinese trader who had come to the palace to sell silk brocades had told them that a foreigner's knees could not be moved in the same way as those of the Mongols or the Chinese. I was embarrassed, but the Princess was the wife of the absolute ruler of the state as well as my hostess, and when she repeated her request I uncovered my knees. Then she and her ladies in waiting pinched and pushed them backward and forward. Finally they expressed their opinion that my legs were made in the same way as theirs. So they were satisfied, and I could cover my knees again.

Another day the ruler's wife appeared saying that she thought it was very bad for a young man to live without a wife. She considered it too lonely for me, and felt that I should learn the language very much quicker if I had a woman to talk to always. She said that since I was an orphan with no parents to arrange a marriage for me, and in reality was in Ortos in the position of the Prince's son, she had chosen a nice girl from her ladies in waiting.

She told me that all arrangements for the marriage had been made, adding that the girl was beautiful, high-spirited, and an excellent horsewoman — and in love with me. She was both surprised and annoyed when I declined her good offer. The Prince laughed heartily when he heard of it.

In Ortos I was taught to conduct myself as a Mongol gentleman, and in addition I learned much concerning life in the country and the method by which each ruler governs his small state. All this was later very useful to me.

I lived under the patronage of the monarch of Ortos for three months, and then, with introductions from him, I went north to Urga to enjoy the experience of life in the capital of Mongolia, where many nobles were gathered, as well as the advantage of using a cosmopolitan language.

People in Urga were very kind to me and exceedingly hospitable, as the Prince of Ortos had been. Here I made friends who have remained my friends all my life. All the monarchs of the states of North Mongolia had royal tents pitched in Urga. Some of them, in addition to governing their own states, had duties relating to Mongolia as a whole. There were also many nobles who came up for a few months every year to be near the Living Buddha, who was, in addition to being the Mongol God, a very popular man.

In Urga I made friendships which later opened the door into every state in Mongolia. I did not consciously do this, for I was a thoughtless, rollicking lad in those days, keen on hunting parties and sports of all kinds. The young Mongols of my own age were good companions, and I was never homesick after I had entered Ortos.

II

Some years after I first went to Mongolia, and when I had lived in many different parts of the country, I was called up to Urga and created a Mongol duke by the Emperor of Mongolia, with full rights equal to those of a Mongol prince's son. This honor was a tremendous surprise to me.

Each ruler has his advisers and officials, some of noble birth and some who are from the commoners. Most of them were, and still are, very wealthy, although they have no money in banks. In fact, there are no banks in Mongolia, and if a Mongolian has any money he at once turns it into animals of some kind. Wealth is counted according to the number of horses owned. Many princes possess thousands, in addition to numberless sheep, camels, and cattle.

Many of the Mongolian nobles have built stone palaces, elaborate structures patterned after the Manchu palaces. But very few of them actually dwell inside of stone walls. They use these palaces on state occasions, at festival times, and whenever they wish to make a great display. The average Mongol is more comfortable in a tent. He has a distrust of the softening influences of luxurious modes of life. I have never met a Mongolian noblewoman who did not consider life inside of walls unhealthy.

Even when a monarch does dwell in his palace, the heir to the throne is brought up in a yurta beyond the palace gates, where he lives exactly the same hardening life that his ancestors have lived for centuries. His food is the simple strengthening food of the commoner — mutton and curd cheese; his drink, mare's milk. He learns to ride as Genghis Khan rode, and to meet wolves, weather, and hunger with a stout heart. A monarch on the Mongolian plateau must be 'a man of physical prowess who does not know the word 'fear.'

The ruler of a Mongolian state does not receive an allowance in money with which to meet his needs; but the people of the state must supply him with anything he requires. So, although he may possess many thousands of horses, which he has inherited perhaps from his mother, as his own fortune, still when he travels it is the custom for him to use state horses. And when he travels he also draws upon the country for men, tents, food, and anything else that he needs. The people have to provide him all the year round with felt for his tents, saddles, carts, oxen, clothes for himself and family — in fact, anything within reason that he needs.

All royal residences, whether movable yurtas or stone palaces, have connected with them a yamen, or place where all government business is transacted. Here the nobleman himself may go often, if he pleases, and personally attend to all the affairs of the state; but in actual practice he is much more likely to have this work done by commoners who are responsible to him.

In the yamen all disputes between individuals within the state are decided, criminals are punished, tributes are determined upon, and official dispatches on outside matters are written. Usually the man in charge of the yamen — or the men, if there happen to be several — talks with the nobleman concerning any important question before they reach a decision. All dispatches must be shown to him before they are sealed.

According to the old common law of Mongolia, still in force to-day except where Soviet influence has come in in North Mongolia, any and every citizen in a state has a right to personal au-

dience with his ruler; but only in very special cases do citizens take advantage of this right. Usually all troubles are settled peaceably at the yamen.

Murder is a crime practically unheard of in Mongolia, and with the exception of Urga the country has no prisons. None are needed. The worst crimes are those sufficiently punished by a spanking administered at the yamen.

Each man and woman in a Mongol state owes one moon of annual service to the ruler of the state if that service is needed. It is the custom to call workers in turn.

The man or woman is used for whatever duty he or she is fitted to perform. One woman may be able to mend tents but would be impossible as a lady in waiting; a man might be a good magistrate but out of place as a cook. The Mongols are a people of common sense, and do not make mistakes in delegating a person to a piece of work.

This constant movement of the population to the royal residence and out again into the state has a dual value, for it makes all citizens well acquainted with the ruler. They watch him grow from babyhood to old age. They know him intimately, and he knows each and all of them.

I have traveled east and west, north and south, and been entertained by most of the noblemen of Mongolia. In many states I have known the father as monarch, and then his son as monarch, and now know the little boy who is growing up to rule, and in all my experience I have met with but three men who were not just rulers, with greater thought for the prosperity of their state than for their personal fortune. It is bred through centuries in the Mongol nobleman to consider it his duty to rule wisely and well for the span of years allotted to him.

III

In 1908 the Prince of Hanta asked me to go with him on a trip from Urga to Peking, then to Tientsin and on to Shanghai. The Prince had never been to sea before, and he was much interested in our boat. We had a two-berth cabin together. I asked him to choose whether he would sleep in the upper or the lower berth. This matter occupied his mind for a long time.

He had never slept in a bed of any kind, as the Mongols always sleep on rugs thrown on the ground or on the floor of their yurtas or palaces. He pressed the berths with his hands, tried the springs, shook his head dubiously, and finally decided he would try to sleep in one of them; and when he had decided that, he gave his attention to the decision as to which it should be.

He said, 'If I take the lower berth you will be above me, which is not quite right, as I am above you in rank.' I agreed with him in this, but told him that it depended on which way we looked at it — whether the upper or the lower berth should by right go to the man of highest rank. Still, in case the steamer sank, the man in the upper berth would be nearer the surface of the sea.

He scratched his head over this for a little time, and then said, 'Yes, if I were in the lower berth I might be drowned.' So he took the upper berth, climbed into it, and there he stayed for the entire journey to Shanghai. The rough coastal trip he declared to be worse than any Mongolian blizzard.

When we got to Shanghai the steamer docked on the opposite side of the river from the city, and we had to cross in a small sampan. He was much frightened by this and inquired how he would be able to save himself in case the sampan sank. I told him there was

nothing to do but swim for the shore, and explained to him as best I could what swimming was. He said it would be impossible for him ever to learn to swim, and asked if there was some aid by which a man could keep himself afloat in the water until rescued. I told him the only thing for that was a good lifebelt. He was much interested in the idea, and immediately we arrived on shore in Shanghai he insisted on going to a shop that sold lifebelts, where he ordered a hundred! These he shipped up to the plains of Mongolia, where they are probably in some yurta to-day.

When the Prince got back to Urga he unwrapped one of the lifebelts and showed it to the Living Buddha. The Buddha was most anxious to discover whether or not it would really work, so, as the River Tola was in high flood, they strapped it on to a lama priest and threw him in. He did not sink. The Prince of Hanta declared that the money spent for the lifebelts was really well invested.

Once the Prince stepped off the curb to cross Nanking Road in Shanghai right in front of a street car which was coming at a good pace. I seized his arm and tried to pull him back. Then, when he would not come back, I attempted to hurry him across. He stopped dead and said, 'Don't be a fool. I know how these cars are made. They have brakes and can be stopped at any place — so why hurry?'

In Shanghai the Prince of Hanta bought twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff for the Dalai Lama, who was then in Peking. This was a most extraordinary business. He gave no order for any particular thing. He made all his purchases in three days, and spent the whole sum on foreign objects. Morning and afternoon of each day he asked me to conduct him to a foreign shop. Inside, he pointed the butt of his riding whip at everything that took his fancy and ordered it wrapped up and dispatched to Peking.

He bought, among other things, clocks, watches, looking-glasses, knives, canes, rugs, lamps, lanterns, a big astronomical telescope, a kitchen range, an electric curling iron, ladies' shoes with high heels, and a Christmas tree with decorations!

He ran riot in the shops. I could not curb his purchases or advise him in any single matter. He was like a child let loose in a bazaar. I did not think much of the things he got, but the Dalai Lama was very pleased, and so were all the friends whom he invited in to see what he had brought from the strange Chinese port city of Shanghai.

IV

When a Mongolian boy or girl reaches the age of seven years it is customary for the parents to begin to look about among their friends for a suitable engagement for marriage. The lamas of the near-by lamasery are always consulted in this matter, and the horoscope of both children whose parents are considering a preliminary engagement is at once taken by a priest.

If the comparison of the horoscopes shows that the children were born under stars favorable to a prosperous and peaceful union, then the parents of the girl invite relatives and friends to a feast. This is called the 'feast of the small white scarf' or the 'first engagement.'

The parents of the boy bring their young son with them to the festivities and the little boy kneels before his fiancée and holds his two hands, palms upward, in front of him. On his upturned palms there lies a white silk scarf, and on the scarf two silver earrings, the gift and the symbol of the

first engagement. The girl's ears have already been pierced as a small child, in readiness for this gift. She takes the earrings from his hands and puts them on. This is the pledge that if they grow up suited to each other they will follow this first ceremony with a formal engagement when they are about fifteen.

If all has gone well with both families and their children have grown up healthy and wish to follow the engagement with marriage, the parents of the girl again make a feast. This is a much more serious and elaborate affair than the first. The family are busy for many days before, preparing for it, and only the girl's relatives attend it. They assemble, dressed in their best clothes, and feast.

The parents of the boy are not invited, but they send a special delegate, who presents a big silk scarf and a pair of bracelets to the daughter of the house in whose honor the feast is held. By the offering and the acceptance of this large scarf and engagement bracelets the honor of the boy and the girl and of both families has been pledged, and this ceremony must be followed by consummation in marriage within three or four years. The girl is never supposed to know the exact date for the marriage until the day arrives, or to be present at home when preparations are made for it. It is customary for her to go to visit the woman highest in rank in her family during the preparation for the wedding festivities.

Not long ago I attended the wedding of the daughter of a wealthy commoner who was married to the son of the ruler of a state where I often visit. When I arrived at the encampment of the family the girl was away visiting her aunt. The encampment buzzed with activity. Twenty new white cone-shaped tents made of wool felt from the spring clipping had been pitched near the family tents, ready for the reception of guests.

Relatives had been invited from far and near to come to the marriage festivities. Some had already arrived when I got there; the others rode in and were welcomed soon after.

Dressed in bright silk, the girl's relatives and immediate family made the encampment a brilliant moving mass of color. The marine blue, sapphire, olive green, purple, lavender, wisteria, and rose gowns of lay men and women, heavily embroidered with butterflies, flowers, and birds, mingled with the crimson and yellow brocades worn by the lamas.

The girl's brother was sent to his relative's encampment to bring her home. The aunt and her family came back with them. When the group reached the top of the hill which overlooked the encampment of the girl's parents, she saw the preparations that had been made in her absence, was startled, and, turning her horse round, made off across the plains. But her brother soon caught up with her, seized the bridle, and pulled the horse back toward home. She then leaped from the saddle, but her cousins caught her. Matrons of the family, who had waited behind a clump of shrubs just below the hill, ran forward and closed about her in a tight circle. The most recently married woman among them flung a thick blue veil over the maid's head. Blinded by the swathes of the veil, she was carried through the encampment and put down on the felt-padded floor of her own tent. Then her relatives withdrew, leaving only the aunt with her. The door was fastened securely on the outside.

Throughout the day and most of the night the gorgeous assembly that had gathered for the wedding feast made merry. A band of musicians strolled about playing gay music. They lin-

gered in the great banquet tent where the father entertained the men highest in rank among the guests, or passed into the glittering throng of matrons gathered in the tent of the girl's mother. They made their way through the entire encampment, even penetrating where the herdsmen and servants gathered round steaming bowls and full tankards.

Only in the tent where the girl lay there was darkness. At dawn the servants took tea in to her. A little while later her girl friends and younger sisters forced their way in. They sat in a circle about her and sewed the girdle of her dress fast to their own — a symbol that they thus held her in maidenhood with them.

V

A large party of mounted nobles rode in from the west. Clouds of dust heralded their arrival. A hundred strong, mounted on fine horses, they were a magnificent sight, clad in the most brilliant raiment the imagination of a color-loving people could conceive and the wealth of princes execute. They led a riderless white horse that arched his neck and lifted his feet high, shaking his golden bridle and rattling golden stirrups against white doeskin saddle guards.

At the hitching place the girl's family welcomed the party from the palace. The ceremony of greeting and method of procedure were so elaborate that more than an hour of formal phrases was necessary before the last 'You go first' and 'No, you; I am not worthy' had been exchanged and all were seated in the great reception tent in the exact order of precedence — the exact place that he or she knew was his or hers by inherited right.

All the visitors were greeted and honored, save the young bridegroom-elect — a slender boy of seventeen. No notice was taken of him. Ignored in silence, he was permitted to enter last and wait unobtrusively in the lowest place by the yurta door.

The representatives of the two families were seated on cushions in two rows facing each other, the highest in rank of the two households in the left and right places nearest the altar. The first of the visitors cleared his throat significantly. There was perfect silence. In sonorous tones he repeated the speech wherein has been poetized the formal words with which a Mongol daughter shall be asked for in marriage.

When he had finished, a servant knelt and presented him with a silver cup of wine on a white scarf. The wine and the scarf were accepted. Then the man of first rank in the girl's family quoted the formal response in rolling phrases. Again the servant knelt and offered wine in a silver cup on a white scarf.

When the second speaker's parched throat had been relieved, another man among the visitors took up the cue. After him came another answer from the drama prepared through the ages past. So on and on, with wine ceremoniously offered to each speaker and as ceremoniously accepted. Sometimes the orators were women, sometimes men.

The vocal play came to an end, and servants entered with garments carried on extended arms: underclothing of soft silk; boots of finely tanned leather, ornamented with elaborate stitch patterns; a long rich satin gown embroidered in golden thread; a beautiful sleeveless jacket — all made for the bridegroom in the home of the girl. An attendant pulled off the shy lad's usual apparel and dressed him in this new outfit. Now he was invited by the girl's family to come and sit on a cushion.

While food and drink were pressed upon the confused, flushed boy, deputies were dispatched for the bride. A struggle ensued in her tent, where the girls fought to hold her against her elders. Some of these girls were flung into corners, others were pushed roughly inside the door, as their friend was carried away. One, stronger than her companions, clung on even outside, until the steely grip of her fingers had to be loosened by a sharp blow.

The maid, still wrapped in the mist of the blue veil that had been flung over her the previous afternoon, was put down on the ground outside the reception tent. Here she lay, in her plain dress, soiled and wrinkled now — the dress she had worn the day she traveled home. She reminded me of a crushed blossom in the centre of that gorgeous throng.

Women lifted her to her feet, and the man highest in rank in her family knelt beside her and begged her to accept a silver bowl of milk with a lump of butter floating on the surface. Her mother raised her veil and pleaded with her to drink, reminding her that the pure white milk was symbolic of their pure love for her, while the golden butter was the token of that love's genuineness.

The daughter humbly bent her lips to the silver brim and took a few sips. Then a red silk cape was quickly flung over her dress, and a large red hat was dropped over her blue-veiled head. Her jeweled headdress was not adjusted over her hair, but fastened round her neck so that it held the veil down even more closely than before.

The white horse was now led up. Strong arms lifted the inert girl into the golden saddle. The spirited horse snorted and reared.

Men, with hands on each side of the bridle, led the horse a few paces, while relatives on either side of the girl kept her in the saddle. All the rest of us had now mounted — all the girl's relatives, men and women, young boys and girls, as well as all the palace party. Our horses were restless to be off. The girl was lifted down from the saddle and put into a cart, into which had been thrown soft furs, covered with a spread of red silk. A horse was fastened to this two-wheeled cart. The aunt got in with the girl. A mounted herdsman took the leading rein, and we were all off at breakneck speed over the trackless plateau, the cart that contained the bride-elect careering madly in our midst.

At the first neighbor's encampment women rushed out. They dashed furiously in among our horses and jerked the leading rein from the herdsman's hands. They soon had the cart stopped and gathered about the maid with words of comfort. Other women followed them out of the yurtas with tea and cakes with which they begged the girl to refresh herself. She thanked them, and made as though to leap from the cart, but her aunt struck the horse and he bounded ahead at a frightened gallop. After another hour we sighted the tiled roofs of the palace in jagged outline against the sky.

The girl was taken from the cart and put on the white horse again. Riders kept close around her, holding her in the saddle and guiding her mount. When we came to the palace we all dismounted on the green slope below the eastern gates, where tents had been made ready for the festivities.

VI

A small altar spread over with a cloth of satin had been placed on the grass. The bridegroom and his personal attendant knelt before this altar. The bride stood near them. An official offered her a silver basin of milk in

which floated butter — a token that this new household welcomed her with pure hearts and would be true to her. The girl was then taken away by the women of the palace, to rest in a private tent.

The rest of us were conducted to the places that had been arranged for our comfort. All was quiet until flute players summoned us to come for a feast.

The best viands that the state could supply were served on low tables around which we sat on brilliant cushions. Dish after dish followed in lavish abundance. As the servants brought food, the ruler of the state and his wife, the bridegroom and his brothers and their young sister, went from group to group, serving each guest, on bended knee, with a silver cup of wine. Lastly, filling the cups already six times filled, came the bride, still blinded by the blue veil and guided by the bridegroom's eldest sister, who also served wine.

Above the clatter of crockery, the scurrying of servants, and the hum of conversation, music swelled from throats and from stringed instruments strummed with the fingers or played with a bow, like a violin. As time advanced, the wedding party grew more and more merry. Guests joined with minstrels in the singing of ballads recounting the historic romances of famous Mongolian lovers.

At sunset the lad and the maid were ceremoniously conducted to a big white felt yurta which had been prepared as a bridal chamber, and were left there with the girl's aunt.

In the festival tents and on the sloping plain the music continued to throb with sentimental melody. At midnight a second feast was spread. Again the ruler and his wife with their three younger sons and their two daughters offered silver cups of wine to each guest on humbly bended knees, murmuring wishes for peace.

After this we all retired. Next morning tea and cakes were served in our tents, so that all who desired to do so might rest until late. For the entertainment of the more energetic, wrestling matches were staged between the prince's soldiers and the young lamas from the state temples. Flutes announced the first feast of the day sometime past noon.

Then the bride came out from the palace and walked among the people who had gathered to pay her homage. She wore golden slippers and a long gown of lavender silk with a short white satin jacket embroidered in gold. Her head was crowned with her glossy hair arranged in smooth coils and weighted by the headdress which was both her dowry and the symbol that she was now a matron. She conducted herself with magnificent regal dignity — gracious, yet unapproachable. All of us who looked at her talked of her amazing beauty and her queenly manner.

That afternoon there was horse racing, followed by another banquet. The next day a final feast was served in mid-morning, as it is the custom in Mongolia for wedding guests to take their departure before noon on the third day of celebration.

Guests most distantly connected with the bride took leave of her first, going to bid her farewell in the bridal chamber, where she sat ready to receive them, dressed in a gown of jade green, over which her lovely pearls fell like drops of morning dew. She accepted all the congratulations with cool dignity, until at last her own family came to kiss her good-bye.

I had known her since she was a tiny child, and her father insisted that I wait to bid her farewell with her own immediate family. As we came to her, her haughty poise dropped from her

like a player's mask. In a broken voice, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she pleaded to be allowed to return to the encampment of her father, but her parents turned deaf ears to her entreaties. When she rose from her seat to follow them, they pushed her back on her royal cushion and put heavy stones on her silk skirts, to symbolize that she was fastened to her new sphere of life. They reminded her that by the common law of Mongolia every girl must fulfill the engagement she makes in company with her parents when she is fifteen years of age, and that after the wedding ceremony she must live three days and three nights with the man she has married.

The other side of this law — written so deeply in the hearts of the freedom-loving Mongolian people that even an absolute monarch dare not override it — is that when the youth and the maid have risen to manly and womanly wisdom by three days' and three nights' experience either may end the marriage at will without explanation other than the desire to do so. After that each may live alone or marry again without any further divorce or any second marriage ceremony.

VII

On the morning of the fourth day I rode back to the palace with the girl's father, in company with his eldest son and his eldest brother, both lamas from the state temple. We were accompanied by an escort of mounted men who carried three cooked sheep and three big baskets of bread. The girl's brother led a saddled riderless horse. We were received in the bridal chamber. The bride was seated on the same cushion on which she had sat when we took leave of her.

Her father knelt before her and told her that her family now offered her the opportunity to return to them. His attendants brought her three silver platters on each of which lay a whole cooked sheep and three platters heaped high with bread. He said, 'This is a token, my daughter, that your father is both willing and able to provide for you.'

With a gesture the daughter bade her father rise to his feet and ordered the palace servants to remove the food. This was an indication that she was satisfied with her marriage and did not now wish to return home.

Marriage has no religious significance in Mongolia; it is a civil contract. Its binding force is the mere will of the man and the woman, and either one is at liberty to end it. When the marriage is dissolved soon after the wedding there has to be an adjustment of wedding expenses. If the bridegroom is the one who desires separation, he must repay the bride's parents for the cost of their part in the wedding; if the bride is the dissatisfied party, she must refund the groom's parents what they have spent.

In Mongolia women have equal rights with men in the regulation of affairs, with the exception that in divorce the children of a marriage remain with the father unless one or all of them are of sufficient age to decide which parent is preferred.

There is no moral censure of divorce. The Mongols reason that when a man and a woman cannot live together harmoniously they are better apart. Each may pitch his or her tents in company with relatives or alone.

The Mongol woman is quite as capable of managing the affairs of life as the man. From childhood the girl is accustomed to long intervals of time in which the men of her family are absent from the encampment, leaving the women to look after themselves. She knows how to tend the flocks and to do

all the necessary things. Even in young girlhood she makes long journeys on horseback alone, seeking shelter in encampments throughout the country she crosses as independently as a boy. If she chooses to live alone, she knows how to take care of herself.

There are no restrictions concerning the remarriage of either party in a divorce. Only the first marriage is celebrated with ceremony such as I have described. In later unions the couple usually give a feast to friends and relatives at which they announce their marriage, but this is not really necessary. Often couples simply join tents and herds without even the ceremony of a celebration feast.

(Further chapters of the Duke's Mongolian experiences will appear in the March issue)

THE CALIFORNIA LEGEND

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

When you cross the invisible line which separates Southern California from the remainder of the state — and from the universe, for that matter — you find yourself in a foreign country with strange and amusing folk ways, more like the world Alice discovered behind the looking-glass than a part of this somewhat matter-of-fact and unimaginative United States. The traits which surprise the visitor must be acquired traits, for the inhabitants are after all Americans at heart like the rest of us, coming mostly from plain and unadventurous states such as Iowa or Illinois. In their original habitat they never exhibited such initiative, imagination, solidarity, and loyalty. Something in their new environment — sun, soil, climate, the scarcity of water, the cheapness of food, the imminence of Hollywood, or possibly merely the exhortations of the most earnest chambers of commerce in the world — has given them all a complacent patriotism for their adopted country, a serene myopia to its shortcomings, and a calculated but agreeable courtesy toward visitors from less favored spots that almost disarms the latent suspicion with which we all approach California for the first time.

You enter the country in your car, perhaps. At once the entire population springs to your assistance. Do you hesitate a moment at a fork, a passer-by comes quickly to the side of the car to ask if you want to ask anything.

And the information is always forthcoming, eager and sympathetic. And it is given with a certain smiling pride in being a citizen of the country about which you inquire. Every inhabitant has taken an oath that no visitor shall be repulsed. *Noblesse oblige*. To be a Californian imposes its code. Hospitality is a civic cult.

Automobile clubs and chambers of

commerce await you with rows of smiling girls to answer your questions and supply your wants. Every golf club in the neighborhood of San Diego is at the disposal of the visitor. You apply to the chamber of commerce and the cards of introduction are forthcoming with none of the red tape which discourages such offers elsewhere. Even beautiful Chula Vista, said to be the best course in Southern California, is open to you. The hotel keepers fill your rooms with flowers and fruit. Bankers, taxi drivers, conductors, and policemen are at your beck and call. I stood in front of the Santa Fe ticket wicket at Pasadena and lamented to my wife that, owing to a misunderstanding of time of arrival in Chicago, I was under the necessity of sending a number of telegrams to change appointments. The ticket agent reached out, swung a typewriter in front of him, and said: 'Tell me what you want to say, and I'll write them for you.' And he did. Can you imagine such a thing happening in any Eastern railroad station?

The dénouement to the siege of civic kindness came after we had left Southern California. We were driving up that long, straight, rather dull, but magnificently paved road which leads from Los Angeles to San Francisco, romantically called El Camino Real, and as conditions were favorable Martin was tooling the car along at the rate of about fifty-five miles an hour.

After a while we began to be vaguely disturbed by a car behind us signaling to pass. Martin drew aside, but held to his speed. He could see in his mirror that it was a Ford coupé — 'I was n't going to let a Ford pass us,' he said afterward.

Drawing aside did not answer. The car clung, but did not pass, and the signals became so peremptory that Martin finally stopped his car.

The Ford drew up behind us and out of it stepped a traffic officer in full panoply, like Cinderella out of her pumpkin, and with the utmost courtesy gave my driver a summons returnable at Salinas, the next town, to which he proceeded to follow us.

In his testimony before the justice the policeman was most considerate. He had trailed us through two villages. My driver slowed properly for traffic, he said, and exercised great discretion in overtaking, and in short the only charge was driving at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour. The justice said that since we were visitors the fine would be half the customary amount, and we contributed seven dollars and a half to the treasury of California. The very next day in the state legislature the member from Los Angeles, speaking on the new motor law, vigorously attacked the practice of police patroling roads disguised by Ford coupés as taking unfair advantage of visitors, and had it written into the new law that hereafter such cars must be painted a distinguishing color and plainly marked 'Traffic Police.' And that was that.

This civic hospitality, whether it has been inculcated by chambers of commerce or is merely the effect of sunshine and blue skies mingled with a burning local pride, makes things pleasant for visitors, and is perhaps the reason why so many who go to scoff remain to stay. I am especially susceptible to such amiability because of my deafness. I require patience and consideration in pursuit of direction. Long experience in extracting information from curt and bored bank tellers, policemen, information clerks, and ticket agents has taught me to appreciate a people willing to take the time to wait for my slow audition. I have

found the same cheerful and sympathetic helpfulness in Italy, so perhaps the climate has something to do with it.

Another worth-while result of the coöperative spirit of Southern Californians is its solution of motor congestion. Everyone is his own traffic officer. Traffic is controlled, not by policemen or signal lights, though they have both, but by what can only be defined as the forbearance and unselfishness of each individual motorist. A car approaching a crossing comes to a full stop. A car approaching it at right angles also comes to a full stop. The car that stopped first starts first.

And thus the traffic flows on all day long, controlled by an 'After you, Gaston' spirit which is stronger than law and has its roots in that instinct firmly planted in the heart of every Californian to coöperate in everything that has the good of California for its purpose.

To be sure, there is at each intersection in cities a red stone in the middle of the street bearing the injunction 'Stop,' but the instinct is stronger than the injunction, and the practice obtains even in the open country. So pervasive is the influence that my chauffeur adopted it as a matter of course after a few days. It is true that the streets and roads are wider and more numerous, which of course helps to make this spontaneous solution more effective. Nor should it be forgotten that roads and streets have been built since it was really understood what the motor car means to modern civilization. The Californians began the art of living where we leave off. And so favorable are motoring conditions that car ownership in Los Angeles is ten times greater per capita than in New York City.

II

The capital of this country which proves itself as worthy of exploration as Brittany or Etruria, and for similar reasons, is a city covering more than a thousand square miles. It has no corporate name, but the built-up section extends from Altadena on the north to San Pedro on the south, and from Monrovia on the east to Santa Monica on the west. Its nucleus is Los Angeles, and numerous suburbs and dependencies, such as Glendale, Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Pasadena, Inglewood, Redondo, Palos Verdes, Long Beach, — seventy-nine in all, — are set closely together and constitute one integral city. It is not densely built, however. There is something spacious and airy about it, partly because the buildings are low, but also because of the many wide streets which cross the aggregate in both directions from one end to the other, making it without doubt the most motorable city in the world.

When Baron Haussmann, at the command of Napoleon, revised the city of Paris and drove his wide boulevards through the congeries of narrow mediæval streets, and thus prepared the way for the motor car long before motor cars were dreamed of, he evolved the rudiments of a city plan which has been adopted by Los Angeles and improved upon so that it is possible to drive with speed and certainty to the most obscure address in any of the 11,500 streets of this huge, sprawling, conglomerate city. The greater city is gridironed with broad boulevards, ten lanes wide, cutting it into blocks many times the size of ordinary city blocks, and these large blocks are subdivided by the lesser streets into anywhere from three to twenty smaller blocks. These islands have necessarily no designed relation

to the boulevards. In some cases they suggest an independent development which has been later tied up with the main plan by the boulevard. In this way even golf links have been included in the built-up district and exist as oases of recreation. Whatever the method, the plan is admirable and should furnish the model for all future cities able to start from scratch.

The fact that the roads and streets in Southern California are so good, and in the built-up parts wider and more numerous than in older sections of the country, is due partly to a climate which is kinder to concrete roads than our Northern winters, and partly, I believe, to an unusual spirit of coöperation, which seems to move inhabitants to boost improvements that will justify this country in pluming itself in its advertising, and bring it nearer its goal, which seems to be more and still more inhabitants. It is remarkable how the towns and cities of this country are obsessed by size, how highly they prize mere population. To some of us this seems to be the worst feature of most big cities. But in this case, while we have little sympathy with the ambition of Los Angeles to be larger than San Francisco, we acknowledge that some of the means to that end have produced satisfactory results.

The underlying cause behind the marked disposition to concerted action which has affected Southern California in so many novel and amusing ways is probably scarcity of water, and the coöperation necessary to ensure a sufficient supply to transform the country from a desert into the truck garden of the nation. There may be a lingering trace of the old pioneer spirit, the getting together to enforce law and order in a new country, vigilantes and informal courts by which horse thieves were tried and executed, but most of the present inhabitants are too new to have any recollection of that self-helpful period. Coöperation is necessary, however, to secure water. Southern California has more acres under irrigation than any other state in the Union, and the United States has more than any country except India. Expressions such as 'acre foot' and 'second foot' puzzle the visitor. An acre foot is the amount of water that will cover an acre a foot deep, while a second foot is a cubic foot passing through a sluice gate in a second. All water used by each inhabitant is measured and paid for. Gardens and fruit farms respond to the exactitude with which water can be applied without waste or drought.

This fantastic, colorful, light-hearted civilization depends for its very existence on irrigation ditches. Like Keats's, its name is writ in water. And water is the civic tie that binds. To get water, distribute it properly, and collect rates to pay for it demands coöperation of a farsighted character; and Californians, having learned the lesson of acting together, have proceeded to apply it to other operations of living with surprising and satisfactory results.

One of the entertaining features of storing water for future use is the temporary employment of it as a municipal plunge or public bathing pool.

These are found in every community. They are as inevitable as the cogged wheel of the Rotary Club hung at the gate of every city inviting motoring Rotarians to come and share the weekly communal feast. Impounding water for irrigation purposes creates large reservoirs, and it is the custom to use these cisterns for recreation in the form of bathing and swimming. The climate admits of

their use the year round and they are seldom idle. The water, having served this purpose, goes on its way to irrigate the land and nourish the oranges, lemons, grapes, celery, and asparagus that grow so abundantly in what was once a desert.

The genius for teamwork is exhibited in the marketing of these crops. California is famous for its coöperative advertising and selling. Oranges, lemons, raisins, grapefruit, nuts, lumber, and other native products, produced in small units, are pooled, graded, trade-marked, and advertised with profitable results, and these methods could and should be imitated by farmers everywhere. California agriculturists, truck gardeners, and fruit farmers enjoy the advantages of trade-unionism because they are all nourished from the same fount. There is something about this dependence on one source for water, the controlled use of it, and the amazing results it produces, so superior to nature's reckless and haphazard methods, that engenders an enlightened selfishness which places the common good ahead of the individual good.

It also explains the excitement occasioned by such projects as the Boulder Dam irrigation scheme. In the East this is merely another engineering or political problem. In the West it has started an orgy of speculation. San Diego and Los Angeles swarm with agents selling land with water rights, bought by thousands in spite of government warnings that there are no such lands yet for sale.

Water is the staff of life, and those who have seen with their own eyes the miraculous transformation of Imperial Valley from a desert to a vast truck garden are condescending about the story of Moses smiting the rock in the desert of Zin.

III

But coöperation alone, though carried to great lengths and affecting the thinking of a whole community, would not produce such striking and novel results in the way of behavior, dress, landscape, architecture, and advertising unless backed up by an unusual originality. The Californians have civic imagination, just as they have civic courtesy and civic collectivity.

There are even the rudiments of a national costume, taking the form of aprons. Aprons have a profound sociological significance, according to the learned Herr Teufelsdröckh, — if anyone reads *Sartor Resartus* these days, — but in Greater Los Angeles they have something the character of the liveries of the ancient English guilds.

I first saw one on a doctor. My wife had occasion to visit a specialist, and the doctor practised his specialty in a trim white apron. It is no new thing for a physician to wear an apron, but this apron was different. I noticed it with especial attention because I am interested in aprons, my hobby being that of a gentleman carpenter and joiner. It had no buttons, but two long straps crossed in front, one going through a slit in the side, and tied in the back — a neat and picturesque costume.

Next I had my hair cut and noticed that the barber wore an apron identical with the doctor's except that the color was brown. I visited an oculist to have my glasses repaired and the oculist's apron was blue of the same nifty cut. In one of the largest and by far one of the most attractive grocery stores I have ever seen, which I visited in the spirit in which one would visit the Cathedral of Canterbury, I found all the salespeople wearing the national

apron, the color being a light apple green.

Thus costume added its picturesqueness to a variegated scene and enhanced the impression one had of visiting a foreign country. I was on the trail of an intriguing sociological discovery. I traced the apron to its source, helped by answers to questions discreetly asked, and learned that it was the invention of a woman who is busily engaged in putting the entire populace into appropriate aprons. I bought two myself, partly as authentic souvenirs of the country, as one buys sabots or bonnets in Plougastel, but mainly because they seemed to be a real achievement in occupational aprons and would be handy to keep the sawdust off my clothes.

Outdoor advertising takes strange forms. Instead of the two-dimensional poster we have in the East, there is three-dimensional advertising; in other words, statuary of a kind. A wayside refreshment stand specializing in chicken dinners has a huge hen fifteen feet tall surrounded by a brood of gigantic chicks worked out in staff or some plastic material, like a scene in *Chanticleer*. 'Hokey-pokey' is sold from conical structures shaped and painted to look like ice-cream cones, and orange drinks are dispensed from huge oranges looking for all the world like the house of Peter Pumpkin-Eater in the nursery book. The retail shops of a chain of bakeries are miniature flour mills with great Dutch sails which revolve slowly all day and by night are outlined in colored electric lights. A dairy is advertised by a group — cow, milkmaid with pail and stool, and a small child waiting for a drink — the style and color of which remind one irresistibly of a Rogers group magnified a thousand diameters. A racing automobile advertises gasoline, a page in buttons a hotel; and a life-size plaster elephant with gorgeous Eastern trappings is the sculpture-poster of a silk house. And 'hot dogs' are sold from the interior of a Brobdingnagian puppy; but in moving-pictureland the popular roadside snack seems to be a 'grilled Hamburger.' On the aviation field at San Diego is a heroic statue of Lindbergh — heroic in size only — with the legend, 'Here is where he started.' What the effect would be if the work were artistic it is hard to say, but one feels like quoting, 'Even if it was good, I would n't like it.'

In the designing of hotels we find many dramatic gestures. In the East we conceive of a hotel as one building; in California the hotel becomes a small village of cottages with the central building but slightly larger — the houses and grounds treated with all of the transitory picturesqueness of a World's Fair setting. The Garden of Alla on the famous Sunset Drive near Hollywood is an amusing instance. This was formerly the estate of Alla Nazimova — hence the name. Its numerous bungalows surround an immense pool, and are dolls' houses completely equipped, even for light housekeeping, though there is a common dining room in the central building. As with most houses in this region, the heating is electric and turned on and off by switches like those of the lights. Another hotel is a Norman village, its half-timbered cottages clinging to a steep hillside, with gateways and clock towers, like a picture postcard.

The top of the highest hill in Flintridge, joining Pasadena, is capped by the Biltmore Flintridge, a rambling group of Spanish buildings not more than two stories high at the most, whose red roofs and oyster-colored walls seen from the valley below are about as good a bit of the scene paint-

er's craft as anything you will see. The hotel is reached by admirable roads, curving and zigzagging. Where the hill juts out into a shoulder a small spur runs to a turnout for the purpose of inspecting the view. In cleverly created atmosphere this hotel surpasses anything I have seen in this country. The unexpected irregularity of it on the inside, as it runs up and down the hill, with rooms of unusual shapes in the most surprising places, keeps one chuckling with amusement, and it is hard to convince one's self that this is a serious hotel, it so expresses the playtime, holiday, theatrical spirit.

While this hotel bears the name given to one of our enterprising hotel chains, this simply means that it has been recently acquired by the Biltmore interests. One could hardly imagine hotel builders of the Eastern type conceiving, much less producing, a hotel like a page out of the *Blue Fairy Book*. It was built by a man named Flint, and sold to the Biltmore interests after he died. He was a California spirit imbued with the drama and color of this strange playland, and created his hotel with something of the freedom and imagination with which an artist makes a picturesque sketch upon a canvas.

Up at Santa Barbara they have taken a page from Omar Khayyám and the hotel is a Persian garden. The gardens drop in terraces from the small Oriental main building, with pools and waterfalls and carp and goldfish, and myriads of flowers, and colored lights that play upon the building at night. The dining room on the top floor is a balcony overhanging the gardens, with striped marquee and waitresses in Spanish peasant costumes. The bedrooms are in arms of the building which flank the garden on both sides. The vista spans the gardens, a circular pool with flotillas of stately swans, an oval bowling green encircled by a high hedge, and climaxes in a serene, inscrutable bronze Buddha with hands demurely crossed palm up to receive pennies deposited by tourists as harbingers of good fortune. As one walks these terraces in plus fours he feels like an anachronism, as though he should be attired in burnoose and turban, or like a man who has gone to a masquerade in a dinner jacket. Here is the perfect moving-picture spirit, and the hotel is often used by the producers at Hollywood as a setting for their films, for it has beaten them at their own game.

Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena's most picturesque hotel, has its dependencies hanging like swallows' nests to the side of the deep canyon which divides Pasadena from Los Angeles. Close at hand is the graceful bridge which spans the canyon and carries California Boulevard, the road from Pasadena to Los Angeles. The golf links are on the bottom of the canyon, and opposite is one of those characteristic developments which are dotting the Los Angelic plain with a new kind of hill town. Broad, perfectly graded roads sweep up the hill in masterful curves, and along these roads are being erected low red-roofed houses, the gables of one on a level with the doorstep of the next above it. While nearly all have one architectural motive, their variety is amazing. The contour of the ground suggests new stunts in layout and landscaping, and every opportunity is daringly seized.

Each of these houses has its own eye-opening view across the level plain of Los Angeles, west to the sea or north to the mountains that serve as a backstop for sunshine and give Pasadena its salubrious climate. And all the time you are in a city — not in the country. Miles of built-up

streets radiate in every direction. It is certainly *rus in urbe* to a degree few places can equal.

One has the illusion of beholding whole towns created while one waits. San Clemente, Palos Verdes, — cities imagined by an artist collaborating with an engineer, sketched out on the hills overlooking the sea, and being rapidly filled in with buildings conforming to the artist's plan, — show a freedom from preconceived conventions as refreshing as it is sometimes astonishing.

Speculative builders create houses of the most elaborate character, miles of them, with landscaped gardens, fountains playing, electric refrigerators installed, before a single one is sold. The unfettered imagination is equaled only by the sublime self-confidence, and these houses, surprising as it may seem, are most of them attractive and individual, with the kind of individuality which in the East is put into a house only when built by its owner. No speculative builder or real-estate man in the East dares dream such dreams as his brothers on the Pacific Coast not only dream but execute. While much of it is new and, therefore, still a little raw, the rawness is less evident than it would be in a development on so large a scale in the East. This is because the promoters seem to be willing to spend their money in advance of sales, before there is any income from purchasers, shaping the thing, giving it form, color, and life. And green things grow so fast with unlimited sunshine and judiciously rationed water. The builders have to have the whole scene in which to stage their play, always in the spirit of the moving-picture producer.

IV

If you seek a reason for the good-naturedness of the Californian you will probably find it in his environment. A gentle climate, mild but not enervating; sunshine all the time and artificial rain when needed, with their concomitants of abundant flowers and fruit; leisure and freedom from worry, since California is the last resort of many who have acquired the means of living — these are no doubt responsible for the complacent attitude toward the state itself and the amicable disposition toward visitors who come to view it.

The concerted action, the community frame of mind, are the offspring of the superior kind of coöperation necessary to provide a sure and sufficient supply of water; but the originality, the imagination, the unconventional reaction to the old problems presented by community living, must be due to the near presence of Hollywood, with its stage effects and make-believe world.

In older cities development and improvement must follow lines already set. And living follows the lines of physical environment. Most of our modern cities, even when reconstructed by town planners, are still in the traditional manner. They are the same old cities improved. But in the metropolis of Southern California and its neighbor on the south, San Diego, the builders have cast aside the old rules and fetishes and created cities in the sanguine and colorful spirit in which a producer plans a setting for a new film drama. It must be because invention of scenic background has been so perfected on the lots of Hollywood, Culver City, and Universal City that not only Los Angeles but the whole of Southern California appears to be designed in the spirit of a theatrical setting. There is the same dash and picturesqueness; there is also the same air of unreality and transitoriness.

The producers learned first for their imitation worlds to construct a mediæval walled town or a Roman hippodrome or a Persian garden, perfect in effect and atmosphere, and then the builders began erecting cities and villas and gardens and hotels in the same high spirits. Real-estate promoters have covered the hills with monoliths — that is, poured houses, touched up with troweled stucco, — pink, red, brown, blue, yellow, every color and all schools, including the primary, but mainly Spanish, — with red-tiled roofs and wrought-iron balconies, grounds landscaped and terraced, combed and kempt, with fountains and flowers, that somehow do not quite escape the transitory effect of the scene painter's brush. The vigor of their imagination, the plasticity of their materials, and the facility with which they work in new forms and discard old traditions, together with the natural beauty of the setting, have conspired to evolve a California style, sometimes fantastic, quaint, or sensational, but on the whole stimulating, exciting, and beautiful. The audacity of the Hollywood stage managers is the moving spirit of the real-estate promoter.

Never have I seen projects so imbued with imagination and hope. Indeed, imagination and hope and the bare but beautiful hillsides and the omnipresent sunshine are all many of them have at present. Driving to the mountains from San Diego, you pass first through an extensive suburb of miles and miles of one-story bungalows, — the car in one half, the family in the other, — lining wide, smooth, numerous streets, christened University City. Beyond the next low mountain you enter a beautiful green valley empty of everything made by man but rows of neat yellow-and-black location signs, marking the scene of a new town. 'You are now entering Chesterfield,' the first sign announces. Various markers call attention to the golf club, chamber of commerce, theatre, community centre, Elks Club, and, of course, the community plunge, — all the structures and institutions necessary to compose a large and flourishing modern city, — and there is not a single building in the whole valley. The project imposes something of the strain on one's imagination of the emperor's new clothes in the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. Not to see the city so vivid in the minds of its creators proves one stupid or unfit for what office he may hold, even that of casual tourist. The last jubilant bulletin gives the finishing touch: 'University City looked like this ten years ago.' You think back on the immense suburb you have just left and realize that only in a moving-picture world could a city so complete be sketched out on the vast drawing board of nature's green hills and its completion be so confidently anticipated. This spirit gives the whole country its air of unreality. It is stage effect.

It is astonishing what a difference the absence of cold weather makes. Gardens can be laid out which do not suffer from frost in winter or from deluges of rain to wash them out in summer. Delicate effects can be attempted which become permanent. The domestic heating plant, bulking so large in our cellars and in our building and upkeep budget, is casual and incidental, an incredibly small unit tucked away in some convenient corner or spare closet or recess on the basement stairs. Large country clubs are warm with two small electric heaters of the kind we turn on in our bathrooms before the big heater has begun its ministrations.

It is this that makes possible the spread-out effect of the buildings. The Andalusian motive, with its long wings

surrounding a patio, is historically justified by the fact that this country was settled by the Spanish and that its climate is reminiscent of Lusitanian summers. It is an architecture peculiarly fitted to warm countries, and the small amount of heat needed makes it unnecessary to pile houses on top of one another. I imagine fear of earthquakes plays a small part in the height of buildings.

Fruit and flower stands give the streets an air of colorful gayety the year round. The flower markets extend half a block, one unbroken band of color. Oranges in up-ended boxes add their positive hue to the wayside spectrum. Deep red apples in high pyramids on roadside carts are part of the kaleidoscope. Grocery stores are a surprise to the Eastern eye. They have no fronts, but are open to the weather like a stage setting — one great show window, the packaged goods in serried and checkered patterns on shelves at the back, and the green vegetables and fruits, spotlessly clean and invitingly fresh, adding a decorative touch in front. These markets are set back from the road with a crescent-shaped parking space in front. You drive the nose of your car right up to the counter.

Showmanship and salesmanship have become fine arts with these people. They sell everything from oranges at five cents a dozen to hilltop Spanish villas at fifty thousand dollars apiece with a dramatic unction that is Oriental in its origin and French in its decorativeness, except for the scale on which it functions. It is all so fresh, so modern, so new, as if made yesterday — as, indeed, it was. A map two years old is obsolete, as I learned to my cost when I tried to find the public library. And the library appealed to me because of its outdoor reading room. Even the banks are amusing.

Everybody has a car. I went to a moving picture in a theatre that looks like something by Maxfield Parrish. Two thousand people were in the house and everyone came by auto. The parked cars radiated in all directions, as at the Army game in the Yale Bowl. And there was plenty of room to park them. When we drove back from Hollywood to Pasadena the roadway was full of cars, but the sidewalks were empty — a vision of the future city, when pedestrians have become extinct. In San Diego street names are lettered on the curbstones instead of on the lamp-posts, so that you do not have to lie down on the floor to read them. The automobile salesrooms are of a New York grandeur. But, despite the pervasiveness of the motor car, the Californians use the airplane as freely and casually as we in the East hop on to a trolley car. And there is always a flock of planes over your head as you play golf on the bottoms of the canyons.

Agua Caliente, the American Monte Carlo, is just across the Mexican border. A hotel and casino are set down in a green valley three miles from Tia Juana, done in Spanish style. The buildings are fashioned of concrete and stucco, gorgeously colored, with imitation antique ironwork; they are surmounted by mission bell towers and surrounded by gardens, golf links, landing fields, swimming pools, and restaurants. The laborers about the grounds are dressed as peons with enormous straw hats, and the bellboys as *caballeros* with wide yellow sashes, slashed trousers, and patent-leather hats. The ceilings are beamed and painted in scarlet and gold, the bedrooms surround the patio which will be a garden some day soon, and the whole effect is as 'arty' and intriguing as an Alice Foote MacDougall restaurant. It is still in the making, the links and landing fields newly turned red clay,

but already it gives the impression of a dream place, fantastic, colorful, dramatic. It is right off the picture producer's lot.

They are strange people, these Californians. They seem to like to 'kid' themselves. Just as they substitute a dream architecture for the stern realities of the East, they hope to dispel facts by the use of words. They insist on calling an earthquake a fire, and grow angry if visitors do not adopt their locution. By calling it a fire they make themselves believe that the earthquake never happened. This is the art of imbuing a whole community with a manner of thinking which makes things what they seem. There is the best authority for it, too. Ever since Plato, scientists have been toying with the idea that the physical world has no existence outside the mind. The Southern Californians are well within their scientific rights in imagining a world as they would like to have it and stoutly maintaining that it is there. The visitor who crosses the invisible barrier is soon affected by the California state of mind. To him the emperor is fully clad. He sees the clothes and so helps to create them. I had not been there two weeks before I was explaining to a late comer in the veritable California manner that the cold snap we were having was unusual, and quoting the mean-temperature tables that hang in every real-estate office.

The country is a sort of vast civic laboratory where experiments in living are tried out under favorable conditions. The Californians begin with *now*, with nothing to undo, and have an opportunity to solve our problems of the built-up East on a clean slate without erasing the old examples that came out wrong. Their experiments are shrewd, original, and sometimes amusing. They receive people from other states, submit them to the influence of sun, blue sky, easy living conditions, abundant flowers and fruit, plenty of light and air, cheap food, and low building costs, and soon engender in them the same enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism that the older inhabitants have, and find them ready to accept the entire California code and join in all the movements to put the state over, just as though they had not grown up in colder and more selfish communities.

You may deplore the Californian's attitude; you may think that he boasts too much, that he talks like a prospectus; but you must admit that he has the goods.

SHELLEY'S LOST LETTERS TO HARRIET. II

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

FROM the letters we have thus far published it is obvious that Harriet had no desire to accept the new situation which Shelley pressed upon her. With her hope of getting him back, she was well advised to delay the execution of deeds settling money on her which would confirm her acceptance of a separation. Shelley, meanwhile, felt keenly the contumely of those who ignorantly thought that he was deserting Harriet and cutting off his supplies of money to her.

During the next few days, September 16–26, we find affairs taking on a new aspect. In a letter which has disappeared, Shelley urged Harriet to decide how much of his income she expected to be settled on her. Before replying, she went to Shelley's solicitor Amory, and divulged all the details of the plan of separation. What advantage she hoped to gain by this is not clear; but it is plain from her husband's next letter that by her act she had broken a promise to him and injured his immediate prospects. Furthermore, her family was proposing to proceed against Shelley in the courts. At the same time, her bitterness was such that she began to extend the blame, hitherto confined to Shelley and Mary, to Mary's father, Godwin. There is something pitifully crass in Harriet's miserable attempt to incriminate Godwin, who sympathized with her and stigmatized Shelley's behavior as wicked and licentious. She spread the evil report that he had sold Mary to Shelley for a substantial sum; and then, to see what he would say, visited Godwin and told him what was being said of him, with the assurance that she did n't believe a word of it.

Shelley was indignant. His next letter is perhaps the sharpest that he ever wrote to Harriet: —

D. LETTER NUMBER 5

56 MARGARET STREET
*Sept*r. 26, 1814

You abruptly closed all communication with me. You left unanswered the questions which I urged to you on the subject of money. This I should have attributed perhaps to carelessness[1] on the subject had I not received information of the most unworthy and contemptible proceedings on your part.

In the first place, I find that you have detailed the circumstances of our separation to Amory, in opposition to your own agreement with me, in contradiction to your own sense of right, and with the most perfect contempt for my safety or comfort. He, as you foresaw, has determined to resign the affairs of mine that were on the point of completion.

In the second place, I learn that Miss Westbrook told Mr Edward Hookham that it was the intention of your father to take legal steps in consequence of my conduct. In this proceeding, if it be indeed true that your perversity has reached this excess, you destroy your own designs. The memory of our former kindness, the hope that you might still not be utterly lost to virtue and generosity would influence me, even now, to concede far more than the law will

[1] MS. carlessness

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force. If after you receive this letter you persist in appealing to the law, it is obvious that I can no longer consider you but as an enemy, as one who under the mask of friendship and affection has acted a part of the basest and blackest treachery.

If Miss Westbrook has spoken falsely, I beg you to pardon me. I would not willingly occasion you the slightest pain.

I was an idiot to expect greatness or generosity from you, that when an occasion of the sublimest virtue occurred, you would fail to play a part of mean and despicable selfishness. The pure and liberal principles of which you used to boast that you were a disciple, served only for display. In your heart it seems you were always enslaved to the vilest superstitions, or ready to accept their support for your own narrow and worldly views. You are plainly lost to me for ever. I foresee no probability of change.

The subject of money alone remains; I request you to inform me of your expectations on this head. But for the information I have received, I should have relied on your confidence that I would scrupulously transmit you a portion of whatever sums came into my possession.

I do not know that it is conducive to your interest to injure an innocent man struggling with distress. You have asserted to various persons that Godwin favored my passion for his Daughter. This, Harriet, you know to be most false. It is wanton cruelty and injustice to circulate this report.

If you can represent your conduct to me in a more favorable light than I now behold it, I shall rejoice.

P. B. Shelley

This rebuke stung Harriet out of her silence. She labored to justify her conduct: she had gone to the lawyer only for advice, and did not intend to prosecute her husband. She reiterated her ignorant conviction that Godwin had acted the pander to his daughter and Shelley, and took this opportunity of again telling the latter what she thought of his mistress. A quicker means of losing Shelley's affection and of lowering herself in his opinion it would be hard to find; and Shelley's rejoinder shows that he despaired of maintaining their friendship.

E. Letter Number 6

56 Margaret Street
Sept^r. 27, 1814

I rejoice at least to observe that you desire to vindicate yourself. If reason should restore you to philosophy and to my friendship, I shall have additional occasion of satisfaction. Of this I foresee no hope. It remains for you to collect the best resources of your judgment, that you may communicate to me your final determinations, your principles and your views. If thro' your prejudices and delusions it is impossible that we can sympathize, at least let me have that information from you, which will prevent any scheme that I may devise for your advantage from proving injurious to your plan of life.

I recommended you to apply to an attorney in case you had lost all confidence in me. You have applied to an attorney: the consequence is obvious — you are plainly lost to me, lost to the principles which are the guide and hope of my life. You say that you have employed an attorney, but that you intend to take no legal measures. This is itself a legal measure. Wherefore not let Hookham, or any common friend, be the arbiter of our differences, if any difference exists? He can explain to you my resources, my powers, my intentions. I repeat that I consider this application as an act of determined hostility.

I desire to renew no intercourse of whatsoever nature with you, whilst you act under the principles which you recently avowed: these you were formerly the foremost [1] to stigmatize and abhor. A common love for all that the world detests was once the bond of union between us. This you have been the first to break: and you have lost a friend whom you will with difficulty replace. Your contumelious language toward Mary is equally impotent and mean. You appeal to the vilest superstitions of the most ignorant and slavish of mankind. I consider it an insult that you address such cant to me.

[1] MS. formost

Harriet, if you still continued what I once hoped you would never cease to be, if you deserved my affection, with what eagerness would I devote myself to your pleasure! Desert the selfish and the worldly wretches with whom you seem to pride yourself in making common cause, and I will be your friend, not in the vulgar sense of friend, but in the most emphatic meaning of the word.

I address these exhortations to you without the slightest [1] hope that they will make the least impression. You are plainly lost to me.

With respect to Godwin you are mistaken, or you deceive yourself. Godwin refuses with bitter invective and keen injustice all further communication with me. Whatever proofs you have, as you value whatever good opinion of you your narrow conduct has yet left in my breast, send them without delay.

If you feel yet any ambition to be ranked among the wise and good, write to me. I am hardly anxious however to hear from you, as I despair [2] of any generosity or virtue on your part. How happy should I be if I have done you injustice.

P. B. Shelley

Address me at Hookham's. I am unable to raise money yet. I have not a farthing for myself. If therefore your resources are exhausted, I cannot assist you. I inclose M^rs H^s letter.

This letter was written just before Shelley and Mary changed their London lodgings from Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, to 5 Church Terrace, St. Pancras, in the much meaner and obscurer district of Somers Town. Need for rigid economy and a safer hiding place from bailiffs dictated the move.

Mary's entries in the Journal are laconic: —

Monday, September 26. Shelley goes with Peacock to Ballachy's, and engages lodgings at Pancras. Visit from Mrs. Pringer. Read *Political Justice* and the *Empire of the Nairs*.

Tuesday, September 27. Read *Political Justice;* finish the *Nairs;* pack up and go to our lodgings in Somers Town.

[1] MS. slighest
[2] MS. dispair

II

The next letter is without a date. Apparently it was written on or about October 3, in answer to fresh complaints from Harriet. She has taken a new line of attack, somewhat as follows: Though Shelley has deserted his wife, he basely tries to keep his hold over her by reminding her of all the money he has spent for her benefit. Such a charge is too hysterically absurd; and in his reply, though manifestly once more disappointed in Harriet, Shelley merely appeals to her knowledge of his character to dispel these vulgar fancies. To her renewed harping on the wrong he has done her, he answers that he intended no injury, and that what has happened was inevitable. Cold comfort for poor Harriet! Yet in a postscript he becomes again the solicitous husband. Her advanced pregnancy demands that she take good care of her health; but she must be cheerful, and confident of the event. Then, — she still retains his books and part of his wardrobe, — might he have stockings, 'hanks,' and Mrs. Wollstonecraft's posthumous works?

F. Letter Number 3

[? *October* 3, 1814]

Harriet, you mistake — you obstinately mistake me. I never stated that I had conferred pecuniary benefits on you or that I derived from such sources a claim to your confidence and regard. I had hoped that the more substantial benefits of intellectual improvement, and the constant watchfulness [1] of a friendship, ill understood, it seems, would not have been degraded by so mean and common a mistake.

[1] MS. watchfullness

I perceive that your irritated feelings have led you into this injustice towards me. If my friendship is thus rejected, I cherish little hope of any advantage arising to either of us from our intercourse. I was deeply solicitous that what has taken place should have been avoided: that although united to one perfectly adapted to my nature by a lasting and intense affection, you should have perceived that I continued to be mindful of your happiness, that I would have superintended the progress of your mind, and have assisted you in cultivating an elevated philosophy, to which without the interest I have taken in your improvement, it is probable that you never would have aspired. If you inflexibly resist these advances of kindness, if in return for my intentions you overwhelm me with contumely and reproach, what hope remains of a favorable issue to my ill-requited attempts?

I am united to another; you are no longer my wife. Perhaps I have done you injury, but surely most innocently and unintentionally, in having commenced any connexion with you. That injury, whatever be its amount, was not to be avoided. If ever in any degree there was sympathy in our feelings and opinions, wherefore deprive ourselves in future of the satisfaction which may result, by this contemptible cavil, these unworthy bickerings? Unless a sincere confidence be accorded by you to my undesigning truth, our intercourse for the present must be discontinued. You derive more pain than advantage from the irritations produced by my visits. The interest which I take in you is disturbed by no feelings which prevent me from calmly calculating on your happiness.

Collect yourself, I entreat you: remember what I am; recall your recollections of my character. The hint respecting my duty to settle the property on you which your letter contains proves how little you can appreciate it. You have little need to fear that I shall fail in real duty.

Affectionately yours
P. B. Shelley

I hope that you will attend to the preservation of your health. I do not apprehend the slightest danger from your approaching labour. I think you may safely repose confidence in Sims's skill. Your last labour was painful, but auspicious. I understand that cases of difficulty after that are very rare.

My dear Harriett, I am anxious for your answer. You must not do me injustice. [Injustice] you have done, so I expect you to repair it. I see Hookham to night. I am in want of stockings, hanks and M^rs^ W's posthumous works.

I cannot keep the engagement made at 3 tomorrow. I hear that my personal safety would be endangered by appearing there. Will you inform me where I can call upon the persons?

Something, either the tone of this letter or a temporary return of her usual good nature, made Harriet's next communication more conciliatory. Shelley's indignant words could not have been pleasant to digest, and she had no desire utterly to lose his good opinion. Her milder missive was received on October 5, for which day Mary records in the Journal: 'Peacock at breakfast. Walk to the Lake of Nangis and sail fireboats. Read *Political Justice*. Shelley reads the *Ancient Mariner* aloud. Letter from Harriet, very civil.'

In his prompt answer Shelley gladly responds to her altered tone; but he has at length come to see — what would have long been evident to any eye but his — that the distance between their minds is unbridgeable. She whom he hailed in July as the sister of his soul is in October no more than a friend, and the mother of his dear child Ianthe.

G. Letter Number 7

You had better continue to direct to Hookham's.

Pancras *Oct.* 5^th^ 1814

Do not imagine that my feelings towards you are ever bitter or unfriendly: that it is necessary for me to wait until I am in a good-humour with you before I read your letters. The manner in which I addressed you of which you complain was produced

by your own letters. No cold or distant feelings originated in me. I was desirous to be your friend in the most emphatic meaning of the word. And the milder and more kind tone of your letter gives me encouragement to hope that you at least desire my friendship.

I think I am aware of the meaning of the word. To sympathise in our principles and views, to have common pursuits [1] and habits of feeling is the origin of friendship and the attendant of every species of affection. I shall never cease to interest myself in your welfare. You were my wife, you are the mother of my child: you will bear another to me. But these are ties which only bind to worldly matters where sympathy in the great questions of human happiness is wanting. They produce mutual kindness, compassion and consideration . . . .[2] but the sacrifice [3] and self devotion of an elevated friendship cannot exist when the causes have ceased to act. Do not be dispirited by this consideration. There are probably many and very excellent persons in the world who are capable of being to you as the brother of your soul, who can participate your feelings, your tastes, and your opinions. You justly remark that I am not that person. I shall watch over your interests, mark the progress of your future life, be useful to you, be your protector, and consider myself as it were your parent; but as friends, as equals, those who do not sympathise can never meet.

Do not mistake me. I am and will be your friend in every sense of the word but that most delicate and exalted one. I solemnly protest to you that not the slightest unkindness or enmity towards you has ever entered my heart. If in reflecting on your conduct I seem to discover any traces [4] of generosity and virtue I am sensibly affected. Yes! I am enough your friend to make the employment of a lawyer quite unnecessary.

I do not seek an interview until I find that you entirely understand me: until I receive some additional pledge of the correspondence of our sentiments. I do not absent myself from unfriendliness or indifference, but from a consideration of the justice which is due to me and your own feelings.

Do not send me Mary Wollstoncroft's works. I committed an oversight in requesting them. I beg you to keep them. I can easily procure another copy. If you could copy for me and send one poem called *an Indian Tale* — I wish to have it. Will you send also the *Wandering Jew* if it is with you?

How is my child? One of the circumstances most painful to me in your estrangement from Mary and myself, is the separation from this infant. I know that by the law of nature she is yours, and not mine — that your feelings towards her depend on physical sympathy, whilst mine are the result of habit and self-persuasion. I yield therefore to an hard, yet real duty.

Allow me to hear from you again soon. Let me know the state of your health.

And ever believe me, dear Harriet,

Your affectionate friend

P. B. S.

When I can procure money, I shall make my arrangement with you. I shall not converse with any lawyer on the subject. In the present case law is out of the question.

Tahourdin has called, but I have been so busily engaged with lawyers as not to see him. Have you a copy of the settlement?

Shelley's requests for copies of poems are interesting, but I am unable to identify *An Indian Tale*, unless it be an early form of *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama*. The request for *The Wandering Jew* is important, as showing Shelley's continued interest in this production of his of four years before. Medwin, his cousin, claimed a share in its composition.

III

Shortly after writing this letter Shelley suffered an attack of lung trouble. Incessant worry over money and fear of arrest for debt had under-

[1] MS. persuits

[2] This is apparently Shelley's punctuation, and does not indicate omission in the text

[3] MS. sacrafice

[4] MS. tracts

mined his health. On Monday, October 10, a gloomy letter from Harriet added to his distress. She is physically upset, and miserably lonely; Eliza has taken Ianthe to Southampton, as London did not agree with the child. She will not allow Shelley to visit her, and the atmosphere of her father's house breeds despair. But an answer of Shelley's, telling of his illness, takes her mind off herself; and her concern for him appears in a kind letter urging him to take measures to regain his health.

While the attack of illness passed off, Shelley's lack of funds now assumed an alarming aspect. He had mortgaged his income to Hookham the bookseller; he had gone into debt for the ingrate Godwin; the coach he had bought in 1813 for Harriet and himself remained unpaid for. The coachmaker Charters and other creditors had lost patience. On October 5 he had tried to arrange a negotiation to obtain £400 for £2400 of post-obit. On the eleventh the negotiation fell through and the money was refused. Without a friend who would help him, Shelley saw nothing ahead but the debtor's prison for himself and starvation for those who depended on him.

In this harassed state of mind he writes to Harriet on October 12, urging her to make her quarter's allowance from him go as far as possible, for he has no assurance that he can pay the next. He is particularly anxious to spare her the humiliation of becoming entirely dependent on her father.

H. Letter Number 8

5 Church Terrace, Pancras
Oct. 12*th* 1814

My dear Harriet,

Altho' I am entirely free from all apprehension as to your health, I am still very anxious to know the progress of your indisposition. Pray tell me exactly how you are. I do not know whether even now you may not have been confined. You have forbidden me to see you, or certainly my solicitude on your account would long before have led me to visit you.

Your sister is absent from town? On some accounts I regret to hear this. I wonder that her professed affection for you permitted her to leave you in the terrible state of dejection in which your letter of Sunday was written. Remember, dear Harriett, that such attachment as I profess for you is always to be counted upon: that if any exertions in my power, or my presence could amuse or benefit you, I am most anxious to perform these friendly offices, and consider as a misfortune that you feel yourself unable to accept them.

Money affairs are in a desperate[1] state. If November arrives without further success I must go to prison. These matters require an attention on my part which I shall continue to extend to them, until they are settled. I have not any money to send you. I must attempt to procure a small sum at immense sacrifice[2] for present necessaries. If I can do this, and send you any, do not let your father be acquainted with it, as he will then entirely put the matter off to one who, however desirous, may not be able to procure the smallest sum. Pride is as efficacious as avarice. I do not doubt but that he would support you until I can procure money; believe me, I am most anxious to spare you this degradation and wretchedness in depending on that selfish fellow. I may remark that an affair which I expected to complete has entirely failed, and that for the present I am without hope or resource.

Do not give Sims a fee every time he comes, and make the advanced quarter last as long as you can. We find ourselves able to live at the rate of £4 a week much within our income. But I am not ignorant of the many additional expenses[3] required by your illness and expected confinement. I only remark my incapacity of assisting you at present.

I thank you for your kind attentions in

[1] MS. desparate
[2] MS. sacrafice
[3] MS. expences

recommending me to abstain [1] from washing my head. I take your advice, but shall not wear flannel yet — the complaint on my lungs which I mentioned is much better. I am in hopes of passing the winter without feeling another attack.

Write to me very soon. Believe me, dear Harriet

Most anxiously yours

P. B. S.

IV

We come now to the darkest period of danger, privation, and suffering for Shelley and Mary. Professor Dowden says that 'the days of severest trial, including those of severance [of Mary] from Shelley, lay between October 23rd and November 9th.' [2] A hunted man, with a mind so distressed that his pulmonary illness returned, Shelley found it unsafe to stay at his lodgings with Mary, unsafe even to remain at Peacock's. Execution of the claim of the coachmaker Charters was expected on November 1, and there was no possible means of staving it off except by an appeal to Harriet. The coach had been one of her pleasures in their days of comfort. It was now to be his ruin unless she could lend him temporary aid. In helping him she would be acting in her own interest, for she looked to him for income that would keep her partly independent of her father.

On or about October 25, Shelley writes to Mary: 'I have written an extremely urgent letter to Harriet to induce her to send money. . . . I have told Harriet that I shall be at Pancras when her answer arrives.' Certainly the letter which follows is 'extremely urgent.'

I. Letter Number 9

[*?October 25th*, 1814]

Direct to Church Terrace
send the boy I shall be there then.

[1] MS. obstrain
[2] *Shelley*, I, 488

My dear Harriet

I cannot raise money soon enough. Unless you can effect something I must go to prison, and all our hopes of independence[1] be finished. I see no resource. I must hide myself til the 6th and then if you can raise no money, go to prison to save my bail.

Direct to me still at Pancras,[2] and tell me when I can hope to have a sum from you, and what that sum can be. I depend wholly on you. My own exertions have all failed. I tell you again and again that we must both be ruined if I cannot quiet Chartres. And I know not whether, in the event of my going to prison, my estate might not be sold for a mere trifle to benefit my creditors.

Write to me and send the money soon. Send what you can get, if in no other manner, by little and little. I should not have the conscience to press this matter so ungracefully if your danger was not almost equal to my own.

Write quickly . . . send a porter with the letter. If possible, let it contain the £30. I am certain to repay it in a fortnight.

These vexations have induced my antient illness. I am perfectly free from danger but so exhausted as scarcely able to walk. This however does not matter. I have not a friend in the world who can assist me. My endeavors have been in vain.

If once in prison, confined in a damp cell, without a sixpence, without a friend (for I have mortgaged my income to M^{r} Hookham), I must inevitably be starved to death. We have even now sold all that we have to buy bread. I am with a friend who supplies me with food and lodging, but I think you will shudder to hear that before I could sell the last valuable Mary and her sister very near perished with hunger. My dear Harriet, send quick supplies.

Very affectionately yours

P. B. Shelley

This appeal in extremity, which Harriet heard and answered, closes the list of the nine new letters to her. The tenth letter was written after an interval of more than two years. It was ad-

[1] MS. independance
[2] MS. Pancrass

dressed to Eliza, shortly after Harriet's death. There is room only for the briefest summary of events in the interim, so far as they concern Harriet.

V

The birth, toward the end of November, 1814, of Harriet's second child, Charles, was followed within a few weeks by the death of Shelley's grandfather, Sir Bysshe; and, after the winter of his misery, Shelley's skies slowly grew brighter. In the summer of 1815, as soon as he was able to do so, he gave Harriet £200 for her debts, and settled a further £200 a year on her, which, with her annual £200 from her father, was ample for all her material needs.

But Eliza and her father were determined not to let Shelley off so easily. Under their direction Harriet still refused to sign a deed of separation, and demanded additional allowance for the support of the children. On his side, Shelley felt entitled either to his separation or to the custody of one of the children, and accordingly asked for the care of Ianthe. The Westbrooks refused, and riposted with a threat to take the matter into court, and to make a public scandal of his past behavior and his atheism. Shelley replied that in such case he would stop Harriet's allowance. Checked by this, the Westbrooks then approached Shelley's father, but Sir Timothy declined to be drawn into the contention.

Another winter went by. In the summer of 1816 Shelley was absent with Mary on the Continent, but his friend Peacock, always a loyal supporter of Harriet, was doing what he could to straighten out her affairs. Harriet, whose childhood had been made unhappy by her father's treatment of her, grew more and more miserable under his roof. As early as January 1815, she had written to Catherine Nugent, 'I am still at my father's, which is very wretched. When I shall quit this house I know not. Everything goes against me. I am weary of life. I am so restrained here that life is scarcely worth having.'

At some undetermined time between June and September, 1816, Harriet left her children and her father's house. The immediate cause of her departure remains unknown. Shelley afterward firmly believed that Eliza, to secure her father's fortune to herself, managed Harriet so that she left home. It may be that at her first misstep her father banished her from the house. Possibly she was so wretched that any irregular connection, however foolishly entered into, which promised affection seemed preferable to life at home. The pathetic and sordid details of her misadventures are mercifully hidden. On November 9, a few days before Shelley wrote anxiously to Hookham for news of her whereabouts, Harriet, overwhelmed with despair, had taken her long farewell of Eliza: —

Sat. eve.

My Dearest and much Beloved Sister, — When you read this let[r] I shall be no more an inhabitant of this miserable world. Do not regret the loss of one who could never be anything but a source of vexation and misery to you all belonging to me. Too wretched to exert myself, lowered in the opinion of everyone, why should I drag on a miserable existence? embittered by past recollections and not one ray of hope to rest on for the future. The remembrance of all your kindness which I have so unworthily repaid has often made my heart ache. I know that you will forgive me — because it is not in your nature to be unkind or severe to any. Dear amiable woman that I had never left you, oh! that I had always taken your advice. I might have lived long and happy, but weak and unsteady have rushed on to my destruction. I have not written to Bysshe. Oh, no, what would it

avail, my wishes or my prayers would not be attended to by him, and yet should he rec. this, perhaps he might grant my request to let Ianthe remain with you always. Dear lovely child, with you she will enjoy much happiness, with him none. My dear Bysshe, let me conjure you by the remembrance of our days of happiness to grant my last wish. Do not take your innocent child from Eliza who has been more than I have, who has watched over her with such unceasing care. Do not refuse my last request, I never could refuse you and if you had never left me I might have lived, but as it is I freely forgive you and may you enjoy that happiness which you have deprived me of. There is your beautiful boy, oh! be careful of him, and his love may prove one day a rich reward. As you form his infant mind so will you reap the fruits hereafter. Now comes the sad task of saying farewell. Oh! I must be quick. God bless and watch over you all. You dear Bysshe and you dear Eliza. May all happiness attend ye both is the last wish of her who loved ye more than all others. My children — I dare not trust myself there, they are too young to regret me and ye will be kind to them for their own sakes more than mine. My parents — do not regret me, I was unworthy of your love and care. Be happy all of ye, so shall my spirit find rest and forgiveness. God bless you is the last prayer of the unfortunate

HARRIET S.

To you my dear Sister I leave all my things; as they more properly belong to you than anyone and you will preserve them for Ianthe. God bless you both.[1]

On the same day she disappeared from her lodgings. A month later the poor girl's body was found in the Serpentine.

The shock of this catastrophe was a terrible one to Shelley. Leigh Hunt says, 'He never forgot it. For a time it tore his being to pieces.' It is clear that he had had no inkling from Eliza of the ominous tone of Harriet's letter or of her sudden disappearance. Hastening at once to London, he sought the aid of Leigh Hunt. His two concerns were to find out what had led to 'this dark, dreadful death,' and to demand his children at the hands of the Westbrooks. Inquiry soon satisfied him that Eliza was guilty of Harriet's death. In an unpalatable and self-centred letter to Mary dated December 15, Shelley eagerly disclaims all responsibility in the tragedy and accuses Eliza of virtual murder. It is proper to add, however, that the authenticity of this letter has been questioned.[1] Not only is it misdated, but it turned up under suspicious circumstances years later, when its 'discoverer' hoped to sell it for a substantial sum.

Whether or not we are to believe that Shelley was unmanly enough to hasten to excuse himself of all blame, it is certain that he was convinced that most of it lay at the Westbrooks' door; and he wished all the more to get his children away from them as soon as he could. The two children, previous to the death of Harriet and without his knowledge, had been placed under the care of a clergyman at Warwick. Before resorting to compulsion, however, Shelley tried, by sending Mrs. Boinville as his representative and by fair speaking, to persuade the detested Eliza to relinquish little Ianthe and Charles. Letter Number 10 of the new correspondence is this politic communication.

J. LETTER NUMBER 10

LONDON *Dec*^{r} 18th? 1816

DEAR ELIZA

Before you receive this letter, M^{rs} Boinville will probably have informed you of my resolution with respect to Ianthe. My feelings of duty as well as affection, as a father, incite me to consider every moment of absence and estrangement from these beloved and unfortunate children, as an

[1] First published by W. Courthope Forman, *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1922

[1] See *London Times Literary Supplement*, December 1, 1927, p. 894

evil, the sense of which has been increased to agony by the terrible catastrophe which is the occasion of this address. You will spare me and yourself useless struggles on this occasion, when you learn that there is no earthly consideration which would induce me to forego the exclusive and entire charge of my child. She has only one parent, and that parent, if he could ever be supposed to have forgotten them, is awakened to a sense of his duties and his claims, which at whatever price must be asserted and performed.

I called on you twice yesterday. I wish I had found you at home. I designed to have communicated intelligence which I am aware is painful to you, in a manner the least painful. As it is, allow me to assure you that I give no faith to any of the imputations generally cast on your conduct or that of Mr Westbrook towards the unhappy victim. I cannot help thinking that you might have acted more judiciously, but I do not doubt that you intended well.

My friend Mr Leigh Hunt will take charge of my children and prepare them for their residence with me. I cannot expect that your feelings towards the lady whose union with me you may excusably regard as the cause of your sister's ruin should permit you to mention her with the honor with which Ianthe must be accustomed to regard the wife of her father's heart. To deal frankly with you, I cannot believe that you will refrain from inculcating prepossessions on her infant mind the most adverse to my views. I do not think the worse of you for this; perhaps you would have the generosity to curb the feelings that would lead to this effect, but I cannot consent that days and weeks should pass, and that what I consider my duty and the happiness of my child should depend on your forbearance.

I had the strongest wish to consult your feelings in this affair. And I cannot but think that they would be best consulted by immediate compliance. Nothing can shake my resolution. The lapse of a few weeks would only render the execution of it more distressing to you. As to Ianthe, a child's sorrows are over in a few hours.

Mr Hunt will attend any appointment you may be pleased to make for delivering the children to his care in my behalf. I should feel most happy in complying with any request which you might make that is consistent with that agonizing and impatient sense of duty, which will not endure the absence of my child. I can most sincerely say, that I should eagerly seize any occasion of convincing you that I bear no malice.

I purposely omit adverting to the event from which the occasion of this letter springs. All parties, I imagine, suffer too deeply to find any consolation in the unnecessary display of their sensations.

I remain, dear Eliza,

Yours very truly

P. B. Shelley

I may as well say — tho' I dare say Mrs B. has told you as much — that my applying to my attorney on this occasion was founded entirely on error.

If the 'December 15' letter be really Shelley's, the disingenuousness of saying on December 18 that he gives 'no faith to the imputations generally cast on your conduct or that of Mr. Westbrook' is certainly very unlike the frank and sincere Shelley. The rest of the letter is straightforward enough. He recognizes that Eliza hates Mary and that she is convinced that his union with her was the beginning of Harriet's fall. Consequently, if Eliza kept the children, she would piously teach Ianthe to loathe Mary and abhor her father's ideas about religion; and, as he explains, this cannot be allowed.

By this letter Shelley not only did his cause no good, but in the phrase 'the lady whose union with me you may excusably regard as the cause of your sister's ruin' he furnished Eliza with a weapon against himself which she was not slow to use in the subsequent Chancery dispute.

VI

Of course Shelley never regarded his union with Mary as the cause of

Harriet's ruin. He had admitted to Harriet what he considered his culpability, as we have seen, in Letter Number 3: 'Perhaps I have done you injury, but surely most innocently and unintentionally, in having commenced any connexion with you.' He was to blame for having foolishly fallen victim to Eliza's matchmaking and Harriet's appealing beauty when she threatened to kill herself for love of him. The *mésalliance* of ideas and sympathies had made him despondent long before he fell in love with Mary. If Shelley had been forced to remain with Harriet, misery might well have overtaken them both. When he did find Mary, their passionate love was so true, deep, and irresistible that he could never be brought to believe that it might or should have been overcome.

Though his conscience acquitted him, it was nevertheless bitterly plain that he had been used by fate as an instrument in Harriet's tragedy. Peacock, who was Harriet's friend no less than Shelley's, tells us that 'Harriet's untimely fate occasioned him deep agony of mind, which he felt the more because for a long time he kept the feeling to himself.'

Harriet has had her cold defamers and her impassioned champions. The apparently contradictory manifestations of her character have given each camp plenty of ammunition. Peacock says that she was always cheerful. Hogg observes that she was obsessed with the idea of suicide. She was fond of Shelley, yet proved cold to him, and voluntarily left him for several periods. She expressed warm affection for her children, but refused to nurse the infant Ianthe, and ultimately deserted them both. How can we understand her?

I am convinced that it is both mistaken and unjust to regard Harriet as an independent, responsible adult character. From Hogg we have a vivid picture of Eliza's control over Harriet's every thought and act. He adds, 'Eliza had tended, guided, and ruled Harriet from her earliest infancy; she doubtless had married her, had made the match, had put her up to everything that was to be said, or done, as Shelley's letters plainly show.'[1] Such complete mental and emotional servitude to Eliza must have retarded her growth. Hogg was puzzled by her suicidal obsession. Even in her happiest and most independent days with Shelley, she made self-murder a staple of conversation, calmly discussing in all companies her resolution of doing away with herself. But is it so puzzling? It is common for the child who feels hopelessly inferior and dependent to make himself interesting and important by meditating suicide. Harriet's mind never grew out of this childish state.

Though she married and had children, she failed to develop into a wife and mother, and remained Eliza's little sister to the end. After the inevitable failure of her marriage, she reëntered her father's house; and the unhappiness and restraints of the dependent child returned on her with added force. Even her children were more Eliza's than her own. At the last, her one ineffectual effort to be an adult and live her own life led directly to her death. She was twenty-one when she died.

Where is the blame in such a case as this? Certainly Harriet was not responsible. Shelley, drawn unawares into a hopeless situation, struggled in vain to get rid of the sister and emancipate Harriet's spirit; but Eliza's hold was stronger than Death. In utter ignorance of their crime, Harriet's sister and father had made her unfit for the burden of life. There is no heart that will not pity her.

[1] Hogg, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (ed. Dowden), p. 275

Discovery of these letters has not only extended our knowledge of Shelley's life during the obscure months of destitution and illness in the autumn of 1814, but has also given us authentic evidence of the progress of his relations with Harriet. We have now his words to her immediately after revealing his desperate love for Mary: an amazing document, eloquent of self-delusion and of his fatuous hope that he could keep her as a best friend whom he had given up as a wife. We now know how persistent, in spite of his earlier disappointments in Harriet, this delusion proved to be. He cherished it through the summer; and for weeks in the autumn he repeatedly exhorted poor Harriet to live up to the philosophy she once so docilely echoed from his lips. We now see Harriet in bitterness forgetting the fundamental generosity of his character; losing all confidence in him, and behaving as anyone but a Shelley might expect her to behave under the circumstances. She carries vulgar abuse, threat, and ignorant slander too far even for Shelley's endurance, and his scarecrow hope of retaining her as a spiritual comrade falls to pieces before our eyes.

Yet these new letters add nothing which changes our conception of the essential nature of Shelley as a man. It would be difficult to find in all history a mind so sensitive, loving, and generous which had its best efforts more cruelly beaten by disappointment and disillusion. We feel for his sufferings, but we cannot utterly deplore them. Suffering purged him of his early errors and folly, and helped him to become before his thirtieth year the wise and courageous leader who in his love of mankind hoped all things and endured all things.

BLOODHOUNDS

BY THOMAS BOYD

I

EARLY that February morning a prisoner serving a five-year sentence on a Georgia work gang began a race for freedom. Edging toward the guard, he jerked the rifle from his shoulder and, with it to protect himself, outran the shout that went up for help and broke into a thicket, through which he stumbled to the main road that led northward from Atlanta in the direction of the mountains. On the road he stopped a passing car, and after formidably ordering the driver to get out he steered several miles farther from the convict camp, till finally, near the base of a big, sprawling hill wooded with scrub pine and underbrush, the hurried machine slid off the slippery red clay, its wheels ploughing into the earth too deep for further traction.

Now it was the middle of the morning, and, along the byways of the red clay road on which the useless car stood mired, state and county police in mud-clotted automobiles were warily patrolling the base of the silent, desolate-

looking hill. At an ominously steady rate a chauffeur drove the sheriff's touring car back and forth between the stalled machine and the nearest crossroad to the north. Enclosed by the loudly flapping side curtains, Sheriff Bronson, the prison warden, and a reporter from one of the evening newspapers occupied the rear seat and concernedly watched the running landscape. Bronson sat in the middle, holding a cigar in one hand, while with the other he grasped the neck of a bottle of corn whiskey balanced on his knee. On his left the warden turned a gray face toward the scratched, yellowish isinglass and with pale eyes stared moodily out toward the west, where the sloping fields, blanketed with tall, dead grass, rose up to the hill where the convict was believed to be hiding. At Bronson's right the reporter, new to that territory and to his job, leaned stiffly forward and tried to look intelligent and at ease.

Bronson caught his cigar between his teeth and took out his watch, which he looked at and snapped shut again. 'Bloodhounds'll be up here most any minute now,' he said. His voice was casual — not at all vindictive.

The gray-faced warden's eyelids flickered rapidly. 'I hope they're not too late to pick up the trail.'

Talk of bloodhounds startled the reporter, who was sensitive and could see ahead a little, though not very far. Turning his face around, he looked obliquely through the back window up at the silent hill where the hunted man was concealed. The air was thick with a penetrating mist; it would be cold on the hill, and the convict had scarcely more than a blue denim suit to cover him. When the bloodhounds came, the reporter speculated in agitation, would the poor devil be driven up a tree to avoid their lustful jaws, or would he try to break out of the wood and across the fields about which the state and county police made a moving cordon? Fearing the sight of a man's body being torn, the reporter was disturbed by the remembrance of stories in which tracked refugees tried to drown themselves in swamp or river rather than let the fierce, implacable hounds come upon them.

II

The sheriff's car was slowing down. The reporter saw it was nearing the crossroad. Over the intersecting road from the west another car was approaching, completing its tour along the north base of the hill. It was running smoothly between the rolling fields, the top down, with two solid figures, one of whom was holding a rifle, in the front seat. Sheriff Bronson bent forward and told his driver, 'Wait a minute, Joe.'

Both machines slowed down and stopped close to each other. Bronson opened the door and hailed the man at the driving seat. 'How you makin' out?'

The driver of the other car had a round, blond head and light blue eyes serene and empty as midsummer sky. His name was Stover. With solid, sloping shoulders and a wide mouth held tight at the corners, he sat back from the wheel and rubbed his massive chin against the comfortingly warm collar of his gray sweater worn beneath his coat. He showed a slow, confident smile. Not bothering to look at the man beside him, who held a rifle between his legs and who was, like himself, of the county police, he said, 'We're makin' out fine, chief.'

Sheriff Bronson nodded. 'Harvey's bringing his pack of bloodhounds. Be here most any time now.'

Perfunctorily the gray-faced warden glanced beyond the police car and over the rolling fields to the darkly wooded

hill where, in an animal's burrow, or beneath a tangle of underbrush, the fugitive was probably lying. 'They'll sniff him out,' he said.

In his corner of the car the reporter fidgeted. It was getting so that every time he heard the word 'bloodhound' his nerves crimped painfully all over his body — as if, he had an embarrassed feeling, some ancestor of his had once been gnawed by a baying pack of them and he had inherited the shock. Certainly he was not being a man among men. But he could not help it. And, thinking of the convict soon to be shivering less from the cold than from sharp-nosed, deep-lunged beasts, he said rapidly to the sheriff, 'Why must you wait till the bloodhounds come? Are n't there enough men here to go up the hill and capture him now?'

Amused and contemptuous, Stover's mild blue eyes met the reporter's for a moment. The warden was silent. But Sheriff Bronson answered: 'There's a thousand acres on that hill, and all woods. We ain't got the men to tackle it. But don't go frettin' about your story; the dogs'll fetch him out before your paper goes to press.'

'Well, we'll move along,' said Stover, and pressed his heavy foot down on the accelerator. The motor hummed with a low, beautiful regularity, but that was not surprising; it would have been odd if it had n't, for as Stover sat there at the wheel, his shoulders squared and his sleek chin so set and full of purpose, he looked so strong, so competent and self-assured, it was inconceivable that even machinery should n't obey him to a nicety.

As Stover turned around, Sheriff Bronson stopped him. 'Wait a minute. Here! What the hell's the matter with me?' He held forth the bottle of corn whiskey. 'It's a cold day, Stover. Little corn'll warm you up.'

Stover had a drink and wiped his mouth with the back of his thick hand. 'Much obliged,' he said. 'We'll go along now.' The gears meshed smoothly. Completing his turn at the crossroad, he conscientiously went back to his alert patrol of the stretch which hemmed the convict in from freedom to the north.

'Stover's a good man,' muttered the sheriff as his own machine drove steadily southward. Nobody contradicted him. The warden sat gazing bleakly over the chauffeur's shoulder into the empty red clay road. And the reporter, feeling time rushing to the hour when his paper went to press, heard only the rattling side curtains as he leaned forward and looked out upon the expressionless hill.

III

The sheriff's car rode on toward the mired automobile which the convict had abandoned early that morning. Arriving within a few hundred yards of it, Bronson said, 'There's Harvey.'

For the reporter there was an ominous sound in the name. He jerked his head and looked through the windshield. Beside the stalled machine he saw a tall, rangy man of the mountaineer type standing dangling a handful of leashes, while about his feet a pack of dogs, their noses smelling of the earth, ran with nervous eagerness. The three men from the sheriff's car got out. Even in so brief a space one of the bloodhounds, circling among the brown, lean pack, struck the trail. With great soft ears hanging low and dolorous brown eyes staring worriedly from a wrinkled face, the bloodhound traced the scent across the road and into the upward-sloping field.

The others followed, but each apparently with a scent of its own. As they hid themselves up to their sinewy flanks in the dead, sallow grass, Harvey,

the keeper of the dogs, said with a gentle drawl that was almost caressing, 'Go git 'im, Bide! Git 'im, Dolly! Them's good houn's, Mist' Sheriff.'

Both the sheriff and the warden nodded carelessly. But the reporter, his gaze on the wooded hill up which the pack were briskly moving, wandered off to the other side of the road and beyond. It was obvious where he was going, and as he left Sheriff Bronson called, 'You'll get a real eyewitness story out of it if you can catch up with them dogs!'

That, the reporter realized, was not mere jocularity. 'Sure,' he answered half-heartedly and kept on up the sloping field, near the top of which the hounds were disappearing.

They were not to be overtaken. Before the reporter had gone halfway to the crest they had passed out of sight among the trees. He went on. A little later the bloodhounds began their curious baying — a lost, baffled noise that made him hasten. It did n't sound much as if they had yet sniffed out the convict's place of hiding, but perhaps they had. And if so . . . Instinctively his feelings ranged him beside the criminal against the dogs, and as he hurried forward he looked anxiously for some wieldy club with which to beat at them when they closed in on the fugitive.

Low and troubled, they bayed again. A fierce hatred for the bloodhounds ran through his veins like molten steel, and he knew that whatever it cost him he would be with the convict in the fight against their snapping jaws. So he stumbled among the trees.

Far behind him was coming Harvey, the keeper, still dangling the leashes from his hand and swinging leisurely on his gaunt legs. Police machines with armed men continued to patrol the red clay roads that went northward. And down to the right, on the crossing that severed the north base of the hill from the sweeping fields and clumps of trees beyond, the open touring car with Stover and the other county officer bulking squarely in the front seat still kept passing on its steady course.

Breaking on through the wood, the reporter followed the noise of the mournful-sounding pack, which seemed to come out clearly from the right. He went along the inner fringe of trees in that direction, vainly swallowing at a lump which excitement had lodged in his throat and looking desperately for a stick. But there was nothing like a weapon to be found. He hurried ahead, his mind agonized with pity for the shivering convict, his face and hands and wrists numb to the stinging branches that struck against them and the tearing brambles through which he ran.

Suddenly the sky grew lighter. He found himself at the edge of the field again and within sight of the bloodhounds. They were running about in a distracted manner, their black noses quivering as they smelled at the dead leaves, twigs, and grass. It was clear that for the moment they had lost the scent. The reporter took hold of himself. In their confused and awkward sniffing, their long ears flapping and their sad dark eyes peering from the folds of wrinkles about their brows, they did not look so fierce as the reporter believed they really were. It seemed strange that they should be.

As he stood there Harvey came up with the leashes trailing from his hand. The keeper nodded shortly, his eyes fixed on the dogs. Bending down, he began talking to them gently, directing them with familiar gesture to search out the trail again. 'Here, Bide! Here, Dolly!' he said. 'This way, boy!' Unexpectedly the pack dashed off into the wood, their keeper stalking after them.

IV

The reporter sat down. He began to realize that he was having a hard day. Worrying about his story, he knew he should phone the office. If the convict was on the hill, the dogs would find him, but even if the animals were as vicious as their reputations made them out to be, Harvey was there to keep them off and they were likely to obey his voice. Thinking it useless to remain, the reporter turned and started down the hill toward the crossroad, where, he could see, Stover still kept a steadfast watchfulness from the passing car.

Going through the tall dry grass, the reporter reached level ground as Stover turned back from the main road. The reporter stood waiting. Stover came nearer and he called, 'Say, where's there a phone around here?'

Sleek, hefty, and self-contained, Stover jerked his round head toward the back seat. 'Get in,' he said. 'Maybe Sheriff Bronson'll know.'

The reporter stepped on the running board and closed the door after him. The machine rolled steadily forward half a mile to the more distant crossroad, where it met another police car and then turned back again. Nobody spoke. Both officers watched the fields with calm, omniscient eyes. As they neared the place where the reporter had boarded the car he believed he saw a patch of dead grass move. He kept silent, but a moment later the policeman with the rifle between his legs shouted, 'Hi!' and pulled up the weapon with the butt against his shoulder.

'See him?' asked Stover quietly.

'There he is! Come out of that, you ——!' The machine stopped and the policeman with the rifle leaned forward and leveled the barrel upon a spot in the field some yards ahead and to the right. The dead grass stirred. A hump of faded blue appeared above it; rising higher, it grew into the figure of the escaped convict, who stood hatless, in denim overalls, his empty hands above his head and his face a white oblong of wincing terror.

'Ah,' said Stover, and opened the door of the car. He ran forward, almost with agility for a man so heavy. As Stover came upon the convict the reporter could not hear him growl, but could see his arm go back, his fist push forward, and the smaller form fall into a defenseless heap. Stover kicked, but the denim figure did not move. Leaning down, he picked it up as easily as if it had been a gunny sack full of shavings, and struck again and again until under his blows it went completely slack.

The other policeman slid over to the wheel and drove the car slowly forward to where Stover was holding the fugitive, whose face was a smear of red. As they drew nearer the reporter laughed, high and idiotically. A word rose up in his throat and bubbled over his lips: —

'Bloodhounds!'

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN JERUSALEM

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

We were in Wadi Halfa, a town in the Sudan, about one thousand miles up the Nile; had made the usual excursion to the Second Cataract, and were in some quandary whether to spend a few days at the excellent Cataract Hotel at Assuan on our way down the Nile or go directly to Cairo and thence to Jerusalem. We decided on the latter.

When we reached Cairo we, this time, went to Shepheard's Hotel, I suppose one of the most celebrated hotels in the world. It seemed quite like getting home after our wanderings, and as we sat over our coffee and tobacco in the lounge after dinner I saw a woman across the room flying signals apparently at my daughter, who recognized an old 'Bryn Martyr' and immediately joined her. She had an interesting story to tell. Like ourselves, she had just reached Cairo, but she had *come quite alone from the Cape*. Now this is an adventure for a group of men, and, for a lone woman, quite unheard of. Cook does not recommend the journey, which is long, rough, and not free from danger, and will not sell tickets. I asked our friend whether she might have exhausted the possibilities of getting a husband in civilized lands, and she laughingly admitted she had. Then she told us that she and another woman had agreed to make the trip, how at the last minute the other woman got 'cold feet,' and how she determined to make the adventure — which she said turned out to be without untoward incident — alone.

'You were, of course,' I said, 'very careful about what you ate and drank.' 'Very,' she replied. 'If the water stank I did n't drink it, and if the food was rotten I did n't eat it.' I listened in amazement, thinking how careful we had been, and then remarked, 'I suppose you had letters of introduction everywhere.' 'That I had,' she replied, 'and I paid very handsomely for them, or rather for it. I bought it from Brown Brothers and Company, and I drew money without difficulty in countries that your friend Crosby Brown never heard of.'

I think I rather prefer Shepheard's to the Semiramis: it may not be quite so excellent, but it is in the centre of things and its terrace is world-renowned. As someone has said, 'sooner or later every famous man in the world is seen on the terrace of Shepheard's.' But the guides, the dragomans, are a nuisance: descend the steps to the street and you are mobbed with people who want to show you something, take you somewhere, sell you something. A black-and-tan mongrel youth approached me late one afternoon and inquired if I did not want to see the beautiful Egyptian girl dance naked. 'No,' I replied decidedly; 'what is she dancing for?' 'Joy,' was his reply.

The vision of a dirty, middle-aged woman distorting herself, disgustingly, rose before me, as did the more pleasing pictures of the 'Little Egypts' and 'Little Turkeys' of my youth. They first came to us at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, settled down and grew old with us, and called forth the song 'Roxiana,' which made such a success in *The Belle of New York*. Roxiana's father, it will be remembered, kept a saloon at the corner of the Bowery and Canal. His daughter got an engagement in a big the-*a*-tre after 'she dyed her amber hair an inky black; and she tied herself in knots that did amaze yer — you'd think a snake was crawlin' down her back.' Then there was something about her being 'as limber as a piece of macaroni, looking as Oriental as a rug'; and finally,

She was wobbly, she was jerky, they called her
Little Turkey,
She did the squirmy, wormy, naughty coochee-
coochee dance.

But this is a serious paper, and I am humming to myself 'Jerusalem, the Golden.' I cared not how soon we left Cairo; by this time to-morrow we should be on our way.

II

Jerusalem! I am afraid I had given little thought as to what I should see there. I did not then know that one should go to the 'Holy City' as a pilgrim, not as a tourist. Jerusalem is a severe test upon one's bump of belief, and my bump is not pronounced: it is, in fact, a depression. Jerusalem is not — from Cairo — much of a pilgrimage. One gets into an excellent train, has dinner, and changes at Kantara West, and on a silly little ferryboat crosses the Suez Canal, a matter of some four hundred feet, to Kantara East, gets into an excellent sleeper and goes to bed, in Asia. Next morning, after breakfast, one changes again into a railway carriage better fitted to climb the mountains to the city, which is set upon a hill, — in fact, upon several hills, — and there you are.

One has a curious sensation upon arrival: one thinks of the Holy Sepulchre and of the many centuries in which it was in the keeping of the 'unspeakable Turk'; one thinks of the Crusades, those enormous movements of peoples from west to east which altered the course of history and changed, so many times, the map. And one descends at a perfectly modern railway station in a very modern town, gets into an automobile, and is whirled to one's hotel. It is perhaps a mile to the Grand New Hotel — which has not been new for forty years, and if it once suggested grandeur, it no longer does. But it is neat and comfortable: one demands several rooms with baths and heat, and one is accommodated. What if the heat is supplied by an oil stove? It is nevertheless heat, and after several hours in an unheated railway carriage on a bitter cold winter's day one is not too particular.

Cook — how could one travel without Cook? — has been apprised of our coming, and we are met at the station by a man who seems delighted to see us, and tells us that our guide is awaiting us at the hotel. And it was so, and an excellent guide he proved to be. Need one say that Jerusalem is now and has ever been a walled city, with many gates? Certainly not. But not everyone knows that when the former German Emperor made his theatrical entrance into the city, some years ago, which he announced was henceforth to be under his protection, he had a huge hole made in the walls of the city, that he might enter in what seemed to him a fitting manner. The chief entrance — that is to say, the one by which tour-

ists formerly entered the city — was the Jaffa Gate, but the traffic now flows through the Emperor's Hole, for the historic gateway would hardly accommodate automobile traffic; indeed, one can go only a few yards inside the walls, in a motor, on account of the very tortuous and narrow streets and their precipitous inclines.

Our visit was in January, perhaps the worst month in the year for going to Jerusalem, and it had been raining the day before and it might rain again, — so our guide said, — so we contented ourselves with a glance at the crowded and noisy streets, and then entered a waiting motor for a journey to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan.

It was a cold, bleak ride; the sun shone intermittently, and the distance seemed interminable. The Dead Sea is, in itself, an interesting phenomenon: it is about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the not far off Mediterranean, and it receives its water chiefly from one source, the River Jordan. There are no especially saline features in the basin itself and but few in the waters which enter into it, but there is no egress whatever. Water leaves the Dead Sea by evaporation only, and through countless millenniums such salt as there was has remained in the 'sea,' until now it is indescribably salty and bitter. The dryness of the atmosphere alone prevents the sea from overflowing. I reminded myself of Dr. Johnson's remark to his biographer, in reply to his question, 'Do you not think the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?' 'I do, Sir, but not worth going to see.' That is exactly my opinion of the Dead Sea.

Our guide in and about Jerusalem was an intelligent and obliging gentleman, speaking excellent English and having, himself, no delusions whatever as to the genuineness of the places and things that he showed us. We spent several days in his company, and, looking back, I cannot remember that he ever stated anything as a fact. In this he was wise, for, except for the city itself and its great ineffaceable landmarks, it is full of fakes, frauds, and sucker bait. And we, Philadelphians, who are witnesses to the development of the legend of Betsy Ross and the Flag, should not require much explanation as to how the thousand and one legends of the happenings in and about Jerusalem lengthened and strengthened and thickened, until their exploitation came to form the chief, indeed the only, industry of the city: it all came about quite naturally.

For several centuries after the birth of Christ and until the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, Jerusalem had been the scene of many battles and of much bloodshed; it had been, in fact, practically destroyed. But thither, about the year 325, came Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, with a desire to see things. The city was then a scene of desolation: its inhabitants few and poor, and perhaps hardly aware of the glory that was Jerusalem. To what did they owe the honor of this visit? To the desire of the lady to see the place of the Crucifixion and, perchance, to find the cross on which the Saviour was crucified. The Queen had traveled far; it would indeed be sad if so distinguished a visitor should be disappointed in her search. After some delay and difficulty a cross was found; then two more, and the crown of thorns. Quite naturally, the question arose as to which was the cross, the true cross, on which the Saviour had been crucified. A certain bishop who accompanied the Empress was equal to this emergency: each cross was taken in turn to the bedside of a dying woman, and the true cross was revealed when it touched the woman's body and caused her instant

restoration to health. The Empress thereupon enclosed a portion of the cross in a silver box — silver was at the time more valuable than gold — and sent it to her son, which accounts for its now being in Constantinople.

Thus began the systematic frauds which have continued to this day. Pilgrims returning to their native countries carried with them weird tales of the holy places they had seen and the miracles that had been performed for their benefit. These tales fired the imagination of other pilgrims, and each succeeding generation, demanding greater and greater wonders, was supplied. The custody of the true cross was entrusted to the then Bishop of Jerusalem and his successors, and they did a thriving business in selling small pieces thereof, until at last it became convenient, as Gibbon says, 'to suppose that the marvelous wood possessed a secret power of vegetation and that its substance though constantly diminished still remained entire and unimpaired.'

It did not require much imagination to see that an inexhaustible source of revenue had been tapped: the demand for relics grew by what it fed upon, and the 'manger' in which the Infant Christ lay was discovered; a portion of this may still be seen in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. It will be remembered that this church is erected on a spot where snow — snow, mind you — was found on a certain morning in August, many years ago; but let that pass. Before the altar is an ornate pit, surrounded by a marble balustrade, in which is a large kneeling statue of Pope Pius IX: he is looking with a broad smile at the altar, behind which is a treasury which contains a portion of the manger. I like to think that he is smiling at the idea that sober men, like myself, still pay handsomely to see this sacred relic.

III

But to return to Jerusalem. A few years after the visit of Queen Helena, who had by this time become a saint, Jerome, a father of the Church and a great scholar, took up his abode in the neighboring town of Bethlehem, where he employed himself in compiling and editing what has come to be the Vulgate, our Bible. Jerome wrote that every species of crime and vice — and he proceeds to enumerate them — was practised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The city had become, from the gifts of pilgrims, enormously rich, hence the object of intermittent attack. Such was, and to some extent still is, the Holy City, which we were visiting under the guidance of a man as completely *désillusionné* in the matter of relics as I am.

It will be remembered that Jerusalem — and Jerusalem means 'city of peace' — was an old and important city long before the birth of Christ, and that notwithstanding the significance of its name it has been throughout its long history the almost constant scene of battle, bloodshed, and revolution. Legends which antedate the Saviour by a thousand years lie thick all around. Egypt is old, but its age does not seem to intrude itself upon one. In Palestine one is stunned and bewildered by the mental familiarity, if I may use the expression, of what one sees. We entered a motor; almost before we got up to speed, the site, the alleged site, of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah was pointed out to us. Like all properly reared boys of my generation, I had listened to much reading of the Bible and had been made to read it myself. I remembered the fate of the cities of the plain, and I was glad that our guide did not point out the salty remains of Lot's wife, which earlier travelers claim to have seen. The

Dead Sea offers little to the tourist except what he brings with him; I wet my hands in it, and then said to the guide, 'Now show me the Jordan.' We reëntered the motor and drove a short distance to a swollen and muddy creek. *Voilà le Jourdain!* Here was a more distinct disappointment.

The Jordan, the principal river in Palestine, rises, no doubt, somewhere or other, flows into the Lake of Galilee, and out of it again, a distance of some sixty miles as the crow flies, two hundred as it pursues its tortuous course into the Dead Sea, out of which, as I have said, it never emerges. Its width is from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth from nothing to twelve feet, dependent upon where one takes soundings. We were looking at the 'Place of Baptism,' and I then and there made a wise resolution: namely, to try to be respectful, not to laugh at anything which might be shown me. In Palestine one should have that faith which removes mountains, and I have ever been a skeptic.

'How about lunch?' I said. 'It is provided at Jericho,' was the reply. 'Then let us go to Jericho' — and to Jericho we went, I thinking how many times I have sent one or another to Jericho, never expecting to go there myself. It was once a city of importance: it had a theatre and a palace, and King Herod died there; Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra as a present, and the prophet Elijah spent his last days there and departed from near-by Jordan, it will be remembered, in a chariot of fire. Subsequently it became a ruin, and a ruin it remains, for the present hovels which house — if they can be said to house — a thousand souls hardly form a town; and the hotel where we lunched, the Grand Winter Palace — well, it did its best for us and with that we were perforce content. On our way back to Jerusalem we were shown the spot where a certain man fell among thieves: the Inn Samaritan marks the spot, and it was interesting to learn that it was not until a thousand years after the event mentioned in the Bible that the place was indicated.

Tired, cold, and hungry, we reached our hotel, and with some pleasant English people, with whom we had gone up the Nile, gathered around our oil stove and indulged in that pleasant function, tea, laced with some excellent brandy which I had taken the precaution to carry with me.

After dinner I sought to present a letter of introduction to the Bishop of Jerusalem, — a bishop of the Church of England, that is, — but he was out of town; so instead I went out into David Street and struck up an acquaintance with a strapping young Englishman whose uniform told me he was a member of the Palestine Police, with which Great Britain is endeavoring to put order into the country. I came upon him just as he was threatening to arrest a man for cruelly beating a donkey. I asked him how he liked his job. 'I 'ate it,' he said; and then continued, 'You see, these people are Harabs and they've no idea 'ow to treat hanimals. But what can Hi do? This country can't hafford to lock 'em up, heven if Hi harrested 'em. Hearly in the mornin' Hi sometimes takes 'em hup an' makes 'em set in the station hall day an' lets 'em go at night. They vanishes for a week maybe, maybe not — 'ow can Hi tell? They're hall a mass of whiskers, if you harsk me.'

'The climate is lovely in the spring,' he said, in reply to my question, 'but what's a chap to do with 'is time hoff? 'E can go to the pictures, but the letterin' is in Harabic an' Hi can't catch it. Hi can speak it fairly, but read it, who in 'ell can? Hi can't, for one.'

'Nor I, for another,' I replied.

"'Ave you been down to Jericho?' he asked. 'That's where the man fell among thieves in the Bible; an' hit's easy to do now: the country is full of caves, lots of 'em; a man can disappear an' leave no trace, not for years. A bit back they 'ad a shot at the Bishop of Jerusalem,' he continued. "'E's the 'eavy swell in these parts. Hi 'opes 'e likes 'is job better'n Hi do mine.'

Of life, in the accepted sense of the word, there is little or nothing in Jerusalem: the people work and quarrel and go to bed, or go to bed without quarreling. Our little party sat around a solitary electric lamp and read: I had a copy of *Eothen* with me. Who that has read that delightful book of travel can forget it! It is the story of an adventurous young Englishman with a keen sense of humor, who made his way practically alone through Turkey and Palestine, and across the desert into Egypt. The mere fact that the book has for almost a century kept its rank as the best of all books of travel sufficiently recommends it. It was with difficulty that I put the book aside, climbed into a clean and excellent bed, and was soon fast asleep.

IV

Jerusalem, the golden!
With milk and honey blest

How often as a child I have raised my small voice in this grand old hymn! It was, I am afraid, the poorest possible preparation for a visit to the city of the present. Jerusalem, within the walls, is a tiny town of only two hundred and ten acres, about the size of a goodish farm. About one fifth of this entire area is occupied by the Haram-esh-Sherif (the Noble Sanctuary), an enclosed space on the flattened summit of Mount Moriah. It appealed to me as being perhaps the only authentic spot in Jerusalem, as it is certainly the most beautiful and impressive one. Here Solomon, almost one thousand years before Christ, erected the most famous temple in history; here he had his palace and gave judgment. Four hundred years later it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. It was rebuilt by the Jews, and pillaged or partly destroyed by various conquerors; rebuilt by King Herod, and again destroyed, this time by Titus; subsequently it became the Dome of the Rock or the Mosque of Omar, whichever may be its proper name. Whoever it was, among many, who erected or restored, or reërected or re-restored, this historic mosque did a magnificent job. It is a huge octagon, surmounted by a circular building which carries the Dome, immediately beneath which is the Sacred Rock. All in all, it is the most beautiful building I have ever seen.

This is, indeed, the general opinion. A friend to whom I had written replied: 'I too think the Dome of the Rock the most beautiful building I have ever seen. There is something in the situation and the simplicity which reënforces the overwhelming sense of history, as one stands on the spot where a single god, whether Allah, Jupiter, Jehovah, or God, has been worshiped, uninterruptedly, from the earliest time of which even tradition exists. As I looked over the polished marble rail at the great Rock beneath the Dome, I felt as if the plumb line of history had dropped at my feet.'

The legends about the Rock, which is huge and bare, are fantastic. Here Melchizedek offered sacrifice, as did Abraham offer his son Isaac; here stood the Ark of the Covenant, and beneath the Rock the Prophet Jeremiah concealed it, where it is to this day. The Rock was at one time suspended in the air; from it Mohammed ascended into Heaven on his miraculous mare, and

the Rock was about to follow suit when the Angel Gabriel repressed it: the print of his hand, an immense depression, is shown. Another indentation is exhibited as a footprint either of Christ or of Mohammed, according to the religion one affects. But notwithstanding all this nonsense, the Dome, the Temple, the Mosque, — whatever you will, — is glorious. In the Moorish style, of marble and porcelain, which resist the weather and glisten in the sun, it was the model for several old round churches in England, including the Temple Church in London.

David Street is the Broadway of Jerusalem. It begins at the Jaffa Gate and descends, and then ascends to the enclosure within which is the Dome of the Rock. An architect might describe David Street as being a stairway four yards wide, the treads of which are ten feet wide and the risers four inches. Along or through this steep and narrow thoroughfare there is a constant and colorful procession of Arabs, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Christians, donkeys, and camels, all uttering weird noises in an effort safely to thread their way through the chief shopping and market district of the old city. It is a sight always to be remembered.

There is another fine mosque within the same enclosure not far from the Dome of the Rock, a mosque which as a Christian church dates back to the year 500, near the entrance to which is the tomb of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, who are said to have made a penitential visit to Jerusalem and died there. Within this mosque also is the Praying Place of Moses, and another stone bearing the imprint of the foot of Christ, and not far off is the Golden Gate through which Christ the meek and lowly entered on Palm Sunday, and so forth, and so forth. The tree on which the remorseful Judas hanged himself did not interest us nearly as much as several groups of old and magnificent cedars to which no history was attached.

Without a guide it would be difficult to thread the crooked, narrow lanes outside the enclosure of which the Dome of the Rock is the centre, and one might easily miss the Jews' Wailing Place, where from time immemorial the Jews have been accustomed to bewail the misfortunes of their race. It purports to be, and possibly is, a portion of the wall of Solomon's Temple, but more probably it is a section of wall of a later temple erected on the site or foundations of the old one. Be this as it may, Saint Jerome refers to the habit of the Jews of bribing the Roman soldiers so that they might, unhindered, weep over the ruins of their Holy City.

The wall, which is perhaps two hundred feet long by fifty in height, is composed of enormous blocks of limestone, and for centuries, to this day and hour, all day long, old men and women have knelt and prayed before this wall, rubbing it with their hands and kissing it with their lips, until several courses of stone, between three and five feet above the ground, have become discolored and highly polished from this treatment. On Friday afternoons the place is thronged with Jews by the hundreds, coming and wailing and giving way to others. There are several formal rituals in use before this time-honored wall, — based, I am told, upon the Seventy-ninth Psalm, — which are chanted reciprocally by priest and people. The custom was suspended for years (and it might well be suspended again, on hygienic grounds) until, some time ago, Sir Moses Montefiore secured from the Sultan of Turkey, the then ruler of Palestine, permission for its resumption. It is an interesting, disgusting, and unforgettable sight, as are so many in this historic city.

The movement 'Back to Jerusalem' (or Palestine) is, I should say, a foreordained failure. I had an interesting talk with a well-informed man born in Jerusalem and deeply interested in the welfare of the country. He told me that the money given by rich and well-meaning Jews in New York City, and elsewhere in America, was largely consumed in the salaries and expenses of officials, and he pointed out that no prominent, wealthy, or intelligent Jews considered for a moment leaving the country of their adoption, where every opportunity was theirs, for the sake of rebuilding Palestine; that for every hundred Jews who come, ninety leave, and leave at the earliest opportunity. The fertile land of Palestine is relatively small in area, while its mountain ranges are bleak, rocky, and inhospitable, affording pasture only for a few sheep and mountain goats. Nor is manufacturing possible in a country which has neither coal, iron, oil, wood, soil, nor even water. Education, which is supposed to solve so many problems, is of little use here, for there is nothing for the people to do when they are educated. What Jew is going to leave New York, where there are a hundred million of us to prey upon, — and only a handful of Scotch to be guarded against, — for the sake of rebuilding a country in which the proponents of the plan would not themselves think for a moment of settling?

The several Jews to whom I talked seemed only too anxious to get away from Palestine. One afternoon I was looking into the window of a small cigar shop, wondering if it would be possible to buy a good cigar therein. The proprietor, a young Jew, observing me, asked in passable English whether I would not enter and buy something. 'Yes,' I said, 'I should like to buy a good cigar.' He recommended a cigar made in Holland, the price of which was three cents, but knowing from experience that a Dutch cigar is a byword and a reproach in the mouth of any man, I declined. Then he sought to sell me some cigarettes. 'But I don't smoke cigarettes; I want a cigar, a good cigar.' 'Mister,' said he, becoming very confidential, 'would you buy a Corona cigar?' I said I thought I would if I could be assured that it was a genuine Corona. Would I buy a box of Coronas? Yes, under certain conditions I might buy a box. 'I have an ambition to sell you a box of Corona cigars,' he continued. 'I have sold a single Corona, but a box, never.' The discussion ended with the purchase of a box of Coronas, at a monarch's ransom, which the poor man ran out and bought at the near-by Allenby Hotel. Then the man — he was about thirty — told me how ardent was his wish to go to America: 'I have such great ambition for New York, I work forever; soon I own a picture theatre; I am so full of ambitions. Here life is hopeless. I sell only in a week once a box of cigars, made in Holland — bad to smoke and no profit. I shall never forget this day's business. You must be very rich man to buy a box of Corona cigars; it never happened so before. Mister, I am ambitious to sell you a cigar case to remember you by.'

V

To 'the stone which the builders rejected' and which 'is become the head of the corner,' to the spot where Abraham found the ram caught in the thicket, to the tomb of Absalom, and many similar places, I turned a blind eye and a deaf ear. But in spite of my unbounded skepticism I felt for a moment something of a thrill upon entering the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. For how many centuries has the thought of this spot influenced the en-

tire Western world! The effort to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks united nations which had little else in common: my knowledge of the Crusades was vague enough, but . . . Here our excellent guide began his discourse.

'As you see, this is a very large church, or rather group of churches, belonging to Catholics, Protestants, Copts, Greeks, and Armenians; it covers the site of the Crucifixion and the Place of Burial. The churches here have been built and destroyed and rebuilt and renovated from time immemorial, and chapels added to commemorate various incidents which took place immediately before and after the death of the Saviour. Much that you will see and hear is of necessity legendary.'

Here is the 'Stone of Unction' on which the body of Jesus is said to have been laid for anointing when taken down from the cross; this stone is not the traditional one, but was placed in its present position in 1808. One could be pardoned for looking at it without emotion. The traditional place of the Crucifixion is covered by a chapel some twenty steps above the level of the church floor. It is a small affair, greatly overdecorated in mosaics and precious stones and plentifully behung with lamps which are always burning. At one end is a large altar before which is a marble slab with a hole in it, in which our Saviour's cross was set, while two similar holes are said to be the sockets in which the crosses of the thieves were placed. I was sorry, very, to have been shown all this: it was so vulgar, so artificial and unconvincing, so entirely different from what one expected to see; but there was more of the same sort to come — much more.

A few yards off in the floor is a brass slide; this may be pushed back and there is revealed a portion of rock with a hole in it, perhaps ten inches deep: this is shown as the rock which was rent at the time of the Crucifixion, which was accompanied by an earthquake which rent the veil of the Temple from the top to the bottom. Mercifully we were not shown the 'veil.'

Said I to my guide, 'Frankly, I am not pleased with all this; let us now go to the Sepulchre itself, and then seek the light and air,' for the place was stuffy with the smell of unclean priests and the burning lamps and incense. The whole edifice in which we were seemed very highly departmentalized; constructed on different levels in varying styles of architecture, and used by different sects which hate each other with the accumulated hatred of centuries: hatred which only religion can engender.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a hexagonal building, not larger than twenty by thirty feet, built of marble; it is lit by a great many hanging lamps, the flames of which are never extinguished. The stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the Sepulchre by the angel is shown, somewhere; I forget where, but it is not in the little chapel, to which admittance is had by a low door, which contains the Tomb itself. This is a tiny chamber six feet square, lit and in some sense heated by the forty-three hanging lamps. This, the quintessential tomb, if I may use the expression, is jealously guarded by the Roman Church, and Mass is said daily.

Chapels abound, Copt, Catholic, and Greek, and woe betide the unfortunate priest who dares set foot in a chapel of a rival: it is a sad commentary that to keep the priests from fighting a policeman is always on duty. One item, shown gratis only on Wednesday in Holy Week and at other times upon the payment of a fee, is the Column of the Flagellation, the column to which Christ was bound to be scourged by

the Roman soldiers. Normally, this column is covered with a brass housing in which is a hole through which one can push a kind of stick and thus, by proxy as it were, touch the column; at the same time an electric light is switched on. By kissing the end of the stick which has touched the column one is supposed to have had one's money's worth.

At this point I insisted on light and air, and at once; there was more to be seen, much more, but I had seen enough, and of the Holy Sepulchre more than enough. In the interest of hygiene, decency, and true religion, it would be well if it were possible to close the entire 'fabrick' — as Dr. Johnson would call it — and keep it closed. As long as it is open to the public, fools, like myself, will visit it.

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' Only the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane carry a measure of conviction with them. Chapels and altars and tombs can be made by men like me, but only God can grow such trees, immemorially old, as the olive trees in the traditional 'Garden,' and the view from the Mount of Olives is superb.

VI

The 'little town of Bethlehem' lies five miles only from Jerusalem, and the journey would be a pleasant one were it not spoiled by too many traditional sights, such as the Tomb of Rachel, which has, however, been an object of veneration by the Jew for three thousand years. Like Jerusalem, it is a town of immemorial age, and has been subjected to many vicissitudes: a hamlet a thousand years before Christ, it has been destroyed and rebuilt time and again. The church which covers the traditional birthplace of Jesus is one of the oldest in the world. Assuming, and it is a reasonable assumption, that Jesus was born in a stable and lay in a manger, what may have happened is this. His parents, who were humble people, coming in the course of their travels to Bethlehem, went to an 'inn' and could get no accommodation. What an inn was in a little town like Bethlehem two thousand years ago may be imagined. It may have consisted of one or two chambers only, in which there was no room for them. The country all round about is very hilly: the ground floor on one side of a building would be the second floor of another side. The 'stable' was, in all likelihood, the ground floor or basement of the inn, in which travelers could house their donkeys and camels; the accommodation was little worse than that afforded above, and the manger may well have been a shelf or ledge of rock.

In any event, in Bethlehem, and probably on this site, the Emperor Constantine erected a church about the year 330, a part of which may still be standing, largely concealed by the walls of three convents: Roman, Orthodox, and Armenian. The church has been restored time and again, the last change in it, and a beneficial one, having been made only a few years ago. The Chapel or Grotto of the Nativity lies twenty feet below the floor of the choir of the church and is reached by two flights of steep, slippery stone steps. It is now a vault some ten by thirty feet, constructed of Italian marble and mosaic in awful taste and hideously overdecorated with ornaments of gold set with what may be precious stones. Along one side is an altar, and under it set in the floor a silver star, around which is an inscription, HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. Certainty in matters of this kind is of the utmost importance. The chamber is lit with a

number of silver lamps in which a flame is always burning, and it is the duty of the various sects who watch the shrine — and each other — to keep their own especial lamps lighted. Here is, of course, the Altar of the Magi — in a word, 'all things were fulfilled.' I greatly wish I could have believed that I saw the actual tomb of Saint Jerome, or that the chapel was the place where he for so many years labored upon the compilation and translation of the Vulgate from out of its original languages into Latin, a task for which his learning made him especially fitted. He seems to have been a most interesting, if quarrelsome, character.

It is a poor little town, is Bethlehem: from its stony and far from level fields round about it must be difficult to secure a crop of anything; of manufactures there is little or nothing. Trashy gewgaws made of mother-of-pearl, ornaments made of olive wood, — which is now getting scarce because so many trees were burned in the late war, — the sale of beads and trinkets, afford such commerce as there is. The people of Palestine suffered greatly during the war. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain by fighting. General Allenby was just another conqueror, and a very fortunate one. His career was not distinguished until he was sent to Palestine, and he would never have been lucky enough to reach his objective had it not been for that enigmatic hero who called himself Lawrence, but whose name is probably Scott. England alone could produce such a man. His exploits are recounted in *Revolt in the Desert*. For a time he acted alone; then he had the complete backing of the War Office. By promises he must have known he could not make good he obtained the good will of the Arab chiefs, whose tongues he spoke and whose costumes and customs he adopted.

Did a sheik want to be King of Jerusalem, or of this town or that? Certainly: why not? They became his followers: for him they were prepared to lay down their lives, and especially the lives of their followers. Lawrence made it possible for Allenby to reach Jerusalem, which he took without firing a shot. The war came to an end; Allenby became Field Marshal. England could not or would not — at any rate, did not — make Lawrence's promises good, and the man who actually delivered Jerusalem became, under an assumed name, a private in Britain's flying forces in India. Some day his life will be written, and we shall know certainly much more than we now do of this amazing character.

VII

I felt really sorry for a poor old man who followed me about the streets of Bethlehem for several hours, seeking to inveigle me into what he said was his 'factory.' He asked me if I were not an American, and I admitted I was; whereupon he remarked, 'Mr. Fairbank, the President of America, he my best friend; he always visit me when he come here, always to buy many things. He my best friend I have; when I go America I go see him.' I suppose that during some visit that our former Vice President may have made he was seduced into buying a bit of carved mother-of-pearl, and I doubt not that he threw it away long before he got home.

In such traveling as we have been engaged in guides are necessary, but they are sometimes awful. We had one, one day, when we were sight-seeing with a party which included a group of Germans; the guide spoke his piece in English, and then attempted to translate what he had said into German. It must have been vile, for an old German

was finally galvanized into screaming, 'Spoke English! Spoke English! It is less vorse!' In other words, he preferred to hear my language butchered rather than his own.

To return to Jerusalem. There was, seemingly, no end to the wonders which would be shown for money. But our legs were tired, and our credulity had been subjected to outrageous strains.

No! I had no wish to see the stone where 'the Virgin, she sit, when she milk the little Lord Jesus' — a boulder on which one might discern a few spots made whitish by drops from the Virgin's breast. I had seen enough, and more than enough.

'The proper time to come to Palestine is the spring.'

'I can well believe it.'

'The wild flowers then are lovely.'

'No doubt; so are the tame flowers at Hampton Court.'

But before we get to London there is Syracuse, and Taormina, and Naples, and much more. Above all, there is ROME.

THE WAR IS OVER[1]

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

AFTER the war, England faced the hardest problem of her history. The men were being demobilized and there was no work for them. I think I knew something of the mind of the soldier, and I feel certain that the dole saved England from a debacle. When I saw thousands of men marching through the streets of London rattling tin cans and begging from the passers-by, I was afraid that they would recognize me. I had painted in glowing words another kind of England.

The workers, employed and unemployed, were seething with discontent. They were a barrel of gunpowder, only waiting for a provocation to act as a match to set it off.

I was getting ready to go on another 'Y' mission, to the Rhine. Mr. Lloyd George sent for me. He said the situation in industrial centres was acute and he believed I was the man to handle it. He hoped I could remain a year in England and do in the industries what I had done on the western front.

My words were few. I accepted the invitation. He told me to see an officer of the Treasury concerning remuneration. That, I told him, I could not do. I never could talk to Labor and be in the pay of the government. I must be absolutely untrammeled. A few friends would provide me with car fare and food. He promised to back me personally in any way I needed him.

Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and the mining regions of South Wales were the first stopping places on this part of the pilgrimage. The Prime Minister wrote personal letters to newspapers and manufacturers. All factory gates were open to me, and the

[1] Earlier chapters of Dr. Irvine's history appeared in December and January.—EDITOR

newspapers noised abroad my message. I did not confine myself to factories and shops. I spoke in churches and halls and wherever working people forgathered.

In one of these large cities I was arrested and taken before a high police official, charged with neglecting, as an alien, to report myself. During the war I had observed these alien restrictions with meticulous care. I had suffered much in so doing. Now it was over, such formalities seemed absurd and outrageous. Before the official I was boiling with indignation.

'Does the name of Inspector Javert recall anything to your mind, sir?' I asked.

'No.'

'Then any reference to him would be wasted. Let me say, sir, I am doing England a service that no man in England could do. I am the personal representative of the British Government in your district and I have been too busy to call at a police station every time I go around a corner; and I want calmly and quietly to tell you that I'm sick of this snooping suspicion and will report no more anywhere, nor to anybody!'

He sat at a desk. When I finished he arose and gave me one of the most stinging rebukes I had ever received. It startled me.

'I thoroughly agree with you,' he said quite pleasantly, 'and I shall write at once to the Home Secretary and have you excused!'

II

In those days the Clyde shipbuilding yards and the coal-mining region of South Wales were the red-flag spots of the Labor discontent. Lloyd George asked me which of these places I would visit first. I said, 'Your fellow countrymen, sir; they are the worst.' A newspaper in Cardiff heralded my coming. That a reactionary newspaper should welcome a man who was a friend of Labor was quite puzzling to the miners. I had more difficulty in overcoming the good will of the paper than I had in giving the miners a new point of view.

A veteran Labor leader had asked one of the old Labor 'war horses' to preside at one big meeting. He did so, but I could see opposition in his attitude from the start. The hall was packed with men.

'Tom Richards asked me to preside here,' he began; 'but I notice that this speaker is recommended by a newspaper that has no use for us, and we have none for it. Something strange about that. This paper says this man is interested in a better England. We are not. We are interested in a better Wales. The gentleman who is to speak is a mystery man. How can he be any good to us who comes with such a rotten endorsement?' In this tone and manner he went on for about fifteen minutes.

This sort of introduction was providential. It fanned into a flame all the smouldering fires of my Celtic nature.

'I'm sorry for your chairman,' I began. 'I'm sorry for this audience and Tom Richards and the newspaper. I'm sorry for everybody concerned — except myself. Before I begin my address I want to iron out a few things. I want to take the brick out of the chairman's bouquet! He has been brutally frank. I will be just as frank without the brutality.

'When a man says he is a friend of Labor, or a champion of Labor principles, what would you consider a fair test of his loyalty? I venture to say that not a man in this hall will disagree with me when I say that service to Labor is the surest and best test. We

are agreed on that. Well, then, if that be true, I challenge your chairman, I challenge any man in this audience or any man in South Wales, to lay his cards on the table before a committee selected by your chairman. I will lay mine beside them, and if that committee does not decide that I have a better right to address Labor than your chairman has, I will apologize for being here — I will apologize for my existence.

'By service to Labor I do not mean holding down a Labor job, nor do I mean union membership for personal benefits through group organization. I mean service rendered and sacrifices made without money payments and without any material benefits whatever.

'These hands of mine are white now. They used to be black and gnarled and chipped. I worked in a coal pit in the old days for a shilling a day. Keir Hardie and I worked in the same pit. He was skilled. I was only a mucker. I was stupid, ignorant, and dirty. No slave with ball and chain ever felt his slavery more keenly than I felt the slavery of ignorance and dirt. I escaped. I became a soldier that I might learn to read.

'The necessity of a higher education drove me from these British Isles. I secured a university degree; but instead of divorcing me from the working class, it knit me close to them. Without knowing anything more than a cat about Socialism, I joined the movement. I am an American citizen. The American Socialists elected me to the National Executive Committee. I am an honorary member of six great labor unions. I have been a minister and have been kicked out of many churches because of my loyalty to the working class. I have had the real-estate agents of an entire city combine to prevent me from renting a home. I have had newspaper opposition all through my career. I know what it is to go hungry for Labor, to be misunderstood, to be maligned and persecuted for it, and yet, Mr. Chairman and miners of South Wales, I have never been on Labor's pay roll!

'I gave up a position to come over here and lend a hand. I am against war. I learned to hate it on the battlefields of Egypt. But when men are suffering and dying by the hundreds of thousands I refuse to stand aside. So I've been in France. I gave cheer to over a million men over there. If Socialism or Unionism or any other ism interfered with that service I would throw them aside and do it again! Men who hold down cushy jobs at home may not appreciate that, but the lads who lie in the soil of France and Flanders did, and their appreciation is my reward. I seek no other —'

Here the audience broke into cheers. I raised my voice to proceed and they stood up and cheered. There were yells of approval by men who had heard me in France.

'Let me conclude the challenge and stop,' I said. 'I might have used my brains and ability to make money. I am a poor man. I have no property, no capital, and I am in that position because I have given my life and influence to the oppressed, the poor, and the under dog!'

Only in a small measure can these words convey here what they meant to that audience. The Welsh are a fiery people and are passionately fond of good singing and speech touched with fire. I called for an answer to the challenge and was greeted with cheers. There was no answer, and I went on with what I went there to say. When I sat down the chairman arose and said: —

'The gentleman is no longer a man of mystery. I will entertain a motion

that we call him back to lecture to us on any topic he likes, and we will pay him for coming.'

A full report of the meeting opened up to me the whole Rhondda Valley, where there was much fire underneath the surface of things, ready to burst forth at any minute. Once a Welsh choir of male voices came and sang for me at several big gatherings.

My message to the workers was an appeal to the spirit — a plea for patience. I was one of them, analyzing national and international situations and pointing out the tremendous difficulties involved in building a new structure on the ruins of the old. I contended that we could best serve the world and our own particular movements by playing the national game in a way best suited to national needs. Britain was short of ships, short of goods, and short of raw material. She could only survive by supplying the world with what British hands produced. Any attempt to make a radical change would inevitably turn Britain into a shambles of chaos, disorder, and blood.

III

With the miners in Wales I was successful. It was with the politicians, profiteers, and capitalists that I seemed to fail. At the close of an arduous campaign, two mass meetings were arranged for Sunday in the largest theatre in Cardiff. It was suggested that a Labor leader preside in the afternoon and a capitalist in the evening. That suited me. At both meetings I made a strong plea for a unity of spiritual forces. By the bare hands of British workingmen was British equilibrium to be achieved. Would the workers shelve their propaganda, put aside their class antagonism, and declare an armistice? The workers said, 'Yes.'

The afternoon meeting was presided over by a Labor leader and was all that I could desire. The chairman in the evening was a capitalist who was a parvenu, an ill-bred, uneducated man, who had made an immense fortune out of the war and whose money had carried him into Parliament. My plea for coöperation and the expression of the finer aspects of the spirit in man during the period of reconstruction was received by the vast audience with enthusiasm. To my utter amazement the chairman turned the meeting into a protest against the United States. After my address he told the audience that the United States had demanded 500,000 tons of shipping. That, he said, was unfair. He boasted that he was trying to persuade the House of Commons to refuse the demand. Turning to me, he asked me to carry his protest to the President. Then he introduced two men he had brought from London for the purpose of backing him up. They were both discredited Labor leaders and renegades who had sold out to the highest bidder. For me the situation was difficult. I did n't want to lose the influence I had already gained, nor could I let him get away with an insult.

'I am a stranger in your city,' I began, 'and your guest. It would ill become a guest to argue with his host, but in view of this most extraordinary proceeding I am sure you would not expect me to keep silent. I think this audience understands me. I am sure you know that what I plead for is the only thing that will see Britain through.

'As to my taking the gentleman's protest to President Wilson — don't you think it would be rather stupid in me if I asked the gentleman to take such a message from me to King George? Do you do that sort of thing over here? With us it is not done. As

to the shipping, my country had no understanding, treaty, or bargain for any of the swag. If now we are asking for ships, I am ashamed. I think, however, I can mitigate the severity of the critics on the platform when I tell them that when we entered the war the crews of German ships in our harbors blew the machinery out of them, and it took millions to blow it in again. As Uncle Sam has no more love for taxation than John Bull has, I am inclined to believe that if he is demanding the ships he refitted he wants them as souvenirs!

'The chairman suggests that we came into the war late. That is true, and we shall not be permitted for some time to forget it. But may I ask the gentleman behind me to consider for a moment what would have happened if we had n't come in at all! The Germans know, if he does n't. The British generals also know. Finally, I don't believe this audience will permit political strategy to dull the fine edge of our attempt to-night to appeal to the nobler qualities and values of the spirit.'

Thunderous applause was the answer.

Over large areas in congested industrial centres I went to the workers, and they received me gladly. Then a call came from the Y to render assistance in raising money to provide Y tents for the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were in the devastated areas in France. Great numbers of very wealthy English people were on the Riviera, and three of us went there, two to arrange the details and I to address parlor meetings in the fashionable hotels around Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone.

The Duke of Connaught was staying at Cannes. If he would consent to preside at some meetings the aristocracy would flock around him. We went to Cannes. My two companions saw the Duke's secretary and he turned them down. I waited for them in the lounge. Just as we were leaving I saw a face familiar to me. The man recognized me and we advanced toward each other. He was a captain of the Guards.

'Well, well,' I said. 'What are you doing here?'

'I am the Duke's secretary.'

'Heavens! How fortunate for us! You turned these fellows down, but you must n't turn me down!'

'Still morale raising?' he asked, smiling.

'Yes. I'm here to raise the morale of dukes, lords, and commons, but I can't even raise the wind without the Duke!'

He laughed and told us to wait. Five minutes later he returned and took me upstairs to meet His Royal Highness.

'My secretary has been telling me wonderful things about you,' the Duke said, 'and I thought you would n't mind talking while I dress for dinner.'

'I am delighted, sir. I was shipmates with your brother the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean when I was a boy.'

We talked, as he dressed, on many topics. He consented at once to preside and help in getting people out.

'I am informed,' he said in introducing me at our first meeting, 'that in the great crisis when we were with our backs to the wall this man's burning words were of more service to our cause than a whole division of soldiers.'

The enterprise, however, was not a financial success. The aristocrats were perfectly willing, now that the war was over, to let the soldiers go without the comfort of a place where they could get a cup of tea and a smoke. Of all the people I met down there, the Duke was

the most human, the most gentlemanly, and the most democratic. To me, personally, he was more than kind. He read some of my books and took the trouble to write me several letters about them afterward.

While on the Riviera I wrote a series of articles on Monte Carlo for a London paper. In order to get color and thrill I went into the Casino. What a strange crowd of devotees at the altars of the god of chance! I played the tables. I wanted the whole gamut of sensations and I got them all but one — I just did n't seem to be able to lose, no matter what colors or combinations I chose. I came out with fifteen hundred francs of their money. Next day I bought three good paintings and brought them away as souvenirs. I had an idea that if I played long enough I might win sufficient to sustain the soldiers' huts myself; but I could n't stay.

In one of my articles I alluded to the army of the Prince of Monaco in the following sentence: 'Yesterday I saw a parade of the Prince's army. They were both in full-dress uniform.' The editor could n't see the joke and deleted it.

IV

When the League of Nations Union was launched in the Royal Albert Hall I was selected to 'put the snapper on the whip.' When an Englishman, chairman of the committee, put it to me in just that way, I warned him against the use of such picturesque phrases, lest he be accused of being an American. To the English people this was a great occasion — an audience of ten thousand and, on the platform, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. John Clifford, Professor Gilbert Murray, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Edward Grey, and the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes. After these statesmen, orators, and churchmen had spent their force in explaining this spiritual auxiliary of the League of Nations, I was to come on and in a ten- or fifteen-minute speech persuade that audience to join it then and there. The situation looked like that of a marksman with the last bullet in his rifle, when accuracy or inaccuracy of aim meant success or failure. To fail here would be signal, dismal failure. But fortunately I did not fail. After an impassioned appeal, I asked those who would back the movement to stand up, and the audience arose as one man.

When the Irish were copying Cromwell's methods of wholesale murder, when rebellion, arson, terror, and bloodshed were at their worst, I was invited by General Wood — with whom I had served in France — to visit the men under his command, the Auxiliary Force, in Ireland. Wood was second in command to a man who hated the Irish, and the Irish attitude toward the latter may be judged by the fact that he went to the golf links in an armored car! That he did n't join the 'hole-in-one club' was n't the fault of the Irish sharpshooters. Some of them told me, when peace came, that they never thought of him as a soldier — they looked upon him as a rat and would have shot him as one if they had ever had a chance.

What could I do in Ireland? Wood thought he knew. Every member of the Auxiliary had been a British officer. I could give these men some idea of Irish psychology — something the British had been shy of for seven centuries. I could tell them that they were not there to fight the Irish, but to preserve peace. It was a thankless, dangerous job, and every man engaged in it would have thrown it aside instantly if he could have gotten anything else to do.

So I joined General Wood at Beggar's

Bush Barracks in Dublin. When he set out on a tour of inspection I went with him.

I had dedicated *My Lady of the Chimney Corner* to Lady Gregory and the players of the Abbey Theatre, but I was not very sanguine about its reception in Ireland, where many books are written and few bought. I found, however, that it was well known in Dublin. It was a good introduction to the leaders of the rebellion. I wanted to meet them, especially Michael Collins. I was warned not to go on that trip, but I went. I rode always with the general in his car. An armored car in front and one behind gave some sense of security. I refused to carry a revolver. When stopping in a hotel, as we sometimes did, the general had my room guarded throughout the night. I addressed the Auxiliary units throughout the disturbed counties and areas. In Longford I wandered through the homes and haunts of Oliver Goldsmith.

We encountered difficulties. Roads were made impassable, high stone barricades were thrown up, huge trees were felled across our path. I saw the last round-up by the English in Ireland. A regiment of Lancers formed a circle around an area of several square miles. Then they closed in toward a centre, bringing with them all the men and boys within the circle. It was one of the most distressing sights I have ever witnessed. The men were haggard from hunger. They were clad in rags, and there they stood before their armed conquerors, sullen, silent, defiant, ready to suffer death for the things they believed to be right.

At another place I witnessed an incident which was a miniature picture of Irish history. There was a stone barricade across a road. We stopped, of course, and the soldiers spread out over the countryside like a fan. It was a small sort of round-up. The only result was an Irish farmer in shirt and trousers.

'How long has this been here?' asked the general sternly.

'About a month, more or less, yer honor.'

'You lie!' said the general. 'It's only been here a few days.'

'Whut fur do ye be talkin' like that, now? Shure it don't matter to me if it's been up a year or a day. It's th' thruth I'm afther tellin' ye.'

Threats of prison, mere bluff on the general's part, did n't move him. He stood there looking bewildered. Then something happened. A little willy-wagtail fluttered from her nest on the top of the barricade. We looked at each other and then at the farmer. We peeped into the nest and found four eggs.

'Well,' said a Dublin Castle man, 'it must have taken her about a month to lay four eggs, Pat.'

'Gad, I'm thinkin' ye're about right, yer honor,' he said. 'She'd be afther layin' about wan a week.'

It was an acted parable, a bird's-nest view of Ireland, the meaning of which was not lost on those who witnessed it.

Perhaps I helped a little on this journey. I made men laugh. I made them think. I was detached and disinterested. The general said I put hope into the hearts of his men. My own hope was that their work would soon come to an end.

When I returned to London I wrote an article on my observations in Ireland. It was three thousand words long. The *Evening News* rarely prints long articles. I told the editor he might take out of it anything he wanted and throw the rest into the waste-paper basket. I was never more astonished in my life than when my name in huge letters covered the billboards of Lon-

don next day. The article was printed just as I wrote it. It was widely advertised as 'the greatest article ever written on Ireland.' Why? 'Well,' the editor said, 'you tell the truth; you tell it simply and plainly. You see things in their true proportion and your comment at the close that "guns cannot kill the spirit of a people" is so sane and so unanswerable that reactionary men were moved by it.'

All Fleet Street took notice of that article, and several offers of journalistic work of a permanent sort came to me as a result. Perhaps the most important notice of it was taken by churchmen. I was waited upon and asked to elaborate the spiritual implications in it at a mass meeting of churchmen which they would call for that special purpose. At that meeting the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Temple, spoke, and the Bishop of Peterborough took part. My plea was for the recognition of that which is imperishable in the Celtic temperament. It was the single sentence on that point in my article that attracted the attention of spiritually-minded churchmen.

As the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen I made a tour of North Britain on behalf of the League of Nations Union. The Aberdeens were of that inner circle of friends I made during those years — friends whose fellowship remains a permanent element in my life. In the city of Aberdeen I made eight addresses in one day. The *Aberdeen Free Press* said that was a record. The addresses were given to high schools, training schools, the University, the Chamber of Commerce, and a mass meeting in the evening. Of course, it is what a man has to say that is important — not the number of times he says it; but the Aberdeen papers bore testimony to the enthusiasm created for the spiritual force behind the League of Nations at Geneva.

A little later I was the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in their Dublin house and became acquainted with Lady Aberdeen's work for the poor — than which I know of no greater work by a single person in any city of the world.

In the early part of Victoria's reign 33 per cent of English men were unable to write their names. The percentage among women was 49. England has traveled a long distance since Gladstone and Disraeli joined hands to defeat Lord John Russell's proposals for popular education.

V

One of my last adventures in England was to do some pioneer work in education for Manchester University. The authorities wanted money for extension. I could go to the working class and interest them in the work of an institution which, if it was not directly benefiting them now, would benefit their children.

University bonds were printed and I sold them at a shilling apiece in the large manufacturing plants. This was the first time in the history of England, or perhaps anywhere else, that a university had made such an appeal. The interest I created, perhaps, faded away; but it was a foundation upon which the University could have built an extension course at small expense. This also was a morale raising. To attract the attention of the rich, however, a dynamic was needed. In the council somebody suggested that a royal visit would serve the purpose. Any member of the royal family would do, but they had tried many times to secure such a visit and had always failed.

I asked it His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught would do! The words had hardly escaped my lips when I felt the air cool. I was an American

— a little painfully conscious of it just at that moment. The question was not put to the council, a body I had never met with, but to a prominent member, by whom the question was sidetracked at once.

I was told by a less august personage that they had tried to get the Duke but had failed; as they had failed to get the Prince and others. Being always possessed of a reckless desire to attempt impossibilities, I made the suggestion where it would receive some serious recognition. When all the dignity of high officials had failed, my suggestion seemed a joke. I went off to London, called up the Duke's secretary, and was invited to take tea with the Duke at St. James's Palace.

I suppose there must be an unwritten law as to what men wear when they take tea with royalty. I did n't know what the correct attire was, and I should have gone as I was anyway, for the simple reason that I had no money to buy clothes for such a purpose. I was royally received, just as I was. After a pleasant half hour I put the request to him. He said he had refused a year ago, but he told me the reason. His mother, Queen Victoria, had a hatred of trains, and all his life he also had dreaded them. Besides, Manchester was a depressing place and he was getting old. I came back with a personal plea. As a stranger I had given England five years of my life. This was the first time I had asked for a boon. Would he, as a personal favor, make the visit?

'Well, after all,' he said, 'it's a small matter and I don't see how I can refuse you.'

'You'll come?'

'Yes. Tell the Vice Chancellor and the Lord Mayor to visit me here for details.'

I took my leave, and as soon as I was out on St. James's Street I wired his acceptance to the University authorities.

Then I rounded a corner in my pilgrimage and turned my face toward home. I had given five years. During that time I had been an alien to the people I served and forgotten by my own. I was not a candidate for medals or honors. The Prime Minister wrote me a letter of thanks on behalf of himself and his government.

It was an interesting adventure. I did it because it was the thing to do. My reward is the memories I have and the consciousness that I did what I could.

SEVEN SONNETS

I

For seven years immersed in fires of sweetness
I lived beside his manhood in its prime,
And saw the immortal life at home in time,
And the bright beauty of our incompleteness.

O bright mortality, O free surrender!
The brave eternal friendly with the flesh;
A little bruised and tangled in the mesh,
But with a bearing toward it gay and tender.

Breath of that time is beauty of this morning,
The sun and color on these hills of home;
As if his thought, of living through the loam,
Had passed the finite, with a tranquil scorning,

And on these hills and mornings it is he,
Present in aspects of eternity.

II

When I am bowed with lifting up my loving,
One and another of the words he said,
Out of their transient sense, as out from shade,
Are drawn, as by a shaft of sunlight moving;

And for my use become a touch, a motion,
That bears upon this brimming life of death.
I hear them with his warm and human breath
Sounding the syllables; and yet that ocean,

The infinite, sends murmurs sounding through them,
Murmurs and meanings of a boundless kind,
That call and answer in the depths of mind,
As if, from the beginning, thus I knew them.

These, with their echoes widening, release
Time's passive pain to infinite live peace.

III

In my first holidays, when I had known him
Three starry months, one snowy golden day
The doorbell rang where I had gone to stay,
And in the parlor where my host had shown him,

I, running down the stairs all bathed in gladness,
Received the package that had made him come,
And heard him say, 'When are you coming home?'
No sorrow ever known can throw a sadness

On that bright sudden thrilling gush of pleasure;
His sweet, warm, careless camaraderie,
The loving-kindness of his courtesy.
I took it with me, as a bliss and treasure,

Up a bright hill, walking I knew not where.
I heard it all day in the golden air.

IV

How words will deepen in a deepening season!
I am quite well, I always have been strong,
I shall not die soon, yet I am not young.
I used to think of death as a great treason;

And oh, how quaint that seems, in this strange summer,
When if I feel all day from death removed,
I fast turn homesick for the newly loved
Country where I am now a constant comer.

And yet when death begins to fold and cord me
For portage, I shall wince perhaps and fear?
Not very long, when from all sides I hear
Infinite tones of his voice sounding toward me,

'When are you coming home?' When shall I come,
I, to whom that place where you are is home?

V

Fleeting mementoes, lost, the larger number,
To waking memory; not to waking life,
Beneath which, far beneath its tremor and strife,
Move the calm powers and swiftnesses of slumber.

Do these sustain, with deep-sea floods of being,
The topmost tossing of the busy mind —
The waves of sense that run before the wind
Till, sinking through themselves, and inward fleeing,

They leave the glittering height, the fluttering motion,
Precarious identity of wave,
And feel their life expanding in the grave
Toward the secure vast magnitudes of ocean?

I only know the intimations throng
Sometimes by day, and sometimes all night long.

VI

Play on my life, now, dearest, with your fingers,
Since now I shoulder these familiar cares,
Enter the house, go up and down the stairs
Where now your step, my darling, no more lingers.

Touch with bright hands our life of crowded striving;
Bright beauty of your liberation, reach
Beyond us in the children whom we teach,
And light in them the loveliness of living.

What Dante knew when Beatrice found him,
When, though his mortal tumult blustered on,
Deep into Paradise they two had gone,
And all his earthly felt the unearthly round him —

Let such sweet wonder, little understood,
Be sweet within our flesh, beyond our blood.

VII

O other love, O fond and yearning kindness,
My life turns closing toward more and more;
Sweetness of home, beloved so long before,
But always then with strange and careless blindness,

I know you now by dreams and intimations;
By wordless insight running past my thought,
The spirit of your form my own has sought
And found direct by instant penetrations.

In deeps of sleep I know how one, how only,
The forms of loving form a single bliss.
One vital breathing of the sense of this,
And life is fixed beyond where death makes lonely.

What sound, what light, is like the engulfing of
Identity and circumstance by love?

E. L.

SHADY COVE

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

Shady Cove! Where the sky bends low, and mountain mists like phantom birds with white ruffled plumage ever wing their way in and out among recurrent rainbows that span the little valley. Where at evening the violet of distant mountains fades into a lilac sky, and the comforting hills suddenly draw near to watch the Cove in its sleep. Where at night the home lights on encircling heights wink out one by one before the steady shine of stars, and the tinkle of bells comes faint on the drugged sweetness of the night breeze.

Our tent is pitched almost in the centre of the great green bowl set so deep in sombre hills that it is like the bottom of a well where one may see the stars by day. And the day moon dreams through the sky as faint as far-off music.

But Shady Cove is no unearthly benediction from the hands of the gods. It is a huge emerald cup, sweetened and drained by a river that rushes from a cave at the north of the valley, plays about under the willows with many a capricious curve and listless pause, until, remembering the message it bears, it hurries through another cavern directly south of the cave where

it enters, quite as if to pretend that it had not loitered a moment in Shady Cove.

Once, they tell us, the outlet cave was choked with débris, and when a waterspout came the valley was flooded and the people went about in boats. But that was long ago. Long ago! Can it be that Time, as elsewhere, is the god here in Shady Cove! Shady Cove, as placid in the summer sun as a lost island in a tideless sea. How far away the foolishness of a League of Nations, Reparations, and Prohibition. And even burning questions of importance, as the new scale in music or Marcel Proust's place in literature!

For the one store asleep under the hackberry trees, the blacksmith shop with the mighty grapevine above the door, — a motor car has never dared the rocky hills to shriek its way through the valley, — the log church that long ago the Virginia creepers claimed, shouting each summer the praises of God and Shady Cove with all their gold-rimmed trumpets swaying in the wind, the churchyard with its flat stones above the unforgotten dead, the crouching gray farmhouses — all rest here as indigenous as the Big Oak which long ago Miss Mattie Porter climbed at sunset to see 'Beyant,' and became a legendary character who had sought death by suicide. For Beyant to the west and Outside to the east are 'furrin' places, certainly not worth the climbing of a tree to glimpse.

Long ago, no doubt, women with calm faces and steady hands tended old-fashioned flowers in their door-yards, and swept with 'bresh' brooms the very road before their picket fences; and swept, too, their wide, long dresses to the meetin'house without so much as a profane shake of the dust from a ruffle. Then, as now, men tilled the soil silently, patiently, but never, I fancy, with the grim earnestness of other mountain men overwhelmed in the struggle with the stubborn earth. Then, as now, perhaps, during the frequent showers from the ever-present diaphanous clouds came the call of voices singing the same unforgotten songs they sing to-day. For in a shower, when work ceases in the fields, the people of Shady Cove seem to float together as on a sudden breeze; and you will listen to know from which cabin comes the sound of music.

In the dogtrot you will find a tall, cross-eyed man with very large ears leading the singing and beating time with the accuracy of a clock, while anyone may be picking a banjo or bowing a fiddle. And what joy to drift in unnoticed, quite as though we belonged, and join in the refrains: —

Sister, look how you step on ther cross.
Sound the jubilee!
'Cause yer foot might slip an' yer soul be lost.
Sound the jubilee!

Or to 'roodle-doodle-doodle' with them in their version of the old hunting songs which perhaps their ancestors brought over from England: —

Give er whoop an' er high-low. On er meny stand!
An' er run, run, run, an' er tippy, tippy tun.
Away ther royal dawgs!
R-r-r-roodle-doodle-doodle an' a bugle, oh!
An' a whack-fal-daddle an' a oh, heigho!
Through ther woods we run, brave boys,
An' through ther woods we run.

Or,

Far' ye well, my Dinah.
Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!
Gwine erway ter leave ye.
Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!

And how Peter, but moderately endowed with the gift of song, would throw back his head and mourn mightily for Dinah, 'Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo! Ohoo-oo!' and John, touched by some far-off race memory, would howl in key, to everyone's satisfaction. And how we

shouted, 'She's Comin' Round the Mounting.' And how our voices sank to the sadness of hope deferred on 'when she comes.' And in my ignorance I had thought it a modern radio song. But no radio artist can ever sing it as these people do whose lonely ancestors called it across the sea.

Though there is no blessing of song in the fields as in the Old South, yet Shady Cove sings with becoming nonchalance — like robins after rain. For while it may be fitting that some especially endowed songster should sing at an appointed time, while other less gifted birds perch uncomfortably about in their best preened feathers and strain their critical faculties for a false note, it is scarcely the way to saturate the being with our latest evolved gift — the sense of music.

But heaven forbid that I should sully the still air of Shady Cove with a fanatical idea. Shady Cove, that takes even its religion in such a matter-of-course way that there has never been the need of a '*ree*-vival.' And where every third Sabbath the minister comes from Beyant, and, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, they 'thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said,' and no questions asked.

II

Shady Cove has its rigid conventions. A woman, for example, must not appear on the road or at the store without a sunbonnet well tied; nor must a man engage in conversation with her except she is safe indoors. It was conceded that the greenwood tree before our tent was our castle, and thus it was understood that I could converse with anyone without a sunbonnet and under the canopy of Heaven.

Our first evening in Shady Cove, as we sat by the dying camp fire in the starlight, there came the slow tread of horses' feet, and in the spectral light two troubadours approached, each playing a banjo and singing softly, but very distinctly: —

'I'll pray fur ye at nightfall
Whin all ther worl' is still.
Whin dark is on ther mounting,
An' stairs shines on ther hill.'

When we invited them to light and hitch they sang serenely on — 'Far'well ter Lookout Mounting,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Ella Ray,' and 'The Basket Maker's Child.' Their young voices were sweet, and it was all very lovely in the starlight. And when we stirred the embers of the fire and toasted our last box of marshmallows, and all drank hot cocoa, they were sufficiently cheered to sing, with a rollicking *martelé* staccato from the banjos: —

'Up on ther mounting ter plant my sorghum cane,
Ter make a barr'l o' 'lasses, ter sweeten Lizy Jane.
I hain't goin' ter marry a widder. I'll tell ye ther reason why:
They hes too miny chillern thet makes ther biscuit fly.'

It was late when they mounted their horses and stalked off in the shadows singing softly the old, old lullaby: —

'Roland rocked me in his arms.
So long — so long ago.'

We sat by the camp fire an hour relishing in our simple way the peculiar flavor of Shady Cove. And often, in the week that followed, we tried to understand this valley where the people have known each other so long — through successive generations — that Chesterfield's advice to his son, 'A glance of the eye is sufficient, my boy,' is superfluous for communication with each other. And still, — proud, reserved, English, where each man's cabin is his castle, — never, we thought, could Shady Cove set a common table by the roadside

after Sabbath service, with the burgomaster to preside. This we had found in a foreign village not yet Americanized. And we said to ourselves that perhaps such close bonds of neighborly love could never obtain in an empire, or in so large and so heterogeneous a nation as our own. And I ventured to wonder if the silken banner of national love with its centuries-old devices might wave more loyally, and certainly more beautifully, under our stars and stripes than when it is dyed to a common color in the melting pot of our language and customs.

No, there was no communistic spirit in Shady Cove; and we rejoiced. For we had been permitted to see so many plums of the family tree — specked, as we all are, and, alas, usually ripened but on one side, but good plums as plums go — pressed into a mass that becomes sour and gaseous.

But Shady Cove has its heartaches: the mystery of early death; the sick, who loom important under the direct chastening hand of God; the problem of unrequited love. For nothing has been 'debunked' in Shady Cove — not even love. Then, too, there is the occasional restlessness of youth and its exodus into Beyant or Outside. Old and lonely eyes that watch the road and miss the voice that will never sing again in Shady Cove. And sometimes there is a 'no 'count' man who lazes round and drinks too much liquor from the still on the mountain side.

III

Though Shady Cove does not neighbor with Outside or Beyant, the grapevine telegraph brought the word that Peter 'war a Doc.' Though he persistently disclaimed the honor, the Cove considered it as but becoming modesty.

One day, the friendly storekeeper, after he had distributed the mail — as usual from his hat — and had given us our brown sugar, said, 'Ole man Battenfield's purty puny. He air sick abed.'

We murmured our sympathy.

'I 'low, Doc, ye would n't jist step over 'n' see him?' And before Peter could reply he went on: —

'Ye know, ther ole man ter my shore knowlidge hes ben a prayin' man fur better 'n fifty yars. Now hit's gitten round thet he air cussin' his womern. Some claims they's hyard him. Now I 'lows thet he jist fevers up whin he cusses — effen he do cuss. They talks round lak they means ter church ther ole man; an' a passel o' womern is settin' round thar ter-day ripresintin' ther church an' listenin' ter hyar effen he busts loose 'ith a cuss word. Course I hain't a-sayin' hit hain't right an' proper ter church er man fur cussin' his womern — lessen he air outen his haid. Ole man Battenfield air my womern's step-pappy an' she air pow'ful het up an' grievin'. I reckon, Doc, ye would n't jist step round ter-day 'bout ther time he's looked fur ter cuss, — 'bout four o'clock hit takes him theterway, — an' kinder tell 'em ther ole man is delirium?'

Now the storekeeper had assisted us when John was stolen, and we had ridden into paradise on a board on his wagon; so about 'cussin' time' we set out for 'ole man' Battenfield's.

The 'passel o' womern' constituting the church investigating committee were seated in the dogtrot industriously piecing quilts and murmuring in sepulchral tones tales of the dead and dying, while listening eagerly for any sound that might come through the open door of the room where the sick man lay, waited upon by his wife.

Peter went at once to the patient, who was expecting him. I could

see from my chair opposite the door a fierce, high-nosed old man with long gray hair and burning eyes that seemed to search the dogtrot vengefully. Peter, with a marvelous bedside manner, took the patient's pulse, looked at his tongue, and asked the nurse questions about the bowls of herb tea on the table. Presently he returned to the dogtrot, followed by the meek wife.

Peter walked to the farther end of the open hall and began impressively: 'Of course, as this is not my case, ethically I do not feel at liberty to change the treatment. However, I should advise that you take a basin of water, and melt in it a square of common laundry soap — say two inches square. After it is thoroughly dissolved, bathe the patient for ten minutes — no more; seeing, of course, that he does not catch cold. In exactly half an hour take a basin of water, — warm, but not hot, — and dissolve in it the medicine I shall send. Bathe him thoroughly in this — er — lotion I shall send. And afterward rub well with a wet towel.'

A great physician never prescribed a bath for Queen Caroline with more tact.

'Mary Belle! Mary Belle!' called the patient with surprising strength. 'Why n't ye change these hyar pillars! They air hotter 'n hell!'

Silence in the dogtrot. Every ear strained.

The clock over the mantel in the sick room strikes four. This is 'cussin' time.' Now or never.

Then — horror! Our worst hopes realized. As Mary Belle bent over and changed the pillows the old man cried: —

'Blank ye, Mary Belle! Ye air pullin' iver' blankety ha'r outen my blanked haid!'

Awful silence in the dogtrot. Why did not Peter speak! I glanced at him significantly. His face was very red and he seemed to be seized with a fit of coughing. But he conquered it, and rising to his full height began slowly: —

'In certain fevers like this there occurs a phenomenon that is — er — peculiar. The phenomenon is this. The patient is obsessed by a fear that when delirious — that is, "outen his haid" — he may — er — cuss. He fears the fever — say at about four o'clock — and he fears profanity. It comes right along with the fear of the fever. I hope I make myself clear. As the fever rises the fear is augmented and the patient — er — cusses. This is a very rare though not fatal disease, and is always accompanied by this phenomenon. This good old man knows that he is using profane language, but in the nature of the disease he is unable to keep from it. Such is the phenomenon. I should advise a very sympathetic attitude on the part of his nurse and of his friends. I shall send some medicine with written directions at once.'

The patient glared triumphantly through the door; and the church committee sat meekly with open mouths. But Mrs. Battenfield's gaunt figure seemed to grow taller, and she returned to her husband with a high head. Her man was not only cleared of guilt before God and the neighbors, but he had the Phenotomy — the only case that had ever been known in Shady Cove. Indeed I afterward heard the storekeeper asked 'how ole man Battenfield's Phenotomy was gitten on,' and the storekeeper replied, rather regretfully I thought, 'He air 'bout well of it, an' not a soul ketched hit!'

Outside, I said: 'Doc, I really must congratulate you on the new method of mixing psychology with medicine. It was weird, but convincing. But the

diagnosis? Is the poor old man very sick? And what on earth is that medicine you prescribed?'

'I believe the old man is too irritable to be very sick. My opinion is that he is taking a fall from grace. And I guess he has earned it. He is taking a needed rest from piety. By George, it is a strong brand of religion in Shady Cove that can inhibit a man for over fifty years! I hope the old eagle will come through it purged and refreshed.'

'I don't know about being refreshed; but Mary Belle gave him dandelion tea — a quart. But your medicine?'

'Well, I saw a lot of Epsom salts at the store. We can mix it with some of our cocoa and sweeten it with your saccharine. They 'll never discover what it is.'

So we went to the store and assured the storekeeper that his 'womern's step-pappy' was still in the fold — and accepted a fee of two glasses of muscadine wine cool from the well. We bought the Epsom salts, which really looked quite professional when doctored and wrapped carefully into powders for Peter to take to the patient. And when he returned he reported with pride that the patient — and especially Mary Belle — was wonderfully improved.

IV

But now we must say good-bye to Shady Cove. We broke the news to Sisyphus in the usual manner by tinkering with his wheel, while John watched in gleeful expectancy. We must climb the mountain to Beyant — where we had learned that coal mines disfigure the earth. From the first pale windflower, through all the violets, and the foxgloves, and the wild petunias, and the galax leaves, down to the fire pinks that flame by the river, we had watched the pageant of the mountain summer. Since the redbud blushed in the valley and the fringe tree waved its silver hair on the hill, we had rejoiced with it all. Now, too soon, the sourwood would die in red splendor, the hickories stand in transparent gold, the sweet gum glow with a suffused rosy light, each separate star etched against the autumn sky; its kinsman, the black gum, wrapped in deep maroon, looking warm enough for winter days when only waxen mistletoe and scarlet holly hold carnival among the proud pines.

On the morning of our last day we climbed to the rim of the southmost hills and, leaning against an oak, took our last long look into the green chalice of the valley we had learned to love. We were silent and listened idly to the tinkle of the cowbells on the hills. Presently Peter became aware that a bell near us sounded insistent, erratic. Fearing some bovine trouble, he went over the brow of the hill to investigate, and in a moment called to me.

In a little clearing before a one-roomed cabin a child of four, perhaps, played about with a cowbell tied by a string to her shoulders. Near her was a boy of eleven, his thin little arms industriously wielding a hoe in a bean patch. We walked down and said, 'Howdy.' 'Howdy,' answered the boy in a shy, almost a sullen way, and kept on with the hoe. But the little girl, an elf with black tangled lashes shading eyes of Irish blue, waved her flaxen curls and jangled her bell in delight.

'May we get a drink of water?' I asked the boy.

'Yes'm,' he answered, with what I could see was perfunctory civility. 'You-all enter an' take cheers. I jist brung fraish water frum ther spring.'

We followed him into the cabin, and he stopped to remove the bell from the little girl.

'Are you playing you are a moo cow?' I asked, inanely, for I know that

a mountain child does not play an imaginative game — in fact, seldom plays at all.

'Violy May,' said the boy, 'runs round an' gits lost, an' I hain't time ter hunt her. I hangs ther bell on her so's I'll know whar she air.'

'Are you all alone?' asked Peter. 'Where are your father and mother?'

'Mammy air daid. Pappy works in ther coal mines Beyant. He kims back nights.'

'Lookit!' cried Violy May, running to the window. 'My Pappy rides down thar — plumb down ther mounting on ther mule! But my Pappy don't kim home no more.' And she began to cry.

'Course he kims home!' cried the boy, frowning. 'Hit er gwine ter rain. Ye kim out 'ith me an' holp bring in ther firewood.' Violy May hung her head and followed him where we could see him chopping wood with an axe almost as heavy as he, and quite as high. Peter went out and took the axe. And presently I saw them in earnest conversation as man to man.

I looked about the clean-swept room. A bed, a table, a few pots and pans by the fireplace, clothes hanging on the wall, and, on a shelf in a row, six bottles of what I knew to be moonshine. The boy came in with an armful of wood, followed by Violy May with a single stick which she was compelled to drop as she panted over the doorsill. But she lifted it bravely again and said with a smile that would have melted a heart of stone: 'Hain't ye glad ye got so good un? *I* don't talk too much!' The boy gave her an adorable grin and carefully brushed the front of her clean, faded apron.

'Ye stay in now, Violy May. Hit'll rain, an' come on cold. Don't ye play 'ith ther matches. Ther womern'll light ther fire.' And he hurried out to hoe the beans before the shower. After a while Peter came in and paced the floor angrily. But the little figure worked on in the rain. Presently Peter burst out: '*Now* what shall we do! That boy — his name is Emmet O'Day, Jeremiah Emmet — is eleven years old next week; and his father has not come home from the mines for three weeks. See those bottles of moonshine?' he cried fiercely. I meekly replied that I had counted them.

'Well, Emmet goes down to the still twice a week and gets them — he always has — so they will not guess that his father does not come home. And he showed me a big watermelon that he is saving "'cause Pappy sho' likes my watermilons." And he's afraid, I can see, that if his father does not come home someone will take him down to the Cove away from that bean patch!'

'But does n't he like Shady Cove?' I asked stupidly.

'You don't understand!' cried Peter, stopping in his walk. 'It's the place here! He'll not leave it! It is the Shady Cove blood in the boy. Why, he's got half a tree cut down for winter wood. And he has a cabbage patch; and he's going to chop kraut! Kraut!' and Peter roared the word as if all tragic fate lay hidden therein. Then, with an apologetic smile, 'I suppose you'll have to tell him he must go down to Shady Cove.'

'Why me?' I asked. 'It is enough that I'll have to leave Shady Cove with a lump in my throat about these waifs. Why me?'

Peter laughed. 'Of course you've found the rub! You see, I promised, man to man, that I would n't tell,' he said weakly. 'But I said afterward that I could n't promise for you.'

'Well, then, the boy knows I'll tell. So why speak to him?'

'On the contrary. He said, "Thet

air all right. A womern jist follers her man."'

'Indeed! Anyway, I'll interview Shady Cove first. Someone may know about the father.'

As we left, Emmet said shyly: 'Would you-all lak a peach frum the tree by ther spring? I air aimin' ter can some. But I got ter git some sugar. I 'low Pappy 'll bring hit.'

'We are coming back to-morrow, Emmet,' I said, 'and I will bring some sugar.'

Peter gave me a look of grateful surprise.

'Why, of course,' I cried, 'we cannot go to Beyant and leave things in this state.'

'Certainly not,' sighed Peter.

When we had told the story to the storekeeper, Peter asked: 'Do you suppose the father is killed in the coal mines? Or has he just deserted these children?'

'Wal, I 'low Denis O'Day air too onnery ter git kilt. Lak 'nuff he air gone off on a spree an' fergot he air got iny chillern. He air er furriner thet kim frum Outside. But his womern war a Witherspoon, born an' raised in ther Cove. She air daid; an' her sister married a Outside man an' moved away.'

'What shall we do now?' snapped Peter.

'Why, I'll jist lock up an' go up thar an' git 'em. All the folks 'ithout chillern hyar'll want 'em. They air Witherspoons.' And he went to lock the door of the little cage that is the post office. 'Hold on!' he cried. 'Thar air er letter thet's ben hyar better'n two weeks. Hit air backed ter Jeremiah Emmet O'Day.'

'Oh, let me have it!' I said. 'I'll read it. The child probably cannot read.'

'All right,' grinned the postmaster of Shady Cove, and I read aloud: —

'Dear Jeremiah,

'Yore Pappy hes married a widder womern at er coal mine thet keeps a boardin house. He hes giv in thet ye an Violy kin live ith me now. Ther widder hes a passel o childern an don want ye. As soon as iver yer uncle kin git started we air comin fur ye in ther car. We haint got no childern but ye an Violy 'll be compny fur us.

'Yore Aunt Sarah Bateman'

'Hurrah!' cried Peter. 'Lawsy!' cried the storekeeper. 'Thet's Sarey Witherspoon. An' a pow'ful good womern. They ort ter be hyar by now.' And he pushed back his hat and slumped contentedly on a nail keg. 'Wal, thet air settled.'

'Settled for everyone but me,' said Peter gloomily. 'I'll have to break the news to that boy; and it will kill him.'

'Whut fur kill him? Hit air his own aunt, hain't it?'

'Yes, but the boy is a Witherspoon. Why, he loves that bean patch like a mother. And he's cutting winter wood; and he's going to can peaches for his father; and he's going to chop kraut. Kraut!'

'Uh-huh. Wal, mebby we best keep him hyar in ther Cove.'

'No, we'll have to face it.'

V

But I do not like to recall the boy's still white face when I read a translation — a very free translation — of the letter to him. He did not cry. But presently he went outside and I saw his thin little arms about the tree he had been chopping and his face against the bark. After a while he came back and in a voice of strained cheerfulness said, 'I 'low I hed er purty good chancet o' beans — an' I war goin' ter chop kraut.'

'But, Emmet,' I choked out, 'your uncle and aunt will be so proud

that you know so well how to help them!'

The boy made no answer; and Peter laid a hand on the little thin shoulder: 'Buck up, old man! Tough luck. But it comes to every man. You'll be coming back here grown-up soon.' And the boy's eyes lightened for an instant.

We left them at the cabin. The boy's last night was his own. And next morning a comfortable-looking woman and a man — God be praised! — with a humorous twinkle in his eye came in on the stage, having left the car Outside. We showed them at once to the cabin, the pitifully few clothes were collected, and we started down the mountain, Peter leading the old white cow, which the storekeeper was to buy. Violy rode happily on her uncle's shoulder, but the boy walked with his eyes on the ground. Suddenly he ran back and returned with a gray cat. 'He'd starve up thar,' he said.

'Want ter take him erlong in ther car?' asked his aunt, kindly.

'No'm; I 'low he's used ter hyar.'

At the store where the stage waited on its way Outside, the storekeeper came with a knife for Emmet and a box of peppermint sticks for Violy May. And all Shady Cove gathered about with so many gifts of pies and cookies and fried chicken that there seemed scarcely room for the driver and the four Witherspoons.

As the horses started with a mighty pull up the road to Outside, Peter sighed, 'Well, *that's* over!'

'Yes, over for us,' I answered. For I had watched a little twitching face turn south toward the mountain where a hoe lay idle in the bean patch, and the biggest watermelon saved so long would waste its sweetness in the summer sun.

'He's only eleven,' said Peter comfortingly. 'Children forget.'

But do they? I know a woman who to this day dares not recall the mystery of a darkened room and a child's aching, inarticulate resentment at the kindly intrusion of friends.

The last sing with Shady Cove under the rainbows. The last camp fire under the stars. And at sunrise we are climbing the rocky road to Beyant — Sisyphus wheeling at every opportunity to run back to Shady Cove of indolent, happy memory; John pulling cheerfully; and we pushing in double harness, stopping often for one more glance at the green valley we shall never see again.

THE REVOLUTION IN BANKING THEORY

BY BERNHARD OSTROLENK

I

THREE trends that have been developing in the banking field are now arresting public attention.

1. The failure during the past eight years of 4925 banks out of a total of 30,812 in operation on June 30, 1921, has called into question the soundness of the system. From the public standpoint the essential feature of a banking system is that the bank acts as a safe repository of the funds entrusted to it; that within limits these funds may be used by the bank for investments; but that eventually the funds must be returned to the depositors. This fundamental of a sound banking system is being called into question by the appalling fact that within eight years almost one sixth of the United States banks have been suspended with losses to the depositors.

2. In spite of the prohibition of branch banking by national statute and by laws in most states, over six thousand banks in the United States are in no sense independent unit banks, but are grouped in chains by holding companies, corporations, partnerships, or individuals. In other words, the theory of the independent local unit bank has broken down in 25 per cent of the banks in the United States. The restriction of branch banking is bringing into existence chains of banks, some of them threatening to become systems, controlled outside of either the state or the federal system, and varying in financial resources from powerful, well-managed groups of influential city and central banks under publicly incorporated and capitalized holding companies to groups of banks precariously owned by individuals and susceptible of questionable management.

3. Finally, there is the movement toward bank mergers, presaging a new financial era. In the last eight years, the number of banks has been reduced by almost five thousand. In part this reduction is due to bank failures, and in part to the absorption of banks by mergers. Though the number declined, the total resources of all banks, and of the average bank, increased, indicating the trend to larger banking units. A recent series of mergers brought the resources of a new New York bank to two and a half billion dollars, a veritable financial empire and symptomatic of the merging movement.

Summarizing the three movements: we are faced with a banking weakness, as shown by the large number of failures; there is a tendency toward unification of the banking system by chain and group banking, thus circumventing the restrictions on branch banking; and the same tendency is working by means of mergers. These movements are related, and primarily have their inception in the integration that is taking place in business and industry and is creating a new economic era.

II

The theory of the national government, and of most states, on which

the United States banking system is established is that each bank should be a local institution, locally financed and managed, drawing funds from local depositors and using its financial resources for the development of local business enterprises. Such lapses as have occurred in the history of the national banking development and those that have taken place in some states only serve to emphasize the tenacious adherence, in both legislative and banking circles, to the theory of the unit bank. Efforts to establish a national banking system have in the past been hampered by the fear that such banks will become dominant factors and will centralize the banking field.

The First Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress in 1791 as an outgrowth of the woeful failure of the Continental Congress to finance the War of the Revolution, but after establishing branches in some of the then larger towns Congress refused to renew the charter. In a sense, the War of 1812 repeated the banking history of the previous war; the government had no banking system through which to finance the war, and as a result of bitter experience during this period the Second Bank of the United States was chartered in 1816, the recharter being vetoed by President Jackson fifteen years later. The years of the Civil War, and the reconstruction afterward, again emphasized the need of a national fiscal agency, and at that time a national banking system was established; but, in conformity with the principle of the unit bank, no banking head was given the system until 1913, when, after a long period of acrimonious debate, in which the sacredness of the local bank was the dominant issue, the Federal Reserve System was established. The new system, through its centralized agency, permitted certain coöperation, notably for reserves and discounts, with its member banks, but forbade branch banking, — that is, ownership of one bank by another, — thus maintaining the integrity of the unit-bank system.

A majority of the states have followed the lead of the Federal Government and have prohibited branch banking to the state-chartered banks, though in several instances this statement needs qualifications. Some states, like New York, permit branch banking within city limits, on the theory that branches established for the convenience of scattered customers within the city do not impeach the principle of the unit bank. Practice in other states varies. California, for example, permits branch banking to its state-chartered banks, limited only by state boundaries.

This liberality on the part of some states toward branch banking began to affect the Reserve System. It became increasingly onerous in New York City for national banks to compete with state banks for deposits when the state banks had branches scattered in convenient neighborhoods, whereas the business of the national banks was confined to one headquarters, usually in the financial district. In other large cities, members of the Federal Reserve System were similarly placed under disadvantages. In consequence bank after bank changed from national to state charter, and members of the Reserve System dropped out in increasing numbers in order to take advantage of the more liberal provisions of the state charters.

In 1919, the state banks' resources comprised 55.41 per cent of the total, and in March 1929 they were 60.15 per cent. The resources of the national banks had declined from 44.59 per cent in 1919 to 39.85 per cent in 1929. In order to enable the national banks to compete with the state banks, Congress passed the McFadden Act,

permitting the establishment of branch banks to members of the Federal Reserve System in states where branch banks are permitted by state law, but in any event limiting such branch banks strictly to city limits.

The situation, then, that the banking community is facing to-day is that historically, legally, and in theory the unit bank is still entrenched in the national banking system and in that of most of the states. Branch banking is permitted under national charters only within city limits, and under most state laws there is the same restricted limit. Because of the legal adherence to this theory, there are now in the United States 25,961 supposedly local self-contained banks, which represent a decline from the peak of 30,812 banks in 1921.

It should be noted here, in passing, that neither in Canada nor in Europe has banking developed along any such theory. Thus, Canada has eleven banks with 4040 branches; the United Kingdom has seventeen banks operating through thousands of branches in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, some of them being represented in the West Indies, Palestine, Egypt, India, and practically every part of Africa under the British flag, and even in parts of foreign Africa; banking in France, Germany, Denmark, Holland, and other commercial European countries is similarly centralized.

III

During the past ten years a business revolution has taken place. Whereas formerly each town had independent grocery, clothing, drug, and other retail stores, an ice plant, a local trolley system, an electric-light plant, a power house, coal yards, and thriving local industries, to-day the whole aspect of the town has changed. The independent retail stores have given way to chain stores; electricity, gas, water, and transportation are now supplied by public-utility corporations that are state-wide or regional in character. Local industries have been merged with larger corporations. The financing of these enterprises, once a profitable outlet for investment of the funds of the local banks, is now being done by central banking institutions, equipped to render adequate service to the larger business units.

The banks of the country have lagged behind industry in aligning themselves with the new order. The local store is only a distributing office of a vast national system of chain stores. It is in charge of a manager who receives the produce and sees that it is sold, but one who does not buy or secure credit, and who is not in any way active in the financing of the company. To be sure, he deposits his daily receipts in the local bank, but the transfer from the local bank to the central institution is of such short duration that this checking account, in common with a large number of other small checking accounts, is a loss to the bank rather than an asset. Certainly the bank has lost the opportunity it had with the independent merchant to deal with his substantial checking account, to take care of a part of his money in a savings account, and to finance him with loans. Instead of dealing with a local, independent business man, the bank is now dealing with a transient, promotion-seeking manager. The same holds true of the local gas office, now a branch of a regional utility corporation; or the local electric-light office, or scores of other local business institutions. Tires, drugs, automobiles, groceries, clothing, hardware, dry goods, shoes, candy, tobacco, household furniture, kitchen equipment, electrical equipment, radios,

refrigerators, heaters, and scores of other commodities are to-day sold through chain stores, and distribution is directed from offices in central cities outside of the town.

This change in merchandising has had its effect on banks in the metropolitan cities, which have been forced to expand their capitalization in order to supply credit to these new clients whose annual business runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The legal loaning capacity to any one client is 10 per cent of the bank's capital and surplus. When there were developed such businesses as Woolworth's with $287,000,000 sales annually, or Sears, Roebuck, with $347,000,000 sales, or the Goodyear Tire Company with $233,000,000 sales, or hundreds of other organizations with annual sales running well into nine figures, even the largest bank in America, with its capital and surplus of $75,000,000 in 1927, was able to lend only $7,500,000 to any one of these clients. This seems like a good-sized loan, but it is wholly inadequate when we deal with an expanding industry running its sales up to three and four hundred million dollars annually. In consequence there was the need for expansion of the loaning capacity of banks by increased capitalization and by mergers. During the past five years, in the ten largest cities in the United States fifty-two mergers have taken place, creating three banks with over one billion dollars deposits; twelve with over five hundred million; and one hundred and eight with over fifty million. The extent to which industry has driven banks toward concentration of their resources is shown by the fact that seven banks, comprising 0.1 per cent of the total number in these ten cities, have 18.7 per cent of the total invested capital and 20.3 per cent of the total banking resources.

Mr. Paul Warburg, chairman of the board of directors of the International Acceptance Bank of New York, described this new force when his bank announced the merger with the Bank of Manhattan: —

> I believe it is safe to say that the evolution in the industrial field, to a certain degree at least, is responsible for a similar development in the field of banking, because the gigantic form assumed by industrial corporations on both sides of the Atlantic renders their banking requirements so large and so all-encompassing that only banks with gigantic resources of their own are able to offer them commensurate facilities.

IV

But while this evolution toward industrial concentration has opened new avenues for banking business in the large cities, which increasingly form the centres from which industrial enterprises of the country emanate, the banks in the smaller towns have not prospered. The failure of about 5000 banks in the last eight years has already been noted, but the significance to the whole banking system emerges sharply when it is noted that 88.6 per cent of these banks were the smaller banks, with a capitalization of $100,000 or less, and that 87.7 per cent of the failures occurred in communities of 5000 population or less. These figures clearly centralize bank suspensions to the small bank and in the small town, the town from which individual enterprise has departed.

It seems idle to labor the point, confirmed by a wealth of evidence, that the smaller banks in the smaller towns do not pay; that the large number of failures among them, and the precarious return on capital invested in them, are making for a lack of depositor and investment confidence; that, in fact, it is the small bank in the small town that is to-day the most for-

midable threat to the banking system. An increase of 7000 per cent in Postal Savings deposits in one Northwestern state gives an isolated idea of the extent to which depositors are losing confidence in the small banks.

The situation has developed within it the seeds for its own remedy. As already pointed out, the centralizing tendency of industry has been proscribed for banks. The bank may not become the local office of a stronger central banking institution, by the prohibition of branch banking. However, facing the facts of an increasingly centripetal tendency in industry, a vanishing town banking business, and a transfer of the banking from small local banks to well-capitalized, growing, central institutions, the banking system has been forced, law or no law, to adjust its business to these changing economic conditions. In theory, the creation of a locally managed and financed banking unit may be ideal; in practice it has become out of step with the march of progress.

As a substitution for branch banking, there has developed the chain bank or group bank: that is, a group of banks owned by a holding company, a group of individuals, or by one person — not by a bank, as in branch banking. Bank stock is property and can be conveyed legally; hence, when a bank stockholder is approached by a holding company to sell or exchange his stock, there is no legal way of checking such transactions as may result in the concentration of several banks under the ownership of individuals, groups, or corporations. Such chain banking differs from branch banking in that the local board of directors is retained; that the bank is nominally run independently; but that savings in overhead, possible in branch banking, may be more difficult, or out of the question. In law and in theory these banks are independent. In practice, of course, the board of directors becomes virtually the creature, if not the employee, of the holding company, and the bank is controlled as thoroughly as a branch bank, though somewhat more cumbersomely.

Moreover, there are some dangers in the situation. The chain of banks may include, and in fact frequently does include, state banks distributed over several states and national banks. The holding company itself is not subject to examination by either federal or state banking commissioners. The banks themselves come under varying examination systems — some by one state, some by another, and a third group by the federal bank examiner. It becomes relatively easy to shift doubtful paper from one bank to another, until it will finally secure lodgment in the bank with the most lenient supervision. It is made increasingly easy, moreover, to shift the bank's assets, to use the funds for non-banking purposes, or to centralize them for the development of some business of major interest to the holding company. Growth of chain banking is so rapid that figures given at any time soon become out of date. At this writing, some 240 groups, owning about 1800 banks, are known, and if to these are added the city branch banks and branch banks existing under some state laws, there are to-day some 6000 banks that are not independent units in accordance with the theory of the law.

In practice, then, about one fourth of the banks in the United States have drifted away from the theory of the unit bank. It must be recognized that the chain bank has sprung up in accordance with an economic need, that in an age of centralizing industry it is an essential substitution for branch banking. Many chain banks, under corporate control, have all the virtues

inherent in sound banking business; they supplement and welcome thorough examination; they are desirous to promote and develop sound local banking practices; they supply the local management with excellent economic services, and they are able to supplement the local management by skillful shifting of deposits and credits, and by opening avenues for investments. Along these lines, many holding companies are developing sound and profitable banking business, yet there is also the opportunity for the individual, holding controlling stock in several banks, to take advantage of the weakness of the system outlined above.

V

A change in the United States banking system seems imminent. It is not improbable that, if the prejudices against branch banking continue to dominate legislation, a system of banking under a few large holding companies will develop, which will be to all intents and purposes outside either the state or the federal banking system, which will supply the economic need of branch banking, and which will have none of its public safeguards. In spite of the liberalizing McFadden Act, permitting restricted branch banking, there have been continued defections in the Reserve System since the passage of that act. Since February 1927, over three hundred national banks, scattered among forty-one states, with assets of nearly three billion dollars, have been superseded by state banks. The McFadden Act, therefore, has not checked the withdrawals from the Reserve System. To be sure, it would be unwise to advocate any catchpenny legislation merely to strengthen the national banking system. But when that system is out of step with the economic trend of the country; when it imposes a banking scheme inadequate to handle modern business; when it compels by legal evasions reorganization of the banking scheme into groups that threaten to create a bootleg banking system — then the theory needs revision in the light of modern needs. Opposition comes from the local bankers, many of them successful even under present progressively disadvantageous conditions, bankers who refuse to immolate themselves on the altars of progress. It is significant, however, that at the American Bankers' Association meeting at San Francisco last October the Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. J. W. Pole, courageously disregarded the position taken by some of his predecessors, and, with some rather sound reservations, advocated a change in the federal law in regard to branch banking. The account from the convention indicates that Mr. Pole's views coincide with those of the Treasury Department, and possibly of the Administration. It is, therefore, to be presumed that proposed legislation along this line will find its way into Congress during the present session. If so, it will be a most significant step to change the financial and banking aspect of America. It will undoubtedly result eventually in the passing of the unique and distinctly American institution, the unit bank, and in the substituting for it of branches of powerful central institutions. Sentimentally one must regret the passing of the unit bank, entwined as it is with the history and development of a once-virgin continent and conceived by a people loving individuality and financial independence in community affairs. The course, however, seems inevitable, and delay will retard and distort normal banking development, but cannot check the substitution of regionally widespread banking systems for the unit bank.

CLOSED

The History of a Country Bank

BY C. B. PIKE

I

A BANK in a small Southern city was experiencing a heavy run. Toward the middle of the day, just as an old Negro in the long line of depositors reached the paying teller's window, word came from the cashier to suspend payments — the cash was all gone and the bank must close. The teller slammed his wicket shut. The long line, grumbling, gradually broke up and passed out of the building. All but the old Negro, who apparently did n't intend to give up without a struggle.

Summoning all his courage, he rapped gently on the glass of the cage. No response. He rapped again. Still no answer. Once more he tapped. The teller flung open his wicket. His nerves were ragged with the strain of the past few days.

'What's the matter with you?' he shouted. 'This bank is closed — busted. Did n't you ever hear of that before?'

'Yas, suh, boss, ah done heahd 'bout sech things, but dis am de fust time ah evah had one bust in mah face.'

When I first heard that story I thought it was funny. I believe I have even been guilty of telling it at bankers' dinners when called upon for a speech. Perhaps some bankers can still get a laugh out of it. I can't. Not any more. I have had a bank 'bust in mah face' — and I was n't on the side of the counter that the old Negro was on, either. More than that, I waited eighteen months for it to 'bust,' never knowing when it was going to happen. Whether the strain of waiting for the explosion was greater than the actual 'busting' I have never been able to determine. Nor have I seriously tried. One just does n't try to remember such things.

I am not going to say the bank should not have been closed. That is probably what every ex-banker who has had his bank closed says — or thinks. Instead, I am going to offer two facts. You may draw your own conclusions.

First: The bank paid an initial depositors' dividend of 50 per cent. Shortly after the first, it paid a second dividend of 25 per cent. Total to date: 75 per cent. And the end is not yet. At least one more dividend will be paid. Possibly more.

Second: Let me quote from the *American Bankers' Association Journal* of June 1929 (page 1269), from an article by Gilbert Thorndyke based on an intensive survey conducted by William McKinley Edens under the fellowship created at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration by the American Bankers' Association: —

> Naturally, if these [219] failed banks had rather consistently paid out as much as 80 per cent to their depositors the wisdom

of their closing might now be seriously open to question. Such successful liquidation would have indicated a quality of assets rendering them practically solvent, and closure could be presumed to have occurred primarily because of the external factors beyond the bank's control.

Cold comfort at best.

Let it be understood at the outset that I am not criticizing state supervision of banks as an institution. Some method of regulation is absolutely necessary. The old theory of government that 'the king can do no wrong,' however, went out of style about the time of the French Revolution, and there can be no present-day heresy in calling the attention of the bureaucracy to the fact that Fascist methods are no longer in order.

A little power, improperly applied, is dangerous. In the hands of ignorant or arbitrary officials it may be fatal to the institutions under their control. The fact that a politician is close to the Administration does not mean that he is capable of directing the Department of Public Lands, and the fact that a lawyer, a farmer, or a clerk controlled a lot of votes at a gubernatorial election does not necessarily imply that he will be a great success in directing the destinies of banks. It is not necessary to seek far for recent instances of bureaucratic authority misdirected. These instances are most apparent in cases where the governing board or commission seeks to go farther than the lawmakers themselves intended and injects its own ideas into legislative enforcement. In attempting to put into operation the par collection of checks in the Atlanta district, the Federal Reserve officials resorted to all manner of devices to whip into line the non-member banks. In small towns, where there was no national bank, checks were sent through the post office and through the express agencies for collection. Instances are on record that checks were held for days and then presented in imposing totals for the sole purpose of embarrassing banks carrying small cash reserves which refused to remit at par.

A more recent case involves the persecutions and conspiracies of various federal officials against the joint stock land banks, which culminated in the attempt to send two bank officers to prison on charges of using the mails to defraud. Convicted by a trial court two years ago, these officers have just been vindicated by the decision of the United States circuit court of appeals at St. Louis.

A number of years ago, the banking commissioner of one of the states decided that group and chain banking was unsafe. There were no statutes on the books against such systems and the commissioner was not successful in lobbying such a measure through the legislature. But, being a forceful man, he took matters into his own hands and as a result, in one way or another, he closed or banished from the state all interlocking banks. To-day that state has one of the largest group banking systems in the country. But the bankers who had the temerity to disagree with that commissioner in the matter of banking trends were dealt with in no gentle manner.

In my own state, the department, for reasons sufficient to itself, opposed so-called 'family banks.' There was no law against such an institution and no reason why there should have been. Family banks have their roots in the very soil of our independence. They were the pioneer banking institutions which followed the frontier westward. The wealthiest or most prominent man in a new settlement lent money, from force of necessity, to his neighbors. Later, when they had accumulated some money of their own, they left it

with him for safe-keeping. Almost before he knew it, and frequently without any desire on his part, he found himself in the banking business. He did not go out into the byways seeking capital; he used his own. He prospered with the community. When he died the business was continued by his sons and grandsons. In good years they made money. In lean years they risked everything to help the community through. Theirs was not a mere job, to be lightly taken or left with the turn of fortune. They were not hired men. The bank was their life, their pride, their whole being. Such was the family bank. And since there was no law against the existence of such an institution, and since there was in existence a board which honestly believed that there should be such a law on the books and had the power to enforce it if there had been one, what more natural than for the department to take matters into its own hands?

II

As I look back on it now I can see the inevitableness of the whole thing so plainly! It was n't so much the closing itself that hurt — that left only a feeling of numbness, a sense of relief after a racking pain. What hurt was the standing helplessly aside and watching the blundering and incompetency with which the whole operation was conducted — the false starts, the backing and filling, the terrible uncertainty and insecurity. The watching of one's child slowly hacked to pieces on the operating table by a group of quack doctors, when a quick and clean incision, no matter how painful, would have saved its life.

Just before Thanksgiving Day, the banking department made its regular examination of the bank. It was customary for two examiners to do the work, coming in at about three in the afternoon, checking the cash and current transactions, sealing up the notes and securities, leaving the checking of the assets and depositors' ledgers until the following day. It was just a country bank, one of three, in an agricultural community of about twenty-five hundred people. Examinations were a comparatively simple matter.

We prided ourselves on keeping excellent records. All coin was kept wrapped and sacked except the small amount needed for counter use. Currency was kept sorted and strapped according to denominations, and gold certificates were separated from other currency. Note registers, collateral registers, bond records, were of the most approved type and were balanced regularly against the assets themselves and the general ledger controls. Subsidiary ledgers were run for everything for which they could possibly be used. Any assets which were pledged for rediscount purposes were represented in the files by actual receipts signed by the reserve city bank holding them. Customers' securities held for safe-keeping were evidenced by duplicate receipts and were kept in a separate compartment in the vault. Yes, we were rather proud of our records — in our small-country-bank way. The examiners spoke highly of our condition and usually made short work of their examinations. They 'breezed' in at three o'clock in the afternoon and 'breezed' out on the six-fifteen local the next day.

After this particular Thanksgiving examination things went on as usual — for about three weeks. We cashed the creamery and live-stock checks, made some loans, collected a few, extended a lot more. We prevailed upon old Mr. Wallace to leave his $5000 in a certificate of deposit at 3 per cent instead of buying Great Jumbo mining stock

which promised 10 per cent a month. We told old Mrs. Hill that if she was dissatisfied with the 3 per cent her savings account was earning she could get more income by buying American Telephone and Telegraph common — and her money would be just as safe. We subscribed for an advertising service that was warranted to bring us all the savings deposits for miles around. We wrote a few advertisements ourselves for the local paper, telling how old and strong we were. We put in the winter's coal and bought a new snow shovel. We opened the bank every morning at seven o'clock and closed it at six — except Saturdays, when we kept open until ten at night. We were terribly afraid a dollar savings account would get away from us and go to our competitors.

Then, on a gray day in December, back came the examiners, reënforced by a couple of young chaps just out of business college, whose function seemed to be to carry brief cases and say 'Yes, sir' to the examiners. They ordered me to telephone to the president, who was at home, and when he came they herded the three of us into the back room — the president, the cashier, and me. We were also the board of directors and the entire body of stockholders. This made it all quite simple. We had nothing to do but listen.

Well, it seems we had violated every known rule of banking since books of law had first been written, besides a few rules that the banking department had made up as it went along and had forgotten to tell us about. Then we got down to cases. The examiners brought out their records. We brought out our notes, collateral, and bonds. They had made several lists, carefully classifying the loans into 'probably good,' 'doubtful,' and 'worthless.' Just what method they used I could not understand at the time, since the borrowers were entirely unknown to them. But it all looked very neat on paper. I remember that in a dazed sort of way I was quite impressed. I also recall vividly that the total at the bottom of the column marked 'worthless' was $55,000, and that the 'doubtful' column, added to it, totaled $177,000. These figures are burned into my mind forever. For months I saw them in the dark as I lay in bed unable to sleep. They came between my eyes and the books I tried to read. Whenever I encounter the combination now it brings the whole thing back.

So we start at the top of the list with Al Adams's unsecured note for $500 which has been renewed from time to time for years. Al probably expects to pay it, sometime. But he'd be awfully hurt if we asked him. He never heard of 'liquid position,' 'frozen assets,' or 'call money,' and he thinks the stock exchange is down by the railroad where he ships his hogs. But he owns eighty acres of the best bottom land you ever saw and has two fine boys who help him farm. — Why, yes; he'll give us a chattel mortgage if it's necessary. — All right; get it.

And so on, down the list, through the whole alphabet. Wrangle, wrangle, wrangle. We know our paper is n't all 100 per cent. Neither is that of any bank, country or city. But the position is far from dangerous. We have a high cash reserve. We have a strong secondary reserve of good listed bonds. We have the confidence of the community. The desperate paper, such as it is, is largely the wreckage from the greatest agricultural slump in history. But we'll work it out — we've done it before, after the crop-failure years, the hoof-and-mouth-disease years, the hog-cholera years, when things looked pretty desperate.

Now we'll find out what else is wrong with us. We are carrying our

bank building at a greater ratio to our capital than is allowed by law. We point out that the bank had been in operation for years before that particular law was passed and that the law specifically exempted from its provisions institutions established prior to its passage. In other words, that the law was not retroactive. That makes no difference — the chief's orders are to write it down or take the consequences. That will wipe out our undivided profit account. There'll be nothing there to charge bad loans to. (In heaven's name, is this the United States or is it Russia?)

As for the loans themselves, the examiners propose to stay in town and check over every last note in our files till they have determined just how good each one is. They have already taken rooms at the hotel and are prepared to dig in for an all-winter siege. And this in a town where one can't buy a Ford without every mother's son knowing all about it in an hour — and just how much he got in trade for his old car. Mentally, I throw up the sponge right there, and everything inside me goes dead. I decide that it is just a question of time, and a mighty short time at that.

When they have completed their check they will let us know how much bad paper we have and we shall then be compelled to take up every dollar of it in cash or secure it to their satisfaction. Fair enough, certainly — if they are at all reasonable as to what is 'bad' paper. But I can't see how any bank in a small town like ours can last until they get their checking done when the news gets about that a flock of examiners, about as numerous relatively as the proverbial seven-year locusts, has descended upon it.

The inquisition could n't last forever, and finally the examiners departed, leaving the impression, I recall, that we were fortunate not to have been lined up against the wall and shot. But from our standpoint not so fortunate, at that. There was not one of us, I believe, who would not as soon have been shot as face what we were sure would follow the next morning.

III

After they had gone not a word was said. We were stunned. Our faculties refused to function. We could have been no more surprised or dismayed if the building had suddenly collapsed on us. Years of effort — and to what purpose? Slowly we gathered up our things and went out, one by one. I was the last to leave. I slipped the old-fashioned bank pistol into my pocket. I went up a back street, toward home. I went slowly. I must think things out.

It was very late when I reached home. The children were in bed. My wife had a lunch ready for me, but I could n't eat. The very thought of food was revolting. Did n't I feel well? Oh, yes. Feel all right. Just tired, I guess. (No use to tell her to-night. Spare her as long as I can. Perhaps in the morning . . .) Guess I'll go to bed. Hard day.

Hours of sleeplessness. Staring up into the dark. Pretending to be asleep. Finally dropping off — to be wide awake again in another moment. Busted! Busted!! Busted!!!

But with morning came new hope. Perhaps things would n't be so bad —! Perhaps a miracle —! But did miracles really happen?

We opened at seven. The examiners would be at the bank at nine. No country-bank hours for them. All the better. The run would probably start the next day — possibly to-day, as soon as the news got about. We wired our correspondent for a liberal supply

of currency. We'd hold out as long as we could. We'd go down fighting.

The usual early-morning customers came in to transact their business. Nothing unusual. Same conversations about the crops and the weather. At nine the examiners came trooping in, all set for a Roman holiday. They fell upon the notes and securities and began their everlasting checking. They stood behind the cashier as he paid checks. They dug into drawers and corners. They watched every transaction — for all the world like a bunch of correspondence-school detectives.

To my surprise, the customers paid very little attention to them. They had seen examiners at work there before and nothing serious had ever come of it. Six o'clock came at last, and there had not been even a semblance of a run. Surely it would start to-morrow. But the extra currency would be here in the morning and we should be prepared.

The second day was much the same as the first — and the third and the fourth. There seemed to be even fewer withdrawals than usual. No suggestion of a run. People did n't even seem to be worried. I don't know which were the more surprised, the examiners or ourselves. I am convinced that the banking department expected that a run would develop which would put us out of business within forty-eight hours.

After four days, during which they had rechecked everything on the premises, — even the postage stamps and the supply of stationery on hand, — the examiners left town, instructing us carefully to telephone the banking department immediately when a run started. I can't get the idea out of my head that they were actually disappointed that their presence had n't already caused one. They had n't counted on the confidence which the bank enjoyed in this small community.

But apparently the department had set out to 'clean up' some of the banks, and they did n't propose to be deterred. As soon as the examiners had returned to headquarters letters were sent out to our borrowers and depositors, to the people to whom we had sold securities, to the people who had left securities with us for safe-keeping. They did not try to conceal the fact that the banking department thought there was a nigger in the woodpile. Questions were asked in the letters to determine whether the recipient had ever been defrauded by the bank or had any reason to suspect the actions or the motives of those who ran it. It was a perfect system for destroying bank credit. How any bank could have stood out against such a barrage of insidious propaganda is more than I can comprehend. But stand out we did — for months and months, which seemed years and years. Probably the general public had become so used to state and federal interference during and after the war that they thought here was just another new wrinkle, and sighed and answered the letters, or tore them up unanswered.

Immediately after the first of January, two of the examiners returned. It seemed they had completed their check and the original figures would stand. The $55,000 in bad paper must be taken out at once and the balance of doubtful paper must be secured and then collected within a short time or our doors would be closed. We had been warned what to expect and the president was prepared. He turned everything he had into the bank, took up the bad paper and gave security for the doubtful loans. It left him without a dollar, but he did it cheerfully and without complaint, to save (as he thought) the bank which he had built up.

Then began the greatest clean-up

movement which that section will ever see. I took the $177,000 of loans and started out in earnest to try to collect them. Only those bankers who piloted their institutions through the great agricultural slump at the beginning of this decade and the years that followed — or those who failed and went down with their banks — will know what a heartbreaking job that was. All through that winter, through the spring, the summer, and the winter that followed, I drove the countryside, getting a few dollars here and there, but mostly hard-luck stories — which I knew too well were genuine. There simply was n't any money, there was n't any credit, there was n't any value to anything. Farm lands were n't worth the amount of the mortgages against them. Many farm owners, who had considered themselves well-to-do a few years before, were actually insolvent. Tenant farmers were in a pitiable condition. Their few belongings, when we sold them out, were not enough, in many instances, to pay their store bills. When we threatened to collect their notes they promptly went into bankruptcy.

The banking department was continually demanding that we collect more and more paper and do it faster. As often as twice a month the examiners would drop in unannounced and hold an inquisition. We never knew when they would make good their continual threats to close our doors. Our nerves were so ragged we would jump whenever a customer entered the door. They would have us believe that never before was a bank in such terrible condition; that we were the only bank in the country that had any bad loans; that only by the grace of God and the commissioner were we not out on the street. Naturally, these statements were not very convincing. We knew our fellow bankers well enough to know that ours was not the only bank which stood behind its customers through the big depression, and that they all had their share of poor loans.

We had practically ceased making any new loans, merely renewing those we had to carry. The proceeds of those notes which we did collect were put into underlying railroad bonds, all listed, which even the banking department could n't object to. These securities strengthened our liquid position, we felt, against the day when a run must be met.

During all this time, we were carrying on an economy campaign within the bank which would have made the closest Scotchman look like a spendthrift. We virtually discontinued our advertising, except the usual card in the local weekly paper. We discharged our janitor and for a year and a half the cashier and I did all the cleaning, — getting down on our hands and knees once a week to scrub the tile floor, — tended the fires, and shoveled the walks. We spent just as little as possible for stationery; we even hated to buy postage stamps. At night when I swept out I would carefully pick up all the rubber bands, paper clips, and pins from the floor so we could use them again. We voluntarily reduced our salaries at the start — though heaven knows the usual country-bank salary is small enough — and of course did not even consider paying any dividends.

And yet the examiners, at every visit, would complain because we were not earning enough to justify our existence as a bank. They were right about that, but they forgot to point out that not one country bank in ten earns enough on its invested capital to justify the risks of commercial banking. And they had us so cowed by this time that we did n't dare argue the point.

IV

At last the banking department had an idea that was a masterpiece: we should double our capital and distribute the shares widely among local people. Now there would have been considerable sense to this plan if it had been conceived at the very start. But to attempt to sell stock with the bank in the position in which it had been placed by the department seemed just about hopeless. Nevertheless, the ultimatum was issued and we went at it almost cheerfully. Surely the department would not authorize the sale of stock if it contemplated closing the bank. This was the only good news we had had since the first visit of the examiners.

So we went to work. One by one the men whom we wanted as stockholders were called in and told that we planned to increase the capital and to place the additional stock among a group of men such as themselves, and that the banking department had authorized the additional issue. Of course this order of the department specified that control of the bank must pass entirely out of our hands and into those of the new stockholders. We did not demur for an instant; the only thing we cared about was saving the bank.

Within a few weeks the stock was sold and paid for, the proceeds placed in a separate account on the order of the banking department, and permission was asked to issue the shares. Instead of granting this request at once, however, the department countered with another ultimatum. They had decided they ought to have one of their men in the bank permanently, and told us the cashier must resign and they would select one of their own staff to take his place. Whether they thought that the hoped-for run was about to develop, or that we expected to decamp for South America with the bank's funds, or that we were wasting too many rubber bands, I never learned. They did n't take the trouble to give us reasons.

The cashier was n't particularly cut up about this last order. His was no bed of roses, and so far as his income was concerned he could have done better at any time if he had given up his job, bought an old horse and wagon, and begun hauling trunks to the depot. As to the rookie from the banking department, he did n't trouble us much. He showed up at nine in the morning, left early in the afternoon, and spent most of his time while he was at the bank looking out of the window. Oh, yes, he was on our pay roll and drew his salary regularly every month. But he did n't offer to help scrub out, so from then on I did that alone.

As the weeks wore on and the department was deaf to our pleas to issue the additional stock, the subscribers began to drop in and ask, in a perfectly nice way, when we expected to issue the shares, and to suggest that if we had changed our minds about it they could find other uses for the money they had paid in. Finally we grew desperate and I made a trip to the capital to demand that they allow us either to issue the stock or to return the money to the subscribers. The only relief that I got was that they would write us about it in a few days. In this instance they kept their word and several days later we received a letter — telling us to return the funds to the subscribers. We sent out checks immediately with a letter stating that the banking department had withdrawn its authorization for the additional stock.

I cannot describe the feeling of absolute hopelessness that took possession of us after that. It did n't take a soothsayer to predict that our months of agony were about over. After going through such mental torture as I never

expect to have to endure again we knew that at last the end was very near. So I was n't surprised when, one afternoon, the chief examiner and two assistants walked in. I was sitting at my desk looking out of the window into the quiet July street. I continued to look. They did n't need to tell me why they were there. I don't remember that they did tell me. I knew. And they knew that I knew. I just sat there, slumped down in my chair. No feeling of relief. No feeling of anger. No feeling of discouragement. No feeling whatever. Just nothingness. Nothingness in a complete vacuum. A body without a spirit. A lump.

I heard the rookie put the cash into the vault, lock it, and depart with the examiners. I saw them cross the street and enter the hotel. I sat there a long time. It began to grow dark. With an effort I roused myself. I reached into my pocket. A key and some bills. I counted the bills. Fifteen dollars. I laid the key on the desk. Mine no longer. I took my hat and crossed the lobby. On the floor lay a large rubber band. I picked it up and, returning, laid it on the desk. I went out and closed the door. A neatly typed sign was pasted on the glass panel: 'This Bank is in the hands of the State Banking Department.'

HORACE GREELEY KNOWS HIS BUSINESS

BY WILLIAM A. CROFFUT

I

It was in April 1862 that I climbed up the back stairs to the *Tribune* office, seeking its editor. The principal room was crowded with editors and reporters, and was very dirty and noisy, recalling the soldiers' barracks I had recently occupied at Bristow Station. Charles A. Dana was still at the post of managing editor, and he gave me the address of his chief. Up to the indicated residence I went — on Nineteenth Street, I believe. There I rang long and repeatedly, and knocked ditto, ditto, and at last a lady came to the door with sleeves tucked briskly up her arm and hair twisted to a knot on top of her head. The following conversation took place: —

'Is Mr. Greeley in?'

'He is not.'

'Can you kindly direct me to him?'

'I can not.'

'You do not know where he is?'

'I do not. He is not living here now.'

'Can I see Mrs. Greeley, then?'

'You do. I am Mrs. Greeley.'

'Do — was — does Mr. Greeley come here sometimes?'

'Occasionally. He has not been here this week.'

'May I inquire — do you know where he is stopping?'

'I do not. He stopped at the Everett House last week.'

I walked down to that hotel and inquired. No, they said, but they thought he was at the New York Hotel. I shortly found him there, on the third floor, raging up and down the room like a wild man and storming over

a pile of dispatches on the table. I seemed very much *de trop*, and in some alarm inquired what was the matter.

'Matter?' he repeated in his high falsetto voice. 'Enough matter, I should think! Quite enough, I should think! In the battle yesterday at Pittsburg Landing the rebels whipped us, of course. Licked us like hell, apparently. And our soldiers are being driven into the Tennessee to-day — right now, perhaps! Not their fault, either. Fault of our damned incompetent generals! Both generals drunk! Oh dear!' he said, over and over, as he walked up and down the room. 'Such a sacrifice! Buell ought to be shot and Grant ought to be hung!'

At the beginning of the Rebellion the chief administration organ of the country was the New York *Tribune*. Its editorials were read with avidity by the supporters of Mr. Lincoln, and its advice was often taken. As the summer approached, however, a clamor arose for a more energetic prosecution of the war, and the *Tribune* gave vent to this feeling in the editorial exclamation, 'On to Richmond!' This was repeated and reiterated till it seemed like a battle cry. The more conservative of the Republicans deprecated this exhibition of impatience and it was no secret that it seriously embarrassed Mr. Lincoln in his purposes.

One day he said to Mr. Byington, then in charge of the *Tribune* correspondence bureau at Washington, 'What in the world is the matter with Uncle Horace? Why can't he restrain himself and wait a little?' The correspondent reminded the President that one man did not write everything that went into the paper, although he was responsible for it. 'Well,' continued Mr. Lincoln, 'I don't suppose I have any right to complain; Uncle Horace agrees with me pretty often after all. I reckon he is with us at least four days out of seven.'

The real author of the slogan that so much troubled the administration was Charles A. Dana, the scholarly managing editor who knew Mr. Greeley better than any other living man and who possessed the rare gift of being able to put the English language into its most concise and attractive form. His echo in the West in this matter was Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune*, a man whom Mr. Lincoln esteemed and confided in second only to Mr. Greeley himself.

In 1863 a quarrel broke out in the *Tribune* office, resulting in Mr. Dana's resignation after fifteen years of service. He was immediately appointed Assistant Secretary of War, and held the office until after the surrender of Lee. He proved to be an excellent judge of men in this service, and he and General Hitchcock succeeded in defeating the conspiracy against General Grant.

II

Can a page or two of this chronicle be spared for a brief record of one of my gallops in Virginia for the *Tribune*? My first impression of Manassas as I saw it: a junction of railroad tracks in a five-hundred-acre swamp; three very shabby buildings, and the ruins of twenty more; barracks innumerable and mud unfathomable, with strips of board laid end to end from hut to hut, to keep the unhappy inhabitants from premature burial; an acre or two of broken-down and deserted wagons — mere ancient scows with wheels put to them; twenty acres sown with wrecks of every imaginable article — broken bottles, books, provisions, shattered demijohns, rags, furniture, knives, tents, harness, arms and equipments half burnt, tracts, Bibles, musty tobacco, and more bottles; Negroes of

every size groping among the rubbish.

From this point I accompanied General Stoneman's raid toward Richmond. The country was thoroughly desolated. Farms had been plundered of their stock; bridges, depots, and settlements had been burned; the carcasses of thousands of horses tainted the poisoned air, while feebly enriching the exhausted fields. Deserted dogs and hungry cats whined after and followed us from barns that had escaped the torch, as if seeking their faithless masters, and here and there rose, like a grim witness, the blackened shaft that two days before had been the centre of a homestead.

It was April of 1863. We struck south of west to Catlett's Station, and during the three days we rode it rained incessantly. As we advanced we found the bridges destroyed and had to swim our horses across Broad and Kettle runs. I remember the most vividly the experiences of our first night out. We camped in the field under a drenching rain which poured steadily from night till morning. We — at least, the officers' squad of Colonel Zook's 57th New York, which kindly extended to me all the hospitality it had — lay or crouched under a scrub oak. We brought rails from an adjoining fence and stuck one end of them up over the lower branches, while the other end rested on the water-soaked ground. On the outside of these we laid our blankets, which carried off a little of the rain, while we huddled on rails beneath. It was cold, I remember, and after a few minutes of experimentation we hustled out and got more rails and split them up and made a faint fire at the base of the tree. That fitful flame was an immense attraction for visitors, but our rude wigwam would not hold all of Stoneman's army.

How we entertained ourselves in the hours of sleeplessness is what I most distinctly remember. I had found an old paper-covered copy of Byron in one of the rebel shanties at Manassas that morning, and I sat on a rail during the night and by the wavering light of the bonfire read from 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan.' I smile now as I recall the crowding of squad after squad around the trunk of that tree, each wet squad bringing its quota of rails as a fire offering, and I remember what lively attention was given by the bedraggled audience, with mingled laughter and applause, and how they insisted that the reading should go on till long after midnight. Indeed, it was only from time to time interrupted, not ended, till daylight superseded the light of the embers. It certainly rendered the rain less wet, the darkness less dark, and threw a glamour of mitigation over the dreariness of the night. At daylight we started again. The details of that cavalry ride are shadowy, although it was punctuated by a skirmish and impressed upon the memory by the loss of several men.

III

During the first three years of the Civil War, Homer Byington was chief correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in Washington. When he was absent in the field I often left the Quartermaster's accounts to look out for themselves and ran out and lent him a hand. He beat all the other newspapers in bringing to Mr. Lincoln and the *Tribune* the report of the victory of Gettysburg. More than once I heard him tell the interesting story: —

'It was the latter half of June, 1863, that I got a dispatch from Culpeper Courthouse to hurry out there, for our army was on the move. I went at once; but the army had already started north at a rapid pace, keeping between the rebel army and Washington. Hooker was in command. I went to the head-

quarters of Meade, at Goose Creek. He told me there was going to be a battle, but my best way was to go back to Washington and hurry up to Harper's Ferry, where I could head off our army and find the 17th Connecticut, whose quartermaster had one of my horses. I followed his directions and he gave me a special pass, taking me anywhere. When I reached Harper's Ferry I found Hooker in a fume. I soon learned that he had demanded to have the ten thousand inactive men on Bolivar Heights attached to his own army for the battle with Lee, and that Halleck had refused. Hooker resigned that afternoon, and Lincoln commissioned Meade to command the Army of the Potomac. General Bob Tyler, of the Connecticut Brigade, was there; and he took my map and marked a red ring on it across the Pennsylvania line and said: "In a few days there will be within that circle one of the biggest fights the world ever saw. Go round to Baltimore and head Lee off at York."

'Again I followed directions. I tried Baltimore, but news came that the rebels had burnt the bridges and torn up the tracks. I hurried to Philadelphia and got to York by way of Lancaster, determined to be the first reporter on the ground. The track was torn up, but I hired a minister to carry me twelve miles in his wagon. Stuart's rebel cavalry had visited York, raided the provision stores, and taken fifty thousand dollars from the bank.

'Now and then I heard a gun go off in the southwest. I ransacked the town, but Stuart had got all the horses. Finally I found one solitary horse and buggy, and gave the owner an order on the *Tribune* for the rig. I drove in the direction of the cannonading ten or twelve miles, evaded some rebel cavalry on the way, and got to Hanover. There had been a severe cavalry fight there. The town had a disorderly appearance; people stayed close in their homes, and the débris of arms and accoutrements lay along the road. The wounded were gathered in a church. Telegraph wires were broken and strewn around. I stopped at the hotel and asked the landlord if there was no telegraph operator there. "Yes; there he is, over yonder," said he, pointing out a little hunchback named Tone, asleep on a bench. I shook him and asked him where his battery was. "Home under the bed," he said. "Wires all cut everywhere; no use trying to telegraph." I persisted, and went over to his house with him and pulled out the battery. After a good deal of parleying I hired some men to go out on a hand car five miles and fix the wires, I paying the men well and making myself responsible for the value of the car. The battery was brought out, the wires hitched together, and the operator swung his hat and shouted that we had got Baltimore. It was arranged that I should have an absolute monopoly of the wire for two days.

'Then I rushed off to the battlefield some six miles south. Before reaching there I met General Howard, and he told me about the first day's fight, of Reynolds's death, and the present position of the armies. Sypher, one of the *Tribune* men, had followed me from Lancaster, and we sent off by our private wire an account of the fight of the first two days. It was a magnificent beat. No other account got through that night, and between nine o'clock and midnight the *Tribune* sold 65,000 copies on the streets of New York.

'Tone kept getting the strange signal "KI," "KI."

'"What the dickens does KI mean?" he asked. "I'm afraid the rebs have tapped our wire."

'Finally we found out that we were communicating with General Eckert in the War Department at Washington.

I had signed my dispatches "Byington." "Who's Byington?" asked Mr. Lincoln, for he and Secretary Stanton supposed I was still in Washington. "Ask Uncle Gideon," I replied, referring thus familiarly to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gideon Welles of our state. There was great rejoicing at Washington. "We've got Byington's first dispatch," said Stanton, "and it is our first news. Send along more. We are listening."

'For two days I sent exclusive dispatches over my wire, giving all the particulars attainable of the great battle, while the *Herald*, much handicapped, was running ten-mile relays of horses. I telegraphed to Secretary Stanton that the railroad was whole from York to Baltimore, and the government at once sent out trains for our wounded. The surgeon told me that our railroad saved General Sickles's life.

'After the battle I got a horse and hurried on after the rebels, wondering why Meade did not pursue. They were all broken up and demoralized, the roadside strewn with sick and wounded men, with dead horses and abandoned muskets and spiked cannon. Next day I came up with Lee's main army. It was huddled together in a horse-shaped bend of the Potomac at Williamsport — in a valley surrounded by hills on one side and the swollen and rushing river on the other. It would have been easy to bag them all. Their flight was fatally interrupted. The pontoons they had crossed on were swept away and they had no immediate means of recrossing. By a friend who accompanied me I sent back to President Lincoln and the *Tribune* the somewhat premature dispatch, "We've got Lee's army tight. It cannot escape."

'After waiting there awhile I turned back to meet Meade's army, which I supposed must be rapidly approaching down the road. In vain I looked and waited. It did not heave in sight. Finally an old man came up out of the valley where the rebels were encamped, driving a sorry Virginia outfit — a ramshackle of a wagon, a dying horse tied to it by tow strings, and in it, besides the native driver, a woman and children, each wearing apparently a single garment and all sitting in the straw. He said Lee had encamped right around his house, down in the swale, and he had had to quit it. He said he supposed the whole of Lee's army would be gobbled right where it lay. I asked him what he would charge to go and tell General Meade all about the situation. He said he would do it for three dollars. I gave him the three dollars, and he moved on toward Gettysburg.

'Well, you know the rest. Lee's army stayed right there three days and then captured a lumberyard and made rafts and floated across the river at their leisure.

'I was in Washington when Meade came to report after the battle of Gettysburg. I asked Secretary Welles about the interview.

'"I was there when he came in," he said. "'Do you know, General,' Mr. Lincoln suddenly broke out with a laugh, 'what your attitude toward Lee after the battle of Gettysburg reminded me of?' 'No, Mr. President — what is it?' asked Meade. 'I'll be hanged,' said Lincoln, 'if I could think of anything but an old woman trying to shoo her geese across the creek!'"

'After that day Meade never quite recovered his own confidence or that of the army.'

IV

In the autumn of 1863, discontented with the dull and monotonous routine of office work, I resigned my position in the Treasury Department and returned to the North to resume my favorite

occupation, and during the next fifteen years I had a varied experience in journalism.

The preparation of the introduction to my book, *A Helping Hand for American Homes*, involved considerable correspondence with Mr. Greeley, and when the volume appeared I obtained the position of reporter on the New York *Tribune*. We were in the old building, fit only for kindling wood, on the site of which Mr. Whitelaw Reid erected the handsome tower of to-day, and the spacious editorial room on the second floor was reached by climbing dark flights of stairs in the rear.

This room was occupied — I might almost say inhabited, for they were present almost all hours of day and night — by a singularly interesting group of writers. In the front corner was an alcove occupied by Mr. Greeley himself. Near by was Mr. John Russell Young, who had earned an enviable reputation as a war correspondent. Next to him was the seat of William Winter, for nearly fifty years the *Tribune's* dramatic editor and critic. Touching his desk under the window was that of Clarence Cook, for a quarter of a century its art editor and editorial writer. Next to him sat George Ripley, even then getting venerable, and one of the most versatile and able writers of his time. At the end of the room was the desk of Bayard Taylor, who was seldom present, but whose name and fame were among the *Tribune's* most valuable properties. Taylor was a large man, with a frank and manly countenance, and so Oriental in appearance that he seemed like an enlightened and scholarly pasha. At a farewell banquet which was given to him on the eve of his departure for Europe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in proposing the principal toast, exclaimed, 'Reporter, correspondent, editor, traveler, translator, lecturer, poet, novelist, diplomat — it takes nine men to make a Taylor.'

On the remaining side of the room above mentioned were the desks of Amos Cummings and Homer Byington, two of the most active members, presiding over the city staff. It was under their supervision that I had two most interesting experiences. When I had been in the *Tribune* office three or four months, doing my best to merit promotion, I became conscious that my industry had attracted the eye of managing editor Young; and I felt a pardonable pride when, one afternoon, I saw him talking with Mr. Greeley and looking over at my desk. As I was leaving he called to me and said, 'I have watched you work; you are not afraid of it; do you think you could run the telegraph desk?' Joyfully I told him that I could and that I had had experience with telegraphic copy; whereupon he invited me to dine with him the next day, when we would 'arrange it.' I dined with him as appointed, and we arranged it, greatly to my satisfaction. I was to report next day for service, at an increased salary. At the appointed hour I appeared, and was surprised to see a stranger at the coveted desk, vigorously sharpening a pencil.

'Oh, yes!' said Young nervously, as I asked an explanation. 'Yes; it's all up, but don't blame me for it. I could n't help it. Ben Butler came in last night dragging that fellow with him, and he went for Greeley, and Greeley, for some unaccountable reason, gave him the place. He's a relative of the General, I believe. Very sorry indeed.'

I was disgusted, and I drew my balance of pay, shook the dust of the antique rookery from my feet, and departed with bitterness in my heart.

I lived to see the intruder at the very bottom of the hill. Within a week about half of the Associated Press news

dispatches were missing from the *Tribune* one morning, and investigation revealed them in the wastebasket weighed down with an empty bottle which exhaled the secret of the failure. He never came back to the office, either to apologize or to inquire. He spent every cent he had, and borrowed from everybody who would trust him. He strayed into John Chamberlin's place at Saratoga one morning, looking very tired indeed, and asked to borrow twenty dollars. Being refused, he made it one dollar, then fifty cents, then a quarter.

'No; I won't give you any more,' said the proprietor. 'Every cent I give you hurts you. Not another cent!'

'Well, never mind the cent,' pleaded the visitor; 'make it a dime.'

'No! Not another dime, you fool! Get out!' was the inexorable answer.

The doomed man groaned and shaded his eyes with his hand as he turned to quit the gorgeous den, and it was thought he even shed tears; but as he reached the door he suddenly grabbed the clock of ormolu that stood ticking away the wicked hours on a convenient mantel, and ran, shouting back as he went out the door with it, 'Well, ta-ta! Time is money, John!'

Chamberlin and his guests were paralyzed with astonishment and laughter, and the fugitive got away and pawned the sumptuous horologe for four dollars on the next corner.

V

Horace Greeley was a queer compound of bone, brain, and self-will. The current impression that he lacked pluck and pertinacity is entirely without foundation. He had indomitable self-assertion, and was game to the last. He cared not a cent about fashion in speech, manners, or dress. While I worked under him, although I saw him every day and heard his voice through the open doors, I never once heard him say 'Good morning' or 'Good evening,' 'How d' ye do' or 'Good-bye,' or inquire about anybody's health. But he scrupulously answered every letter that came to him, and generally tilted his chair forward on its legs and answered it on the spot, so that the writer could get a reply in the next mail. His conscience was abnormally developed on that one subject, and he probably wrote many thousand letters which did not need writing, and thus shortened his life.

On the street he seldom spoke to his nearest friends unless he had business with them. He would enter a street car down town, sit by the side of a friend, and ride a mile without speaking, then suddenly nudge him and say, 'Let me take your paper.' He would read the paper for another mile, watch for the friend's house, hand the paper to him just before reaching it, and part company without speaking to him or looking at him. He did not believe in that expenditure of force which conventional civilities require.

In manners he seemed uncouth and uncivilized. In money matters he was a child. Commodore Vanderbilt had a wayward, half-imbecile son, named Cornelius Jeremiah, an epileptic, indolent, ignorant, and fond of the gaming table. His father kept him on a small allowance, hoping to compel him to work. This ne'er-do-well applied to Mr. Greeley for money when his father would not let him have it, and Greeley gave it to him and continued the reckless habit until the loan was some forty thousand dollars. Vanderbilt wrote protesting letters to the editor, but they did no good. One evening he climbed the stairway to the sanctum. 'Greeley, see here! I now tell you for the last time that I never will pay back a single cent of the money you keep lending to Corneel.' Greeley swung

round in his chair and cried, 'Who the devil asked you to pay it back, you damned old skinflint?' After the Commodore was dead, the friendly services of Whitelaw Reid induced William H. Vanderbilt to pay to Horace Greeley's two daughters the $75,000 which Corneel had borrowed.

Among Greeley's characteristics were an extreme irritability and a keen sense of justice. He was a careful political statistician, and nothing disgusted and enraged him more than an error in election returns. One morning, on looking over the *Tribune*, he saw that an important error had escaped correction. In great rage he climbed to the composing room and wanted to know who had set up that table. Tom Rooker examined the proofs and found that James Bayard had set the matter. The editor charged on Bayard's tripod.

'Jim, you're a damned fool. Will you never learn anything? Look at that!'

'What's the matter with it?'

'Matter? Why, Great Scott! It's all wrong!' (Only Greeley was never known to apostrophize as humble an individual as Scott.)

'Mr. Greeley, I did n't do that.'

'You lie, Jim! Who did?' was the absurdly impatient response of Greeley. 'Here you've made a damned fool of yourself and me!'

Bayard examined the paper and said he was sure he had followed copy.

'Followed copy! Followed copy! That's your get-out! That's what you always say when you make a blunder! Come into the proof room, Jim. There's a blankety-blank jackass lying round this office somewhere that ought to be kicked from here to Sing Sing. I'll see whether it's you or Clark!'

Clark, the proofreader, brought out the copy, and the moment Mr. Greeley's eye fell on the reprint he recollected that he himself had cribbed the table from the *Express* and sent it to the composing room. He collapsed, called Bayard into the group, turned round facing the window, and exclaimed, 'Here! Kick me, all of you! Kick me! Kick me!'

Clarence Cook, one of the most conscientious and intelligent art critics in the world, quit the *Tribune* on account of some difference of opinion with Mr. Reid. I recall a funny incident about Cook and Greeley. When I went to work in the *Tribune* office in 1868, I was considerably awed by the line of distinguished desks along the side of the big room, where sat the members of Mr. Greeley's staff. Especially was I awed by the little room in the corner through whose half-open door I could see Mr. Greeley at work.

One day John Russell Young, then managing editor, said: 'Mr. Cook, I should think you'd go in and see Mr. Greeley. He speaks of liking your work, and you've been here now four or five years and have never spoken to him, I believe.'

Cook laughed and said: 'I'll go in if you really want me to. You've asked me to do so two or three times before, but it did n't seem worth while and I have waited till I had business with him. If he sent for me, that would be another thing. However, as you urge me, I'll go. Here, Jake!'

He called to him the office boy and sent in his card, following it presently. Cook told me about the interview afterward.

'Greeley was scratching away for dear life, his back to the door. My card was on his desk. He had apparently not seen it. I sat down on a haircloth sofa. He kept scratching away. At last I said, "Mr. Greeley." He answered in that high, squeaky voice of his, "What is it?" but kept hard at work. "I am Mr. Cook," I said. "Mr. Clarence Cook of the *Tribune*." "Busy

now!" he exclaimed, without looking around, and I retreated.

'I did not try again for years. But when I returned from Europe in 1871 I wanted to get a letter of introduction to A. T. Stewart, in an attempt to interest him in that great picture, Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas," then for sale, but since bought for the Louvre gallery in Paris, instead of being captured for this country as I wished.

'I went in to the sanctum to see Mr. Greeley. He was scratching away as before, his nose almost touching the paper. I said, "Mr. Greeley!" He looked up at me, but evidently did not know me. "I am Mr. Clarence Cook," I said. He scratched away again. He did not say "Good morning" or "How do you do?" but only, in that strange high-pitched voice, "What do you want?" I told him. He reached out and grabbed a piece of paper and wrote; reached for an envelope and scratched. He handed it to me and resumed his writing without a word. He had written: "Mr. Stewart: The bearer of this, Mr. Clarence Cook, is well known to me as a journalist and a gentleman, and as one who never wastes anybody's time."

'I found a porcupine in Mr. Stewart's marble mansion — a porcupine no doubt developed by the constant attacks of beggars and swindlers. I sent up my letter. When he appeared in the reception room, where I awaited him, he made no sign of politeness. He did not ask me to sit down, but he put his hands rigidly behind him and said, "What is your business?"

'As briefly as I could I told him that I had seen a very remarkable picture in Europe and wanted to tell him about it.

'"You have not been asked to buy it," I added. "I am not authorized to negotiate."

'"I don't buy any pictures," said he.

'"Nobody asked you to buy any!"

'"What's your motive in coming here?" he asked suspiciously.

'"My motive, as far as I have one, is patriotic," I said, "but I see that I have no business with you," and I turned to go.

'Surprised at my abruptness into a conciliatory mood, he said, "Hold on; wait a minute. Just glance at some of my statuary here."

'"Now's my time," I thought, and followed him back.

'"This," he said, rather grandly, waving his hand toward a well-known and very commonplace example of the stonecutter's art, "this is Powers's 'Greek Slave'!"

'"Yes," I said, "I have seen that once before; and nobody who has seen it once will ever want to see it again."

'"This," he said, after some hesitation, turning to another example, "is the 'Fisher Boy.'"

'"Oh yes," I said, "I've seen that before, too," and came away without another word.'

VI

Mr. Greeley tried in vain to keep his sanctum to himself. There was no intermission in his attempt to keep the door of his little quadrilateral locked, or at least shut. But he was always in a state of siege. Charles Congdon, the *Tribune's* greatest satirical writer for many years, puts it cleverly as follows: —

'Almost always overworked, he was naturally irritated by intrusions upon his privacy. For a long time, his efforts to cloister himself up were humiliating failures. All sorts of people, with the greatest possible variety of bees in their bonnets, managed to evade the slight barriers, get into his presence, and interrupt his industry — people with machines of perpetual motion, with theories about spiritualism, with notions about the next election, with

business plans requiring only a small loan to launch them upon the full tide of dividend-paying experiment.

'There were others with a passionate desire to borrow small or large sums of money; with anxiety to become writers upon his newspaper; with manuscripts which they wished to have him recommend to some book publisher; with new religions; with schemes for the abolition of every religion whatever; with mining stocks sure to pay 1000 per cent; with stories of personal destitution harrowing to listen to, and yet requiring only the loan of a few shillings to enable the petitioner to go to his friends; widows whose sole claim on him or on anybody was that they were widows; orphans, sometimes suspiciously well grown, who had nothing to plead but their orphanage; Irishmen who had lost everything in a desperate attempt to give the Green Island a better government; Negroes who perhaps were born free, and were merely fugitives from Maine or Massachusetts — all these and many others besieged the sanctum and devised tricks for swindling its occupant. If Mr. Greeley could have locked his door and kept it locked, he would have died a much richer man. He would try sometimes to be extremely stern and repellent, but it was always a lamentable failure.'

He could generally protect himself pretty well from full-grown masculine mendicants, but women applicants for money were the pest of his life, for he could not order the janitor to throw them downstairs. A woman in black called one afternoon and by a circuitous passage got into his room. 'No, no! Nothing! Go way!' and he kept on writing while she kept on begging. 'Go way. I'm busy. Let me alone! Go way!' And he did his best to keep on writing. She gave him no peace till finally he jumped up, went to the speaking tube which connected with the countingroom, and shouted, 'Sinclair! For God's sake send me five dollars this minute!' This response quieted the applicant, and he had bought rather dearly the right to use his own time. When she occupied some more minutes in prolonged thanks, his stern voice relaxed and a smile illuminated his benevolent face.

Mr. Greeley has been so misrepresented by malignant or ignorant writers that there seems to be a prevalent impression that he was a weak and foolish man. On the contrary, he was perhaps the most powerful and practical editor and controversialist that this country has seen. He was certainly awkward, and his manners never improved. His clothes did not resemble the fashion plates. They were not generally well brushed, or his shoes well blacked. But Thackeray would not have said of him, as he said of George IV, that 'he had on his person an overcoat, a dress coat, a waistcoat, and a flannel coat, and that was all there was of him.' Mr. Greeley seemed to have no idea whatever of the value of money, but he was undoubtedly the chief sufferer from that defect. No other editor this country has ever seen has put his personality so vigorously into his newspaper. The *Tribune* was always Greeley — echoing not only his principles, but even his personal habits and literary methods. He was fond of beginning a paragraph with a dash and a noun with a capital letter.

If he had been elected President in 1872, as he expected he would certainly be, he could have done the country no harm, and would probably have taught it some useful lessons. He would have reconstructed Reconstruction and he would have introduced a kindlier feeling between victors and vanquished, while surrounding himself with a Cabinet of statesmen at least as wise

as those whom General Grant summoned to his side.

An acquaintance of mine told me this story: 'Packard and I were invited to breakfast with Greeley one morning at nine o'clock. We reached the dining room of the hotel first, inquired for his table, and sat down. Pretty soon he came in, handed his hat and overcoat to a waiter, and, without looking toward us, went over into a corner, sat down, and ordered a breakfast for one — a poached egg, some milk toast, and a cup of tea. I went over and spoke to him. He looked surprised and asked us if we had eaten breakfast. We told him we had not, and we ordered the same that he had done and sat down with him.

'"What paper you got?" he inquired. "Anything in it?"

'"Not much except an article attacking you," said Packard.

'It was a column long, but Greeley read it through. "Absurd!" he said, "to take so much space for that. It is n't good journalism. It all ought to have been said in a quarter of a column. That article ought never to have been permitted to go below there," he said, indicating a place with his finger. He did not allude to the substance of the attack at all, but bitterly denounced the slovenliness of using so much space. We hurried through our breakfasts and departed.'

VII

I knew a lady who was intimately acquainted with the Greeley household for twenty years.

'Mrs. Greeley,' she said, 'never had the knack of making a home. She was always clean, but never neat, — never neat in appearance, I mean, — because she was always washing something and was always disheveled. I have seen her take her children without a garment on out into the street and pump water on them to wash them. When I was there one day the servant washed an apron of her own and hung it out to dry. Mrs. Greeley jumped up, seized the carving knife, rushed out and cut out of the line the piece containing the apron, and flung it to the girl with, "How dare you hang your apron on the same line with my baby's clothes?" There was neatness for you! Yet when they lived on Nineteenth Street she kept three goats in the house for the children to play with, and when I let one of my servants go there to live she came running back to me, saying, "I won't live there, Missis, never!" I asked what was the matter. "Sure, I have no bed at all, but must just bunk down on the pile of hay they got for the goats!"

'Mr. Greeley asked me one Sunday to come round in the morning and go to Chapin's with him. I went, and when I got to the house there was a fracas in the vestibule — he and his wife and the children and the goats all mixed up together.

'"The question is," said Mr. Greeley, "whether the goats shall go up Broadway with us. Mother insists that I shan't go to church unless at the head of a procession of children and goats. It seems like a secular following."

'I believe we got off at last without them, though Mrs. Greeley said, "It's only your miserable pride."

'Mrs. Greeley had an antipathy to kid gloves. She would never put them on. I remember a bout she had with Margaret Fuller on this subject. We all met on the avenue, and instead of saying good-morning, or some such human salutation, Mrs. Greeley touched Margaret's hand with a little shudder and exclaimed, "Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!"

'"Why, what do you wear?" inquired the astonished maiden from Massachusetts.

'"Silk," said Mrs. Greeley, reaching out her hand.

'"Silk!" Margaret just touched it and shuddered, crying, "Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!"

'I was once in a stage with Mrs. Greeley going up Madison Avenue, when she suddenly pulled the strap, whisked a tin pail out from under her shawl, and, reaching it to the Reverend Dr. Brett at the other end of the bus, to whom we had just bowed, said, "You get out, please, and run to that bakery on the corner and get me two cents' worth of yeast!" Mr. Brett laughed aloud, but he good-naturedly got out, hurried to the shop, and brought back the coveted bread exhilarator, the driver waiting meantime, his serenity broken only by a smile. When the messenger returned, he handed the little pail to Mrs. Greeley with the remark that bread was evidently "kneaded," to which she replied, "H'm! Old joke!"

'She was very eccentric — Mrs. Greeley was. Greeley once told me that the day before, while going down to Staten Island on the ferryboat, she walked calmly up to a passenger who was smoking, snatched the cigar out of his mouth, and flung it overboard. "I expected to be knocked down on the spot that minute," said Greeley.

'Before the birth of Raphael, their oldest boy, she told me that she lived on raw rice altogether. She would take it by the handful and chew it up soft. "I can grind it just like a mill," she said. When Raphael was taken with his last illness, a severe form of croup, the physician fought it for days, and finally made it yield. "Now he will probably live," he said to Mrs. Greeley, "if you keep him from taking cold. If he catches cold, he dies. Keep him warm. Keep the air from him. Try no experiments. Any little exposure might be fatal."

'In two days the mother sent for him again, and on arriving he found the child all choked up with a cold. "What's the matter with him?" he asked. "What? My God, what have you done? Taken off a warm woolen shirt and substituted a thin cotton one! The child will die. What did you send for me for? Why did n't you send for an undertaker?"

'Raphael died that night. She lamented him deeply. She did n't mean to hurt him, of course, but the clean devil had got hold of her and her frenzy for cleanliness was stronger than almost any other feeling.

'She once gave me some advice as to how to bring up my children. "Let's see," said I. "How many children have you?"

'"I have two," she replied.

'"And how many have you had?"

'"Nine," she answered.

'"Then thank you," I said, "but if it is all the same to you I think I'll bring up my children my own way."

'"Oh, very well," she exclaimed. "I did n't raise children for this world, but for the next!"

'She always called her husband "Greeley," whether speaking to him or of him. He was rather afraid of her, but once in a while would say his say. I remember once we were assembled at Greeley's on Saturday evening — Dr. Ripley, Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, Dana, and half a dozen others, discussing the practicability of associated homes. We talked of turning the Gramercy Park Hotel into a nest of them. "It won't do," said Mrs. Greeley. "Everybody will be falling in love with Mrs. ——," naming me. "Well, Ma," said Mr. Greeley, "you'll offset that!"'

ECHT TIROLER

BY CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

My first day settled the problem. I must, obviously, dress as did the inhabitants of the country. For years my insistently persuasive family had been informing me that one of the delights of the Austrian Alps lay in the opportunity they afforded for curtailed clothing, and I had consequently arrived with the staid expectation of seeing an abundance of bare knees and open throats. But my first day assured me that fashions had changed; only the most venerable appeared in garb so modest. When I caught my first glimpse of a Tyrolese climber, I thought him on the point of bathing in the stream that tumbled down out of the rocks, and I wondered that even a hardy mountaineer should choose such frigid water for purposes of cleanliness.

I came nearer and looked at him — a magnificent type, tall, sturdy, with bronzed legs, bronzed chest, bronzed back, and a halo of bright hair. '*Grüss Gott*,' said he, while I, not to be outdone in civility, gave the proper echo. We conversed as amicably as my lack of German would permit, and I gathered that he also intended to go over the Arzler Scharte to the Pfeiss Hütte. We could go in company. I waited for him to don the remainder of his clothes, but he slipped on only a battered rucksack which had been sharing his rest. Aha! I thought, I have heard of this! There are Germans who have made a fetish of the nude, who attribute all manner of cures and preventions to the sun.

Off we went, toilsomely and slowly up the creaking, sliding shale, and I began to grow very hot. My companion appeared to find the sun exhilarating; the sweat played on that Grecian torso, the beads glistened like diamonds, but he was unconscious of the heat. We greeted other climbers; they were all of a sartorial persuasion like my friend's; I admired the brown skin and wondered whether I myself had a capacity for producing anything so picturesque. But the heat was the true cause. That night, tired but eager, I purchased in Innsbruck a pair of the altogether proper *Hosen* and fittingly decorated suspenders to support them.

The next day was Sunday, and such a morning as might have moved even Dr. Johnson to an admiration of the country. The sky was Italian, and north from the Brenner came the softest of breezes. It was manifestly the day for the beginning of my exposure. Extremes are bad, I had learned from Aristotle; I would carry along a shirt to shield my pallid back, should I find that expedient. And so, very early on this most perfect of mornings, feeling as if I were entering some eccentric bagnio, I emerged into the village.

Did Tyrolese maidens eye me from sheltered balconies? I know not, but I felt as if all the lady retainers of the late Kaiser were finding in me a thrilling exhibit. I am confident that a blush traversed me from top to toe, and most of it must have been visible. The duty of the adventurous, however, is to be unashamed; and, even though I had not the figure of an Homeric hero, I could at least walk proudly.

And proudly I walked, gathering speed as I went, up a steep serpentining path, through the most entrancing of spruce woods, but I was too conscious of other things to notice, at that time, how infinitely graceful was the drooping of the streaming boughs. A few heavily robed priests who were descending from the Hungerburg seemed to compare their garb with mine, but our passing was too hasty to admit of conversation. And then suddenly I found myself — only the most complete self-absorption could have prevented my seeing them before — in the midst of a procession. Full twenty novices they were, out from the convent to enjoy this blessed morning. They walked two by two, chanting softly as they moved, and in their van plodded two stolid, dignified nuns. My speed had been terrific, and I had passed the first three or four pairs before I realized that here was an entire brigade; the path was narrow, and I was caught, a miserable satyr locked between Christian barriers.

My flesh, which was all too obvious, positively crept. The virgins behind chanted no longer; instead, there came from them a note of unmistakable merriment. Had they been other than religious, I should have thought it a tittering. The virgins in front began sedately to turn their heads, and soon the chant entirely ceased. So complete an interruption of that solemn measure disturbed the dragons of the vanguard, and my presence was discovered. Two withering glances fell upon me, each enough to have blasted Pan himself. Three months of sun could not have given me the color those glances produced. They were quick and peremptory, and they included the whole body of tittering novices, who formed swiftly into a single line, leaving me with barrier neither fore nor aft. I hastened, but the line was interminable, and I fear that when finally I passed the two Amazons I was indulging in what must have been considered a sprint.

After so fell a calamity, meditation was sweet, and I pondered, as I hurried on toward the Hungerburg, the advantages and the so signal disadvantages of the semi-nude state. Physically, there was no denying that it was delightful; mentally, it could lead to discomfort. However, man can inure himself to custom, and my experience with this mode was young. Others had paved the way; I had only to follow. I thought, and the thought soothed my fears, of my companion on the Arzler Scharte and of his complete ignorance of modesty.

Now I had reached the Hungerburg, but its delights, even the most *bürgerlich* of beer gardens, should not attract me on this morning. The more serene pleasure of a distant Alm should be my goal. I smiled affably at a youth who might have been mistaken for a Malay and who seemed to be pitying my bodily pallor; and I reflected that soon there would be no reason for such natural sympathy. His one garment excited my envy; it exposed full two more inches of thigh than did mine.

After climbing a matter of several hundred feet I found myself at a charming spring in a clearing that lay entirely surrounded by gently whispering spruces. The grass, from which the dew was not as yet entirely gone, was so fresh and crisp that I accepted its invitation and lay down for the comfort of a cigarette. The solitude was delicious — there was no sound save the cool bubbling of the water and the breathing of the trees. Here I could just be; here I could give myself up to the simple enjoyment of feeling the sun enter into my flesh, of feeling it burn slowly and warmly along the whole expanse of calf and thigh and chest. I

need not even think; I could just be, and in such being lay the remote and untouched highest sense of the exquisite.

But alas! such pleasures are not for the deserving. I had hardly begun to light my cigarette when the stillness was pierced by a strident female voice, the intonation of which was unmistakable. I was suddenly and sharply reminded of many another voice that I had heard on the western side of the Atlantic; here in this Alpine fastness was one certainly from the Middle West, probably from Kansas City. Propping myself on one elbow, I watched her appear out of the path that led up the mountain. She was large and matronly, her features blunt and heavy, her clothes too tight and of too many colors, and she was not alone. In her wake followed a diminutive man in spectacles and a Palm Beach suit. She headed straight for the spring with an abandon that would have been more graceful in a gazelle, hurled herself on the ground, arched her stubby neck, and drank. The man waited patiently until her gurglings had ceased and her handkerchief had appeared to wipe away the water that had cooled her chin, then he with more decorum took from his pocket a folding aluminum cup and proceeded to satisfy his own desires.

At this moment her glance, sweeping the clearing, found me, propped on my elbow. Her stare was long and unfaltering, and the appearance it had was of Mrs. Grundy herself. I felt, before I heard, what was coming. 'Harry, look here! Here's another. Seven we've seen since breakfast. It ought to be stopped. Are there no ladies in this country? I knew Europe was wicked, but this is worse than Paris.' The man acquiesced meekly and murmured something the purport of which I could not hear. She began again. 'Something ought to be done about it. It's shocking,' and the hard stare went on uninterrupted.

My mind misgave me; she might guess my nationality, and how could I escape? The best plan was certainly to lie quiet, but I squirmed within. Drawing herself up, a look of noble determination in her eyes, she started for me. 'I shall speak to him,' she announced. I closed my eyes and fearfully waited. The strain, however, was too great. Up went my eyelids, and there she was, towering above me.

'Young man, this is an outrage. It's indecent, and you ought to know better.'

I did my best to look Teutonic, smiled as genially as I could under the circumstances, gave a hearty '*Grüss Gott*,' and faltered out the necessary '*Ich verstehe nicht*.'

'Harry,' she shouted, 'he does n't understand me! You talk to him.'

There was some relief in this; he looked full as terrified as I. But she continued towering above me; obviously something must be done. I stood up, and of course one strap of the suspenders slipped over my shoulder, endangering the safety of its dependency, but that peril was quickly averted.

Harry came up slowly, discomfort marked in his every movement. 'What shall I say?'

'Tell him he ought to wear some clothes.'

Harry tried to look at me, but his courage failed, and his remarks were addressed solely to the grass on which I had been lying. What those remarks were I was not to learn; it was enough to know that they were in a German such as matched not my understanding. I simulated, however, a reverent attention, and, when the sermon was ended, bowed with as much ease as I could summon both to the fastidious lady and to her amiable consort, and then, with a

grateful '*Danke schön*' and another '*Grüss Gott*,' hastily departed from the neighborhood of the Tischbrunnen. The defender of the proprieties watched my withdrawal with unwavering eyes; she had lost, and was going to lose, no part of this exhibition.

After this harrowing episode it behooved me, I decided, to find some less-frequented paths, at least until my sensibilities were hardened to the strain to which they were so often to be exposed. But would they ever be able to cope with the difficulties? Were centuries of a too self-conscious ancestry going to keep me from the enjoyment of this innocent pastime? A thousand doubts assailed me, and my steady resolution of the morning grew more and more feeble. I had visions of future embarrassments, each more distressing than the last, with my insuperable modesty never relenting. Yes, it would be best never again to brave the stares of the curious; even those of the incurious were too disconcerting. Better the heat and the discomfort; to-morrow I would be myself, and for the moment I could put on my shirt, brought to shield me from the sun, but useful as protection from what was more disturbing.

During these reflections I had been following a thoroughly idyllic path, one that wound with sudden curves and unending declivities through the dense cool trees. The air was redolent with the smell of evergreens and sharp with that indefinable tang that one gets only in the Alps. Now the path burst out of the woods, and there, far below, was the whole valley of the Inn, spread out from Zirl to Hall, and the Italian peaks purple in the distance. The air was different. Here was still the tang of the mountains, but the breeze was warm, and the sun came into one through every pore. My resolution was weakening; such luxury — it was hardly luxury through the armor of a complete costume — could not be surrendered. No, I would consider again. Off came my shirt, and I sat down, intent on convincing myself that nakedness was worth its price. I think I should have succeeded anyway, — my mind was clearly set toward such a conviction, — but, be that as it may, a kindly providence sent me the example that put all my doubts to flight.

Voices approached, jovial voices that certainly augured no stern reforming spirit, and there came along the path two young men (I hope they had met my friends from Kansas City) who were completely innocent, except so far as they carried them in their hands, of every garment. I gasped, and felt slightly perhaps as my advisers of the Tischbrunnen had felt on seeing me, but I schooled myself to this new phenomenon. They strode along to where I was sitting, greeted me with perfect politeness, and sat down to ask me the usual questions. I gave them cigarettes, talked to them, and when they had been informed concerning the relative prices of things in America and Austria they withdrew, each shaking me by the hand and calling down upon me the blessings of the Divinity. There was no apology for their appearance, no hint that they had even so much as thought of the absence of those necessities so vital in Kansas City.

Here, assuredly, was the *echt Tiroler*, and a good sort he was. Should I, too, force those convictions of mine to their logical end? Should I, too, be an *echt Tiroler?* No; that, even in those parts inhabited only by goats, would require an abandon and a simplicity that my ancestors had certainly not bequeathed to me. But of this I was convinced: that, henceforth in Tirol, I could and would be a *halb Tiroler*.

BEAUTY IN WAR

BY HARRIET KEEN ROBERTS

SOME little time ago Mr. Ernest Raymond, the author of a popular war book, *Tell England*, wrote an article in which he said that the greatest obstacle which faced the peacemakers was that, though 'war has no validity in reason, in selfishness, or in religion, it has a strange and awful validity of beauty. . . . As men of reason we scoff at it; as men of business we fear it; as men of religion and good will we loathe it; and as artists we love it. . . . Our response to the sudden fact of war is a response of thrilled emotion, an æsthetic delight, a self-yielding to some dark allurement more powerful than all reason and contemptuous of all expediency. . . . At last, at last we are living *deep*. . . . It is not the ape and tiger in us that leap to the call of war, but the poet.' This same note was sounded very early in the war in Rupert Brooke's sonnets, though in them there was as much joy at escape from the old life of peace as of joy in the new life of war.

Mr. Galsworthy replied to this article with some indignation, insisting that Mr. Raymond was describing not a love of beauty but a love of thrill, that the average man was not thus 'sensation-craving,' had not this temperament of the gambler and the hero. 'As truly might a man write that the Black Death had "the awful validity of beauty" as write it of the Great War.'

During a long period of trying to secure new members, in a country district, for the League of Nations Union, I hear, again and again, both in the 'big houses' and in the cottages, variations, often very differently expressed, of these two points of view. I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Raymond is nearer to the truth of men's hearts, in this case, than Mr. Galsworthy, and that the lovers of peace will make the serious mistake of underestimating the forces of the enemy if they do not try to meet, counter, and satisfy the emotion of which Mr. Raymond was so deeply conscious. To deny that thousands and thousands of ordinary men who enlisted, at any rate in the early days of the war, 'to save Belgium,' to 'make the world safe for democracy,' felt what Mr. Raymond describes is to miss the true inner meaning, the sudden and bright significance of that great act of heroism. Mr. Raymond has missed it. And Mr. Galsworthy has missed it even more completely. It seems to me of immense importance that we should realize what are the strongest weapons of the forces that fight against peace, and that they are forged by man's higher, not by his lower, nature.

When Mr. Raymond attributes a terrible beauty to war he does so from a deep, dangerous, and very prevalent confusion of ideas — he gives to war the beauty which attends on self-sacrifice. But Mr. Galsworthy is wrong in denying that beauty of self-sacrifice to war: it *does* belong to it — but only incidentally, not of necessity.

Man is in himself a contradiction, a balance of opposites. He is an animal with the self-preserving, self-seeking

instincts of an animal who is fitted to live on this earth and in time; but he has also a soul, — which we may call his higher nature, if we choose, — which has other needs than those that can be gratified by self-seeking, which compels him to desire to live by other standards than those of the natural man, and which is always, unless suppressed by custom, fear, or selfishness, aspiring toward the life outside time, the life of eternity.

When a man cares so much for something outside himself and his own interests, something which he believes to be good and true, that he is willing to give up everything that the natural man longs for and knows to be necessary, even the life of the body itself, he finds suddenly that he knows what was meant by the mysterious dominical saying, 'He that loseth his life . . . shall find it.' When he has, by his own will, chosen, if need be, to sacrifice his natural life, he realizes that he has found his supernatural life; and, perhaps again, perhaps for the first time, he knows that this is his *real* life, that only now is he truly and absolutely happy, only now, as Mr. Raymond says, is he 'living *deep*.'

The soldier, as Ruskin insisted, is not a man who goes out to war to kill, but a man who goes out to war prepared to die, and it is this truth that gives to war its most lasting authority. I do not think that Mr. Galsworthy is right even about the Black Death. To those who feared it and fled from it, it was indeed pure horror and ugliness, but to those who joined the Brothers of the Misericordia, who were prepared to lose their lives in order to tend the sick and bury the dead, I am sure there was a terrible, a supernatural beauty even in the plague.

We can never successfully fight war if we deny this truth. To lay stress on war's horrors, its dangers, its beastliness, its uselessness, its terrible sufferings, is good and necessary, but it is not enough, particularly with young people, who will be the soldiers of the future. It is very difficult to make young people realize horrors that they have not experienced, but those of them who are sensitive enough to appreciate the horrors may also be brave enough to be inspired by them. The courage of youth is partly ignorance, but also partly that magnificent quality in human nature, or at least in that part of humanity whose hearts are brave, which grows stronger as the odds grow heavier. Readers of Mr. Chesterton's noble *Ballad of the White Horse* do not doubt the psychological truth of the incident in which Alfred the Saxon, Mark the Roman, and Colin the Gael are inspired to make their last desperate stand against the Danish invaders by the message, 'That the sky grows darker yet, And the sea rises higher.'

We can but acknowledge that this strange losing of the natural life and finding of the supernatural *can* be found in war, but we can also point out that it is found far better in peace, that it is found less frequently in war, for there men are constantly being pulled back to their lowest natures by the terrible need of killing, or the horror and ugliness, the monotony, suffering, and exhaustion of war. It is an achievement that artists, scientists, mystics, missionaries of all kinds, all who give up their lives to the service of God, of truth, or of their fellow men, may find in their daily work. Yet for the great majority of men, who must spend their lives working for their livelihood and that of their families, who have not a great or trained religious sense, it is not easy to take that perilous passage from the natural life to the life above nature. Nothing forces them to see its truth and its validity so effectively as the sudden terrible necessity of war. Then

they *must* choose, and they find that they care for justice, for mercy, for their country, their fellow men, their homes, enough to be willing to die for them.

Still, as Mr. Galsworthy pointed out, 'men do not go to war to gratify or fulfil themselves'; they are not usually so egotistic as that. But we cannot blame them if, when their governments declare war, they grasp the chance to express their higher nature, their longing to devote self to something greater than self, with a terrible joy. I do not think, however, that the majority of men will ever try to make war, to urge their governments toward anything so conclusively proved to be disastrous to conqueror and conquered, any more than I believe they will retrogress toward the blood feuds that continued, until very recent days, in the Appalachian Mountains, where the power of the courts did not run. If we can perfect and put into action the machinery for keeping the peace and avoiding war between nations, if the governments will but in time learn, or be forced, to turn, as private individuals do, to legal means of settling a quarrel instead of organized murder, I do not think we need fear that the ordinary man will insist on war for the development of his higher nature, any more than he now insists on the blood feud or even the duel. But we who long for peace and work for peace must not forget that if we deny that man's higher nature can be expressed in war we may make the ordinary man feel that pacificists are an ignoble and blinded lot.

How then can we fight this power of war, this 'awful validity of beauty' which it has? Only, I fear, slowly and by degrees, and, as in every other reform, by increasing men's knowledge, by impressing on men's minds, till it becomes a part of their instinctive mental processes, that war is too wicked, too cruel, too wasteful to be made the vehicle of that validity and that beauty. War is too poor a cause to be *worth* dying in — one must make this ultimate sacrifice for and find that terrible beauty in peace and not in war. We must desire peace as a positive thing, not as a mere negative absence of war, but rather as a glorious war, the only war possible for civilized people, a war against slums, poverty, ignorance, cruelty, and injustice, a war in which man may, without any shame or hesitation, sacrifice his natural, selfish, greedy, ease-loving life and find the beauty, the power, and the truth of that supernatural life of love.

SELLING SHORT

The Morals and Economics of Margins

BY THOMAS NIXON CARVER

I

Of all the transactions which take place on the great stock and produce exchanges, that which is known as 'short selling' seems most mysterious. Perhaps that is why it is popularly regarded with so much suspicion. Certainly more hostile legislation is aimed at short selling than at anything else which takes place on the exchanges.

In the widest possible sense you sell short when you sell something of which you are 'short.' You are short of what you sell if you do not own it, or if you do not own as much of it as you sell. There is, however, a narrower and more specialized meaning of short selling. You are short in this special sense if you sell something which you cannot possibly deliver, or more of it than you can possibly deliver. It is this specialized form of short selling which does whatever mischief is done, and against which popular criticism, if it is discriminating, is aimed. It is useless, not to say disingenuous, to confuse the issue by trying to divert attention from this form of short selling to the other forms.

Ordinarily it would be regarded, both by popular and by expert judgment, as fraudulent to sell or contract to sell something which you cannot possibly deliver. The sharper who sells or pretends to sell the State House to a greenhorn is a short seller in this sense. It is fraudulent because, of course, he does not intend to deliver what he has sold. If haled into court he could not successfully plead that he fully intended to fulfill his contract, because everybody would know that he could not do so even if he wanted to.

There is really no comparison between this sharper and the wheat grower who sells or contracts to sell his crop before it is harvested, the tailor who contracts to sell a suit of clothes before it is made, or a factory which sells its product before it is manufactured. On the stock exchanges, however, it is possible not only to buy more than you can possibly pay for, but also to sell for immediate delivery not only what you do not own but more than you can possibly deliver. Both these feats are made possible by the highly developed system of buying and selling on margins.

II

There are two legally recognized forms of short selling on the exchanges — first, selling for future delivery, and second, selling for immediate delivery. Selling for future delivery is the prevailing form on the produce exchanges. It is called 'trading in futures.' Selling for immediate delivery is the prevailing form on the stock exchanges. Immediate delivery is commonly defined as

delivery before 2.15 P.M. on the day following the sale.

Selling for future delivery presents no real difficulty to the understanding. It will be noticed that all cases of short selling of their own products by producers are sales, or contracts to sell, for future and not for immediate delivery. One may contract to deliver at some future time a thing which he does not now possess, provided he knows that he can either produce it or buy it in time to make the delivery. Such a transaction is easily understood and excites no suspicion. Such is the case of the dairyman who sells his milk, or contracts to deliver it, at a stipulated price, long before it is produced.

The speculator on the produce exchange who contracts to sell at some future time wheat which he does not own and does not intend to grow is also a short seller. He is not quite like either the sharper or the wheat grower who sells his own crop short, though he resembles the grower more closely than the sharper. While he does not have and does not intend to grow the wheat which he has contracted to deliver, he may have reason to believe that he can fulfill his contract if the buyer wants him to. He may, when the time comes, buy wheat on the market and deliver it to the buyer and thus defraud nobody. If, however, he has contracted to deliver more wheat than he has money enough or credit enough to buy, he may find himself in a tight place. If someone should corner the market by getting control of all the wheat, and through this control should be able to dictate prices, the short seller might find it very expensive to fulfill his contract. He is in a position to be 'squeezed.' 'Squeezing the shorts' is a pleasant pastime for those who are so situated that they can thus amuse or enrich themselves. It is fair to say, however, that it is seldom successfully done.

Why is short selling almost wholly confined to the exchanges? All legally recognized forms of short selling on a large scale are limited to special classes of commodities. Such commodities are sometimes called 'fungible goods' by lawyers and other learned persons. Fungible goods are goods which are so thoroughly graded and classified as to make the units interchangeable. One unit is exactly as desirable to the buyer as any other. The buyer of such goods does not care to pick and choose, but is willing to take the specified quantity of the specified grade without inspection or choice. The buyer of wheat, for example, on the produce exchange merely specifies the number of bushels and the grade and does not care to examine the wheat in the elevator where it is stored. If he does not specify the grade, a certain grade is assumed under the rules of the board of trade. This method of trading is possible also with cotton, corn, and everything else which is traded in on the produce exchanges. It is equally possible on the stock exchange. One share of a given issue of a given corporation is exactly as good as any other share of the same issue. The seller's contract can be fulfilled by the delivery of the specified number of shares without regard to the individual shares that are delivered.

This method of trading is not possible with other classes of commodities. The buyer of a house, for example, wants a particular house. The seller cannot fulfill his contract by delivering a house of the same grade and general description. The owner of such a house may, of course, sell it for future delivery. When he does so, he is not selling short — that is, he is not selling something which he does not own. No other person would dare sell that house short, either for present or for future delivery, without first having a binding

contract from the owner. If anyone proceeded, without such a contract, to sell short a house which he did not own, the owner could squeeze that short seller to his heart's content. He could merely refuse to sell except at his own price. The short seller would have to pay that price or break his contract. The owner would, in that case, have a more effective corner on what the short seller had sold than any operator ever succeeded in getting on the produce or stock exchange. The same rule will apply to all commodities which are not sold on grade. On the great exchanges, the short seller is not limited to specific units when he delivers what he has sold. He is permitted to deliver a specific quantity made up of any units which he can get. This fact is what makes speculative short selling possible. The short seller knows that, unless someone should get a corner by acquiring the entire available supply, he can fulfill his contract. He can fulfill it by going on the market, buying the quantity which he formerly sold, and delivering it to the buyer.

A transaction in futures proceeds somewhat as follows: Two men, to whom we will attach the surnames of Buyer and Seller, strike a bargain on some day in the autumn or early winter. Seller contracts with Buyer to sell ten thousand bushels of wheat for $1.20 a bushel, agreeing to deliver the wheat in the following May. Buyer agrees to pay for the wheat when it is delivered. Seller does not have any wheat, but he has every reason to believe that he can get it in time to deliver it in May. Buyer does not want the wheat either now or in May, but he agrees to take it and to pay for it anyway. That is the form of the agreement. In form, at least, it is a valid contract. Either party can hold the other to a literal fulfillment of the agreement.

If, in May, the price of wheat should have fallen to $1.15 a bushel, Seller could then buy it at that price and deliver it to Buyer, according to the terms of the contract, receiving $1.20 a bushel, thus making a profit of five cents a bushel. If, on the other hand, the price should have risen to $1.25 in May, Seller would still be bound by his contract. He would have to buy it at $1.25 and deliver it at $1.20 a bushel, thus losing five cents a bushel or $500 on the whole deal.

Why do they do that? For the same reason that men bet on a horse race — that is, because of a difference of opinion. Each expects to make money by backing his opinion as to the course of wheat prices. Seller expects to make money because he thinks that wheat in May will sell for less than $1.20. Buyer expects to make money because he thinks that wheat in May will sell for more than $1.20. When the last of May arrives, it is easy for them to calculate which has won, and how much. Seller does not need to go to the trouble of actually buying wheat on the market and delivering it to Buyer. The loser merely hands the winner a check for the amount lost by the one and won by the other.

III

There can be no real difference of opinion as to the essential nature of a transaction of this kind. It is as definitely a gambling contract as a bet on the outcome of a horse race or a throw of dice. It must be approved or disapproved on precisely the same grounds as other forms of gambling. While it goes through the form of a purchase and sale, the participants know, and everyone else knows, that there is no more merchandising about it than there is in a crap game. The difficulty is that there are also many real sales of real grain on the exchange

which perform a real merchandising function. The form of the contract is precisely the same in the case of a gambling as in that of a merchandising contract. Only the omniscient searcher of hearts can tell, in any individual case, whether the seller really intends to deliver and the buyer to receive the grain or not. If haled into court, both buyer and seller can protest that it is a real purchase and sale, the one that he intends to receive and the other that he intends to deliver the grain. In this respect, they have a great advantage over the participants in a game of craps who are similarly haled into court. The real nature of the transaction is not determined by legal forms, but by the motives which are behind it.

This is the kind of transaction against which much proposed and some actual legislation has been aimed. The Cotton and Grain Futures Act, which was before Congress in 1926, attempted to stop it. This act would have forbidden the transmission of any message through any government or interstate agency offering to sell cotton or grain unless the sender of such message could establish his intention to make delivery. He would have been compelled to furnish an affidavit that he was either the owner or the grower of the grain or cotton offered, and that he intended to deliver it if sold.

They who have a moral aversion to betting in all its forms will naturally try to justify the purpose of such legislation even though they regard it as futile. With the moral aspects of the question we are not here concerned. It has its economic aspects, however, and they are important. Above all, it will not help the cause of reform to accuse those who participate in this form of gambling of crimes which they have not committed. It is argued, for example, by the friends of the farmer that short selling must necessarily depress the price of farm products. They point out, correctly, that every day more wheat is sold than there is in sight, and every month several times as much is sold as there is in existence. They argue that this selling of more wheat than there is in existence must necessarily depress the price of wheat.

This argument, however, is canceled by the fact that there is just as much buying as selling. Every time a bushel is sold, that same bushel is bought. If several times as much is sold as there is in existence, it is also true that several times as much is bought as there is in existence. There is exactly as much overbuying as overselling. If overselling depresses the price, overbuying should raise the price. The argument is as broad as it is long, at least in normal times. The general level of prices, over long periods of time, is not affected. The most that can possibly be said is that fluctuations are made more violent.

In fact, the argument is used in both ways. When prices are depressed, the blame is laid on the short sellers. When they are too high to suit buyers and consumers, the blame is laid on the long buyers — that is, the buyers who buy more than they can pay for or more than they expect to have delivered. When, in the early years of this century, we began to be agitated by the rising cost of living, we were frequently reminded that every day more grain and other produce were bought on the produce exchanges than there were in sight. This, rather than the increasing supply of gold, was given as the cause of high prices. Again, during the World War, inflated prices were sometimes blamed on long buying by speculators, rather than on the inflation of the currency. A more reasonable explanation in either case was that these changes in gold and the currency caused the rise in prices and

that the long buyers were merely trying to make money by betting on the rise.

Another fact to be remembered is that the short seller of to-day becomes a buyer, potentially at least, at some later date. If he intends to deliver what he has sold, he must become a real buyer when the time comes to deliver. If it is a 'wash sale,' — that is, if there is no intention to deliver, — he is at least as much of a buyer at the end of the transaction as he was a seller at the beginning. Over long periods of time, therefore, the short seller cancels himself. If he had any influence on the market when he sold, he must have a counteracting influence when he buys. In normal times, at least, these wash sales have no more influence on the market than straight and uncamouflaged betting would have. The results are just the same as though farmer Jones said to farmer Brown, 'I'll bet a dollar that wheat will sell for a dollar twenty or better in May,' and farmer Brown should reply, 'I'll bet a dollar that it will not.'

But how about abnormal situations such as a speculative boom or a panic? May not long buying accentuate the boom and short selling the panic? A boom is a time when there are few sellers at existing prices, most owners holding their stuff for a higher price; and when there are many buyers at existing prices, each non-owner being anxious to become an owner in order to sell again at a higher price. Under such conditions prices must rise enough to induce owners to sell as much as buyers will buy. A panic is just the opposite. It is a time when there are few buyers at existing prices, most potential buyers waiting for a fall of prices, and many sellers, each owner anxious to sell before the fall. Under such conditions prices must fall enough to induce buyers to buy as much as owners will sell. Even if we were to assume that which is probably not true, — namely, that long buying and short selling accentuate the ups and downs of prices, — it would seem that the long buyers were fully as much to blame as the short sellers.

It is true that at the height of a boom, when dealers are becoming a little nervous as to the stability of the price level, a sudden wave of short selling may seem to break the market. It always accompanies a sudden wave of real selling by real owners, and this is what does the mischief. Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that a combination of real selling by owners who have something to sell and of short selling by gamblers who have nothing to sell is worse than a wave of selling by owners alone, it is still possible to show that short sellers do no more harm than long buyers. Long buyers, especially those who have nominally bought more than they can pay for, — that is, have bought heavily on margins, — are a factor of instability. When prices start sharply downward, they, the long buyers, are the ones who become panicky. They must sell quickly or lose their margins — which means bankruptcy. If they had paid for what they bought, they would not be in so dangerous a position, nor would they need to be in such haste to sell. They would still own what they had bought and, whatever its value, it would be theirs. While short sellers may have something to do with starting a slump in prices, it is the long buyers on margins who make it a panic. With them it is *sauve qui peut*.

To repeat, therefore, long buyers are quite as much to blame as short sellers for anything which occurs on the exchanges.

Popular approval and disapproval, however, are not thus evenly distributed. The long buyer is more popular than the short seller, the bull than the

bear, the booster than the knocker. The reasons are psychological rather than economic. The statement attributed to George Peabody, that the man who was persistently a bear on America was headed for inevitable bankruptcy, was only an expression of confidence in America. It was not intended as a condemnation, either on economic or on moral grounds, of bearishness, nor as an approval of bullishness. The advice, attributed to the elder Morgan, 'Don't sell America short,' was a similar expression of confidence and in no sense a condemnation of short selling in general.

The short seller is, of course, a bear from the time he sells until he has bought again to deliver what he sold. He hopes that prices will go down instead of up, and he will do all he can to make them go down. He has already sold and now wants to buy at a lower price. From now on he is a potential buyer and not a seller, and therefore a bear. They who have something to sell naturally want prices to go up. They therefore hate all bears and love all bulls. But they who want to invest their money — that is, to buy things — have an equally good reason for desiring that prices should be low. They therefore have as much reason for hating bulls and loving bears as the sellers have for the opposite feeling. For some reason, however, they who have something to sell have always been the loud hawkers. Those who are looking for something to buy never make quite so much noise. Sellers manage to maintain the superiority of ballyhoo. Wherever noise counts, it is on the side of the bulls and against the bears.

Again, producers want high prices and consumers low prices. Producers therefore love the bulls and hate the bears. Consumers might be expected equally to hate the bulls and love the bears. For some strange reason, consumers are not so vocal in their likes and dislikes as are the producers. This difference shows itself in tariff controversies as well as in the relative popularity of bulls and bears. The producers who want high prices manage to make more noise than the consumers who want low prices.

The heavier barrage is maintained by those who tell people that the way to prosper is to buy and consume more than their incomes will pay for, using the installment plan, rather than by those who tell people that the way to prosper is to live within their incomes and invest the surplus wisely. Lavish buying and overconsumption tend to bull the market for the moment, though they always produce a bearish reaction later. Prudent buying and rational consumption tend to prevent a boom and are disliked by the hawkers of toy balloons, automobiles, stocks, and real estate. Of course, prudent buying means more money to spend later on, but that does not interest the present boomers. This same psychology leads to an approval of the long buyer, and a disapproval of the short seller. The man who buys more than he can possibly pay for is mistakenly supposed to be helping business.

If the short seller becomes, psychologically at least, a bear as soon as he sells short, it is equally true that a little later, in the very act of buying in order to fulfill his contract, his actions tend to bull the market. No one ever sells short unless he thinks the price is too high to last. He inevitably buys again when he thinks that the price is as low as it is likely to get. If, therefore, the short seller has any influence whatever on prices, it is to steady them — that is, to depress them when they are high, and to lift them when low.

If the long buyer has any influence

whatever on prices, it is to unsteady the market. He keeps on buying even when prices are high, and is forced to sell when they begin to fall. He is forced to sell because he buys more than he can possibly pay for. That is, he spends all his money on margins, buying more than he could buy if he paid the full price. As soon as a fall in prices starts, he is forced to sell. However, there is no clear and adequate reason for believing that either speculative short selling or speculative long buying has any influence on prices. The real sellers and buyers, who bring real wheat into the market and take it off the market, are the ones who determine prices. The others merely bet on the outcome. They may make the buying and selling a little more fast and furious, and the fluctuations of price may show themselves more promptly. Quotations may change from minute to minute, instead of from day to day, as the result of this fast and furious bidding. Aside from this, their activities have about as much effect on the course of the market as Chanticleer's crowing had on the rising of the sun.

Short selling for future delivery by real producers is sometimes a means of reducing risk. The dairyman who contracts for his milk in advance at least knows what he is going to get. One risk is eliminated. So with manufacturers and other producers who can manage to sell in advance. These, of course, all expect to deliver what they have sold. Manufacturers and shippers sometimes manage to insure themselves by selling short what they never intend to deliver. This is called 'hedging.' A miller or a cotton manufacturer who buys wheat or cotton to supply his mill runs the risk of a fall in the prices of his finished product before it is manufactured. He can insure against that by the simple device of selling short as much raw material as he has bought. No matter how the market goes, he can neither win nor lose by a change in the price of his raw material. That risk is eliminated, and he can give his mind to other things. The manufacturer can therefore insure himself by selling short in either of two ways. First, he can sell his product before it is produced; second, he can hedge — that is, sell short as much raw material as he buys. Both these forms of short selling, however, came under the general head of selling for future delivery. It is difficult to see how one can insure one's self by selling for immediate delivery.

IV

Let us now turn to the other method of short selling — namely, selling for immediate delivery as it is practised on the stock exchange. Anyone can see how it is possible to sell short for future delivery so long as one can buy the commodity in time to make the delivery. The lay mind has a little difficulty in seeing how one can sell short for immediate delivery. How can one sell and deliver at once that which he does not own? Of course he can't, but he can pretend to. We may as well admit at once that there is a good deal of subterfuge and pretense about the whole business. The rules of the stock exchange require that the seller of shares shall actually deliver them. The short seller seems to accomplish this feat through the connivance and coöperation of his broker. The broker simply borrows the stock and delivers it to the buyer. So far as the buyer is concerned, delivery has been made. He or his broker has the stock, and if he is a real buyer 'subsequent proceedings' need interest him no more. The seller, his broker, and the lender of the stock can attend to the rest of the transaction.

The process of short selling for immediate delivery proceeds somewhat as follows. Seller decides that Python Steel is selling too high. It is quoted at 98, whereas current earnings would not justify a price of more than 85. On the basis of anticipated earnings the bulls have pushed the price up. Seller decides that these anticipated earnings are only imaginary and that the market is likely soon to find it out. He therefore orders Broker to sell a hundred shares at the market price.

Since Seller has n't any Python Steel stock to deliver to Buyer, Broker must, before 2.15 the next day, borrow a hundred shares from someone and deliver them. It is Broker's business to know, among other things, where stock of all kinds can be borrowed. He succeeds in borrowing the hundred shares from Lender and delivers them to Buyer or his agent. In order to borrow them, Broker has to deposit their full price, $9800, with Lender.

This may look as though Broker had bought the hundred shares from Lender, but he has not. He has only borrowed the shares and lent Lender the money. In the first place, Broker will receive interest on the $9800 which he has deposited with Lender. In the second place, Lender can call for a return of the stock at any time by returning the $9800, and Broker can demand his $9800 at any time by returning the borrowed stock — that is, an equal number of shares of the same issue. In the third place, if the market price of the stock goes up, Broker must deposit more money with Lender, enough to cover the added value. If the market price of the stock goes down, Broker can demand a part of his money back. He only needs to keep the actual price of the stock on deposit with Lender.

In order to compensate Broker for his time and trouble, Seller must pay Broker a commission. In order to eliminate as far as possible all risk to Broker, Seller must put up a margin — say $25 a share, or $2500 altogether. This is necessary to protect Broker, because the stock may go up instead of down as Seller had expected. If the price goes up, Seller is certain to lose unless he defaults. Broker takes no chances on Seller's defaulting. That is why he requires Seller to put up a margin before taking a single step. If the price of Python Steel rises less than $25 a share, Broker is still protected by the $25 margin. If it shows signs of rising more than $25 a share, Broker demands more margin from Seller. If Seller is too slow in responding, Broker, on his own initiative, buys a hundred shares of Python Steel, hands them to Lender, and gets his $9800 back. That closes the transaction between Broker and Lender.

Broker now has to settle with Seller. If he had to pay $123 a share for Python Steel, the stock cost him $12,300. This would lose him $2500 if he were not protected by Seller's $2500 margin, which he keeps. As it is, he may lose his commission, but to guard against that he probably bought, unless he was pretty slow, before Python Steel quite reached $123.

Whenever Seller decides, on his own initiative, that it is time for him to close the deal, he merely informs Broker of his decision — that is, he orders Broker to buy 100 shares of Python Steel. Broker buys them, hands them to Lender in return for those formerly borrowed, gets back his $9800, or whatever he has deposited with Lender, and then proceeds to settle with Seller. If the price has fallen, as Seller hoped, Broker paid less than $9800, say $9000, for the shares which he bought. This leaves $800 profit on the transaction. Broker deducts his commission from this $800 and hands the balance, along

with the $2500 margin, back to Seller. If, on the other hand, the price has gone up, Broker will deduct the loss and his commission from Seller's $2500 margin, and hand the balance back to Seller. That closes the whole deal.

The whole organization of the stock exchange is so designed as to make it as easy as possible for men to gamble. The once famous Louisiana lottery was not better designed for the stupendous and lucrative business of separating fools from their money. Yet it would be absurd to say that the stock exchange is a den of thieves or a gambling hell. Much legitimate business, without which the country could not prosper, is done there. The commissions of brokers, however, are greatly swollen by the gambling which is done, and a broker would as soon have a gambler's money as any other person's. So long as it is profitable to cater to the gambling spirit, brokers may be expected not only to make it easy for men to gamble, but to lure them on. Any reform must come, if it comes at all, from the outside; but the evil is so well hidden by the good as to make reform from the outside exceedingly difficult.

The apologists for this kind of gambling sometimes try to confuse the issue by using as a blind the owner of stocks who lives a long way from New York. If he wants to sell on the New York Stock Exchange he must, of course, deliver his stock there. If he sells by wire and cannot get his stock to New York by 2.15 of the day following the sale, he is declared to be a short seller. As a matter of fact, he is nothing of the kind. No dictum of the stock exchange can make a thing true if it is not true — powerful as that organization may be. He is not selling or trying to sell something which he does not own.

The rules of the exchange require his broker, to whom he has wired his order to sell, to treat his order precisely as he would treat the order of one who was selling something which he did not own. That is, the broker must borrow enough stock in either case to make delivery by 2.15 the next day. That, however, is merely a matter of arbitrary stock-exchange rules. It does not affect the real nature of the sale in either case. The short seller who goes through the form of selling for immediate delivery what he does not own is a gambler. The owner who sells his own property which, because of distance, he cannot deliver until after 2.15 the next day is not even a short seller, much less a gambler.

It would not be impossible to plan a zoning system and permit delivery at later hours by real owners who live at a distance from New York. It would be still easier to call the seller who lives a long way off a seller for future delivery. What motive has the New York Stock Exchange, or the brokers, for doing this? None whatever. Why should they distinguish between gamblers on the one hand and real buyers and sellers on the other? A gambler's money is as good as an investor's. Why should the Wall Street crowd try to stop gambling? They have the same reason that the owners of a lottery or a gambling den have — namely, none at all. If brokers, either individually or as a whole, were to limit themselves to legitimate business with real buyers and sellers, their commissions would be much smaller than now. Unless they have moral scruples against gambling, they have no reason for thus reducing their own incomes.

The short seller on the stock exchange is in no sense a producer trying to insure himself by selling his product before it is produced or by hedging to cover a possible fall in the price of his raw material. On the other hand, he is

not to be blamed for what he does not do. His effect on market prices is negligible. He is to be judged precisely as other gamblers are to be judged, for he is nothing else. The same may be said of the long buyer who merely puts up a margin for the purpose of betting on the market and not for the purpose of buying and paying for what he buys. However, it is one thing to show that the hypothetical short seller and long buyer are gamblers. It is a different thing to say who among the multitude of buyers and sellers are real buyers and sellers and who are gamblers. The sheep and the goats all look alike.

There is a strictly economic aspect of gambling. A certain amount of human energy and intelligence is expended in gambling which might otherwise be expended in productive work. That is a distinct loss to the nation and to the world. Again, while professional gamblers, as a class, may not gain any money from one another in the long run, the losses balancing the gains, they do gain something from the inexpert — the lambs. Even if the lambs were on the average as rich as the professionals, it could be demonstrated that their losses as measured in real utility are greater than the gains to the professionals. If two men, A and B, hazard their fortunes, which we will assume to be equal, on a game of chance or a turn of the market, one will double his fortune while the other will lose his. The one who loses his fortune deprives himself and his family of the necessaries of life. The one who doubles his fortune only provides himself and his family with an equal amount of luxuries and superfluities. The loss in utility to the loser's family is really greater than the gain to the winner's family even though in dollars the gain equals the loss. The difference is accentuated if we assume, which is probably true, that the inexperienced losers — the lambs — are, on the average, less rich than the experienced or professional winners.

It is not improbable that many people are now, since the Wall Street debacle, convinced of the evils of gambling. If, perchance, it should lead many to return to the paths of economic righteousness, the panic will not be an unmitigated loss. 'The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be.'

The issue is sometimes confused by insisting that every producer is a gambler and that the farmer takes long chances whenever he plants a crop. But the chances which he takes are unavoidable incidents to the essential work of production. If nobody took such chances we should all starve. No such dire calamity would follow if no one took such chances on cards, craps, or roulette. The chances taken by those who bet on such things are not the unavoidable risks of any kind of productive enterprise. The world would be vastly worse off if no farmer were willing to take the unavoidable chances on bad weather and other disasters which he must take if he plants a crop. The world would be better off if they who gamble on nonproductive hazards would devote their time and energy to productive work and assume the unavoidable hazards of such work.

The hazards assumed by the farmer are, in this respect, like those assumed by the merchant, the manufacturer, and every other useful person. They are all unavoidable incidents to productive work. Real producers try to avoid them as much as they can by extreme care and watchfulness, and also by various forms of insurance. The insurance company avoids risk by applying the law of large numbers. It really runs no risk, or at least very little. If its calculations are accurate, it can predict with a high approximation to certainty what its income and expenditures will

be. At the same time, it relieves the individual of a great deal of risk and uncertainty. The net result of sound insurance is that the unavoidable risks of production are considerably reduced but not eliminated.

V

As suggested earlier in this article, it is the practice of buying and selling on margins, rather than that of buying long or selling short, which does whatever harm is done. One might spend his whole fortune in buying something for the sole purpose of selling it again and not bankrupt himself, if he would only buy as much as he could pay for. Even though the price should fall to half what he paid, he would still have half his fortune left. On the other hand, if he spends all his money on margins, a relatively slight fall in the price of what he bought might leave him without a cent. This is not offset by the fact that if the price goes up he gains more if he has spent all his money on margins than if he has spent it on a complete purchase. One does not gain as much in utility if he doubles his fortune as he loses if he loses his fortune. If he gains, he only gains the ability to buy luxuries and superfluities; whereas if he loses, he loses the ability to buy necessaries. He hazards necessaries on even terms against superfluities, and that is never a good bet. In terms of utility, the odds are always against the gambler, and the more he bets the more the odds are against him.

Similarly, one might sell short without endangering his solvency if he only sold as much as he could produce in time for settlement, or buy if he could not produce it. This is what is done by the producer who sells his crop short, and by the manufacturer or shipper who hedges. The short seller who puts all his money on margins is in a dangerous position. True, if he gains, he gains more in dollars — and if he loses, he loses more in dollars — by this process than by the other. But, as shown above, his losses exceed his gains if measured in utility instead of in dollars.

Buying and selling on margins is what causes so many bankruptcies in times when markets are unstable. Losses and gains there would be if men could not deal in margins, but not so many stupendous fortunes and complete bankruptcies. So long as brokers will finance buyers and sellers who want to plunge by buying or selling more than they can pay for or deliver, and so long as banks and other agencies will finance the brokers through brokers' loans, we shall probably have plungers. So long as we have plungers we shall have large winners and heavy losers. Then we shall have the mathematical certainty that the losers will lose more in utility than the winners gain, which means a net social loss.

So far as the theoretical aspects of the problem are concerned, the case is clear. The producer who sells his own product before it is produced, though technically a short seller, is not a gambler. He is trying to eliminate one hazard and to avoid gambling on one of the chances which he must take. The producer or the shipper who hedges by selling short is likewise no gambler. He is trying to eliminate another hazard and to avoid gambling on one of the chances which he must take. The owner of stock who lives at a distance from New York is neither a short seller nor a gambler when he sells his own property on the New York Exchange, even though he cannot conform to the arbitrary ruling of that exchange as to the exact time of delivery. The investor who buys stock, paying in cash only a part of the price of what he buys, intending to complete the purchase and

receive and hold the stock, is a real buyer. Though he may technically be called a long buyer, and though he runs considerable risk of a fall in the price of what he buys, still he is not a gambler in the same sense in which the ordinary long buyer is. He is a real buyer who is using his credit. All those who go through the form of buying and selling but never receive or deliver, or even intend to receive or deliver, are gamblers as clearly and definitely as though they did not even go through the form of buying and selling, but merely bet on the market, the weather, the election, or any other contingency.

The practical question, however, is quite different from the theoretical question. The practical question is what to do about it. Shall we attempt to prohibit such transactions, knowing how difficult it is to prohibit anything, or shall we let the fool killer do his perfect work? When we find, as in the case of the long buyer, that it is impossible to tell whether he is a real buyer who is paying a part of the price in cash or a gambler who is merely hazarding his margin on a change in the market with no intention of buying, we may decide that it is better not to try to prohibit long buying. The same rule may well apply to short selling for future delivery. It may not be easy to distinguish between the producer who wants to insure himself either by hedging or by selling his product before it is finished and the one who is merely hazarding his margin on the opinion that the price will fall. In all these cases the tares and the wheat look so much alike to the physical eye as to be indistinguishable. We may decide that it is best to let the tares alone, lest we uproot the wheat at the same time.

There is something to be said, on the other hand, for a repressive law merely as an expression of public disapproval, even though it is powerless to repress. That is the chief reason for laws against prostitution and some of the more furtive forms of gambling. No one pretends that these laws are well enforced, or that it would be possible to enforce them. On the other hand, it is not seriously proposed that such laws should be repealed, much less that the government should in any way reverse its attitude of disapproval.

Short selling for immediate delivery presents a somewhat clearer case, but it is not free from difficulty. The short seller could at least say, and truthfully, that he is no worse than the long buyer. He could also say, and probably he would say, falsely, that he was no worse than the producer who sells his own product for future delivery, the hedger who insures himself, or the seller of stock who lives west of Chicago. He could say a great many things which would be confusing to non-analytical minds and to minds which were not familiar with the casuistry of nullification and evasion. The issue would become as perplexing and confusing as other prohibitory laws. That being the case, perhaps the best rule to follow is *Caveat venditor.*

PENSIONS, CHARITY, AND OLD AGE

BY WALTER S. GIFFORD

I

When the Governor of New York appointed a commission to study the advisability of an old-age pension paid by the state, he stimulated the general discussion of this problem. He did more. He questioned the present system of American social work.

There has grown up in the United States a science of caring for those who for any reason cannot care for themselves. The essence of this science is that each case shall have personal and individual treatment by people trained to discriminate. Individual and discriminating attention must be supported by private funds, for the state cannot discriminate. State aid for those who cannot care for themselves must be dispensed under general rules. This is the more common method abroad, where governmental action penetrates into and regulates the activities of the people far more than here.

It is worth while, therefore, when confronted with an agitation for state old-age pensions, to inquire first just what is the condition of the aged in this prosperous country and what is now done for those who cannot care for themselves; and secondly whether, if more should be done, it could not be done by the American system of discriminating attention. If it is proved that our own system will not meet this problem, then perhaps we must accept the solution of the old-age problem that has been largely accepted abroad, where not only the economic condition but the whole conception of life is different.

The American system of social work has developed to a very high degree without being generally very well understood. It is not usually realized how much it differs from the governmental pensions, charities, and doles in many parts of Europe, nor how much it differs from the common practice in the United States fifty years ago. Even a considerable number of the people who actually support it do not thoroughly understand the philosophy on which it is based.

'What per cent of the money that is given to charity actually reaches the poor?'

This is a rather common question even among people who support charities fairly generously. Yet it indicates a lack of understanding of the revolution which has occurred in charitable work in the last fifty years, for the ambition of American charity, which is obviously still far from realized, is so to arrange matters that relief doled out in the form of money will seldom be needed.

The object of the anti-tuberculosis campaigns is to prevent the spread of the disease and, where that fails, to catch the cases early and arrest them so that the patient can go on with more or less normal activities. When all else fails it may become necessary to give money to patients in whom the disease has gone so far that they cannot work. But the amount of money given patients would be rather the measure of

the failure of the main part of the campaign than a test of the effectiveness of anti-tuberculosis work.

I have also heard people ask the question in another form: 'What is the percentage of overhead in the expenses of societies engaged in caring for the poor?'

The answer is to the same effect. The more overhead the better, if the job is successful. That is, of course, if in overhead are classed all expenditures except the money that reaches the poor in cash.

'Do you mean to say,' the skeptical ask, 'that it is a good job when it costs $75,000 in welfare workers' salaries and in rent to give away $25,000?' Of course not, and the $75,000 would not be spent in giving away the $25,000. The $75,000 would be spent in showing poor families how to get on a self-supporting basis and helping them to get there, which is the aim of modern charity. And, again, the $25,000, as necessary as it might be, would be an indication more of the failure of the society's main object than of its success.

II

There are in modern society, as there have always been, misfits and incompetents, who, even in a country as prosperous in general as the United States is, cannot make a living. For them to live, someone has to supplement their efforts with money. There are a great many others, however, who are misfits where they are or incompetent in what they are trying to do, but who nevertheless can fit in somewhere and take care of themselves to their own benefit and society's if they find the right opportunity.

Even among the aged who for one reason or another come to the charitable societies a surprising number can be aided so that their own efforts alone or supplemented by help from their relatives will put them on their feet.

Generally speaking, up to fifty years ago the *laissez faire* doctrine was held concerning poverty as well as business. Each family was supposed to look out for itself and, if it failed, to take the consequences, mitigated by what its members could expect as alms. And that philosophy still gives the greatest incentive and self-respect to those who succeed. But the penalty paid by those who fail is very terrible. The main object of modern social work is to prevent as many failures as possible.

Modern social work owes this conception largely to Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. As a member of a committee of the State Board of Charities, Mrs. Lowell presented a report in 1881 for the New York City members of the Board. The report was based on a careful study of charitable work in the city. This review of the situation 'led to the irresistible conclusion' that there was at that time 'inevitably great waste of energy, effort, and money owing to the want of coöperation among the societies which administer the charities of New York City,' while the same cause operated 'to encourage among the poor pauperism and degradation.' The State Board of Charities authorized the New York City commissioners 'to take such steps as they may deem wise to inaugurate a system of mutual help and coöperation among the societies engaged in teaching and relieving the poor of the city in their own homes.'

At this time the organizing of charity was in the minds of many. Societies, more or less like the London society, had been formed, — the first in Buffalo, — and by the end of 1881 there were twenty. The committee of the State Board appointed a committee on the organization of charities in the

City of New York, of which Mrs. Lowell was a member. This committee prepared the constitution of the Charity Organization Society and established it in February 1882.

The first object of the Society was 'to form a centre of intercommunication between the various churches and charitable agencies in the city, to foster harmonious coöperation between them, and to check the evils of the overlapping of relief.' Another object was 'to promote the general welfare of the poor by social and sanitary reforms and the inculcation of habits of providence and self-dependence.' From the beginning the emphasis was put upon the careful, sympathetic study of the character and conditions affecting each person referred to the Society for help, to the end that such persons should become independent, self-supporting, and useful citizens. One of the first efforts was to register all applicants for relief, in order that they might not be subjected to the interference of numerous agencies and might not be exposed to the danger of becoming habitual beggars. This was a new emphasis, as was that of the necessity of recognizing that each human being had his own character, his own trials, temptations, and aptitudes, and that it was only by careful study of each person in the light of all his past and of his friends and relations that a wise plan could be made for his betterment.

Among the earliest members of the committees of the Society were Mr. Robert W. De Forest and the late Mr. Otto T. Bannard, who, as young men, thus became intimate friends and associates of Mrs. Lowell and with her developed the philosophy and practice of the Society, Mr. De Forest becoming president a few years later and Mr. Bannard vice president.

Since that time there have been established family-welfare agencies in practically every large city in the United States. The same general philosophy permeates them all. They are, moreover, loosely allied in a national organization which has annual conventions at which common problems and experiences are discussed. Moreover, there is in general a working agreement covering most of the United States, so that if a family that has been under the care of the Family Welfare Society in Boston moves to St. Louis and asks for aid there, the St. Louis Provident Association can get from the Family Welfare Society in Boston the facts in the case. This accomplishes two ends. It helps prevent families who make a profession of trying to impose on charitable agencies from succeeding, and, more important, it aids in helping families that can be helped.

One hundred and ninety-six of these family-case-work societies which reported their income and expenditures to the American Association spent about $13,300,000 in 1927. These societies form the backbone, in a sense, of modern American social effort. However, in number they are but a small percentage of the charitable organizations in the country. The Directory of Social Work for Baltimore and Maryland lists about 1200 agencies, but it includes county and state agencies and, so far as practicable, all agencies in the state. In the Directory of Social Agencies of Boston there are about 1200 agencies, but they include some of the City of New York because these are helpful to Boston people, just as the Baltimore Directory includes New York agencies because they are helpful to Maryland people. In New York the Directory of Social Agencies contains about 1800 agencies.

This represents an amazing and, I believe, unequaled outpouring of voluntary good will. It is a phenomenon

unknown to most ancient civilizations and not altogether common in the world at present. The voluntary organizations devoted to the maintenance and improvement of our civilization are necessary just as business and government are necessary; they constitute an essential element in the warp and woof of the fabric of our particular kind of civilization. They are for the benefit of all classes of society, and include organizations for beautifying towns, often chiefly for the benefit of the well-to-do, museums for the rich as well as the poor, and welfare societies that help the poor to adjust themselves to their environment, as well as endeavor to improve that environment.

III

Our kind of government, universal education, great natural resources, and our enterprising people have made us politically stable and economically prosperous. How much have these voluntary efforts had to do with making the United States a better place to live in and its inhabitants contented and able to function more nearly to the limit of their capacities? And, in particular, how much has the increasingly scientific and effective care of the poor reduced the percentage of human discards from our complicated civilization and reduced the social infection that spreads from large masses of human failures in whom dissatisfaction with society, government, and the world in general is inherent?

A mathematical answer to this question I believe is impossible, as it is with most human problems, but I believe that anyone who looks a little under the surface into modern social work will agree that it is one of the essential elements of American life.

If our social-welfare activities were suddenly abolished, the immediate and serious discontent that would arise would convince those who now give little money, and less time and thought, to this part of our life that it is a part that has to be attended to.

To this some answer: 'All right, I'll give my part, but I don't want my mail cluttered up with constant appeals for this, that, and the other charity. As a business man, I know that this is wasteful. Why don't all these charities get together and save overhead?'

When the different vacuum-cleaner people, automobile sales agents, magazine publishers, hotels, hairdressers, and others stop cluttering up the mail of the busy man or woman, the charity societies will probably quit also, and for the same reason — that it does not pay. Until that time, if the charities stop, the hairdressers and grape-juice venders will get the money and the charities will not.

There is no painless way to give money for one who does not want to give it. The truth is, the really 'hard-boiled' folk do not mind the appeals. It is those people who instinctively recognize that they owe something to these voluntary activities of society who mind them. They are confused by the number and uncertain as to which is the most deserving of their support. But it is a part of our life to have to find out how to decide this question, just as it is part of our life to have to decide which kind of ice machine or radio we are going to buy.

In collectivist, socialist, communist countries all these decisions of life are made for the individual. This is 'the culture of making all things easy,' to which Keyserling devotes an interesting chapter in *Creative Understanding*. As he points out, it is not a creative but a 'liquidating' culture. Nor is it a culture for an individualistic society. In a growing, individualistic country the

individual makes these decisions for himself.

Nor would the simple formula of merger be certain to save overhead or improve the services of the welfare societies. These societies are working with individual human elements each one of which has to be handled differently. There is no standardized method of quantity production possible. Each group of social workers will need the same amount of supervision whatever the scope of the organization they are in, and the bulk of the work is done in units of reasonably efficient size. Of course there are small societies, some perhaps too small to be economically run, just as there are small businesses of that kind. In both fields many of the small enterprises die, and in both fields the small enterprises provide men, women, and ideas essential to their respective fields. There are, of course, combinations and mergers going on among the welfare organizations as there are in business, but the wisdom of such unions depends upon the particular circumstances covering each case. There is no general rule that consolidation is necessarily good in the social field unless one is a believer in the unification of all social work, which would almost inevitably put it in the hands of the state and necessitate its being supported by taxation. The results of this are almost certain to be a reduction of its flexibility and an increase in the number of paid workers.

During the war, the financial necessities of welfare work were greatly increased, and as an emergency measure the community-chest idea — that is, the collection of all the money for all the charities in a given city in one grand drive — spread rapidly over the country. After the money had been collected the directors of the community chest divided it among the different charities. Everything during war time gets to be more or less autocratic, and the method of collection for the community chests was no exception — people were given quotas and pretty nearly forced by public pressure to pay their assignments. When the war and its emotional state were over, the community chests naturally mitigated the pressure they had exercised on individual givers, and there has followed an interesting experiment to see whether one central body can raise the money for all the charities of a city in sufficient quantities, and, having raised it, distribute it satisfactorily to the different agencies. The welfare chests have a national organization which endeavors to find the solution of the problems that arise out of this form of financing.

The community chest, being confined primarily to the raising of money, saves the time and effort of the lay or non-paid and non-technical part of the welfare agencies, for it is the lay members of these organizations rather than the professional members who raise money. The fact that the lay members have raised the money has given them the control of the policies of the societies and has also led them to scrutinize with considerable care the actual spending of the money they raised. In doing this they have learned much of actual conditions from the paid staffs. The close coöperation of these two groups has been of great benefit to both. The professional workers, accustomed to seeing mainly the unsuccessful in life, and the lay members, accustomed generally to seeing the successful side of life, form exceedingly good correctives to each other. Whether the same amount of interest can be maintained permanently among the lay members of a society whose budget — and, therefore, whose policy — is circumscribed by the decisions of a community chest is one of the problems

that this form of financing has raised.

It is, of course, most desirable that the maximum lay interest be maintained in all these societies, for without that — although motivated by high ideals of service and guided by technical experience — they would tend to become out of touch with the time and tide of the public mood.

IV

There are fundamentally only two methods of attending to those who in our society cannot and do not attend to themselves successfully without help. One is by government action supported by taxation. The other is by the voluntary action of people interested enough to devote time and money to this part of American life. The Federal Government, the states, counties, and cities, already do part of this work, just as Government conducts such business as road building, handling the mails, and so on. However, I believe it is as sound a principle in welfare work as it is in other activities that in America governmental agencies should do nothing that other agencies can and will do. And I believe that we have to find out where that line is to be drawn in America from American experience. That the state performs certain welfare functions in the Scandinavian countries and Germany is not a valid argument that the state should perform those functions here, for neither the people nor the conditions are the same. We have an American method of voluntary action for meeting the welfare needs of our people that is in keeping with our social and political philosophy and in many respects has been so successful that students from our schools of social work are drafted to all parts of the world. While we should learn all we can from the experience of other countries, the problem before us is not one of changing to some other system based on European experience, but of continuing to develop our own method.

The test of the voluntary method, of course, is the volunteers. The business man is becoming more and more the dominant element in American economic life. The question, then, is how much will business men give of their time, thought, influence, and money to the support of welfare work. I mean business men in their personal capacities, not acting for business corporations. The corporations have the obligation to their employees to fix their wages, conditions of work, and the like, so as to create as few human failures as possible, but the best that these activities can accomplish is to lessen the problem. How far the business man participates as an individual is the real test of the matter.

If business men generally should adopt the view that welfare work was no concern of theirs, the organizations which have done so much to keep American society healthy at the bottom would fail. But there is no likelihood of such a catastrophe. These societies are gaining each year. They will go on; but do they get the participation by business men generally to make them as effective as they should be? At present I am rather inclined to doubt it, but I am quite certain that there will be a growing participation in the future. I base this upon the maturing philosophy of American business.

American business does not accord the largest respect to those who confine themselves entirely to material success. Business success accompanied by voluntary public services — either for the government or in education, charity, or any one of a number of other activities for the public benefit — is accorded more distinction than business success alone. Mr. Alexander

Legge, who gave up the presidency of the International Harvester Company to serve as Chairman of the Federal Farm Board, is a fine example. Mr. Rosenwald, a wise philanthropist and successful merchant, is a more successful American than if he had been a merchant only, even if in that activity he had been still more successful than he has been.

John S. Kennedy perpetuated his memory by the gift and the endowment of the United Charities Building in New York far more than by his success as a banker. Frederick H. Goff of Cleveland developed a Community Foundation, a method of amassing gifts for charity and using them for the best purpose, which has been followed by other cities. He will be known as the founder of the Community Trust when his work as lawyer and banker is forgotten. Adolph Lewisohn is known for his life work for prison reform and other charities by many who will never know of his contribution to the material development of this country.

In boom times and in new businesses many men amass large wealth without a large philosophy to accompany it. They set out with a fortune as a goal and, having achieved it, are somewhat at a loss to know how to make life worth while. Beyond a certain amount, the material things which the money will buy are subject to the law of rapidly diminishing returns in human satisfaction. To gain more than the community's respect for business ability, a man must give something more than that to the community. The philosophy of the business world now asks for more than financial success before it will accord high honor in respect and esteem. This fact means that a growing number of the leading men in the business world have a maturer personal philosophy than the naïve belief that through the accumulation of wealth alone a satisfactory life can be achieved. It even goes further than this. The belief that a man can devote to business all his energies from the time he begins to work until he is fifty or sixty and then devote himself to the working out of his dreams of what he will do after he quits business — this, too, is losing ground. It becomes more and more apparent that unless a man starts these activities while he is still in business and fairly young, he rarely has the ability to achieve much of value to the community or to himself in their pursuit.

The growing conception of a more mature philosophy of life among business men is the chief reason for assurance of their increasing activity in the voluntary welfare and charitable work of the country, and one of the main reasons for believing in the continued growth and improvement of that distinctively American method of meeting the needs of the country.

The agitation for state old-age pensions brings in concrete form the question whether the people of the United States wish to solve the old-age problem along the lines of their own development or to abandon this field to governmental action which must of necessity confine itself practically to the dispensing of funds on a non-discriminating basis.

SANDS OF THE SAHARA

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE man with the Wanderlust upon him is forever turning up in unexpected and out-of-the-way places throughout the length and breadth of the world. Rarely he knows, seldom he cares, how or why he got there; but, nine times out of ten, it has been a map which has put him on the trail. He spots a place; it rouses his imagination; he starts building castles in the air. A whim becomes an idea; an idea a possibility; a possibility a plan; and three months later the harassed relations of this will-o'-the-wisp are glued to a map. 'Where on earth is the place where Owen wrote his last letter from?'

I had a partner as much a will-o'-the-wisp as myself. Captain Richard Crofton and I met in London last October. Both of us had plans for a winter in Africa, he to shoot big game in Southern Sudan, I to follow the Nile from Egypt to its source in Victoria Nyanza and thence to make a circular trip — Kenya, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, and Angola — to the Atlantic at Lobito Bay. I showed him my route on a large-scale map of Africa. He listened politely; and I then asked him, as politely, how he proposed to get home from the Sudan. My inquiry provoked a flash of real inspiration. 'I've got a car for my shooting trip; I'll be finished in March, and then I thought of driving across to the Niger, and then' — a slight shrug of the shoulders — 'I was thinking of the Sahara.' A pause. 'I wish you could come too; it will be terrible fun.'

I picked up the pencil which five minutes before had been piloting me through Mozambique, Rhodesia, and Portuguese Angola. It moved slowly from Rejaf across the Nile Congo Divide into Belgian Congo and then northwest, across rivers which the pencil positively leapt, into French Equatoria and up to Lake Chad. 'That is a place I have always wanted to see.' The pencil proceeded inexorably across Northern Nigeria, to the Niger and toward Timbuctoo. 'Is n't there some motor-bus service which goes across the Sahara?' Captain Crofton had details at his finger tips. 'Well,' I said, 'if they do cross the Sahara, there must be some sort of track.' The pencil by this time was nearly at Algiers. Captain Crofton, who is an Irishman, knew that he was dealing with another Irishman as impulsive as himself. 'I do wish you would come too; it will be terrible fun.'

And that is really all the plans we made. Five months later we met at Rejaf, the southernmost Nile station in the Sudan; and I found our traveling team completed by the addition of one Mohamed Boon, a fifty-year-old Swahili cook from Zanzibar, who had learned the ways of the wilds in the bad old days when elephant could be poached with impunity in the forests of Northern Kenya. The car turned out to be a ten-hundredweight, twenty-horsepower commercial lorry, small, unadapted for tropical travel — in

fact, the sort of grocer's van which brings tea and sugar, bacon and bread, to respectable householders in any country town. We proposed to live on the country for food and petrol; but, as the first garage on our route was 700 and the second 2500 miles on, we took a good supply of spare parts. In a word, we set out to travel as travelers and not as an expedition.

On March 13 — an ill-omened date which made us, as Irishmen, touch wood all day until the dawn of the fourteenth broke — we left the Nile behind us and set our faces west. On April 13 we rolled into Gao on the Niger, wiser, thinner, and keener than ever. And behind us lay the 3500-mile route which my pencil had marked six months earlier. We had seen the jungle and the Negroid paganism of the Northern Congo. We had crossed northwest into French Equatoria, and, as we dropped into the great basin of the Shari which flows into Lake Chad, Islam had met us from the north and we were once again able to use Arabic as a buying medium for eggs at twenty for two cents, and chickens at a dime apiece. In Northern Nigeria and French Sudan we had fringed the southern desolation of the Sahara. And ahead of us lay the 850 waterless miles of desert which we must cross before civilization would be refound at Reggan, the southernmost oasis of Algiers.

Mohamed had long ceased to know or to care where he was; and he could not understand our trip. We had had adventures by field and river, mountain and vale; we had suffered discomforts of heat, of vermin, and of bad water. 'Are you not rich? Why, if you have money, do you travel thus, like sons of poverty, when you could as easily reach your homes by the steamers of the sea and the railways of comfort?'

Mohamed is an Arab. He spoke the common-sense language of the Arab. But he was not grumbling. With the passivity of his race, he was now one of an efficient team. We and he had learned to stand long days on the road, fourteen hours on a stretch, over surfaces like bits of crocodile leather, doing, if we were lucky, ten miles an hour. We could pitch camp in a quarter of an hour and change a tire in ten minutes. And we were as hard as leather. We needed to be. For the only easement on the driving seat was a very thinly padded straw cushion covered with American cloth as hard and slippery as a skating rink.

Into the bargain, both Captain Crofton and I had, each of us in our own way, accomplished something. Captain Crofton had seen and explored a game country which few have ever penetrated. I had learned that there is a Trans-African Highway from Nile to Niger, and had had the interest and romance of studying Negroes and Arabs, paganism and Islam, in kaleidoscope.

II

Once at Gao, however, we were finished with thinking about other things and other people. With the Sahara ahead of us, our job was to think for ourselves. Like the chicken which crosses the road, our real object in crossing the Sahara was to get to the other side. It was a short cut and a cheap cut home, and we had on us the last-lap restlessness which possesses every traveler at the end of his journey. But we were also seriously preoccupied. The day before we reached Gao, we had met our first serious sand, overflowing from the Sahara and the north right across our track; and three times we had been hopelessly sand-bogged in great red shifting sand hills. True,

there had been convenient natives to push us out, and a convenient Niger to replenish our radiator which in the sand boiled away its water about every three miles. But one thing which we did know of the Sahara — and we knew little else — was that it was made of sand, that it was waterless, and that it was uninhabited.

We recounted our sand experiences to the people of Gao and asked such of them as claimed — and nearly all of them did claim — to have first-hand knowledge of Sahara conditions ahead for comments on our prospects. In the light of subsequent events, we now know that Gao is entirely populated by a type of person who is best described in the title of a French magazine, *Je sais tout.* And the Gao 'I know everything' had a marvelous dramatic power of investing his inaccuracies with a wealth of convincing detail. Our friends shrugged their French shoulders over the narrowness of our tires; but the reason why our wheels had sunk in the sand was really only that we were grossly overloaded. We must lighten the car drastically; for there were difficulties of sand and surface over the first 250 miles of our journey. 'But, messieurs, after that you will find a billiard table (*billard*) where you can roll along as fast as you like to Reggan. Good luck and a pleasant journey!'

Our route lay roughly along the Greenwich meridian; our guide was to be the ruts of the six-wheel, double-drive, thick-tired Juggernaut motor buses which during the three winter months ply fortnightly between Gao and Reggan; our confidence lay in the prospect of the promised *billard* and in the knowledge of our lightened load.

April the sixteenth dawned; we put out our lights and saw monotonous thorn-scrub country rolling ahead into a dusty horizon. But the grocer's van, with great light-heartedness, carried two long drifts where cattle, camels, goats, and sheep had churned the sand into a morass round two hard-worked wells; the engine did not boil; and after seven hours' running we sighted Tabancourt, the last post and the last well to the north in French Niger Province and 130 miles out of Gao.

We were warmly welcomed by a lonely *sous-officier* from Marseilles, who rolled his *r*'s in true 'Rrrrue de la Canebièrrre' style; he showed us all over the tiny fort, which might have been taken straight out of Major Percival Wren's *Beau Geste;* and over lunch he talked to us of his life in the 'Brousse' and the 'Bled' just as others in other countries will speak of the Bush and the Far West. Of conditions ahead he knew nothing. But Tabancourt was an oasis of friendliness and the entire garrison of thirty — Senegalese, Hausas, Fellatahs, and Bornuese, all as black as pitch — saw us off with '*Bonne chance! Bon voyage!*'

III

That afternoon we met the difficulties of which we had been warned in Gao, and for two hours were embarked in a policy of rush-and-rush-again tactics, through grim miles of sand drifts. They were succeeded by a new and even more unpleasant type of country, a vast undulation of closely plotted grass hummocks through which progress was a veritable torture. There was a track, but so cut by the wheels of the Juggernauts that we took a line of our own. Now one wheel would tilt us thirty degrees to the right, now the other would nearly capsize us to the left; the grocer's van lurched and bumped, creaked and boiled; our progress sank to a dismal five miles an hour; our necks wobbled and ached as

we skidded and bounced on our now threadbare straw cushion.

And at last Nemesis descended upon us. Foolishly — it was my suggestion — we left the Scylla of the grass hummocks and fell into the Charybdis of the road. The car ran through its three gears in as many yards and subsided, a mass of mechanical inanition, with sand up to its axles. It was four operations before we had extricated ourselves, and each of these operations was a battle in itself. First, with our hands (for we had no spade) we dug the sand away — Mohamed and I under the wheels, Captain Crofton under the axle. The jack slowly raised the wheels one by one from the sand. Mohamed and I put a floor board under each and sacks on top of them and as far along the track as they would go; and then we were ready to move. Captain Crofton took the driver's seat; Mohamed and I crouched behind the tailboard. As the bottom gear engaged, he raised his hand and we, under the tailboard, lifted and pushed like Burmese elephants. The wheels whirred, and if, happily, they engaged in the sacks, the car took a lurch forward; Mohamed and I redoubled our efforts to give it enough impetus on the sacks to carry it out of the worst of the sand to a place where the surface was sound. And so *ad nauseam*. We never got out in less than two, and often it was six operations before we were free; and we came to talk of sand-bogging in terms of the golf green. It was 'out in one' or 'two' or 'three.'

Mohamed was a great colleague behind the tailboard. As a 'true believer,' he did not rely only on brawn and sinew. As we crouched, awaiting Captain Crofton's signal, I would hear deep-chested '*Bismillahs*' ('In the name of God'). And when the Almighty answered his prayers and we were at last clear, he would raise his two hands to the sky: '*El hamdul'lillah*' ('The praise is to God').

Our excursion into Charybdis had involved us in four such operations; the sun was low; we were weary, and we opted for our first desert camp — 185 miles north of Gao. It was our first night in the desert, in a stillness which, even to us, despite our long traveling, was awesome; and it was our first night without beds. My old bones, especially my thigh bones, found the ground impossibly hard. The moon went down; Orion circled slowly overhead; I waited, wide-eyed, for the dawn. It came at last, and I rose without regret and told Captain Crofton that I had not slept a wink. Dawn is always a bad moment. 'You woke me up with your snoring. You should try lying on your side.'

We broke camp, and as soon as it was light we rumbled off again into the same grass-hummocked land as we had experienced overnight, and the sun, which the day before had been slightly overcast, shone from seven o'clock with pitiless force. We boiled and boiled again. And then we were given one of those unworthy but none the less pleasant reactions which every now and then betray the frailty of human nature. At 7.30 we met one of the Juggernaut motor buses derelict with a broken differential. It had wireless, and help and spare parts were coming from the north; it had thick tires, six wheels, and a double drive. But it could not move. We could. And as we drew our little van up beside it we felt an ignoble glow of satisfaction and a superiority complex which was vastly soothing.

But pride goes before a fall. The Juggernaut faded behind us into the mirage and ahead of us opened a country more open, less hummocky, but a worse torment than anything we had previously experienced. Its sur-

face, for all its smiling promise, was but a pie crust into which our narrow tires, with our still considerable load above them, cut ruts six and nine inches deep. We were thrice sand-bogged; and in this apparently bottomless sand mere digging and pushing were not enough. Before the car would make any show of extricating itself, everything had to be off-loaded. Eventually, thus lightened, it would consent to skate away over the pie crust; but it was always fifty, often a hundred, yards before Captain Crofton could find some solid ground on which it was safe to halt. And then three weary men had to manhandle everything in broiling heat across a hundred yards of soft sand before we should be ready to start off again.

IV

We halted at noon. In seven hours we had only covered sixty-eight miles. A sand storm which had been raging for three hours had become a tearing tornado, beating against the curtains of our grocer's van, in which we cowered and tried and failed to sleep; and our food was beastly, hot and full of grit. We could not move till the sun had gone down. The horizon had disappeared in a haze of flying sand. North, south, east, and west the maddening monotony of the same pie crust, broken only by a few stunted flat-topped thorn bushes; the only shelter or shade in the lee of the grocer's van. It was a desolation of noise — the noise of tiny particles of sand scurrying before the storm over the uneven flatness around us, or pattering like hail against the car. It was a place where everything seemed dead, where death was triumphing in an exultation of noise, as though gloating over the impending doom of three dejected mortals.

We racked our brains for inspiration how to escape, how to avoid further sand-boggings; and then we remembered that Mohamed and I together weighed three hundred pounds. And out of that weighty conclusion emerged the gentle art of 'lorry-hopping.' On the slightest sign of faltering in the car, Mohamed and I were to get into the 'alert position.' If and when the car had to go down to second gear, we were to 'prepare to jump'; if and when bottom gear was called upon, we were to jump and rush behind the tail-board and push as though all the devils of Hell were behind us. Happily, it is possible to translate into Arabic 'devils of Hell.' Mohamed roared with laughter and became an expert lorry-hopper.

And it worked. At five we packed and were off again, and for an hour we lorry-hopped and lorry-hopped over gravel-strewn sand which literally quaked under us. For mile after mile we cut deep ribbons in the sand. But we did not stick. And then conditions almost abruptly changed. As the short African twilight merged into darkness, we found ourselves literally bowling along a fine surface, and we were leaving no ruts. Could it be that we had struck at last the 'billiard table' promised us by the Gao folk? By eight o'clock we had forty-five miles behind us; and, as we discussed some bully beef and tinned grapefruit, washed down with real black Irish tea, we talked of an all-night drive till nine o'clock next morning, and the possibility of being in Reggan in two days.

Night driving is an odd thing in the desert. We had dipped our lights so as to be alert for pitfalls, and they threw a short beam of whiteness into an inky gloom which blotted out all indication of the country we passed through. Every now and then there were short patches of rough sand; but until midnight it was fine going on a hard road, and by one in the morning we had 180

miles credited to us for the day's run.

But the last hour had been less satisfactory. Mohamed and I had had to lorry-jump twice; we found it suddenly difficult to pick up the track after surmounting the sand drifts, which seemed to be more and more frequent; we had to swerve and swerve again when a hole appeared right under the nose of our bonnet. Eventually, we made the miscalculation which every night driver inevitably makes; and before Mohamed and I were behind the tailboard we were hopelessly stuck. After an hour and a half of digging and pushing, we were at last 'out in six,' completely exhausted and with thoughts only of sleep. But we were by no means depressed; for were we not now on the *billard*, and could we not look forward to miles and miles of good going on the morrow?

V

Dawn, when it came, dispelled all our hopes. Ahead of us the track twisted and turned, rose and fell, through a sandscape of treacherous whitish drifts and stretches of slabby shale sometimes white, sometimes a purplish blue. On we went, sideslipping and swerving over a surface which was no surface and where the sound places where our engine could rest and cool were few and very far between. And further to complicate our situation, the sand storm again began to blow shortly after 7 A.M. We were sand-bogged twice; progress was a torture; the track became worse rather than better.

At half-past eight we found a momentary resting place on the crest of a sand hill over which the storm roared and swirled. Ahead of us lay an eight-mile valley of surging waves of shale and drift which seemed almost to move as we watched and wondered how on earth we, with our narrow tires, were to get across to the other side. We filled up the radiator and were off, and even going down the hill it was second speed — a rush, a swerve, a check to steady the engine; then another rush, a bump, a tear through a drift, and a pant up a tiny slope into which our wheels sunk one third of the way up their axles. Then we were on the flat, twisting through a grim crop of dirty yellow hummocky grass. We lurched and bumped; we lorry-hopped only to lorry-hop again in another twenty yards. It was like walking in ordinary boots on mud. And as we advanced, we saw the slope out of the valley. A long rampart of pale orange sand seemed to block our way for all time.

It was perhaps the most depressing of all the depressing views which we had on our journey. There was only one thing to be done — Mohamed and I would walk, and Captain Crofton, on his own, must make a dash and trust to luck. He drove off; and I confess that I had the feeling that I had just seen the departure of a forlorn hope. I could not watch, and turned my face to the south, and there I stood, for what seemed an age — to be suddenly disturbed from thoughts which are unprintable by a loud cry from Mohamed: '*Allah Karim!*' ('God is merciful!')

I turned. The poor old grocer's van was almost at the top of the crest. It took a desperate swerve; collected itself like the nice old body it had proved itself to be; positively leapt on to a small stretch of red stone outcrop; gained on it an access of speed as its wheels met firm ground; and, just as a well-trained hunter tops an Irish bank, disappeared over the crest of the hill. Such was our excitement that Mohamed and I ran all the way after it; and then again disillusion faced us. The poor little van stood firm

on a slope of shale; but ahead of us to the north yawned what appeared to us to be a far worse valley. It was nine o'clock; the engine was boiling like a geyser, and despite the fact that we could not be on a more exposed spot we halted for the day.

And then we made an appalling discovery. Somewhere behind us we had dropped our crank. The effect was as though a doctor had told me that one of my lungs was gone. The other lung of a car is the self-starter. It alone remained — a creature of whims, a delicate bit of machinery liable at all times to dislocation. And for us dislocation would mean disaster. For in sand such as we now knew, never should we, on our own, be able to push the car into activity. We had to decide whether to go back and look for the missing handle or to risk the self-starter over the remaining 450 miles to Reggan. We looked back into the teeth of the storm. We had no idea where in that grim landscape of swirling sand our poor old crank lay. Probably it was already deeply buried. We might find it. We might not. Anyhow, time would be lost, and time with our limited water supply was all-important. 'We'll risk it!'

We retired preoccupied into the rumble of the car; we could not sleep; we hated our food; for the next eight hours we had only our thoughts to distract us. And think we did. And from our thoughts emerged yet another resolution. Lorry-hopping was not enough; we were still impossibly overloaded; the crank was gone. We must pay a bigger price for some certainty of progress on our road. We had combed out our gear at Gao; now we must jettison ruthlessly. Our decision had a curiously quietening effect on our nerves. We felt that we were up against Nature in her angriest mood — storm, heat, and sand — and that somehow we must propitiate her; and, since we were Irish, propitiation must be in the form of penance, of sacrifice.

When the time came, at five o'clock, to repack, we laid out, almost reverently, on the sand a red woolen blanket, which I had bought in Khartoum. On it we threw pell-mell: a ten-guinea rifle; three spare springs; an axle; all our spare parts except absolute essentials; our medical stores; a few books and an unregretted assortment of very inferior personal raiment. And then we dropped down the valley. As the crest of the hill disappeared behind a contour of sand hill, I saw, silhouetted against the southern sky, a pyre nearly three feet high which probably was covered by the sand storm during the night. There it will remain for all time, or until some explorer of the future, discovering it, wonders where are the bones of the men who were the central figures in this tragedy.

To our surprise, and entirely owing to Captain Crofton's brilliant driving, we surmounted that valley without a stick; but it in its turn faded behind us only to open up more horrors ahead. And in them we stuck and stuck again — it was as though our sacrifice was of no avail. By seven o'clock we had only covered five miles; at half-past nine, four miles farther on, we literally fell into a hole out of which it took us two and a half hours to extricate the car. And then we looked at the speedometer: that day we had covered only thirty-four miles. But in our fatigue we really hardly realized the seriousness of this poor run; all we wanted was sleep. We put the car on a safe bit of ground, took out sacks and laid them on the sand. I, for one, was fast asleep before I had had even time to pull my overcoat over my bare knees.

VI

There is a saying somewhere in the Scriptures that the Almighty will not try the endurance of us humans beyond that which we are able to endure, and will in the end provide some means of escape. So it was with us. This dawn, the fourth which we had seen since leaving Gao, brought us hope. The country was still grim and undulating; but the undulations were wider and the track ahead of us less deeply furrowed with ruts, and therefore harder. We were obsessed with the inevitability of sand-bogging; it made driving anxious work; but on we went mile after mile; we were not bogged; our spirits revived, and by eight o'clock we had covered forty miles without incident.

We halted in the middle of a rolling depression to fill up with water, when suddenly, over the top of a crest to the north, appeared first one lorry and then another. This was the breakdown gang which had been sent from Reggan to repair the derelict Juggernaut which we had passed two days before to the south. They were as surprised to see us as we to see them; and there was something so odd that no words of mine can convey its oddness to be one of six Europeans standing in the midst of nowhere talking calmly of roads and petrol consumption and water. They gave us some water, which was good of them; but they carried away from the meeting a most gloomy impression of our condition. What we looked like I know not, save that I had a four days' beard; but when that evening they reached the broken-down car they wirelessed from it to Gao that they had met two half-mad Englishmen, who looked as if they were dying, and — an arrant inaccuracy — that their car was sunk up to its axle in sand, out of which the two might or might not extricate themselves.

That meeting marked the turning point in our fortunes. They went south; we went north and in ten miles were on the Tannesruft, the desert of deserts, abhorred by all Arabs, until recently unexplored, but hard and good going. But Nature was still against us. Across a flatness which was absolutely unbroken, yet another sand storm hurled itself at sixty and seventy miles an hour; our engine boiled despite the goodness of the going, and when we found that it was necessary to fill up once every five miles we decided to halt for the day.

As cows turn their sterns to the rain, we turned our tailboard into the teeth of the storm; we unloaded everything and made a barricade under the back axle. Mohamed lay there and slept; we retired into the rumble to pass the time as best we could. We slept little because, owing to the terrific heat, we had to keep our topees on our heads; and the presence of a topee balanced across the bridge of the nose is not conducive to slumber. But during the morning's run I had invented a receipt for bread and milk. We had brought with us from Gao some French rolls which by this time were as hard as bricks. I got out a hammer and broke one into comparatively small morsels, threw the result into the kettle, poured on it some water, and, to use the phraseology of the cookery book, 'left to soak for four hours.' At one o'clock it was reduced to quite a malleable mush, and on the top of it we decanted the contents of a small tin of condensed milk; we then 'added sugar to taste, stirred well, and served in two tin mugs.'

But there were still three hours of utter boredom to pass before the sun was low enough to allow us to be off again. And three hours was a long time in a heat which defies description, in a scenery which was no scenery, and

in a leisure which had nothing to relieve it except the depressing reading of the only book which had survived our pyre — *Hints on How to Mend the Car in Cases of Emergency.*

We packed for the road at five o'clock; the storm had completely died away and I stood away from the car to take a photograph. I have taken photographs in mid-ocean. The result is a line of horizon dividing sky and sea. So was it with my photograph; save that the car stood a pathetic blot of shade in a brown-gray flatness. There was no incident of scenery, no hills, no undulations. There was no life or signs of life — not a blade of grass or a stick of wood; no shelter and no shade save that given and cast by the grocer's van. And in this 'Erewhon' where even the inspiration of a Butler would have failed I looked at our gallant car and all I could think of was a child's bucket left derelict on a seashore where the sea was a mirage and the shore an emptiness of sand — an unbroken flatness such as I have only seen on the face of the moon when it is full. And all in a silence so tense and so impressive after the storm that even Mohamed talked in a half-tone.

But the self-starter still worked. In the cooling day we made fine progress hour after hour along the remaining hundred miles of the Tannesruft plateau. We met sand, but surmounted it, and though the three successive sand storms had obliterated all ordinary tracks we had to guide us the recent ruts of the lorries we had met in the morning. But after midnight, when we began to meet the sand drifts which the prevailing north wind had heaped up against the long slope down from the plateau, even they had disappeared for long stretches as a result of the morning's storm. We would surmount a drift to find no traces of them on the other side. Then it would be an anxious range right and left until they again emerged deep and welcome in the glare of our lights.

These moments were nerve-racking. And we started being sand-bogged again. Twice we were held up for the best part of an hour, once with a long off-load and on-load and the fatigue of a hundred yards' carry of petrol, water, and food, which was now all the load we had left. But we moved, and when the moon went down at four o'clock we had another thirty miles behind us, and when at six the sun rose we had the knowledge from our speedometer that we had gone over two thirds of the way, and that Reggan could now be talked of in terms of possibility. ('Touch wood,' we added hastily.) And talk we did; talk of everything and anything; and the reason why we talked was not that we had anything to talk about, but because if we did not talk we went to sleep. But when the sun was up we saw ahead of us a road which was far better than we had expected; and Captain Crofton, who had driven for ten out of the last twelve hours, settled down on the hard American cushion and slept soundly at my side; while I, for an hour, drove zigzagging along what was, happily, a good surface, falling asleep seven times, to wake up each time with that uncomfortable jar which accompanies a return to consciousness and responsibility after a moment of illicit relaxation.

By nine o'clock it was hot, and the car began to boil; but we would have pushed on, despite the heat, had it not been that suddenly and without warning there was a whirring in the bonnet — as it might have been a spasm in a grandfather's clock. It was the first whimper the car had given, but it was such a loud whimper that we had the horrible fear of disaster to the self-starter. We halted, examined, and found nothing amiss. We went on

again. There was another whirring, another halt, another agony of suspense; but the self-starter still worked. Another whirr, another halt, and then we saw the figures of our speedometer spinning like a teetotum. The degree of our relief cannot be translated into words. Speedometers have nothing to do with the engine. We disconnected ours and thereby lost all contact with distance. But that mattered comparatively little. Two days before, our only watch had succumbed to an excess of sand in its 'innards,' so that we were already out of contact with time. But the self-starter was still working.

VII

That day, our fifth midday halt, passed blankly in a blank scenery of sand and nothing but sand, rolling away to a horizon streaked with mirage. We had more bread and milk and more grapefruit, and before we left in the evening we each had a tin of bully beef; and with the same feeling that the cross-country runner has when he sees the straight leading up to the winning post, we were off an hour before sundown, heading due north for the last 150 miles into Reggan.

We intended to drive all night, but we did not know then that the section of the road which lay before us was actually the worst of all. For an hour or two the going held good, and then we were in a type of going which can best be described in three degrees of badness. When it was bad it was as though we were ploughing over eight thicknesses of best eiderdown quilt; when it was worse the sand was of the consistency of powdered chalk, and as we churned our way through it our narrow wheels would throw up clouds of chalky dust which, in the beam of our dipped lights, looked exactly like powdered snow. When it was impossible it was a combination of the bad and the worse, with the further complication that there seemed to be no bottom to the quaking surface through which our narrow wheels churned ruts sometimes a foot deep.

On we went, zigzagging and swerving into the gloom ahead of the beam of our lights. We never knew what was coming next; we found ourselves in long twisting descents into gullies, rounding spurs at an angle of thirty degrees, and then sideslipping ten and sometimes fifteen yards into drifts. Three times we did not surmount by lorry-hopping. At two o'clock — or as near as we could calculate the hour by the moon — we were at the end of our strength, not knowing where we were or how much farther we had to go, and afraid to go on lest sleep at the wheel should at this eleventh hour involve us in total disaster.

So we slept where the car rested, a heavy sleep — so heavy, indeed, that for the first time on the journey the sun was up over the rim of the horizon before we had opened our eyes. But when we looked out we saw the goal of our pilgrimage. For the horizon was no longer a flat streak of nothingness, but an indented outline of hills which were not sand hills. They were the northern rim of the Sahara; and somewhere in them we knew that Reggan lay. It was near and yet so far. Ahead of us lay a Slough of Despond, as tortured and as full of ruts as is a motor parking field at a race meeting on a rainy day; and the only way our narrow wheels could surmount these ruts was by pursuing an S course, zigzagging across them rather than running the risk of being engulfed in them.

At last we topped a rise and through our glasses we saw a white something in the hills which we guessed was a house and Reggan. Mohamed saw it first; and he saw it just after we had been

badly bogged, and were all feeling rather desperate. He raised his hands to heaven. 'God has brought us out of the desert; He will bring us out of this soup.' The house slowly defined itself, a big square fortlike building. Soon we made out detail of its shape, the angle of the wall where its sunlit and shadowed faces met. Another two miles on, over another rise, and beneath the fort the oasis itself, a patch of green that crystallized into a grove of feathery palms. And the sight of green after the dirty grays and the insipid browns of the desert behind us was reaction so violent that we shouted with excitement.

And now we could drive on a landmark, and that landmark meant all that we had lacked since Gao — life, water, shade, and shelter. Then we saw a man. He was an Arab. He looked at us curiously, and Mohamed, now quite beyond himself, shouted, '*Sabbagh el kheir!*' ('The top of the morning to you!') We were no longer lonely men in lonely places; we were leaving the Desert of Deserts, climbing out of it. A rough slope led under the palms. A flock of pigeons wheeled high and noisily into the blue sky. And at last, at 7.30 on Sunday morning, April 21, we drew up in front of the fort at Reggan. The tricolor of France was flying in the southerly breeze; beside it towered a wireless mast. We were back in civilization.

But when the twin gates of the fort opened and there streamed out to meet us a handful of French military officers, mechanics, and wireless experts, the garrison of this tiny outpost of empire, we were greeted as spirits returned from the grave. For the wireless had brought them news of the two half-mad moribund Englishmen who had been last seen up to their axles in sand; and orders had already been written for an expedition to our rescue. But, in fact, we were neither spirits nor madmen who had thus created a flutter in the dovecotes of Reggan. Nor were we lame ducks. Thanks to the self-starter, we had survived; thanks to Captain Crofton's brilliant driving, we had still ten days' supply of water to drink in case we had been lost, enough petrol to have carried us another 150 miles, and a starvation diet of food for ten days. But until we left, our friendly French hosts in Reggan persisted in regarding our crossing as a joke.

Mohamed has never seen the joke. He bore with us the long tiring days of our 1100-mile run north to Algiers; he smiled with us as desert gradually yielded to cultivation; he welcomed the more frequent oases, the superior comfort of hotels as compared with resthouses, the smoother roads, and the companionship of coreligionists when we stopped for the night. He was interested in the railhead at Djelfa, in the wonderful Swiss-like gorge of the Blida River, and in the luxuriance of the intense cultivation on the coastal plain. Then, to us, it was 'Thalassa, thalassa!' — the Mediterranean, and home in ten days. To him it was but another problem as to where we were going to take him next.

What he feared, I know not; but I do know that he would only have been distressed, not surprised, had we said that our next halt was the moon. He thought — and in his Sudan village where he is now the great raconteur he still thinks — that we were mad. And the stories which he is telling to-day round the evening fire outside his cottage are stories which have no beginning or end, no geography or sequence. As such they will be passed down from father to son; and Mohamed will always be the hero who brought the two mad 'Inglizi' in and out of a great unknown somewhere to the west of the setting sun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TALE OF A KEG

I REALIZE that in writing against the abolition of prohibition I am placing myself in opposition to the best thinkers of our nation, and that I am aligning myself with such unsavory persons as self-constituted Boards of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Morals, but certain hitherto neglected considerations led me to take this stand.

In the first place, prohibition is completely in accord with our most cherished traditions. What could be more thoroughly American than the theory of state aid to successful industries? When patriotic citizens like Andrew Mellon and Senator Moses stand firmly in defense of the theory of protection for the large capitalist, what right has the less wealthy and therefore less intelligent man to contradict them? Our last national election and our present Congressional tariff revision both indicate clearly the complete acceptance of this doctrine of aid to healthy industry.

And does not prohibition have the same relation to the alcoholic industry that tariff has to the aluminum or to the steel industry? That the liquor business is a large and successful one, no one will deny. In Philadelphia alone it had over $10,000,000 in the banks. Think what an industry like that means to the community! One needs only to look at the opposite picture.

Farming has long been moribund. Look at the communities that depend on this industry — see the bank failures, the lawyers without clients, and the merchants overwhelmed with uncollectible accounts. A weak industry like that is a menace to the whole nation, whereas a strong one like Mr. Insull's power trust, or the brewing business, brings prosperity and happiness to thousands.

In New York City alone there are said to be 32,000 saloons and speak-easies. Each one of these employs several persons. Think of the thousands of prosperous families, of the well-dressed children in school, all supported by this great industry.

Now picture the condition of this business if the support of the government in the form of the Eighteenth Amendment were removed. It is universally admitted that the liquor business had been going downhill for a long time before a thoughtful government stepped in to aid it. It was hampered by taxes, by rules and regulations about closing hours, about selling liquor to minors, and so forth. The latter branch of the industry alone has grown by leaps and bounds since the removal of hampering legislation. Formerly prices were too low to permit just profits, but now prohibition, like the tariff, has brought high prices and prosperity.

This prosperity is in turn reflected in other phases of our national life. The modern 'bootician' drives a high-priced motor car. This has in turn benefited the automobile industry; figures show that more cars are sold now than ever before. He builds an expensive house, with the consequent aid to the building profession.

Another article in our American creed is that successful industry which has been aided by the government

should in turn lend its support to its benefactor. Fair play is ever the keynote of our actions in the United States. Witness the contributions of Mr. Sinclair to the Republican campaign funds. (And is not money given to the Republican Party in reality money donated to the government? It was no less a person than Mr. Coolidge who implied in his discussion of the critics of his Nicaraguan policy that the ruling party is the government.) Mr. Mellon himself has always been most open-handed with the party that has done so much for his industries.

Yet what industry has been most lavish with its purse to government officials and party campaign chests? Is it not the liquor business past and present? It even goes so far as to add to the emoluments of large numbers of police officers. This most necessary group of men has always been notoriously underpaid, yet it remained for the business man to remedy this defect. Recent surveys in Philadelphia and other large cities have revealed the great extent of the benefactions of the alcohol producers and merchants for the protection of the public. And yet with what a modest air it has all been done! The bartender has not posed as a philanthropist — he of all benefactors has obeyed the injunction, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

And, as usual, other groups have profited by the prosperity of one. Policemen have opened large bank accounts, bought motor cars, and built homes. They are no longer a sore spot in our economic structure, like teachers or postmen.

A third article in our American creed is the preservation of the home. We have blocked every un-American effort toward socialistic schemes, like old-age pensions, that might destroy the solidarity of the home. For what is more beautiful than the picture of the younger members of the family supporting those worn out by years in the industrial world? Mr. Hoover in his campaign addresses continually dwelt upon the sanctity of the home, and the way in which modern conveniences were preserving it. Yet what single agency in recent years has drawn the family together like a well-stocked cellar? No longer does the father leave his family in the evening, to seek out some public retreat. Instead he remains within the wholesome atmosphere of his family, sharing his pleasures with them. No more does the son need to leave home to have his drink with low persons in a corner saloon. Rather he brings his school friends with him to share his cup and fireside.

To-day, when so much of the old coöperative spirit of the family has been destroyed by modern economic conditions, one pauses with pleasure over the picture of the whole family working together in the kitchen, brewing cheer for the days to come. Mother tends the kettle while Father works the siphon, and Brother John reads the directions to him. Even little Willie has a part; he can run to the store for more yeast, or help to bring bottles up from the cellar. And in this cheery atmosphere of mutual helpfulness Willie gets the rudiments of an art that will be useful in later life. What at the time seems like play to him is in reality education.

Can anyone contemplate such a picture and then suggest that we destroy the foundation of it all? Can we doubt that if prohibition were to go our home life would go, too? If those reformers who pose as intellectuals, and advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, would take these matters into consideration, I feel certain they would pause in their rash course. For in advocating such a step they are striking

directly at three articles of the American creed: government aid to successful industry, industry's support of government, and the sanctity of the American home. Once we realize this, does it not seem probable that such persons are in the pay of some hostile government, perhaps Russia? We do not like to believe that true Americans would strike at the very heart of our nation — its prosperity.

Freshmen

Entering college comparatively late in life has its disadvantages. The boy who goes there directly from his preparation has the exhilarating experience of a new freedom, a release from the stop-watch regulations of school or from close parental supervision. The man who resumes his formal education after a lapse of years not only misses this, but actually surrenders a good deal of what has passed for freedom (if the interval has been spent in working for a living) when he engages to live under administrative rules designed for students a half-dozen or more years younger than he.

There are, however, offsetting advantages. The most obvious, that of bringing a more mature mind to college work, is pointed out *ad tædium*. But there are two benefits, not foretold to the writer, which came as a pleasant surprise. One is the likelihood of being frequently mistaken for a proctor in the dining hall, and served with an individual portion of heavy cream for the breakfast cereal, instead of sharing the communal milk pitcher. This advantage needs no comment. The other concealed asset is the belated undergraduate's privilege of being in, but not of, the world of freshmen. A difference in age of six or seven years, a trifle among oldsters, is a yawning chasm in the teens and twenties. Whether he wishes it or not, it puts the older student into a position of detached observation among those with whom he eats, sleeps, and studies.

Having lived during pre-college days in a university town on the Pacific Coast, the writer is led to believe that there are at least two kinds of freshmen, the general variety and Harvard freshmen. There may be others.

At a state university the September crop brings in two general types, describable as City and Country. One comes from a large city high school, and has 'gone collegiate' long before he steps into a college hall. He is well posted on matters of clothes, night clubs, liquor, women, and similar extra-curricular activities. The boy from the crossroads high school has all this to learn, though he is not lacking in what might be called fundamental sophistication. His training has been as complete as the automobile and small-town dances can make it. In many cases he has sown a greater acreage of eighteen-year-old wild oats than the city product. But when he comes to college he enters a probationary period during which this training must be translated into terms of tuxedos, taxis, city hotels, and fraternity affairs. This is rather quickly accomplished. Before the end of the freshman year the only great divisions are those of the fraternity men and the 'non-orgs,' and this continues for the remaining three years.

The incoming class at Harvard presents a puzzling variety of types. The preliminary general division would be that of preparatory-school and high-school graduates. But closer observation shows that these lines are often ignored by other groupings. The large rural representation at the state university does not seem to exist at Harvard. The facilities afforded by the city of San Francisco for amusement

and entertainment awe and fascinate a great number of new arrivals at the University of California, across the bay; while Boston means very little to boys who come to Cambridge from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Cleveland. Similarly, the fraternity cleavage does not exist in the Harvard freshman class, because of the upper-class status of Harvard clubs, and the workings of the Freshman Dormitory plan, devised with the opposite effect in view.

But of course there are typical divisions into which the first-year men at Harvard readily fall, and to this observer the following five stand out: Silver Spooners, Athletes, Æsthetes, Ohioans, and Grubbers.

The Silver Spooners are further divided into those whose mouth held at birth a spoon of solid silver and those whose spoon was only plated. The first are a rather congenial lot. Secure in their positions, they have nothing to fear from tossing careless 'hello's' about to anyone. A number engage in activities, and some even study. The majority simply enjoy life. They have come to college because men in their group always have. With the help of God and the Widow most of them get a degree.

The Plated Silver Spooners lead more strenuous lives, because they are under the constant strain of having to buttress their positions. They may engage in the conventional activities, the exact choice being determined by the available contacts, or they may make 'climbing' their sole activity. Lacking the secure footing of their Solid Silver brethren, they must of course be more cautious, and cannot take such chances as speaking to a student waiter.

In some cases it is difficult to tell a Plated from a Solid Silver Spooner. Here is a good test: if a Silver Spooner is engaged in an activity necessitating personal soliciting, and his friendly greetings to *all* potential customers disappear the minute competitions are closed, his spoon is likely to be plated.

The Athletes, while a definite species, increase the difficulty of this attempt at classification because they cut across the lines of other varieties. Silver Spooners are represented, with democratizing effect even on Plateds. They must fight with all comers for places on teams; college athletic activity, like the mediæval Church, opens a career to talent of lowly birth. In general, a Soldiers' Field aspirant becomes first an Athlete and only second a Silver Spooner, or a Grubber, or whatever the case may be.

Athletes are as a rule hearty and likable chaps, because, I suppose, like Solid Silver Spooners, their position is so secure that they can afford to be. They are engaged in the most awe-inspiring undergraduate activity, and are respected accordingly, whatever their democratic indiscretions may be. They cannot afford, of course, to let too much studying interfere with their major interest, though this is probably less true at Harvard than at any other American college.

Æsthetes, like Athletes, invade other classifications, but unlike them they do not bring forth a type, for individuality is the battle cry of æsthetes in general, and especially the freshman Æsthete. It is impossible to describe a typical member of this group; there is no such thing. Let it be said that if you ever meet one you will recognize him instantly. Some express themselves by writing poetry for harried English instructors. Nearly all are devoted to one or more of the Fine Arts. Some add to their thirst for culture a hunger for social justice, and join the Liberal Club or take courses in Social Ethics.

Æsthetes are not very numerous,

but they make up for it in earnestness. Two or three of them conversing in the dining hall can make a whole tableful of lesser mortals cringe with the conviction of their own ignorance.

The paraphrase, 'East is East and West is West, but the Middle West is terrible,' does great injustice to the fourth group of Harvard freshmen, the only one which I have classified geographically. They come from any place in that vast section bounded on the East by the Alleghanies and on the West by the Rockies, but their favorite habitat seems to be the good old president-producing state of Ohio.

Better than any other group this one can be described by a typical member. He probably comes from a high school in a small but pro perous city. Normally destined for the state university, or perhaps a sectarian institution, he develops talents in school that bring the choice around to Harvard, despite some question of doctrinal soundness on the banks of the Charles. Arrived in Cambridge, he is a bit perturbed to learn that his prominence in high-school activities means very little there. When the reason becomes clear he makes a fierce resolve to join the Harvard Club the minute he is graduated, and to send his sons to Exeter.

But he is likely to be a serious youth whose chief interest really is his studies. He generally lands on the Dean's List at the first Midyears, and stays there until he carries off his *cum laude*. He is not only a likable boy, but the one who gives University Hall least trouble.

One quality which the Ohioan may lack is color, and that is supplied in superabundance by the Grubbers. Here is the most interesting lot in college, the boys who are hanging on by the skin of their teeth; whose great problem is to satisfy both the Dean and the Bursar. Most of them earn their way by the ready-to-hand work available, that of waiting on table, but the complete list of their spare-time occupations is almost limitless. It may be read in the proud reports of the Student Employment Office of any college in the country.

'Bright college days' is a meaningless phrase to your true Grubber. College to him is a serious business, the value of which he has probably precalculated in dollars and cents, over the horrified protests of every educator in the world. But he can't be blamed. Unless gifted with a little more than ordinary mental facility, the boy who is earning all or nearly all of his way has a hard time of it. He becomes something of a cynic. It could hardly be otherwise. A normal American boy who must act as servant to other normal American boys cannot help taking on thought once in a while, exposed as he is to bits of conversation about cars and week-ends and summer jaunts to Europe.

But Grubbers have their joys, cynics though they may be. Each course passed and each term bill met is a new accomplishment, and the joy of accomplishment is traditionally assumed to be the greatest.

Perhaps the ideal college of the future will be the one in which, without upsetting the normal balance, there may be just a little averaging up for Grubbers and Silver Spooners. If a jaded Silver Spooner would like to enjoy a new experience, it is a pity that he cannot know the peculiar sensation of wondering how a term bill mailed to him on the twelfth is going to be met on the thirteenth. And if a Grubber feels like following a mere whim, whether to buy a new suit or to go on a terrific 'bender,' he ought once in a while to have the privilege of doing so without counting the cost.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Larson, Duke of Mongolia, tells in this number how a Swedish missionary became a Mongolian Duke. Ovid's metamorphoses — as we remember them — can do no more. For this entertaining story we are indebted to the *Atlantic's* old friend, Mrs. Nora Waln, who, starting from her home in Peking, has wandered far and wide, making friends with people of all classes. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** motors at home with the zest which most travelers reserve for foreign parts. California is the Paradise where good motorists go, — that we know, — but we have never seen the native appeal of its civilization more happily presented. Δ Much we all owe to the Guggenheim Foundation, which had the foresight to pick **Leslie Hotson** as one of its Fellows resident in London. **Thomas Boyd,** the well-known author of *Mad Anthony Wayne,* makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic.*

A. Edward Newton journeyed from Philadelphia to Jerusalem to some purpose. **Dr. Alexander Irvine** is recovering from a serious illness. Stricken in Russia with not a moment to lose, he flew to an operating table in London in the very nick of time. His extraordinary autobiography, from which these chapters are borrowed, will shortly be published under the *Atlantic* imprint by Little, Brown, and Company. Δ Poetry, O ye critics, is not dead nor sleeping while such sonnets as these seven by **E. L.** are felt and written. **Mrs. Risley's** book, of which this is a chapter, will shortly appear. **Bernhard Ostrolenk** is on the staff of the New York Times *Annalist.* The genesis of the article is shown in this quotation from a letter of Mr. Ostrolenk: —

Some years ago the McFadden Bill permitted limited branch banking in cities, but this did not cope with the situation, and there has sprung up a surreptitious backdoor branch banking under the name of chain banking. Six thousand banks in the United States are to-day in chain groups, controlled by holding companies, and, while within the law, outside the intent of the law. The holding companies are not subject to supervision; duplicate liability as a principle is nullified; and juggling of discount paper may be carried on. The chain bank is an economic necessity to catch up with a changing industry in the small town in view of the prohibition of branch banking. My article intends to show that branch banking should be the national policy.

C. B. Pike's experience in country banking is just as he has described it. **William A. Croffut** knew Washington in the '60's in and out, top and bottom. **Charles David Abbott** sends us from Buffalo this happy picture of an undraped holiday. **Harriet Keen Roberts** has long been a resident of England. **Thomas Nixon Carver** is professor of economics at Harvard University. **Walter S. Gifford** is the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. **Captain Owen Tweedy** is an Irish traveler who never permits his comforts to interfere with his adventures.

One pretty story calls another forth. It would be hard to find a neater example than this in collateral confirmation of A. W. Smith's delectable tale of 'A Bountiful Providence.'

BAYONNE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The story, 'A Bountiful Providence,' in the December *Atlantic,* recalled an incident told to me by a nun of the Dominican Order in Illinois.

It seems the nuns had a cow, but, the poor decrepit animal having passed to the green pastures where all 'contented' cows go, they wondered how they would replace it. The Community having made a novena without the desired result, one of the nuns decided to make a sketch of a cow and place it at the base of the statue of Saint Joseph so that he would know what they wanted, but the drawing — which was a very good likeness of a cat — was the source of great amusement among the nuns. A few days later, two neighbors who were going abroad brought a cat to the convent for the

nuns to care for during their absence. When the sister who answered the doorbell saw the cat, she giggled like a schoolgirl, and of course the neighbors were at a loss to understand the reason for the sudden outburst. They were finally able to discover the cause of the merriment, and — being good sports — bought the nuns a cow.

MARGARET GLEASON

The Reverend Mr. Parrish's 'Pastorale' stirred many reflections. We dare say that ever since there has been a jangling in many readers' minds of that titillating quotation: 'Oh, the bells of Hell go *Ting*-a-ling-ling.' This from Mr. W. P. Stephens of Bayside, Long Island, reminds us of the outcome of the controversy referred to therein between Dr. Stephen H. Tyng (not Ting) and the Reverend Doctors Boggs and Stubbs. 'Somewhere,' writes Mr. Stephens, 'among my literary junk I have an epic which was written to celebrate this event, which for the time convulsed the church circles of New York and New Jersey. Some lines still remain in my memory.'

Oh, say, Brother Stubbs, have you heard all this talk
Of a horrid Low-Churchman who's coming from York,
And who vows that next Sunday he'll preach without gown
In the Methodist meetinghouse here in our town?

Then the bishop he delves, and the bishop he grubs,
And by dint of assistance from Boggs and from Stubbs
The Canon is dug from the rubbish which chokes
Its rusty old muzzle, and loud are the jokes
Which its obsolete pattern and narrow, straight bore
Evoke from the crowd which is waiting its roar.

'The Bells of Hell' stands alone as a unique production; I know nothing to compare with it among war songs from 'Malbrouck' to 'Tipperary.' I have always looked on it as a spontaneous product of war which brought horrors never before imagined; perhaps some of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* can say whether this is the fact, or whether it was really the outcome of a petty squabble over religious canons?

W. P. STEPHENS

Many readers will enjoy the placidity and deep content of the following reflections of a minister's wife on Mr. Parrish's thesis.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It happened that I read Mr. Parrish's article in the November *Atlantic* on the fortieth anniversary of my marriage. All day I had only had happy memories of my life as a parson's wife, and when in the evening I read this account of a clergyman's life it was like a crashing discord in the harmony of the years that had gone. I wish he had not written as he did. The trouble is that much that he says is true, brutally true, but there are so many things which he might have said which would have altered the tone of the article entirely.

As I look back I seldom remember the sordid financial side of the life in the three small-town parishes of which my husband had charge. If there is such a thing as an average parish, this would describe them, — nothing remarkable about them one way or the other, — but I am sure that our family life in these towns was far happier and more contented than that of most of our well-to-do neighbors. The reason was that my husband had not chosen the life of a parish priest for what he could get out of it, but for what he could put into it. He did not expect to find an efficient business corporation of which he was to be the manager, but a group of ordinary men, women, and children whom he could help to know God better and with whom he could sympathize in joy and sorrow. I am sure he never regretted his choice of a calling, and that he took the disappointments and vexations as a part of the day's work. Most true pastors are too busy with their spiritual responsibilities to undertake the financial work of the parish.

Aside from the satisfaction which comes from having a share in the great task our Lord left for His Church to do, there are so many compensations in the life of a clergyman's family which outweigh all its possible discomforts, and which outsiders seldom realize. Chief among these are the friendships which grow out of it — the kind of friendships which are much more rare in secular life. I am sure those whose lives have been spent in a clerical household will testify to the truth of this and will recall many other features of the life which make it a very happy one.

I fear Mr. Parrish's article may discourage young men from offering themselves for the ministry, for fear of its discomforts and deprivations. Those who seek it for social or financial gain need not apply, but for those who desire to consecrate their lives to the service of God and their fellow men no happier calling can be found.

GERTRUDE L. PHELPS

Captain Garland Rotch's story quickened many a pulse. In the writer of this letter it stirred the depths of remembrance.

December 13, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read 'Wreck and Rescue' with mingled feelings of admiration for the author and sadness over the loss of Captain James Daniels of the steamship *Admiral Clark*.

In June 1916, I chartered the *Admiral Clark* from my friend, Herbert F. Alexander, President of the Pacific Steamship Company.

Captain Daniels was an unusually fine young man and I shall never forget the reluctance with which he embarked on this, his last voyage. He lingered around my office until the last moment before sailing, and if anyone ever had a premonition of death, it was he.

With many officers and sailors in and out of my office during those busy days of the Great War, I have no recollection of having met Garland Rotch, but from my personal experience I know his account of this disaster must be true.

Real acts of heroism and personal suffering could not be recorded under the agonizing conditions in which the officers labored while their ship was being destroyed in the vortex of a tropical hurricane. A mountainous sea, water rising in the hold, loose cargo, crippled engines, no food, no hope, boats gone — all combined, impossible to describe.

I congratulate the *Atlantic* for including 'Wreck and Rescue' in the December issue. I have written Captain Rotch, hoping to meet him personally in the near future.

MARCUS H. TRACY

The pebble which Count Keyserling threw into deep water has evoked ever-widening circles of interest. Elende, Cuma, Angola, Africa, is now heard from.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We in West Africa wish to thank Count Keyserling for a new criterion by which we may judge civilization and barbarism.

In the September *Atlantic*, in the article, 'Genius Loci,' we read that 'cleanliness is not a sign of culture, but of utter barbarism'; that the 'symbiosis, and not the conflict, between microbes and man' is the thing to be desired. Judged by this standard, we are able to rank the Bantu very high in the scale of civilization. For the variety of his microbes and their harmonious 'collaboration' I am sure he is not to be excelled. His metabolism, too, is excellent! At last we greet the Bantu on 'the plane of true civilization'!

ELISABETH LOGAN ENNIS

We are in receipt of the following letter from the Greek Legation in Washington.

November 30, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reference is made in Mr. Stanley Casson's 'Balkanomania' to the unfortunate incident of the capture by outlaws in Epirus of two political leaders of Greece, and the author states: 'It was then discovered by the authorities that the brigands were but the employees of a limited-liability company whose headquarters were in Janina, the directors being the mayor, the local chief of police . . .' He also says that 'unkind tongues' suggested that one of the captured either was 'one of the principal shareholders or he had made an arrangement of fifty-fifty with the brigands — for his ransom was paid by his grandmother!'

You would be interested to know that the brigands above referred to were apprehended and that their trial took place a few months ago; that it was a public trial and that during it nothing substantiating the above accounts of collusion developed.

It is self-evident that Mr. Casson was either misled or misinformed as to the facts in the case, and, through the publication of this article, has unwittingly become the medium of the vilification of the character and honor of innocent persons standing high in the political and social life of the Greek nation.

Respectfully yours,

A. ANNINOS

Chargé d'Affaires of Greece

Ever since the publication of 'A Collection for the Indigent,' the *Atlantic's* society of amateur etymologists has grown apace. The organization is gradually acquiring an authority which it is learning to dispense — but with dignity. Will some of our members, then, give us the appropriate reply to Lawrence Veiller's query?

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am moved to invoke your aid to solve the mystery of the expression 'all hunky-dory.' Here is a new quest for your pioneering spirit.

And, while they are about that, will members kindly let us know why a bundle of sticks should be particularly cross? Æsop, so nurse used to tell us, taught that there was strength in a bundle of sticks, but where did Mother Goose get her expression?

One of the few professional members of the association, Professor N. C. Starr of

Colgate University, comments learnedly on our previous dissertation.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was much interested to read 'A Collection for the Indigent' in the Contributors' Club of the November *Atlantic*. The author's enthusiasm is infectious. Might I venture, however, to disagree with him on one or two points? First, as to the phrase 'to the bitter end.' It is perfectly true that the expression was used by sailors in a technical sense. I am in some doubt, however, whether this is the true origin. Certainly the end of any adventure — of life itself — may be bitter. In the case of Socrates, there is no doubt about it. And do the Proverbs (v. 7) not say, of the Strange Woman, that 'her end is bitter as wormwood'? I should like also to suggest that the author is misleading in his derivation of the word 'bitter.' He maintains that it is a corruption of 'better' (a variant occurring in *Robinson Crusoe*), which, he says, refers to the end of a cable wound on a windlass drum. It is obvious, however, that 'bitter' here is used in reference to the ship's 'bitts,' upright posts, usually in pairs, to which the end of the anchor cable may be made fast. Captain John Smith, in his *Sea Grammar* (1627), makes the matter clear. 'A Bitter,' he says, 'is but the turne of a Cable about the Bitts, and veare it out by little and little. And the Bitters end is that part of the Cable doth stay within boord.'

As to minding one's 'P's & Q's.' The expression seems to have been current before the time when the French *émigré* admonished his children in dancing school to be careful of their 'pieds et queues.' Mrs. Cowley, in her play, *Who's the Dupe* (1779), says: 'You must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you.' One possible explanation of the term is that in learning their alphabet children found difficulty in differentiating between the tailed letters, *p* and *q*. This, on the whole, seems a more logical derivation than the one which depends on the assumption made by some scholars that 'pees' here are coats (Chaucer's 'courtepy,' modern 'pea-jacket') and that 'cues' are pigtails.

And while we are talking of 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' please tell us when first were pleasant things found 'crummy,' and why should sound rum have fallen to the low estate of a 'rum go' or 'rummy' togs? And who first gave the inspiriting cry, 'Atta boy!'

Those who remember Mrs. Norman's 'Try the Spirits' in the December issue will be interested in the following testimony.

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Try the Spirits' was most interesting to us because we find superstitions even in this comparatively recently settled region. Long's Peak in Estes Park has become a personality to many of the people who live within its shadow, and they forecast the weather from its aspects in much the same way the folks of Sleepy Hollow predicted fair or foul weather by the Catskills.

Because the superstitions are of a sinister nature, tourists visiting the Park seldom hear of them. If a crow or crows fly over silently, trouble has passed by without harm; but if a crow screams as the flock passes, death or disaster will visit the house over which it flew. To support this statement they will tell you that last spring a flock of crows, two of which were screaming, flew up and down the valley between Long's Peak and Twin Sisters but not over a particular house. At the time the people of the region said, 'Two disasters.' During the summer a forest fire destroyed 54,000 acres of timber on Twin Sisters Peaks and Copeland Dam 'went out.'

Hardly a guide can be found who will take a party up Long's Peak, any route, if a flock of crows has flown over the Peak with one of them screaming. They will say, 'Long's is warning that it will "get" someone.' They claim that Long's Peak above all commands respect and that it will kill anyone who disparages it and attempts to climb it. As proof they point to the tragedy of a Denver woman who boasted it was nothing to ascend, even the East Face at any time, and tried to prove it by scaling the east precipice, 2200 feet high, in a blizzard. She and her Swiss guide accomplished the feat, but she died of exhaustion a few minutes afterward. The guide, who had protested the trip, survived. They will list a number of persons who have suffered a similar fate, and will say also they saw the crows flying over.

One can understand how a person boastful of his mountain-climbing ability might slip and thus Long's would 'get' him, but I wonder how Mrs. Norman would account for the augury of the crows. A superstition clinic might be as interesting as a 'Collection for the Indigent.'

RUTH ANN OLIVER

The following commentary on Huntington Cairns's 'Divine Intoxicant' is of special interest.

OMETEPEC, MEXICO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Huntington Cairns's article in the November issue starts with the word 'Peyotl.' Having lived and studied among the regions

formerly occupied by the Aztecs for the last eleven years of my sojourn here on this planet, I think I have the privilege of being heard on this peyotl question. In a pueblo, Zacatepec, District of Putla, State of Oaxaca, live what are pure Aztecas, to this present day; their manner of living is exactly what their ancient traditions prescribe. I have spent weeks on end among these people of Zacatepec, who, from the manner of ruffling up their *manta* (cotton sheet which they wear as clothing), are called Tacoate — that is, men with a tail. These Zacatepec people are known to be of pure Aztec blood, and have not intermarried with other tribes.

While there I once was present, on the 'q. t.,' at a strange proceeding which I may liken to your fortune-teller séances. A woman steeped a small pouch (of cotton) filled with some seeds in a pot of very hot water, for about two minutes; then, taking the pouch out of the water, she let this cool down to a temperature at which it could be drunk. This she did — in one long, deep swallow this infusion went down into her stomach. The ones present who wanted their future revealed to them sat in awful silence for about half an hour. Then the woman went into a trance and began to talk 'through the spirit.' What she told her hearers I could not understand, but was told that they now saw their future and the actions to be taken by them clearly. And so on, *ad infinitum*. The trance lasted about fifteen minutes and the clairvoyant came back to this material world apparently none the worse for her stunt.

My question as to the nature and name of the seed she had employed was answered with: 'It is peyotl.' I have later had many, many more occasions to see the same seed employed for the same purpose, but on some occasions its name was given me as 'piule' with the additional remark that it also was called 'peyotl.' It is a small seed of the size of a radish seed; some are dark brown in color and some are almost white. The dark seeds are more effective. The Aztecs never permit any woman to take more seeds for making her infusion than about forty-five grains (three grammes). If more than this quantity is taken for the infusion the person who drinks it turns hopelessly insane for all future time. Hence the Mexican Government forbids the cultivation of this plant. The seed is that of the *Ipomœa sidæfolia*, a vine that grows much like a morning-glory. I have grown it myself, clandestinely.

V. von Unruh, M.D.

In these pages not long since, Charles Morrow Wilson gave an entertaining account of the relics of Elizabethan English in mountainous districts. Mr. F. H. Anschutz of Lewisburg, West Virginia, has this suggestive gloss.

Dear Atlantic, —

One wonders why Mr. Charles Morrow Wilson omitted the mountainous districts of the State of West Virginia when writing his 'Elizabethan America,' in your August number. An intimate acquaintance over a wide area qualifies me to endorse nearly all he says; in one or two respects even to 'go him one better.' Has he never heard a native say, 'I don't know a haight about it'? In describing a state of good health and well-being, do they say 'pert'? I have never known them to do so. But I have heard them say 'peart' — the 'ear' being as in 'fear' — hundreds of times. Also, in the matters of self-sufficiency in household economy. I have boarded with a family in which the women and girls sheared the sheep; washed, carded, and spun the wool; wove the yarn into cloth; dyed the cloth and made it into clothing; grew flax; soaked it; dried it; 'scutched' it; spun and wove it into toweling and sheets and other household cloths. Where the father tanned his own leather in a hewn 'sugar-trought' and made, besides his own harness, shoes for his family and his neighbors.

The only real store necessities of this family were salt, needles, and thread. Maple sugar and sorghum molasses, commonly called 'sawgrums,' were the ordinary sweeteners. Apples alone were dignified by the name of 'fruit.' I have often been invited to 'have a fruit.' The reply of the mother of this family, a very dear and sweet old woman, to my inquiry as to the relative merits of sweet and sour apples for preserving purposes is not only an instance of this custom but a revelation as to sweetening; an illustration of the use of comparatives and, it may be, of some other things. 'I believe I'd ruther preserve sweet fruit as sour ones; they don't take so many molasses.' And I have heard the father predict that 'there hain't gunna be no fruit this year, but they's gunna be a power o' grapes and pears and peaches.'

A curious example of what some will term a freak of the unconscious mind is furnished us by Dr. A. S. Burns, of Kentville, Nova Scotia.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of November 1929, in the 'Contributors' Club' section, is a very interesting article entitled 'My Visitors.' The experience there described reminds me of one that I had several years ago, in the early years of my practice of medicine. It was an experience, however, not of dreams at night,

but a psychical one while at work during the day.

A patient consulted me in the morning concerning a distressing ailment, the diagnosis of which will appear later on. The pathological condition was an unusual one; no diagnosis was made. I collected from him the signs and symptoms, which, by the way, will not be of interest to recall. I told him that I should like to see him again in the evening.

During the day, I spent every moment available in trying to group the symptoms into a possible disease entity, to which I might attach a suitable medical name. Several books were taken down from my shelves and carefully studied, that I might arrive at a diagnosis, but in vain.

The decision was clear to me that I should tell him that I did not know what was the matter with him. Honest, was it not?

In the evening a lady came into my office. When I was about to close the door on her leaving, a long medical term, 'Erythromelalgia,' appeared in the air, about twelve inches in front of my eyes. It was stamped there as clearly as if a stencil had been used.

The astonishing feature was that the word there seen did not suggest anything concerning my patient's ailment. A habit of looking up strange words impelled me to find its meaning in a book on medicine. To my surprise, I found an exact description of my patient's condition.

A few minutes later he came into my office. I took a book down from the shelf and read to him what I had found. On asking him how that description fitted in with his ailment, I distinctly recall that he said, 'Nothing could be more exact.'

What was and is interesting about the experience is that the word was projected into space. Where it came from, and how, I cannot explain. It seems to me that in my college days I must have read about this condition, but as it was a very rare one I did not fix it clearly in consciousness. Possibly an association of ideas, started by my study on that day, dipped down into my subconscious mind and the word popped out like a jack-in-the-box when the lid is suddenly released.

What connection has the lady with the case? 'Cherchez la femme.'

The Office Iconoclast is turned Philosopher. Can it be that he has found nothing in the number with which to disagree?

THE SALLYPORT

We notice with righteous gratification one quality in Mr. Newton's discourse on Jerusalem: its reverence. Mr. Newton's contempt for the hocus-pocus which he found in the Holy City is more reverential than oceans of piety. It pays needed respect to the centre of integrity in man that rejects the false and the maudlin. It is more important that this integrity be kept alive than that a thousand tapers be kept perpetually burning at the most authentic shrine, or lip service be paid to the most sanctified name. We once knew a devout elder who suffered an exaggerated flux of the sentiment of holiness each time he took part in the liturgy of his church. His piety was so intense that on one occasion it affected his organs of speech. Meaning to pronounce a sacred name, he produced an outrageous spoonerism, right in the midst of the solemnities. It was pure misfortune, but the elder's mortification was extreme. He felt that a dreadful and polluting sacrilege had taken place by means of his lips, although without his intention. He need not have troubled himself. The universe, had it overheard him, would not have been perturbed. And those conscious particles of the cosmic scheme who did hear were not corrupted. Many a saint has found humor in sacred subjects; only the timid and the priggish cannot take their religion with a smile. The Devil is disarmed if we take his wiles as a joke.

We were once in the classroom of a famous professor while he was discussing a line of Chaucer in which a mild oath occurred. The professor asked the student who was reciting for a modern equivalent. Someone suggested 'My God!' The professor then asked the student to read the line aloud, giving the oath its due place and degree of casualness. The student would not have hesitated to use much more violent expressions in ordinary talk, but he was rendered self-conscious by the atmosphere of the classroom — that fatal barrier to education. He protested that the professor was inviting him to swear. 'Never mind,' roared the great scholar through his Viking's beard, 'we're all men together.' It was a better lesson than the most learned gloss on Chaucer. When it comes to deciding humanity's place and duties in the world, knowing that we are all men together is worth any amount of

piety. Too much nicety toward God is an irreverence to man.

Thousands of people recently visited the tomb of an obscure priest in a Massachusetts parish on the rumor that miracles of healing took place there. We have not investigated the case, and know little of it, but in fancy we cannot help being drawn to those prankish undergraduates who are said to have limped to the spot on newly bought crutches, which they dramatically threw away. For not names, shrines, or miracles deserve reverence, but men's integrity. And the naughty undergraduates came nearer to affirming this integrity than the curious hordes who made it possible for proprietors of 'hot dog' stands and peanut-roasting machines to reap unexpected rewards.

Are there any who will feel, as they read of Dr. Irvine's energetic 'morale-raising,' that he went about giving a stimulant when an opiate would have been kinder? He believed that war is hell, but he employed the inexhaustible resources of his character whipping the jaded spirits of soldiers into new convulsions of effort. He found peace (in England after the war) a worse variety of hell; but he goaded on the jobless and the rebellious to new exertions, new loyalties, new betrayals. It had to be so. Society would else have clawed its own throat. This poor race, toiling and put upon, cannot stop for a breath of tranquillity, cannot relax its antagonisms and clashes of interest. In the East, perhaps, is a measure of assent to the philosophy that only the death of the will is good and brings content. In the West, if this philosophy is understood at all, it is understood to mean that content is impossible. The world's hero does not say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He says, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'

It is evident from Mr. Larson's account that conservative circles in Mongolia enjoy by tradition what the radicals in this country are trying to introduce by advanced thinking. Marriage on trial enjoys the same status among the nobility of the yurta that holy wedlock with the blessing of the Church enjoys among the nobility of the coöperative apartment. But does the Mongolian really find three days an adequate period of proof? If so, he must be able to condense a good deal of experience into this mystic triad. The American vaporizes his emotional and social experience. He does not like to think about it, or come to definite conclusions with regard to its value. Americans are given credit for quickness of judgment in business, but they do not like to reason from social data, either in their private lives or looking at social problems in the large. The most unpopular president is the social thinker and leader, such as Wilson; the most secure is the engineer or the organizer of business. On the whole, and dollars and cents excepted, Americans are probably not far behind the rest of the world in the comfortable, necessary habit of postponing decisions, avoiding conclusions, letting circumstances settle their problems. The Anglo-Saxon likes to stay muddy-minded and hopeful in situations that appear to call for prompt and exacting thought. Perhaps this is the very secret of his success. 'Muddling through' is founded on an instinct of hidden wisdom, the truth that nothing remains the same. 'This problem seems insurmountable,' it says, 'but let us wait. The factors will all rearrange themselves, and in the meantime, best keep on with what we know. If we adopt some apparently logical solution, the next unexpected change in the drift of things will undo our work and leave us looking absurd.'

Five minutes for a business decision, five generations without one where a social question is concerned. Has the country made up its mind about prohibition? Does it want to? Certainly, if trial marriage became the rule in America, no man would submit to a law that required him to decide about it in three days. Why, you can keep your mail-order course in correct French for at least a fortnight without obligation to pay! We shall still be arguing about birth control, what to do with the feeble-minded, and how to enforce the law when we are living in Dymaxion houses and traveling to Mars by rocket ship for the week-end.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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BEAUTY AND THE BOOSTER

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

As a part of our new civic consciousness, or perhaps a manifestation of the advertising complex, not only towns and cities, but whole districts and even states and groups of states are advertising their attractions and inducements to the rest of the United States. There appear to be three appeals, which in practice are mutually incompatible. Communities want people to come and live there, or industries to establish themselves there, or tourists to vacation there. Usually a town which is the ideal site for a new factory does not attract tourists seeking a pleasant holiday, and its value as a permanent residence depends on whether the home-seeker is looking for a job or for a desirable place in which to spend his declining years. This latter group must not be overlooked. At first thought they might not seem to appeal to forward-looking communities, — these people who have done their work and wish to sit down in the shade of their accumulations, — but the income they spend is very agreeable to the local grocers and garage men. It is to this class that Southern California owes so much of its recent development.

To whom are all these community advertisements addressed? Apparently to the other inhabitants of the country. If they are effective and people act on them, then various units of the population will move to other spots on the map; and, while some communities benefit, others lose. Possibly it may work out that factories and workmen will move to centres where power is cheap, shipping facilities adequate, and labor conditions favorable, while inhabitants of those centres, having made their stake from the industries, will be advertised away to places where every prospect pleases because no factories soil the landscape or mar its sightliness.

Here is Dallas using full pages to persuade Northern manufacturers to establish branch factories in what it claims is the industrial centre of Texas, while citizens of Dallas move to Pasadena, a city of beautiful houses, clean streets, and picturesque gardens, whose entire population has apparently 'retired.' Dallas wants the 'go-getters' and Pasadena the coupon cutters. As each full-page advertisement gets in its work, population will be shifted like a national game of Pussy-Wants-a-Corner, and some corners will be better off and some worse off until every community realizes the possibilities of advertising, when we shall begin to resemble that famous island whose

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inhabitants live by doing each other's washing.

Have all these communities, before rushing into advertising, given sufficient thought to what they have to sell? It seems easier to sell pay rolls, bank clearances, or freight movements, which are the work of chambers of commerce, than beauty, which is an act of God, or at least of Nature. At present the industrial argument is better backed and better presented than the æsthetic. True, there is abundant advertising of scenic beauty, but it is seldom civic beauty. It is the accidental juxtaposition of sea, mountain, river, and lake, the blessings that Nature has bestowed on some favored spots, rather than the planned juxtaposition of homes, factories, shops, and office buildings, the necessary constituents of a city, which requires thought and sacrifice and unselfishness to produce, but which often pays better in the long run than acres of utilities. If God made the country, the Devil continues to make the towns, with far too little hindrance from town-planning commissions. As long as the slogan continues to be 'A larger population by 1930 than —— (the nearest rival city),' civic beauty is bound to come off second best.

Mere size looms large in the imagination of city boosters, but there are many cities in which size is the chief obstacle to better living conditions. To-day, a larger population means not merely more feet, but more motor cars, and some of our most progressive cities, which have hitherto recorded their advance to their cherished goal in census figures, are beginning to look a little ruefully at the congestion which chokes their wide-open spaces. Nothing a town may gain in size will compensate for loss of livability.

For in the end what is the good of population, industrial supremacy, wealth, if they do not lead to better living? Have these cities which are so strenuously seeking new factories and other business enterprises thought where they are going to put the new arrivals if they come, and especially how they will mould them into the higher life of the community? Have the powers that be adopted zoning laws and planned their city so that growth in industry and wealth will not soil what beauty the city has and make it a less desirable place to live in for those very citizens who prosper by the influx of new money? This whole business of boosting cities should go hand in hand with and be the outcome of another movement which is slowly spreading over the country, commonly called the town-planning movement. What we are all seeking is not money, but life — is n't it? — pleasant living. We are willing to work to earn money, but the only use of money is to make life worth while, and if it does n't succeed in doing that, who is better off?

A manufacturing business might be benefited by moving to a town where shipping is easy, labor and power cheap, and other conditions favorable, but some conditions favorable to manufacturing are due to living conditions which should also be perpetuated. Could not advertising be directed toward a broader appeal? Doubtless many of these cities which advertise have other attractions than the utilitarian ones, but they are perhaps neglected or overlooked in the advertising in the mistaken belief that the industrial appeal is the only one, or at least the most potent.

A community ought to be concerned with the way its additional population is going to live, or what effect the new industry will have on the population it already has, before it thinks of the wages the workers will spend with local tradesmen and the pay rolls the local banks will handle. It would be a

fine thing if communities entered into an advertising competition on a town-planning basis and offered a well-balanced community in which every necessary element had its proper place without lowering the standards for other elements. At present it seems to be a choice between towns to work in and towns to live in. People of means are driving about the less industrialized sections looking for quiet, sequestered, romantic country towns in which to settle down and enjoy the remaining years of life. It is a reflection on our civilization that a man who has made his money in a city cannot with all his money find there some of the amenities of the old New England towns. And the lesser workers must continue to earn their living in the city where the work is, and read the advertisements of the chamber of commerce with wistful wonder.

The city that advertises should have something more to offer than its desire for a larger population. It should have the attractions which only intelligent planning can create. Why should not cities which desire new industries prepare to offer happier conditions of living as well as new opportunities for gain?

Community advertising, like suicide, is often confession. It is the result, not of desirability, but of the steady loss of people moving to cities or other places where life offers a higher percentage of living. Philadelphia is a grievous example of town planning too long delayed. Like all port cities, its business centre started near the water. The railroad terminals dragged it west toward Broad Street. The Delaware Bridge did not halt the movement as was hoped, and the new business centre is now at Chestnut and Broad, where, owing to William Penn's old streets of oxcart width, traffic conditions are intolerable and the losses in transporting goods no longer to be borne. Industry is moving away, and Burlington on the upper Delaware is one of the cities that are profiting at Philadelphia's expense. To correct this the real-estate people and property owners have raised a sum of $2,300,000 to be spent in advertising alone, when the situation calls for many times that amount to be spent in improving conditions. At the moment this paper is written, it is good to hear, however, that Philadelphia has appropriated $500,000 to advance a movement for a tri-state regional plan. The territory concerned is included in a circle about forty miles around the centre of Philadelphia, and takes in parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. There are more than 360 separate political subdivisions in this district, including Trenton, Camden, Chester, Norristown, and Wilmington and affecting a population of three and one-half million.

II

According to a striking booklet entitled 'New Cities for the New Age,' put out by the Planning Foundation of America, 'during the last ten years 580 cities followed New York's lead in adopting zoning ordinances regulating the use of land within their corporate limits. From 1914 to 1928, 570 cities created planning commissions. In the same period 37 industrial cities were built on predetermined plans, and within the last five years 15 metropolitan regions surrounding central cities have begun comprehensive planning of their interrelated physical and economic development.'

At present about half the population of the United States is living in cities and towns which have undertaken some systematic plan to better local conditions. But 94 per cent of communities of 2500 and over have no plan for future growth, 84 per cent have no

zoning ordinances, and 86 per cent have no planning commissions. Meanwhile, with our new facilities for transportation, the surrounding country has become part of the cities and liable to the kind of contamination which follows contact with human beings in the mass. It, too, needs the restraining hand unless it is to go the way of cities which, like Topsy, have 'just growed.'

Since town planning was first conceived the automobile has become perhaps the biggest factor in city life, and it is playing the deuce with civic improvement. All towns more than twenty-five years old developed in what Grosvenor Atterbury calls 'the horse-and-buggy age of innocence.' That group of cities of which Los Angeles is the nucleus, including thirty or forty towns, some of them large, — such as Pasadena, with 85,000 population, — integrally one community covering about one thousand square miles, is the most motorable conglomerate I have ever negotiated. This is because it has all been built since the motor car became a factor in urban life. It has numerous wide streets, well paved. It is laid out on an elaboration of Baron Haussmann's plan for Paris — broad boulevards dividing the territory into tracts of smaller streets. Any address can be reached with the least possible difficulty. Indeed, the motor car is almost the only method of transportation in these cities. The ease with which the car can get about is fully appreciated by the inhabitants, and everyone has a car. They have raised the national average of one car to 5.3 people to one car to 2.3 people. Even with almost double saturation one has less feeling of congestion in the streets of this vast city than in any other large city in the country.

On the green hills southwest of Los Angeles, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, there is being developed a model community, the plan for which reads like one of those dream cities H. G. Wells likes to write about. All that saves this Utopia from being utopian is its practicality. It is called Palos Verdes and is being planned with a lively recognition of every present factor in modern urban life and a shrewd prophetic forecast of the future, to anticipate, if possible, just such convulsive social, economic, and æsthetic changes as have overwhelmed us in the last quarter century.

The difference between making changes on a roll of blueprints and altering a city that is not only large but growing larger every day, and growing in all its perverse ways, is obvious as one reads the scheme for this new city, as yet only four years old. It makes one envious of its opportunities. The green hills of the former Palos Verdes Ranch were bare of every human structure when the Homes Association began work on it. They had nothing to undo, nothing to correct. They did not even have a population to deal with, for the new city will select its inhabitants as it selected its site and its architecture.

The advisory council which controls its destiny with an iron hand is composed of architects, artists, engineers, landscapists, and town planners. No factor is neglected. Beauty is just as important as drainage, a vista as necessary as parking space. The roofs of the houses, for instance, must harmonize and compose in color and texture, because a hillside town is often seen from above. How little thought we have given to bird's-eye views of our cities. Yet the airways may become the highways and the approach of the future may be by way of chimneys instead of imposing front entrances planted with cedars and rhododendrons.

The protective restrictions which

govern the style, size, mass, site, and planting of every building and lot are almost feudal in their exactions, but only thus can a city be built which will afford each citizen equal share in beauty and utility. And yet we leave our full-grown cities to their own devices and hope that blind unguided instinct will make them sightly without restraint or plan.

It would be fine if the town planners and town boosters would get together, if some of the energy of the one could be made available for the other and some of the vision of the other could be made available for the one. Those hard-headed chambers of commerce, thinking in terms of pay rolls, bank clearings, and real-estate developments, need to learn the economic value of beauty. 'Beauty' is a vague word, hard to define, but it is clear that no town or city left to grow at its own sweet will ever achieves it.

How strange it is that the works of Nature left alone produce qualities which delight the eye, while the works of man inevitably result in ugliness. A tree permitted to work out its natural destiny grows into a magnificent landmark; a group of trees blends into a delightful landscape and harmonizes with mountain, plain, and sky. A house, a village, a factory, a group of workingmen's cottages, no matter how efficient and practical and well built, never by any accident form a perfect composition. Two buildings side by side, each a good design in itself, will not compose unless the architects have collaborated to that end.

Even the picturesque old towns of the Middle Ages which we go abroad to see are not the result of chance, nor are they the expression of a more artistic age than ours. The rank and file of people at that time had no keener eye for the picturesque than we have; the instinct for composition did not come naturally to them. Those picture towns of England and France were the result of feudal fiat to please a beauty-loving potentate. They were planned as a unit by an architect who, however little he knew of open plumbing and central heating, had an unerring eye for beauty. They were planned from the prince's point of view, with no thought of the common people, — or of us, for that matter, — and the common people got little good out of them. They, too, were part of the scenery. The picturesque beauty of the setting was little compensation to them for the discomfort of attractive cottages which helped to compose the view of the lord of the manor. What those old kings and popes and archbishops aimed at was a pleasance, — something to delight the eye, — and they got it; walled gardens and pleached alleys and oriel windows rather than sanitary plumbing, drainage, sunlight, and health for their people.

Our modern city fathers go to the other extreme and think too constantly of financial return from the material aspects of city life and too little about the effect of the whole, the attractiveness of the town and its relation to the surrounding country. So, when they come to advertise, what they offer seems but little better than the dull conditions we have at home.

Charles H. Cheney, the man behind much that inspires one in the planning of Palos Verdes, insists that architects and landscape artists must be added to planning commissions to make sure of beauty and check the economic waste which springs from ugliness. He says:

> There is an almost universal lack of understanding of the importance of architecture and its inseparable setting, landscape architecture, which together form the background or environment for all the people of this country, particularly where they are grouped together in cities.

Over 500 American cities are now reported by the Department of Commerce to have city-planning commissions. Yet, with the exception of St. Louis and a very few other cities, there are seldom architects on these commissions, and if there are, they do not seem to know what to do.

Scarcely any real æsthetic considerations have been included in American city planning to date. Meanwhile there is enormous economic loss everywhere because of the bad design and planning of both individual and group buildings and of off-color structures which must be scrapped and replaced in a few years.

III

Traffic is the biggest factor we have to work with to-day in planning a town or countryside and in holding it within bounds. The motor car has not so far been a beautifier. It had considerable trouble making itself good-looking; it started ugly and has only gradually achieved a measure of beauty. The conversion of the most widely distributed car, the one that is the most pervading feature of every landscape, has occurred within the last two years. And cars selling stark transportation without grace or elegance were bought by people who cared little for either in cars or environment. They have raced about the country trailing clouds of destruction. Instead of appreciating the landscape, they have not hesitated to mar and scar it, scattering the detritus of their lunch baskets by the wayside, tearing up the wild flowers, breaking off the limbs of trees, and setting fire to the forests with their carelessly discarded cigarettes. They have viewed with complacence the transformation of the highways into one long gallery of disorderly and untidy petty utilities, gasoline pumps, refreshment stands, and the boards that advertise them. One sign that might aptly be added formerly hung before the doors of old posting taverns: 'Refreshment within for man and beast.'

The motor car is certainly responsible for the 'hot-dog stands' and filling stations, the only landmarks some of us ever see. That useful organization, the Art Center, source of much artistic influence on industry, is fathering a movement to improve them. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has given a fund for prizes to encourage restrained and artistic treatment of these utilities, and a famous 'hot-dog king' has joined her and contributed to the fund. Most attempts on the owners' part to beautify filling stations have merely succeeded in playing up their ugliness. As with every new industry, with the motor car, with creation itself, the first beginnings are without form and void. The Richfield Oil Company on the Pacific Coast has erected straddling steel Eiffel Towers of unknown height, the name running down them in letters of light. Viewed simply as advertising, they hardly seem to be in the true California spirit, which has done many things exceedingly well; but the fact is that these towers were erected as aviation beacons, and on foggy nights have served as life savers to both aviators and motorists.

The Art Center has also aligned itself with other well-meaning associations in a crusade against what they mistakenly call 'billboards.' The same public-spirited oil king's daughter-in-law has contributed another prize to be used in rewarding the school boy or girl who coins the slogan that will sweep them all into the discard, exactly as the word 'scofflaw' overwhelmed the violators of the Volstead Act. What they will do with the slogan when they get it is not apparent. It would hardly be consistent to plaster the roadside with it, though that is what the commercially-minded advertiser does with his slogan; but some form of advertising will have to be

used, and each form has its little cohort of conscientious objectors. To fight advertising with advertising seems to be begging the question.

To preserve the countryside is an object with which every lover of scenic beauty will sympathize, but unfortunately the various crusaders against outdoor advertising are so little familiar with the field that they do not visualize their real enemy. They are tilting against the wrong windmill, as is shown by the use of the word 'billboard.' The outdoor advertiser recognizes only two forms of mural advertising, the poster board and the painted bulletin. The poster board is a hoarding upon which a paper poster is pasted. A painted bulletin is a hoarding upon which an advertisement is painted. The poster boards are seldom found outside city limits — the necessity of replacing the paper demands that they be accessible — and they are often a more attractive feature than the vacant lot, often a dump heap, which they hide. A poster may be the work of a Frank Brangwyn or a Maxfield Parrish or a René Clarke, reproduced by lithography in the colors and with the qualities of the original, and is frequently a work of art. No serious objection can be raised against it.

The painted sign found in the country is the bulletin. It is always ugly, and often badly placed, marring an otherwise attractive spot. It is ugly because its embellishment depends on a sign painter who is never an artist and seldom a letterer, whose palette contains nothing but the crudest colors. It is by no means as common as its opponents think. Unfamiliar with this sort of advertising, they confuse the comparatively few painted bulletins with the horde of 'snipers,' signs nailed up or stuck up by local interests, a blot that rests squarely on the community which tolerates them, and no amount of appeal to national advertisers to spare the views will have any effect on this real destroyer of roadside beauty. If national advertisers should yield to the appeals being made to them, — and some of them have, — the withdrawal of their bulletins would scarcely be noticed, so little would it change the appearance of the roadside. We should still have the wearyingly reiterated interjections of hot-dog emporiums, filling stations, tourists' overnight lodging houses, auto camps, religious fanatics, real-estate developers, airports, hotels, fresh vegetables, chow puppies, road houses, and garages. Even if there were no other objection, these primitive signs are not even good advertising.

The Mohawk Trail is a fair example of this kind of prostitution. In the hot quarrel between roadside refreshment stands as to which has the best view, the whole scene is hopelessly vulgarized. No painted bulletin could add aught to the unsightliness of this gallery of clamant barkers. Or consider the Jefferson Davis Highway, embroidered with a running commentary from peddlers and fundamentalists. Such a mingling of worldly 'wisecracks' and heavenly counsel has not been seen since Bunyan's famous Pilgrim made his celebrated tour.

'You are now leaving Accotinct'
'Where will you spend eternity?'
'Tourist camp 100 yards'
'Ben's Place 1 mile'
'Mammoth peanuts 100 feet'
'No parking near the white line'
'R. R. — Stop — N. C. Law'
'Death is on your track'
'Dangerous curve'
'Caution'
'Prepare to meet thy God'
'Tar River'
'Toll Bridge'
'Colored hotel'
'Soft Shoulders'
'Jesus'
'You are now entering Apex'

That is the kind of stuff that gives to our most distinguished highways a touch of vulgarity, offensive to eye and mind, deserving the attention of uplifters before the comparatively few painted bulletins of the tire, cigarette, and motor-car makers are assailed under the impression that all the disorder is due to them. One bulletin, even in the glaring reds and greens so popular, placed in the heart of an inspiring vista is less an offense than the unending stream of snipers which follow you the whole livelong day.

Driving from Kensico Lake to Ridgefield recently, I made a careful test by count of the proportion between organized outdoor advertising signs and the local snipers. There were 416 signs in that thirty miles, and only seven were put out by national advertisers. The remaining 409 were local. Responsibility for them rested on the community where they appeared. They were of every size, color, degree of illiteracy, and state of dilapidation. How inconsistent to petition national advertisers to remove their boards and purify the roadside, when such a hodgepodge is tolerated by communities which are not thereby deterred from broadcasting their attractions, among which beauty looms large!

An extreme instance of a community's inconsistency, advertising its scenic attractions and historic landmarks with the very signs that are so often a blot on much scenic beauty, is taken from the fourth annual report of the Chattanooga Community Advertising Association: —

> Under an arrangement entered into with the Chattanooga Automobile Club a number of 10 x 50 feet painted bulletins will be erected at junctions of main highways leading to Chattanooga. The bulletins will bear attractive scenes in and around Chattanooga, the text being in the nature of road directions and an invitation to visit Chattanooga, Lookout and Signal Mountains, and Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge Battlefields. The sites on which the boards will be erected are being selected and furnished by the Chattanooga Automobile Club, which organization is purchasing the ground on which the boards are erected so as to assure perpetual control of the locations, those already secured having been pronounced ideal for the purpose intended.

One is dismayed to think that the care and preservation of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge are entrusted to the same discretion that conceived the idea of advertising them on painted bulletins ten by fifty feet.

IV

The City of New York has just undertaken a mild form of community advertising. It is broadcasting its attractions as a summer resort. As a gesture it is absurdly disproportionate to the city's greatness and needs, but it does offer an opportunity to appraise our metropolis in the light of what has just been said about cities that invite inspection from visitors before they have completed their civic toilet.

In proportion as New York is great in her list of attractions she is also great in her sins of omission. She has done some magnificent things and she will always be New York no matter what she does or refrains from doing, but is n't it anomalous that New York is still without a plan in her era of furious rebuilding? That there is no guiding hand, no body with authority to shape and mould the physical beauty of this city as she emerges from her brownstone chrysalis and spreads her topless towers like wings? The brownstone chrysalis was the sad accomplishment of a similar era of frenzied building. Those ugly and uninspired dwellings were turned out by the mile.

Now we are mowing them down in swaths and rushing up tall apartment houses in their stead. The brownstone was ugly in detail and ugly in the mass. Our modern dwellings are frequently strikingly beautiful in detail, but not always happy in their juxtaposition.

As soon as it got about that people would leave palatial town houses to live in apartments if the apartments were only luxurious enough, a horde of builders descended upon the best streets of New York like grubstakers on a newly discovered gold field. In this city any man who can pay for a site and raise a mortgage on the land can put up any kind of building he desires, provided the plans will pass the purely utilitarian restrictions of the tenement-house law and the building department. There is no authority to decide whether such a huge addition to the civic landscape adds to its collective beauty, or even whether the building itself is in good taste. Even the setback, which has revealed some new and delightful possibilities of city architecture, was an accident. It was not intended to provide more beauty, but more light. And not all uses of it are skillful even when they are legal.

The newly born Radmore, the motor-age city growing up in the New Jersey meadows, has a board of experts to sit in judgment on every building proposed, and the mightiest city in the land builds as it lists.

There was that fine site created by moving the Presbyterian Hospital uptown, a whole block freed in the best quarter of New York. Some of us held our breath in the hope that an enlightened builder would cover that site with a structure worthy of its distinction. Instead, what happened? The block is now being 'improved' with at least nine different buildings — various heights, colors, textures, and motifs, with no ideal in common. The fenestration and the cornice lines on the Park Avenue side are on different levels, giving that irritating effect of a picture hung crookedly. It is just a heterogeneous mass of buildings, each good in itself, but without harmony. We have the inconsistency of a patient real-estate man working for years to assemble a site covering a block, buying a parcel here and a parcel there, being held up by the man who owns the corner lot, but gradually after years of work triumphing in getting together under one ownership all the parcels that constitute one block so that a single structure can be erected upon it, while on the other side of the street, where by a great stroke of luck there comes into the market a complete site, a whole block in one parcel, the first thing the builders do is to chop it up into as many sites as the block on the other side of the street had before it was assembled.

Developers are permitted to erect even on Fifth Avenue fourteen-story structures on a city lot, buildings that tower above their surroundings with a conspicuousness which would be justified only by treating them as towers. They are not treated as towers, but as segments of a larger building. They look like thin slices of apartment house cut from the parent loaf.

The water tank is another eyesore. When the tall building was a rarity, the ugly but necessary tank on top was concealed from below. Now that all buildings are rising to new horizons, these great tanks propped up on steel skeletons hit one in the eye in every direction. Some architects have found a way to conceal them and add a new beauty thereby, but there is no town-planning commission to say that all builders must add this gracious touch.

A builder might ask, 'Cannot I do as I please with my own?' But no one actually owns a lot all to himself in a city. The value of the land as land is a

trifle beside the value given it by the city around it. The buildings are the landscape of the city. We cannot escape them. We have to live with them whatever they are. Here is our great city undergoing a transformation in a short span of time, as Rome did when Augustus found it brick and left it marble. We are masters of material of incredible manageability. We have architects capable of realizing amazing conceptions. We have individual buildings that leave one breathless. But we are building new structures that are eyesores, and there is no plan, no high constituted authority, to guide us in putting our city together.

Did it ever occur to you that architecture is the only one of the major arts for which there is no regular body of criticism? Plays and books are reviewed almost every day in the newspapers; painting and sculpture at least once a week. But architecture is the greatest art of all in its effect on our lives. Pictures and statues can be concealed inside museums and other buildings. You do not need to go to a theatre or read a book. But you must live with architecture. That joyous and light-hearted periodical, the *New Yorker*, conceived the happy idea of a department of criticism on current architecture as manifested in New York, calling the column, most appropriately, 'The Sky Line.' It ventured to find fault with one of the new buildings on Fifth Avenue, and the architect promptly brought suit. It is a pity the case was never tried. One would like to learn why the architect's art, which concerns us so much, willy-nilly, is immune from criticism, while that of the painter, playwright, sculptor, or author runs the gauntlet. It would be beside the point to maintain that the comment was untrue or unjust, for after all criticism is merely the opinion of the critic. If it were anything else, if this distinction applied to other arts, many book reviewers and art critics would be in jail.

Recently there has appeared a Regional Plan for New York and its environs, a work of unusual scope and vision, financed by private generosity, which has occupied the Biblical period of seven years in its preparation. It is unofficial and is offered to the city as a method of working out some of its problems and providing for future growth. Will it be adopted? It is to be hoped that this public-spirited expenditure of time and money will benefit the people of New York. But no city has less public spirit or has done less in proportion to its wealth, its needs, and its opportunity. There are many small communities that put this big metropolis to shame. New York might reply, 'Yes, but those communities have everything to gain. New York has arrived.' But a hundred years from now these ambitious small towns may be the places where people prefer to live, and New York will have become deserted because impossible.

'Could anything be more ludicrous,' asks Edward A. Filene, one of Boston's canniest merchants, 'than the way a city like New York is laid out?' He emphasizes the waste produced by lack of plan. No matter what the Regional Plan may cost to execute, — and it may cost billions, — it cannot possibly cost as much in dollars, ignoring all higher satisfactions, as the absence of plan now costs in economic waste.

We may invoke town-planning commissions, organize drives and crusades, coin slogans, adopt zoning ordinances, and pass laws, but nothing really avails in preserving the beauty of our country and creating it where it does not exist but an aroused public spirit among the whole people. You can no more compel a desire for beauty than you can compel a desire for total abstinence.

Without a sincere interest and concern on the part of a great number, all organized efforts, however desirable for immediate objectives, fall far short of the great possibility.

The country is too large to be cared for by anybody but the whole people. With all our parade of patriotism, our 100 per cent Americanism, there is no such love of the land as exists in a country like France. The appealing beauty of even the less distinguished and picturesque provinces is due to the loving care each small landholder lavishes on his own bit of France. He is not content with merely cultivating his fields. They must contribute to the whole picture. In his heart there burns a jealous love for and a fierce pride in his country, not the empty political structure, but the physical France, with its hills and valleys, forests and streams, so that any blot that hurts the country hurts him. He works long hours to the end that his own bit of France may do her credit. This I contend is true patriotism.

A CHALLENGE TO THE FEDERAL FARM BOARD

BY JESSE E. POPE

I

THE outstanding characteristic of our social and economic history during the past two decades is the remarkable shifting of public interest from the industrial workers to the farmers. The farmer has pushed the city worker aside and now occupies the centre of the stage. His supposed distress is quite monopolizing the attention of reformers, uplifters, men and women high in the councils of the nation, bankers, and politicians both within and without Congress, and he himself has become vocal as never before through extensive organization and a small army of high-salaried advocates.

Throughout these years measures for his relief stand out like milestones, each succeeding one a little more radical, a little more distinctively appealing to class consciousness, and all culminating in the recent act creating the Federal Farm Board. This Board, the sole function of which is to look after the farmer, is clothed with practically unlimited powers and is financially buttressed by the United States Treasury.

One by one the causes of agricultural discontent had faded out, until finally the forces of farm relief had come to be trained on a single issue — the ruinously low prices received by the farmers for their staple crops. The farmer's perennial dissatisfaction was given a new impetus by the post-war collapse of agricultural prices and by the fact that they persistently remained out of line with the prices received for the products of industry. The belief was widespread that this discrepancy was due to the ability of the speculators on the exchanges to take advantage of the farmer's need to market his crops immediately after

harvest, and that the only way to thwart the speculators was to slow down marketing by storing the crops and feeding them out gradually in response to demand. 'Marketing would be made orderly' and 'prices would be stabilized.'

But the holding movement had, in most cases, proved a disastrous failure. Undeterred, however, its advocates insisted that the failure had been due to imperfect organization and inadequate credit, and the chief function of the new Board was declared to be to assist the farmer to stabilize his prices through orderly marketing; it was to step into the breach, and with its great prestige and unlimited funds to win success where heretofore there had been only failure.

Even before its confirmation, the Board was subjected to increasing pressure from within and without Congress to take some action to relieve the price situation. Its innocuous first statement that it would assist in stabilizing prices, provided the farmers would regulate their production, satisfied no one and raised such a storm of protest that more definite and radical action was imperative. Wisdom, born of sad experience, had made other credit agencies, including the Government's Intermediate Credit Banks, overconservative from the point of view of the advocates of holding; and the Board now came forward with the announcement that it would correct the situation by making supplemental loans.

In October, after further goading, it took another step by issuing a statement that in its opinion the price of cotton was too low, as a result of too rapid marketing, and that it would make supplemental loans to enable growers to hold their cotton for higher prices. A few days later it made a similar statement in regard to wheat. In the case of each of these commodities the maximum loan per unit amounted in many localities to about 100 per cent of the current market price; and prices have since fallen materially. To allay the fears of the wheat growers of the Northwest, the Chairman of the Farm Board came out with the statement that the decline had been brought about by speculators and that no one should think of selling wheat at current prices. Governor Moody of Texas, growing impatient at what he considered the Board's delay in arranging for its advances, wired that since its announcement cotton had 'declined about 1.5 cents per pound, resulting in loss of about $5.00 to $7.50 per bale to such farmers as held their cotton under the belief that 16.35 cents per pound was or would soon be available.' At this juncture, Congress came to the rescue by passing a resolution for the investigation of the cotton exchanges.

It should be noted that, as matters then stood, the loans against these commodities stood at more than 100 per cent of their value, and that no step had been taken, either by hedging or by insurance, to cover the risk of further declines. But this fact did not deter five Senators from making a call on the Board and urging that, since in the Board's opinion the current prices of cotton were too low, it should show faith in its statement by increasing the maximum loan per pound from sixteen cents to twenty cents. And another ungrateful child — a cotton coöperative — refused to accept the Board's offer of a loan because it would not meet the Board's demand that the coöperative include its entire assets in the security. It urged that the Board should make its loans 'upon its faith in the value of cotton.'

At this writing, December 20, North Dakota farmers are receiving advances

of one dollar per bushel on wheat stored in local warehouses; and, with the Minneapolis price at $1.20 per bushel, the freight charges from many points in the state, together with the handling expenses, more than take up the twenty cents differential; or, to put it in another way, since advances to Northwestern farmers were made and are being made on the basis of $1.25 a bushel, Minneapolis, the loans on wheat stand at about 105 per cent of its value. On November 15 the organ of the North Dakota and Montana pool said, 'They [the members of the pool] can get more cash as a first advance from the pool than they can get to-day at their home station by selling outright, and in addition they retain an equity in their wheat.'

It is evident, therefore, that unless the price of wheat advances enough to restore this differential and take care of the mounting carrying charges the borrowing farmer will receive what amounts to a handsome bonus, because he is still the owner of his stored wheat and can refuse to sell it at a loss, thus forcing the Board to take over the wheat and sell it at a loss or carry it over into the next crop year.

The cotton situation parallels that of wheat. By its October statement, the Board assured the farmers an average advance of 16 cents per pound; but the price of cotton has fallen, and if the freight and shipping charges are to be taken care of the loan will, in many localities, exceed 100 per cent of the value.

I am not indulging in hyperbole when I say that this action of the Farm Board is so radical a departure from ordinary business practice that it amounts to a veritable revolution. It sets up a new scheme of distribution: prices are no longer to be the outcome of the working of supply and demand, but are to be regulated by the Government, acting through a Board sitting in Washington. This Board is to say when prices are too high and when too low, when fair and when unfair; and not only for wheat and cotton, but for practically all agricultural commodities, ranging from wheat to honey. In view of the fact that we are overwhelmingly the largest producer and consumer of agricultural products in the world, the immensity and complexity of the task the Board has set for itself stagger the imagination. I doubt whether in all history so ambitious an attempt on the part of a government to assist agriculture by setting aside economic law has ever been made.

Its repercussion will inevitably be felt in the industrial world. A leading merchant has well said, 'If carried through, the programme will affect every part of the distributing organization.'

And it has already been seriously suggested that, in view of the fact that the Government is urging the farmer to combine with his neighbor in holding his cotton for a satisfactory price, and is even financially assisting him to do so, the manufacturer of cotton goods must be accorded the same privilege, now denied him under threat of imprisonment, or, with cotton thus made artificially high, he will have to shut down his mills.

II

The marketing of the world's staple crops is carried on through the Futures Exchanges. These exchanges are a product of evolution. At first only a few staple crops were listed, but each year has brought additions until now the list numbers twenty-five, nearly all of which are products of the farm. The chief function of the Futures Exchange

is to afford the machinery wherewith the dealer or merchant may shift the risks of unfavorable price fluctuations to the speculator; and out of this function there has developed another of scarcely less importance — namely, the reflecting of price movements. It is the business of the speculator not only to determine the intentions of buyers and sellers in the regions covered by the market, but to weigh all the factors affecting prices during the crop year. In this way prices are prevented from being unduly depressed by heavy supplies or unduly raised by scanty offerings, and the after-harvest feast and subsequent famine are thus eliminated.

This view, however, the Farm Board does not accept. In its eyes these exchanges, as they function to-day, are a menace to the well-being of the farmer. The Board assumes that the speculator makes prices instead of reflecting them, that he thwarts the law of supply and demand, and that therefore he must be eliminated, even though this would mean the destruction of the exchanges. A brief review of the movement of prices under the workings of the exchange should throw light on the correctness of the Farm Board's position.

Some years ago I subjected the holding movement to careful scrutiny in order to discover whether it was indeed true that farmers were suffering severe losses from marketing their crops soon after harvest, and whether, if they would delay their marketing till later in the season, the higher prices then obtaining would pay for the cost and risk involved in holding and yield them an adequate profit. My study, which covered the decade from 1903 to 1913, shows conclusively in regard to wheat and cotton, the two products with which we are here chiefly concerned, that under modern marketing conditions the free play of supply and demand so regulates prices that, contrary to prevailing opinion, the farmer who waits till the latter part of the season to sell his products is far more likely to lose than to gain by the delay, since during the early months, the period of heavy marketing, prices are relatively higher than during the later months, the period of light marketing. 'After-harvest gluts' and 'autumnal dips' are giant Mumbos.

A few years later, the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce made a similar investigation, covering the twenty-nine years from 1885 to 1913, and arrived at the same conclusions. Briefly summed up, the findings of the experts are as follows: that during the months of light movement to market — namely, May, June, July, and August — the average price of wheat was 4.25 cents a bushel higher in the case of No. 1 Northern, and 4.23 cents higher in the case of No. 2 Northern, than during the months of heavy movement to market — namely, September, October, November, and December; but that, if carrying charges be taken into account, the farmer who held his wheat till the period of light movement to market would have lost — in twenty years out of the twenty-nine in the case of No. 1 Northern, and in eighteen years out of the twenty-nine in the case of No. 2 Northern. 'In short,' concludes the Chamber of Commerce, 'the less prosperous farmer who, owing to his debts, was forced to sell immediately after harvest was, if anything, more fortunate on the average than his more prosperous neighbor who was able to dispose of his grain at the end of the crop year.'

Let us see how the holding farmer would have fared in the years 1921–22 to 1928–29. During this period, on an average, about 75 per cent of the wheat

was marketed during the first six months of the crop year. If we take the average price received during each of these months, and if we allow a nominal carrying charge of nine cents a bushel, we discover that only in two years, 1921–22 and 1924–25, would the holding farmer have gained. In the former year, his gain would have been about two cents a bushel and in the latter about twenty-four cents; in the other six years he would have sustained a loss, which in 1928–29 would have been about ten cents a bushel.

A study of the price movement for cotton gives similar results. During the eighty months of the decade from 1903 to 1913 there were twenty-four in which the grower could have sold at a profit, of from one tenth of a cent to 2.4 cents per pound, from holding; while had he sold in any of the remaining fifty-six months he would have sustained a loss of from one tenth of a cent to 2.8 cents per pound from holding.

Price statistics for 1921–22 to 1928–29 show that in only two of the eight years, if allowance be made for a carrying charge of one cent a pound, was the average price of cotton as high during the last six months of the marketing period, the time of light marketing, as during the first six months, the time of heavy marketing. In 1922–23 there would have been an average gain from holding of about 2.3 cents a pound, and in 1925–26 an average loss of about 4.6 cents a pound.

Similar studies for other crops traded in on the exchanges give similar results; and the experiences of the various coöperative holding pools bear eloquent testimony to the correctness of these conclusions. Their failures to realize their hopes were attributed to a lack of credit, and to fill the gap the Federal Government established the Intermediate Credit Banks. But almost every year the heavy loans made by these banks during the first half of the crop year have had to be liquidated during the second half, with little or no profit or with substantial losses. For example, a year ago the cotton coöperatives had direct outstanding loans from the Intermediate Credit Banks to the amount of $20,000,000; and they were finally forced to liquidate these loans by selling their cotton at prices substantially lower than those at which it would have been sold when it went into storage.

As we have seen, the Farm Board's declaration that the prices of wheat and cotton were too low was based on the theory that the exceptionally heavy marketing of these products by farmers in the early autumn had interfered with the working of the law of supply and demand. A careful analysis of the situation, however, shows that in the case of cotton there is little justification for this position. While it is true that farmers marketed their cotton somewhat earlier than usual, there is little evidence that this caused material derangement of the market.

In the case of wheat, however, the situation is different. New methods of harvesting have greatly speeded up the movement to market; and the flood of new wheat met the flood of old wheat from the huge 1928 'carry over,' which was still glutting the farmer's bins and the terminal elevators and was making unusual demands on transportation. It is not strange, therefore, that cash prices got out of line with futures and for the time being did not accurately reflect adjustment between the entire season's supply and demand. However, it is easy to exaggerate the amount of price depression; and the ephemeral nature of the situation is strikingly shown by the fact that a little more than a month after the Board's announcement cash prices and near-future prices had returned to their

normal relationship. And the present quotations on the distant futures show that the market is skeptical of materially higher prices later in the season.

The generous lending policy of the Board will undoubtedly encourage holding, and cash prices will be forced above normal levels. It goes without saying that acreage will be stimulated and that the prospect of next year's increased production will be hanging over the market and will join the unmarketed surplus in depressing the end-of-the-season prices below normal levels unless the unexpected happens — stimulation of the demand by war or depletion of the supply by crop failure. Barring such developments, prices will fall materially below the amount advanced by the Board, and the pressure to carry the surplus over into the next crop year will be irresistible.

The head of the Farmers National Grain Association, writing about the surplus on December 16, said, 'The unusually large surplus of wheat is menacing. The very large surplus carried over from the previous year has been troublesome, and, if weather conditions continue favorable and some way is not found to market the surplus which has been difficult to work for export, the difficulty in handling the 1930 crop may be very serious.' It is well known that the carried-over surplus is the rock on which all ventures in holding have sooner or later foundered. The very success of such ventures in raising prices has eventually worked destruction. This the Board well understands and it early declared against the policy of carrying over surpluses. But if the Board is to avoid the common fate it will be forced to meet the situation in the only possible way — namely, by bringing about curtailment of production.

III

As originally drafted, the Farm Board bill provided that the coöperatives should be instructed to urge their members to reduce their acreage 'as a patriotic duty'; but farm leaders saw to it that this provision did not appear in the final bill. However, the Board early intimated that it would not continue to support the market if farmers went on increasing their output. As was to have been expected, this warning fell on deaf ears. Curtailment of production has never been popular with farmers. Indeed, at the time the warning was sounded our winter wheat growers were planning a substantial increase of acreage. The Board can function only through the coöperatives, and the weakness of the situation is revealed by the fact that scarcely 25 per cent of the farmers are members of the coöperatives. Furthermore, this percentage would undoubtedly be greatly reduced by any vigorous measure looking toward enforced curtailment of production.

How fearful both the farm leaders and the Board are of antagonizing the farmer is shown by the fact that in the statutes accepted by the Board as a model for grain coöperatives not only is no provision made for crop curtailment, but it is even provided that a non-member farmer may enjoy all the benefits of the organization except the privilege of borrowing on his stored crop.

But if the Board should succeed in persuading the farmers to enter the coöperatives and at the same time getting them to agree to curtail their acreage, it would still be faced with the staggering problem of administration. In regard to wheat alone, it would be obliged to make and enforce provisions for fixing the acreage of nearly 1,500,000 growers who are scattered

throughout forty-eight states, and among whom there is an utter lack of homogeneity. There is no uniform cost of production; there are large growers whose sole crop is wheat and who are situated where no other crops can be successfully grown, and others who grow wheat as part of an orderly rotation. All must be coerced into limiting their acreage to a maximum prescribed by the fiat of a Board sitting in Washington.

For the sake of argument, however, let it be granted that the Board, acting through coöperatives, can bring about such curtailment of acreage. We are still confronted by the question, What acres shall be lopped off? Since yield is a product, not alone of the number of acres, but of soil fertility and tillage, the individual farmer can comply with the demand that he reduce his acreage and, at the same time, can enormously expand his output merely by choosing better acres, giving them more careful tilth, and resorting to fertilizers.

It is a fact too little appreciated that American agriculture is far from having reached the point where increased application of capital and labor would not bring larger yields at lower costs per unit. Farmers understand the theory of comparative costs and do not hesitate to act on it when prices warrant. How can any government agency deal successfully with such intangible and uncontrollable factors?

This new departure in government is bureaucracy gone mad; and it predicates such intolerable interference with the affairs of the individual and encroachment on his freedom of action as to make the success of such a scheme unthinkable.

IV

The wrecks which the holding movement has left strewn along the highway of its comparatively short course bear eloquent and tragic testimony to the truth of what I have just written. The failure of the post-war wheat pools of the Northwest and the collapse of the sugar and rubber attempts spring immediately to mind. At this writing Poland is struggling with a demoralized grain market growing out of the huge surplus which resulted from last year's price fixing. The Government itself has sustained heavy losses, and the taxpayers are to be further mulcted to pay the heavy export bounties on grain which have recently been instituted.

It is generally assumed also that Canada's experiment in wheat holding has accomplished wonders for her growers; but just what is to become of the huge surplus carried over from last year's crop is in the lap of the gods. The real test is yet to come.

However, the attempts to set aside the law of supply and demand which are likely to become classic are the Brazilian coffee valorization scheme and the coöperative holding movement of our own raisin growers.

For some years previous to the World War prices of coffee ruled discouragingly low, and in order to raise them to higher levels a holding movement supported by state loans was inaugurated by the Brazilian Government. There were many factors favorable to the success of the attempt: Brazil is overwhelmingly the world's largest coffee producer; its production is mainly in the hands of large growers; the demand is not oversensitive to price changes, and coffee lends itself well to storage.

Prices were indeed raised; but the Government was faced by ever-increasing supplies, which it had to buy in order to sustain the market. Coffee production was stimulated at home

and abroad and end-of-the-season surpluses mounted. One crisis followed another; but the situation was saved, now by a timely frost and now by new loans. The Government found it impossible to withdraw its support, and what had been intended as a temporary measure to meet a temporary emergency became a permanent policy.

From season to season the problem of disposing of the surplus has become more serious. Domestic production has gone on expanding, and the competition of coffee growers outside of Brazil has enormously increased.

This autumn the flood broke: there is a coffee surplus equal to the world's consumption for an entire year; and, since the hoped-for frost did not materialize, another big crop lies in the offing. While the Defense Committee, which is in charge of valorization, is refusing shipments from growers, our markets are bare of coffee. The confidence of the market in the statements emanating from the Defense Committee has been shaken; and, in the expectation of lower prices, dealers have adopted a policy of hand-to-mouth buying.

Brazil has practically exhausted her borrowing power; and the recent loan of $10,000,000 is so inadequate and carries with it such onerous conditions that the relief afforded is a mockery. Says a coffee expert, 'This small loan merely postpones the ultimate solution of Brazil's difficulties, for it would not deal at all with the basic problem of overproduction; and no real confidence in the market can be felt as long as Brazil continues to pile up an unmanageable surplus. What Brazil needs more than anything else is a price which will enable her to sell her coffee.'

Taking their cue from the Brazilian coffee growers, the California raisin producers in turn began their campaign in 1912 to raise the price of raisins above that afforded them under the law of supply and demand. The story of their losing battle so strikingly parallels that of the coffee growers of Brazil that its telling would be mere repetition. This season's devastating frost and a huge supplementary loan by the Farm Board have afforded a breathing spell; but the situation created by long flouting of economic law is as critical as ever and presents quite as baffling a problem.

V

It is time to ask the question, which I am sure has already occurred to my readers, Are there not new factors of control at the disposal of the Farm Board which will save its venture in price raising from the fate of similar attempts? Is it not probable that the Farm Board, with the political and financial backing of the Federal Government, and with a carefully selected personnel, will be able to succeed where other agencies less substantially supported have signally failed? My answer is, No. The difference between the Farm Board and the organizations which have had charge of the various pooling and valorization schemes is one of degree, not of kind. It is true, of course, that the Board has great prestige, and, as the public is being repeatedly told these days, unlimited funds, which are at the disposal of the coöperatives. But it was not faulty organization or lack of funds that defeated Poland's holding movement, Brazil's valorization scheme, and our numerous ventures in holding, but the attempt to set aside economic law as immutable as the tides; and the Board is making the same attempt.

Though it is true that the Board has greater prestige and larger resources, it should be pointed out that its task

is immeasurably more difficult. It is not the instrument of private initiative on the part of a single industry, such as raisins or wheat, but it is an instrument created by the Government and supported by taxes drawn from all the people; and, while it may be able to confine its efforts to helping the farmers, it cannot limit its efforts to aiding any particular group of farmers, — the wheat or cotton growers, for example, — but must come to the succor of every group appealing to it. This is exactly what has already come to pass. The list of agricultural industries appealing to it for aid is already long and bids fair to include all agricultural production of any consequence. Some conception of the magnitude of the task set the Board may be gathered from the fact that the annual value of our agricultural products hovers around $12,000,000,000.

Furthermore it is a mistake to look upon agriculture as a single industry, for it is made up of many industries, with conflicting interests. One group's meat is another group's poison. Higher prices for the wheat grower mean higher prices to the miller for his offal and hardship for the dairyman. Higher prices for the corn grower of the Middle West will depress the price of lean cattle, the chief product of the Western rancher. The consequent clamor for relief could be disregarded by a private agency, but must be met and silenced by a government board if it is to survive.

Furthermore the Board has increased the difficulty of its task by its overgenerous lending, as a result of which it finds itself fixing prices and taking over from the shoulders of the Futures Exchanges the enormous burden of keeping supply and demand in adjustment. Indeed it is not too much to say that, if the Board continues on the road it is now traveling, private handling of our staple products will come to an end and the speculative exchanges will cease to function. This very day, December 20, wheat on the Chicago exchange fell to $1.15\frac{3}{4}$ per bushel. This is two and a quarter cents below the basis fixed by the Board for its loans to farmers, and after the close of the market a coöperative agency acting for the Board posted a notice that it would pay the Board's upset price, $1.18, for all shipments within the next twenty days, and there is a well-grounded rumor that the Board will continue to sustain the market at this level. Under such conditions, it is evidently out of the question for private enterprise to function.

If experience teaches us anything, it is that human institutions must be built from the bottom up through slow processes of evolution; but in this plan for farm relief the very reverse is the case. The building is to be put up overnight and the work is to be begun at the top. It is not strange, therefore, that the structure is top-heavy with politics. Private initiative and private control are quite overshadowed by political meddling and political control. The taxpayers' money is turned over to so-called farm coöperatives, which only by the widest stretch of the imagination can, in most cases, be said either to represent or to be controlled by the farmers. Such conditions inevitably place a premium on unbusinesslike methods and give rise to grave abuses of many sorts. Canada has gone about the matter in a radically different way; the government is kept in the background, and it does not furnish the funds. The local coöperatives finance their operations with their own capital supplemented by bank loans, and this fact guarantees a certain degree of supervision and restraint. Europe has for years been trying to get back to a policy similar to that of

Canada, and we are taking up her discarded methods. It is strange indeed that we find ourselves in the position of a people in the act of robbing the wastebasket of another people.

Space will not permit more than brief mention of the international irritations which a public board is sure to create in carrying out its policy of disposing of our surplus commodities in foreign markets. Any attempt to raise domestic prices by dumping products on European markets would arouse the antagonism of European producers, who would demand protection from their governments and would get it. It is a strange delusion that European governments will permit such a policy, which we would not tolerate for a moment. They too have farmers who must be reckoned with at election time.

On the other hand, it is plain that European consumers will vehemently protest against paying our inflated domestic prices, with the result that only as a last resort will they look to the United States for supplies. The advocates of the holding movement are beginning to sense this opposition. A prominent Senator has suggested that our coöperatives enter into an alliance with Canadian coöperatives to combat the threat of Europeans to make their first purchases of wheat from the unorganized markets of the Southern Hemisphere. And the wheat member of the Board suggests, 'The organized European purchaser will be confronted by an organized selling market.'

Earlier in this paper I have alluded to the growing class consciousness of our farmers. It is a thousand pities that this new Board, which so intimately speaks for the nation, has not seen fit to allay this growing distemper instead of aggravating it. The Board should know (or, if it does not, it might consult the shade of Chancellor Caprivi) that a self-conscious agrarianism can be quite as selfish and unlovely as the class consciousness of other groups. It may well be that the American farmer is desperately in need of relief, but I suggest that we can scarcely hope to bring about his succor by flouting economic law and urging upon him the belief that he is a victim of class discrimination.

A DIRT FARMER SPEAKS HIS MIND

BY WILLIAM GORDON STUART

I

I AM a farmer — just an ordinary dirt farmer, making my living (or what passes for a living) out of the soil. I have but little education. The idea of my writing an article for a magazine is almost too ridiculous to believe. A farmer may know how to milk and load hay and pitch manure; he may know the difference between an Ayrshire heifer and a Yorkshire shote, between a Baldwin apple and an ear of King Philip corn; but that a mere farmer should dare to express his opinion about financial or political conditions in this country is unbelievable.

A year ago last fall I caught a severe cold while helping a neighbor with his threshing; the cold later developed into pneumonia. I got by, although it was a tight squeeze, and the doctor said I had better spend the winter in Colorado or Arizona. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am also thinking of buying a limousine, a steam yacht, and a house on Fifth Avenue. Spend a winter in Colorado or Arizona? You'll be lucky if I have enough to spend to pay your bill.'

But the doctor insisted on the gravity of the crisis, and a family council was called. I have a brother who is a railroad engineer on the New York Central, and a niece who is a public-school teacher in New York City. My brother offered to pay all my expenses from my home to the West and back, and my niece offered to pay the expenses of a hired man to take my place from October 1 to May 1.

That was generous of them, and I greatly appreciate their kindness, but it was humiliating and annoying to feel that I had to accept such generosity. Why should conditions be such that I who work fully three times as hard as they do, I who have thousands of dollars invested in my business while they have not a penny invested in theirs, I whose work is certainly as important as any in the world, should be placed in the humiliating position of having to accept help from my relations? Why should not the much-heralded 'American standard of living' apply to a farmer and his family as well as to a railroad engineer or school-teacher?

After I had unsuccessfully sought to recover my health in Colorado, Texas, and Arizona, my doctor advised me to spend the summer in North Carolina. I did the best I could by writing to a nephew who is an R. F. D. carrier on the east coast of Florida, asking how cheaply he would board me. He replied that he and his wife would be pleased to have me as their guest for two months, after which they would charge only three dollars a week for as long a time as I cared to remain.

I appreciate his kindness as much as I do that of my brother and niece. My nephew thinks it 'pretty soft' to be an R. F. D. carrier, work four and a half hours a day, get a vacation with pay, sick leave with pay, and a fat pension after twenty-five years of service. My brother tells me that 'railroad men are sitting on top of the world,' while my

school-teacher niece assures me that she has 'a snap.'

I do not object to their good fortune. I am glad of it as far as it concerns them personally. But I am not pleased with a condition that makes it possible for other individuals and their children to enjoy ease and prosperity at the expense of my wife, my children, and myself.

We farmers have been the under dogs too long. We have been humbugged by the politicians, cheated by the railroads, imposed upon by the unionization of other forms of labor, made to appear as lazy and incompetent nincompoops by men who claim that the farmer works only a few months out of the year, and now we are going to get justice or know the reason why! We are to blame for some of our own troubles and financial difficulties, but most of them have been forced upon us by selfish interests and grafting politicians.

Reasonable cost of transportation is absolutely necessary to the success of the American farmer, and the worst enemy of the reasonable cost of transportation is the unionized railroad worker, the man who year after year insists upon having his wages raised higher and higher and higher, no matter how great the agricultural or business depression may be. And about equally guilty is the politician who backs him up in his demand. During 1926 the average pay received by the railroad worker (including *all* classes, the humble track worker as well as the haughty engineer and the lordly conductor) was a trifle over 68 cents an hour, and that is allowing that every engineer and conductor put in eight hours for a day's work — as none of them did. Yet during 1927 and 1928 the Board of Arbitration, the United States Board of Mediation, and the railroads themselves added wage increases amounting to more than one hundred million dollars! And while our kind Uncle Samuel was busy helping the poor railroad man to maintain the 'American standard of living,' another of Uncle Sam's departments, the United States Department of Agriculture, reported that, 'compared with earnings of the preceding year, the return for the labor of the farmer and his family declined nearly 10 per cent.' Is it any wonder that from 1910 to 1928, when railroad wages, counting rate per hour, went up over 400 per cent, farm mortgages increased by about the same figure?

A few days ago a farmer who owns a small neighboring farm uttered these words: 'See that conductor standing there with his blue uniform and gold braid? He makes more in one year than I make in five, and he does n't work one quarter as hard. See that engineer? Well, that goes for him, too. Now go back and look at my five-acre field of rotten melons! Rotten because, on account of the high cost of freight and handling, I could not ship them except at a loss. All my work gone for nothing!'

II

My home, a 158-acre farm, part woodland, is in Madison County, New York. I sell milk to the Dairyman's League, take a few boarders (when I can get them) in the summer time, raise my own cows, sell my surplus calves to the local butcher, also make a few dollars (last year it amounted to $341.14) by the sale of peas and sweet corn to the cannery at Canastota and eggs, chickens, raspberries, cherries, alfalfa, and potatoes locally. My farm cost me, in March 1898, $6310. I have about $3000 invested in cows and a milking machine, $475 in three horses, and about $2000 in wagons, harness, tools, and farm machinery. Two thou-

sand dollars may seem like a lot of money for a small farmer to put in machinery, but with the high cost of farm labor it is an absolute necessity. I have a grain drill, hay loader, side-delivery rake, manure spreader, reaper and binder, one two-horse riding cultivator, one one-horse walking cultivator, one plough, one side-hill plough, one small auto truck (I use this principally to deliver milk to and bring back empty cans from the milk station, some seven miles distant), one bobsled, two wagons, two sets of double and one set of single harness, a spring-tooth harrow, a disk harrow, and a smoothing harrow. I have also spent about $1600 on a silo, milk house, and engine. So, as can be seen from the above figures, I have $13,385 invested in my business. My farm cost $6310, but as a dwelling house cannot strictly be counted as part of a business investment I have deducted $2500 as the cost of my house, leaving a balance of $10,885 to be reckoned as entirely a farm investment.

I have two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of twelve. The boy helps me on the farm (and I would rather have him than nine tenths of the hired men I can get), while the girl assists her mother in the house and does some light work on the place, such as gathering, cleaning, and candling the eggs, dressing chickens, picking berries and vegetables, and, occasionally, going for the cows. I suppose it would be fair to say that the boy, counting winter and summer, averages four hours a day and the girl two hours, making a total of 2190 hours a year. My wife does some work on the place, but her housework and other duties occupy her time so fully that she has but little left to help on the farm, so I have not counted her time at all. I put in about thirteen hours a day for seven months of the year and about eleven hours for the other five months, although on the fifty-two Sundays during the year I work only about five hours a day. On Sundays all that has to be done between the time I get up and dinner time is to brush off the cows, clean the cow stable, milk, feed the chickens, feed the pigs, groom the horses and clean out the stable, attend to the calves, and take the milk to the milk depot. Between dinner and bedtime the only work consists of feeding the chickens and pigs, gathering the eggs, cleaning out the cow stables and milking the cows, feeding and bedding down the horses, and attending to the calves.

I read a signed article by Henry Ford some months ago in one of the magazines in which the illustrious proprietor of the Peace Ship and critic of the Jews stated that 'the farmer does practically no work for seven months of the year.' I should like to have the brilliant Mr. Ford spend those seven months on my farm.

But to go back to the subject of labor and money invested. I have $10,885 invested in my business; my children work 2190 hours at that business and I work 4067 hours, a total of 6257 hours.

From January 1927 to January 1928 my gross income from the farm was: —

Chickens	$18.00
Eggs	26.40
Young pigs	16.00
Peas	22.00
Sweet corn	18.50
Raspberries	12.20
Cherries	2.00
Alfalfa	44.00
Potatoes	56.65
Bob calves	64.17
Fat calves	56.22
Seed corn	5.00
	$341.14

My milk receipts (counting in my bonus) from the Dairyman's League amounted to $1952.24. The total would have been somewhat more than

this had I not fed some of the milk to pigs and some to the boarders. My old Berkshire sow died a few days after her tenth litter arrived, so I had to use some whole milk for the little pigs; and we had three boarders during all August and most of September. I have not counted their board as part of the income from the farm because my wife did most of the work and I felt she should have all the money.

My expenses on the farm for feed (I raise most of my own feed), blacksmithing, repair work, taxes, tires, gasoline, and oil for the milk truck, extra labor when we were filling the silo, threshing, and cutting ice, gasoline, oil, tubing, and repairs for the milking machine, oil and grease for the farm machinery, amounted to $895.77. So my farm account for the year 1927–1928 was as follows: —

Money invested in plant		$10,885
Hours of labor of myself		4,067
Hours of labor of my children		2,190
Receipts		
From sale of milk	$1,952.24	
From other sources	341.14	
Total income received		$2,293.38
Expenditures		
Total cost of operating plant		895.77
Balance		$1,397.61

It is fair to allow me 6 per cent on my $10,885 investment (most business enterprises expect to — and do — receive a much higher rate than that for the money invested in the business), which would amount to $653.10. Subtracting this from $1397.61 leaves a balance of $744.51 to represent the pay for 6257 hours of labor of myself and my children, or an average of a little less than twelve cents an hour!

The town children and the children of the foreigners sometimes hire out, and the lowest you can get them for is twenty cents an hour. Figuring the work of my children at that rate would amount to $438.00. Subtracting that from $744.51 leaves $306.51, which is the amount I received for 4067 hours of work — the tremendous pay of seven and a half cents an hour! Can you imagine any other trade or profession in America working for that pitiful sum? And I am considered one of the most successful farmers in Madison County! I know dozens of farmers in New York State who cannot make both ends meet, and dozens more — if what they tell me is true — in Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and Florida who cannot make enough to feed themselves and pay their taxes.

Of course, a farmer has to take into consideration that he has no house rent to pay and that he raises a large percentage of the food he and his family consume, so that his grocer and butcher bills are much less than those of men in other occupations; but, even giving that advantage every consideration, there is no doubt that the farmer receives far less for his labor than any other American worker. For instance, just compare what I receive per hour with what my brother, the railroad engineer, receives, and my nephew, the government mail carrier, and my niece, the New York public-school teacher. My brother has a run of two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, four hours of actual service, and receives $310 a month. His overtime brings his pay up to fully $3.00 per hour. An engineer's pay depends upon so many conditions — the size of his engine, its speed, and the like — that I could never quite take in the details, but I know that for years his income has never been less than $4000. My nephew, the R. F. D. carrier, receives about $2.60 an hour of actual service; while my school-teacher niece receives $4.93 per hour. And these figures do not take into account the fat pensions

they will all receive. Their average pay is *three dollars and a half an hour.* Mine is *seven and a half cents an hour.* Is it any wonder that we farmers see red?

III

What is the reason for this, and what is the remedy?

It seems to me that what the farmer has to *sell* he disposes of in a competitive market, a market largely (although not always entirely) governed by the law of demand and supply, while what he has to *buy* he buys in a market of forced or unnatural prices. If I should take my milk or eggs or vegetables or alfalfa to Utica and, standing in the public square, announce, 'Come on, ladies and gentlemen, I will sell you these goods at the lowest-bid prices,' I should receive as much as, perhaps more than, I do for them now. But suppose my Senator or Congressman, or sheriff or road commissioner or R. F. D. carrier or teacher in the public school, or the president or engineer or conductor of the road that carries my milk to New York, or the union laborer who helped make my shoes or clothing or plough, should stand in the same public square and announce, 'Come on, ladies and gentlemen, my position is to be sold in the open market to the bidder who will take it at the lowest figure.' Would there not be thousands of men and women who would be only too glad to take the positions at half, or a good deal less than half, of the present pay?

The railroad worker, by political and economic pressure, by intimidation, destruction of property, strikes, violence, arson, and murder, has forced wages up to an entirely unnatural level, and the same may be said of practically all unionized labor; while teachers, especially since women received the vote, have employed threats of political destruction to force salaries (especially in cities of the first and second class) up to ridiculous proportions. For instance, in New York State in 1890 there were 23,835 public-school teachers, receiving $10,422,171, and in 1926 there were 66,434 teachers, receiving $140,930,059 (which does not include pension payments); so that, while the number of teachers increased less than 200 per cent, their salaries increased more than 1300 per cent! Are farmers receiving 1300 per cent more for their labor than they did in 1890? Well, not exactly!

The past year my niece who is a teacher in New York City received $4.93 an hour for every hour she worked. Her youngest sister (who also tried for a teacher's job, but found that every position had about fifty applicants) is a stenographer for a law firm in Yonkers. She received less than eighty cents an hour. The older sister was receiving a forced price, the younger sister a natural price.

If unionization and political pressure have proved so successful with other trades and professions, the person unfamiliar with agricultural conditions naturally wonders why farmers do not employ the same methods. There is nothing to prevent them from doing so. In fact, farmers and union laborers are the only individuals who can combine to put up prices and not be liable for prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law.

The reason the farmers do not combine to put up the prices of what they have to sell is that they cannot do so without injury to themselves. The plumber who lives in New Orleans, the plumber who lives in Chicago, and the plumber who lives in Atlantic City all have but one object in common — higher prices for their labor and shorter hours of work, or higher prices for the same hours of work. But the desires of the farmer who lives in Louisiana, the

farmer who lives in Illinois, and the farmer who lives in New Jersey are diametrically opposed to each other. The sugar-cane grower of Louisiana wants a high price for sugar and a low price for wheat and corn; the Illinois farmer wants a high price for wheat and corn and a low price for sugar; while the poultry farmer of New Jersey wants a low price on what both the Louisiana and Illinois farmers have to sell, but he wants to see his own products — eggs and poultry — bring a good big sum. So what is meat for the planter in Louisiana or Mississippi is poison for the farmer in Pennsylvania or Iowa.

Pleasant old gentlemen with theoretical cure-alls for agriculture, practical politicians, and farm 'experts' with axes to grind (and checks to receive) have advocated 'coöperative associations' and 'one big union' of the farmers. It would be just as sensible to advocate one big union of lawyer and client, or one big union of cats and mice, for how can a body of men whose interests are diametrically opposed to one another, even though they may all be classed under the general name of 'farmers,' form one big union?

Have they, then, no interest in common? Have they no object to be gained upon which farmers of the North and South and East and West may all agree?

Yes, they have. All farmers have two ends to gain — lower transportation costs and lower taxes on farm property. Even the politicians, as evidenced by the platforms of the two major parties during the last presidential campaign, have come to the conclusion that farming as an American industry will cease to exist unless agriculture receives relief in some form. And what does the party in power propose to do to help the farmer? Does it propose to make railroad presidents and vice presidents and general managers and chairmen of boards, and conductors, engineers, firemen, oilers, and telegraph operators reduce their salaries and wages to a reasonable or competitive basis? Oh, no, indeed! For has n't Henry Ford said that the way for a country to be happy and prosperous is for everybody to receive high wages for short hours of labor? And has n't President Green of the American Federation of Labor announced that the receipt for making America rich and contented is to pay all labor (by which he meant all *union* labor) the very highest wages for a five-day week of six hours a day? And does not the Grand Old Republican Party want everybody to be prosperous? Indeed it does!

IV

Well, then, how do President Hoover and his followers in Congress propose to help the man who makes his living from the soil?

They propose to do three things: first, to raise the tariff on all agricultural products grown in the United States; second, to build great inland waterways, costing hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars, so that the farmer may move his crops 'at a reasonable cost of transportation,' to quote President Hoover; third, to spend one hundred and fifty million dollars through the Federal Farm Board to help farmers. To me — just an ordinary dirt farmer — no more foolish, extravagant, and silly legislation has ever been proposed.

There is already a 'tariff wall' so high around the United States that even the cow that jumped over the moon would have difficulty in scaling it. Should a man desire that simplest of all meals, bread and cheese, he finds that the flour has a tax of $3.12 a barrel and the cheese five to seven and a half cents a pound. Should he care to substitute butter for cheese, the tax would

be twelve cents a pound. And even should the present rates be doubled, what good will that do the farmer? It has been estimated that the proposed tariff changes will increase the food cost twelve and two-thirds cents a meal per person. At a rate of three meals a day, this means that Mr. Taxpayer must contribute $138.70 a year to help the farmer out. John Doe, who has a wife and two little Does, will have to pay $554.80 more a year for his food supplies.

If farmers were exempt from this tax we should most enthusiastically approve of the measure, — for we are just as selfish as any other class of worker, — but unfortunately the farmer is a buyer as well as a seller. If the tariff is raised, I shall receive more for my milk, berries, eggs, and potatoes, but I shall also pay more for my flour, sugar, rice, and oatmeal; although, of course, what I purchase does not amount to as much as what I sell.

And how will the carpenter, the plumber, the railroad man, the miner, the politician, the teacher, the Federal officeholder, — all those trades and professions which have the power, more or less, to increase their own pay, — how will these ladies and gentlemen accept the increased cost of food products? Will they say, 'Oh, well, the farmer is a jolly good fellow; and, as the poor chap has been having bad luck for the last few years, let's all chip in, pay the extra cost, and say nothing'?

It seems more likely that Mr. Bricklayer, for instance, when presented with his butcher and grocer and milk bill for the month, will demand, 'Why should I, a poor man with a wife and children to support, pay $554.80 a year to some farmer? If I've got to pay $554.80 more for food each year, then I've got to get $554.80 more in my pay envelope to meet the increased cost of living.' And up will go the wages of Mr. Bricklayer, and up will go the wages and salaries of every other organized and unionized worker in the United States, so that Mr. Farmer will pay more taxes, and more for his boots and his shoes and his clothing and *everything* he has to buy.

As for 'great inland waterways,' such a scheme is as foolishly impractical as it is wickedly extravagant. How are these great inland waterways to be paid for? Why, by the taxes, of course. And is the farmer a taxpayer? He most certainly is! And so the farmer is to have more taxes added to his already overburdened shoulders; and not only the farmer, but every individual in the United States is to be made to contribute to the cost of an enterprise which will never pay even the interest on the cost, and all because the railroads or the Government or the public in general cannot or will not make the railroad worker accept a reasonable wage.

But suppose the great inland waterways are ever built — what will be the result as far as the farmer is concerned? Why, the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins and in-laws, and every 'loyal party worker' out of a job, will be provided with a nice position, holding a fat pension in the offing, on the great inland waterways; and even before a single bag of wheat or one horned animal has been placed upon a barge the 'International Union of Waterways Workers' will have been formed and the cost of transportation upon the great inland waterways will be as high as on the railroads.

The Parcel Post is an example of what happens to governmental agencies formed 'to help the farmer.' When the Parcel Post was added to the Post Office Department in 1912 it was universally hailed by agricultural publications, by the Republican Party (then in

power), and by the farmers themselves as a great boon. It was largely to cut out the middleman. The farmer could ship his ham and bacon and berries and vegetables and peanuts and maple syrup and oranges and eggs and poultry direct to the consumer, thus securing the highest retail price. In 1913, the year after the Parcel Post was established, agricultural products formed more than 65 per cent of the articles carried. Then it gradually came about that R. F. D. carriers, to meet 'the increased cost of living' and conform to 'the American standard of living,' had to receive increased pay, sick-leave pay, vacation pay, pensions, and what not. Now Rural Post cost is as high as, in some instances higher than, express charges; and in 1927 less than 5 per cent of the articles carried were agricultural products. Also during the last few years certain regulations have been added so that the big shippers have advantages that are denied to farmers.

I wanted to send some pecans and peanuts north to my children. I pasted a strip of paper around the box, exactly as Sears, Roebuck and other big firms do, and I printed on it in large black letters, 'Notice. Postmaster may open for inspection.' When I handed it in to the postmaster he remarked that I should have to cut the pasted slip.

'Why?' I demanded. 'Sears, Roebuck sent that box exactly that same way to me.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but big firms using regularly printed labels are the only ones who can send packages that way.'

'Then farmers cannot do it, even though the notice is printed on a typewriter and worded exactly the same?'

'No,' he snapped, 'it is only for the big people.'

And so I sent my peanuts and pecans as the Post Office Department requires us little people to do, and when the box reached my home there was not a pecan or peanut left in the package.

I have two Northern Spy and two Tompkins King apple trees behind my house. A man who boarded with us one summer, and who has a small winter home below Miami, is very fond of both these varieties. He would gladly pay me two dollars a bushel for these apples, — and I should be very glad to accept it, — but if I try to send a bushel of apples to my friend I find the Parcel Post cost, not counting insurance or special-delivery fees, amounts to $5.78. This means that the apples would cost my friend $19.45 a barrel — $5.00 for the apples and $14.45 for the Parcel Post charges. Naturally, I do not send him many apples! That shows what a great help Parcel Post is to farmers.

If our noble Solons at Washington would look back a few years and study the history of the Erie Canal in my native state, they might learn something to their advantage — if a politician ever can learn anything to the advantage of anybody — about 'great inland waterways.'

As to the expenditure of $150,000,000 (which is only a starter) by the Federal Farm Board, we farmers are opposed to it for several reasons. In the first place, after the salaries and traveling expenses of Tom, Dick, and Harry are paid there won't be much left of that $150,000,000. In the second place, it is special and class legislation, and we farmers are bitterly opposed to every variety of privilege and class favoritism. It is our contention that the Government of the United States has no more right to appropriate and lend one hundred and fifty million dollars to farmers than it would have to lend fifty millions to garbage collectors, seventy-five millions to shoemakers, or two hundred millions to stove manufacturers, however worthy and necessary

those three occupations may be. In the third place, we farmers do not want to be regarded as beggars. We do not want gifts. We want justice!

V

I can, of course, speak only for myself and the farmers I know in New York, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and Florida; but I have an idea that our wishes are about the same as those of the rest of the farmers. We share certain views on the government and policy of the country which may not always seem directly related to farming, but which we think more important than all the juggling yet done with farm problems.

1. We should like Congressmen to be elected by states, not by districts as at present. That is, a Congressman need not necessarily reside in the district he represents. If the voters of Madison County wanted Mr. Sensible to represent them in Congress, they ought to be allowed to elect him, even though Mr. Sensible resides in Washington or Westchester County. This method of electing Congressmen would lessen the power of local bosses and would remove the pressure at present exerted upon Congress by Prohibitionists, Union Labor, Church organizations, Protectionists, and other improper lobbies.

2. We farmers feel that government pensions absorb an enormous and unjustified amount of public tax money, whether these pensions are military or civil, whether they are paid to railroad workers, teachers, or what not. The idea of a poor farmer being taxed to pay a pension to a former President's wife, or to an ex-governor, not to mention thousands of others who for years have held fat government jobs! Pensions are well enough in theory, but when a farmer — or anybody else except a pensioner — pays his taxes it gets under his skin to feel that he is supporting a crowd of government workers with secure jobs and certain futures.

3. Farmers are against the creation of new political offices, boards, committees, and departments, even when they are ostensibly designed to help the farmer. The farmer believes with Thomas Jefferson that 'the less we are governed, the better we are governed.' I have read that it is an economic maxim that the power to tax is the power to destroy, and I believe history shows us many instances in which the over-taxation of the common people by the nobles and landed aristocracy led the former to rise up and destroy the government. And how about America? Is n't the history of the United States one continuous record of increased taxation? Have n't we merely swapped a tax-eating titled class for a lot of elective and appointive tax-eating grafters? It cost $38,500,400 a day to run the United States during the year 1928! That means that it takes one day in every seven — 52 days a year — from every wage-earning man, woman, and child in this country to pay for the cost of government. It also means that every nine of us have to pay to support one person on the public pay roll. In 1828 one person in every forty-eight was upon the public pay roll. Quite a difference! Have we a government 'of the people, by the people, for the people' or have we a government of, by, and for the officeholders?

I believe it was some witty Frenchman who wrote, 'The best system of taxation is the one that produces the most feathers with the least squawking from the plucked birds.' And another Frenchman who, when comparing his king with a republic, said, 'I would as lief be eaten by one lion as by a thousand rats.' Well, the farmers in this country have been plucked and plucked until they have not a feather left, but they've been squawking now for some

years and the time is coming — and coming mighty soon — when they will make their squawks so loud and clear that even the deafest person in the United States will sit up and take notice. The French farmers arose and killed their king, and the American farmers — unless conditions change mightily — are going to rise up and kill their rats.

4. To farmers the tariff is a sore point. Every farmer naturally wants a high tariff on what *he* has to sell, but, although the politicians may think otherwise, we farmers as a class are opposed to protection as a national policy. In past days the farmer, especially the Northern and Western farmer, was a believer in a high protective tariff. He raised practically all the food he consumed; his homespun clothes, socks, shirts, mittens, caps, and very often his underwear, his axe and pitchfork and shovel handles, his bobsled and oxcart, and part of his household furniture were all made at home. He purchased but little. In 1884 (I happen to have his account book for that year), my father, a well-to-do farmer, spent (leaving out his taxes, church dues, and life and fire insurance) less than one hundred dollars cash money — and that was for a family of five persons. But in these days the farmer is a buyer as well as a seller. He has seen the tariff used to enrich the merchant and the manufacturer until millionaires in this country are as plentiful as tabby cats. He has seen the lobbyist, he has seen corruption and bribery and every form of governmental favoritism, flourish like the green bay tree in the soil of the tariff. He has seen the hours of work decrease and the rate of pay increase year after year until now many forms of union labor are receiving from 400 to 3000 per cent more per hour than they did twenty-five years ago. He remembers how President Harrison, while extolling 'Republican' prosperity and the Republican tariff, made the wonderful discovery that 'a cheap coat makes a cheap man.' He has listened to false prophets extolling high tariff and high wages with such wearisome iteration that now, as he looks over his unpaid bills, his overdue taxes, and his duplicate copy of mortgage deeds, he comes to the conclusion that, with all due respect to Henry Ford and Arthur Brisbane and President Hoover and the Grand Old Republican Party, he would like to try a change to *low* tariff and *low* wages.

These paragraphs express the attitude of the farmers toward the present political structure and tendencies of the government. We believe it would be to our financial, political, and social benefit if changes were made in conformity with these views. But there are other changes which we farmers are going to *insist* upon. We are prepared to express our insistence by methods which will be criticized for lack of gentleness.

First of all, we want lower government expenditures in national, state, county, and town governments. This will mean a lowering of taxes, including the present exorbitant and crippling taxes on farm property. Next, lower transportation charges — lower by 40 to 60 per cent. Finally, the curbing and controlling of the excessive power of organized and unionized labor. If the railroad worker (and this applies to the president of the road as well as to the fireman) will not give the farmers — and not only the farmers, but every non-union person as well — a square deal, then the farmers are going to force him to do so.

ON GROWING OLD

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I LATELY gave a lecture at Harvard on growing old, explaining minutely how it is accomplished and tracing the steps through which I have passed in reaching a great age. But growing old is not confined to Harvard. We are all busied with it. Accordingly I here print what I there said, including even its personal and intimate details. It may all be summed up in a single warning precept. Old age is no bit of good luck. It comes only as the result of effort.

No doubt there are differences in natural endowment. Some of us are given at birth strong constitutions; others are frail. But such differences are of slight account. By middle life the strong man who has taken no pains will find himself burnt up, while a fragile person can gather vigor where all looks adverse. I speak from knowledge. Few have had a worse start than I. From my mother I inherited spinal disease; the spinal vertebræ do not interlock, and so I have never been able to stand up straight. My father gave me double hernia. I do not complain of these things. They have helped me to reach old age, showing early the job that was before me. I am now eighty-seven and in perfect health, only lame through my own folly. When thirty years ago I sprained my leg the doctor warned me to keep quiet for a considerable time. As after some weeks I felt little pain, I began to move about the room. Healing stopped and has never been resumed. Since then I have had only one leg to walk with. I hold therefore that we construct old age in precisely the same way as we build a barn. We merely need knowledge and persistent effort. Combined, they will carry us through anything. I have undergone six surgical operations and am now — except for a lameness induced by that early folly — in perfect health and enjoyment. To enable others to find a course which may be equally serviceable for themselves I here trace in detail six definite stages of my progress as relates to Food, Sleep, Exercise, Clothing, Moods, Religion.

1. I take no stimulant of any kind, no wine, beer, tobacco, coffee, or tea. A stimulant is a means of borrowing, and, small or large, must be paid for. Occasionally we are in a tight place and may wisely borrow. But such occasions are rare, and we enjoy life more the less we borrow. The adult heart can be kept like that of a child.

A particularly dangerous food is milk. We could not do without it, but man is the only creature that drinks it. The infant sucks it in mouthfuls from his mother's breast. A little older, he takes his bread and milk a spoonful at a time. Only when he is old enough to know better does he pour down a glass of it at a gulp. Milk is a food, not a drink. It should be taken in sips. One might as properly pour the contents of the soup tureen down his throat as the contents of the milk pitcher.

White flour in all its forms should

be avoided. Whatever is nutritious in the grain has been sifted out and thrown away. Whatever pleases the eye and tongue, even though injurious, is preserved. If one takes cold easily, the amount of salt had better be reduced. Beef, pork, and salt fish should not be eaten at all. Other varieties of meat are valuable and should be taken at least once each day. Do not bathe too often. Once a day rub yourself down with a rough towel and take a bath a couple of times a week.

The intake and outgo of food should be about equal in amount. In this matter persons differ widely. Some have a small appetite and therefore a small discharge. A strong appetite is better, if the food remains simple. Then three discharges are in order, and the amount is astonishing. At least one discharge is essential for everybody. It occurs best early in the morning. A mouthful of petrolatum oil, which contains no food, will harmlessly check constipation.

2. Many of us are troubled with sleepless nights, or rather we think we are. We lie awake watching ourselves, fearful that sleep may not come. Or we try to use the waking time for planning. Either habit is more exhausting than sleeplessness itself. I have never slept a night through in my life. I sleep an hour or two, then wake an hour or two. During the waking time I think of nothing serious. No harm comes. The method is simple. A good many hours may be spent in bed, where rest is had, whether sleep comes or not. I do not toss about. Only when after some hours the side or back grows lame I quietly take a new position. In the morning I start off on a new day as fresh as those whose night was of the standard sort. One must not say, 'How good it would be if only.' The wise man takes whatever comes and studies how to extract good from it.

3. Regular exercise is essential, the amount varying considerably for different persons. It would evidently be foolish for a frail man who eats little to take at once such exercise as fits the athlete. Each to his measure. One is liable to overdo and take too much exercise in a single piece. Exercise and rest belong together. I find I need a walk of about two miles a day, and walking is the best form of exercise. It touches every external muscle and the whole internal machinery as well. After a walk of a quarter or half a mile I take a rest of about the same time, lying flat on my back. Such a half-hour's rest too is good before a meal.

4. The problem of clothing is closely related to that of exercise. I use porous knit cotton underwear, the same summer and winter. So even in winter I seldom need an overcoat, though I keep a thin one always at hand. For riding or storms a thick one is generally prudent. At night a single blanket is usually sufficient, though a camel's-hair or down puff should be within reach. The sudden changes of the New England climate call for alertness in meeting them, night or day. Mark Twain warns us wisely, 'If you don't like the New England climate, just wait five minutes.' Under such conditions we easily fall into the bad habit of adding blanket to blanket and soon find that many become necessary. Guard against this. Writing twenty years ago, I should have thought it necessary to assert that a window near the bed should be kept open at night. But in this matter there has been real progress. Nowadays every sleeper likes to breathe.

5. But have we any dominating mood? That is essential. However favorable outward conditions may be,

they will not lead to old age unless attended all the way by suitable inner conditions. These latter are the important thing. Is their possessor fit to grow old? Has he the needful promptness, self-sacrifice, public spirit, which will unite him with his fellows and give him a share in the ongoings of the community? One cannot grow old alone. We rightly call the time when a man lives 'his age.' He should make it that, discharging casual moods as not really himself. A dominant aim of a worthy sort should knit the desires of to-day with those of to-morrow, thus giving a foretaste of immortality.

How should I praise thee, Lord! How should
my rymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

6. It may seem strange to speak of Religion as a means for prolonging life. But I believe that without it the likelihood of growing old would be seriously lessened. Surely he who thinks that the ultimate ground-work of all is friendly and akin to himself looks forward with more hope than one who sees himself encompassed by blind or hostile agencies. There might indeed be danger that the thought of a friendly God would make us wish to shorten unduly our earthly stay. Happy as is every day of life here, I do not desire to continue here forever. My curiosity is too great. I want to explore the regions above for my many dear ones, to see if they recognize me and I them.

Yet all this presupposes a friendly God. May He not be hostile? I do not think so. Evil involves self-contradiction, like a square triangle. Nothing can be harmoniously bad. That the wise ones know. If I had doubted it, my good sense would have been restored by my wife. And here I shall speak with the extreme intimacy which I have used throughout this paper. She had undergone a desperate operation for an intestinal trouble which was congenital. I went to see her on the morning when she awoke, and was shocked at the artificialities of the place. The nurses were black-robed nuns. The walls were hung with pictures of fabulous saints. How offensive, I thought, must all this be to that lover of simplicity, especially now when she is at the point of death and able to speak only in whispers. But as I entered her face was all aglow over 'this blessed place where the air seems full of religion and one feels entirely free and at ease.' Her thoughts were on divine things. Such are open to us all.

SPEED

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS tells of a race with a startled gazelle which he surprised on the flat table-land of the Gobi Desert. When the speedometer of his car was registering fifty miles an hour, the gazelle was easily going sixty, and in a few minutes had become a rapidly diminishing speck far ahead.

A rabbit has been clocked at thirty-five miles an hour. English foxhounds can travel forty, but the fox usually leads them for many miles. Reindeer have been reported to run fifty miles an hour when pursued.

Winged animals travel faster. Recently an American pigeon flew 300 miles at seventy-one miles an hour. In Europe there is a vulture known as the lammergeier. An officer of the British Royal Air Force saw one of these vultures flying, and started in pursuit. The bird led until the airplane's speedometer reached 110 miles an hour, when the lammergeier gave up the race in a graceful nose dive.

A swallow was taken from her nest under the eaves of a house in Antwerp, carried to Compiègne, 148 miles away, and there released. She was back on her nest in an hour and eight minutes, having flown at the rate of more than 134 miles an hour. It is a profound mystery how this frail bird, which could hide in your coat pocket, can get such speed out of mere muscle power.

Human muscles make a poor showing by comparison. The fastest mile a man has run on foot was raced by Nurmi in 1925, at a rate which figures a little more than fourteen and a half miles an hour; but perched on a camel he has traveled that distance at sixteen miles an hour, and astride a horse at nearly forty miles an hour. Swimming, a man has been able to go a mile at approximately two and a half miles an hour. A whale can propel its huge bulk four times as fast, and a silver salmon parts the water at seventeen miles an hour in sudden spurts. To get the greatest possible speed from human muscles man has had to take to the ice; skating, he has traveled a little better than twenty-three miles an hour.

But these motions are a mere crawl compared with the speeds attained during the last year by means of mechanical devices with metal muscles and electrical nerves and with man as the brain controlling the speed machine. Major Segrave caroming over a Florida beach at 231 miles an hour, and Captain Orlebar in his super-marine airplane meteoring off the Isle of Wight at 357 miles an hour, are both a demonstration and a prophecy.

They are a demonstration of what man can do toward annihilating distance, when he rides in a vehicle that is nearly all motor.

They are a prophecy of super-speeds that in a few years may be commonplaces of travel, when there will be room in the machine and carrying capacity not only for the engine and the engineer, but also for passengers, mail, freight, parlor compartments, dining saloons — all the luxuries of the

Limited. Such is the forecast of the experts.

II

Mechanical speed came slowly. The steam engine had been pumping water from mine pits for nearly a hundred years before anyone tried the experiment of putting an engine on wheels and making it propel itself. Railways were almost two hundred years old before anyone substituted for the draft horses that pulled the early cars a steam machine moving under its own power. The first railway locomotive chugged along a tramway in Wales in 1804 at about five miles an hour, but twenty-five years passed before any railway management adopted the idea as a means of motive power.

People were afraid of speed. 'What can be more palpably absurd than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stagecoaches!' exclaimed the staid English *Quarterly Review* in 1825. 'We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.'

Speed was a live public question then because the proposed Liverpool and Manchester Railway had petitioned Parliament for a franchise. It was known that the chief engineer of the projected railroad, George Stephenson, had experimented with steam locomotives and favored them over stagecoaches. But scarcely a technical man in the United Kingdom agreed with him. Tredgold, in his *Practical Treatise on Railroads and Carriages*, published in 1825, pronounced the prevailing judgment of the engineering profession: 'That any system of carrying passengers would answer, to go at a velocity exceeding ten miles an hour, or thereabouts, is extremely improbable.' And Lardner, lecturing in London on the steam engine at about the same time, said: 'Carriages could not go at anything like the contemplated speed. If driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still.'

With such science proclaimed by the learned authorities it is no wonder that the legislative authorities hesitated to license a railway to be guided by Mr. Stephenson's 'insanity.' Before the engineer testified in the Parliamentary hearing regarding locomotives, the railway's attorney cautioned him against claiming unbelievable speeds, such as twenty miles an hour. If he did, warned the lawyer, he would 'inevitably damn the whole thing' and be himself regarded as 'a maniac fit for bedlam.' Thus primed, Stephenson reined in his knowledge of what steam might do, and limited his prediction to twelve miles an hour. Even so, members of the committee murmured doubts as to his sanity, and voted denial of the application for a charter.

Speed was a live public question in America, too. The usual stagecoach speed was six or seven miles an hour. When the stage from Boston to Providence rattled over its forty miles in four hours and fifty minutes, the feat was regarded as little short of miraculous. 'If any one wants to go faster, he may send to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning,' wrote one traveler, describing a journey over this famous route in 1822.

Kentucky horses were the nearest to a streak of lightning that the lay mind could imagine then. Apparently the controlling professional mind had no greater vision, for when construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began in 1828 the roadbed was laid out for horse-drawn cars. John Stevens of Hoboken and Oliver Evans of New York had been preaching the gospel of

steam transportation for more than a decade, but the business men who were putting their dollars into the railroad gave scarcely a thought to these vagaries, and proceeded to lay the track for horse power.

Old Peter Cooper thought that was too bad. A steam railroad would be ever so much more progressive. He hastily improvised a locomotive by mounting a small boiler and engine on wheels, and brought it to Baltimore to try the curves of the eighteen-mile track. The 'Tom Thumb' did n't work very well at first, but after some months of tinkering and remodeling Cooper managed to operate it with fair success at a speed of about six miles an hour.

Then a horse drawing an equivalent load raced Cooper's midget engine; the machine failed in that crisis, and horse-flesh trotted in to easy victory. A horse-propelled locomotive in which the animal operated a treadmill was also tried, but it collided with a cow and upset, spilling some distinguished passengers. Experiments were made with a sail-driven car, but the wind was erratic and operation on a regular schedule impossible. After these trials the management felt confirmed in its original choice; so horse-drawn cars were installed, and continued on the Baltimore and Ohio until 1831.

Meanwhile, in England, history was making. The Liverpool and Manchester Company had somehow got its charter. Before installing stationary engines to operate a tram, as was generally favored, Stephenson begged the company to give a trial to steam-on-wheels, and the management graciously — and surprisingly — acceded. It announced a competition to be held on the railway at Rainhill, and invited inventors to enter their iron steeds. If a locomotive proved that it could run thirty-five miles at an average rate of ten miles an hour, and also met other conditions of safe and efficient operation, it would be considered for use on the railway. A prize of five hundred pounds was offered for the best performance.

And so was staged, a century ago, in October 1829, the great locomotive speed contest. The event excited unusual public interest and curiosity. Ten thousand people gathered to witness the trials. Five locomotives were entered, one the invention — or construction — of Stephenson.

I have often wondered why Stephenson called his locomotive the Rocket. Perhaps he still smarted under the *Quarterly Review's* twitting comparison of his project to Congreve's skyrockets. Certainly in his complete victory that day he rocketed into fame and became almost at one bound the acknowledged engineering genius and authority of Britain.

The Rocket's speed, pulling a train of loaded cars, averaged fifteen miles an hour. Then Stephenson detached the cars and gave an extra demonstration of what his machine could do unencumbered. He ran it up to twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and finally thirty-five miles an hour. The grandstand was aghast; then wild with applause. The engine did not disintegrate into atoms, the wheels did not spin helplessly on the axles, the engineer did not burst a blood vessel or fall into a coma. At the end of the run he stepped down from his smoking engine very much alive, exhilarated by the experience. Here was a new kind of horse indeed — one that was not only faster, but tireless.

III

The railroad made its highest speed record in 1901, when a train of the Plant System in Florida traveled five miles in two and a half minutes. Such velocity was possible, of course, only on

a straight level track, and could not be maintained around curves and up grades. The record for a run of more than 500 miles was made by a train of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern in 1905. It ran the 525 miles from Buffalo to Chicago in seven hours and fifty minutes, an average speed of sixty-seven miles an hour.

There is a tendency among American railroads to-day to increase the average rate of speed, but they show no serious ambition to make the high records of the past the normal running speed of modern trains. Twenty years ago two rival roads maintained a schedule of eighteen hours between New York and Chicago, but now the fastest regular trains operated by these same lines take twenty hours for the trip. The average speed of the Twentieth Century Limited is forty-eight miles an hour. The Broadway Limited, connecting the two cities over the shorter Pennsylvania route, needs to travel only forty-five and four-tenths miles an hour to reach its destination in twenty hours.

In 1929 both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania companies added new fast trains between Chicago and New York, but it is noticeable that all content themselves with the twenty-hour schedule. Safety, comfort, and economy rule the modern rails, rather than speed.

The automobile was arriving just as the railroad was making its most spectacular records. A musty old copy of the *Horseless Age* recalls that in 1901 — the year in which that Florida train ran five miles at 120 miles an hour — Henry Ford won his first automobile race. His speed was just under forty-five miles an hour.

In Europe somewhat better automobile records were being made; but the locomotive experts saw nothing to fear in the gasoline buggy. Then, in 1903, Henry Ford rode into the front-page headlines for the first time by driving his racing car at better than ninety miles an hour, thus bringing the world record for automobile speed to America. In the same year a New York Central train made a short run at close to 110 miles an hour. Automobile speed was going up, locomotive speed coming down.

Year by year the automobile record climbed. By 1910 it was 141 miles an hour; by 1920, 156 miles; by 1926, 170. In 1927 Major H. O'n. de H. Segrave electrified the headline artists by reaching and passing the 200-miles-an-hour rate. Like most speed honors, his distinction was short-lived; in 1928 Ray Keech drove a car at better than 207 miles an hour.

This was a surprise. Many authorities had predicted that Segrave's record would stand for years. He himself had announced, following his 1927 triumph, that he would never race again. But the speed bacillus is a tantalizing and even a domineering bug. Major Segrave came back to Florida in 1929 with a new 1000-horsepower car. In it he swept across the sands of Daytona Beach at 231 miles an hour — almost four miles a minute. And, at least until the next races, this will stand as the record for speed on the earth's surface.

IV

But meanwhile man has left the surface of the earth and in the ocean of air has learned a new magic in mechanical power and a new meaning in speed.

The first airplane flight — by Orville Wright, on December 17, 1903 — was 120 feet in twelve seconds, something over six miles an hour. Almost any eighteenth-century stagecoach could do better.

But give the birdman time — time to learn the use of wings. Two years later Orville Wright flew eleven miles at

better than thirty-six miles an hour. And in 1908 he met the rigorous requirements of the United States Army by flying forty miles an hour.

Then James Gordon Bennett offered an international challenge cup for speed, and the first airplane race was held at Rheims, France, in August of 1909. Glenn H. Curtiss, flying a biplane of his own design, won at a rate which averaged close to forty-seven miles an hour.

Every year the record for speed leaped ahead. Grahame-White took the cup away from Curtiss to England, C. T. Weyman brought it back to America, and then Vedrines carried it off to France by a spurt of 105 miles an hour. This was in 1912, and the next year France showed that its spurt was a permanent gain, for it won a second time. After the war's interruption, racing resumed in 1920; France won for the third time, and thus possessed the famous cup outright. The winning speed in 1920 was close to 170 miles an hour.

Meanwhile, another speed contest had been instituted by Jacques Schneider, a wealthy patron of sport in France. It is a tragic irony that M. Schneider died in poverty in 1928, as competitors for his trophy were spending millions of dollars in preparation for the contest. But back in 1912 he was heir of the great and prosperous Gun Works at Creusot, and his desire to encourage the development of seagoing aircraft prompted him to offer a trophy for the best speed made by a seaplane.

The aviator who won the first Schneider race, M. Prevost of France, also won the James Gordon Bennett race of that year. His speed in the landplane was better than 120 miles an hour, and in the seaplane only a little over forty-five miles an hour. This was in 1913, and these two records fairly represent the comparative speed efficiencies of land and sea planes at that time.

But now — what a difference! The swiftest flyers are seaplanes. Under the spur of the Schneider trophy competition a seaplane was the first vehicle to reach 300 miles an hour. Indeed, so far as the records show, it is the only vehicle in which a man has traveled at that velocity. To the Italian, Major Mario de Bernardi, belongs the honor of being the first to pass this mark. The winning speed in the Schneider races of 1929 was 332 miles an hour, achieved by H. R. D. Waghorn of the British Royal Air Force. Five days later one of his team mates, Captain A. H. Orlebar, made a new record by driving a seaplane at better than 357 miles an hour.

At present, the latter figure stands as the peak measure of human restlessness, man's highest attainment of motion — almost six miles a minute in the air, to compare with a maximum of almost four miles a minute on the automobile track and two miles a minute on the railroad.

V

What is the future of speed? Have we reached the limit, or are there still higher velocities attainable mechanically and controllable by man?

Sir Alan Cobham, whose experience gives weight to his words, recently predicted that within the lifetime of the present generation 300 miles an hour will be normal cruising speed in commercial and passenger transport.

Professor A. M. Low, the distinguished British engineer, says: 'We must accustom ourselves to the idea that in the future 500 miles an hour will be an every day — or night — affair.'

Louis Blériot, flight pioneer of France, forecasts that within ten years air racing at faster than 700 miles an hour will be an accomplished fact.

Other authorities do not shrink from 1000 miles an hour. Two years ago General J. H. MacBrien, president of the Canadian Aviation League and a former officer of the Royal Air Force, predicted that aircraft will reach this speed. And F. H. R. Folland, the engineer who designed the swift Gloster-Napier super-marine plane which competed in the Schneider trophy contest in 1929, said at that time, 'I see no reason why the trophy should not be won twenty years hence at a speed of 1000 miles an hour.'

One difficulty is the lack of a motor able to push a plane through the air — and against the air — at that rate. Three great enemies are air resistance, friction, and centrifugal force. Every airplane designer is continually at war with these opponents. The Dædalus who comes nearest to conquering them — or escaping from them — will be the first to fly 1000 miles an hour.

Centrifugal force can destroy. A physicist has computed that when Segrave's automobile traveled 200 miles an hour its wheels were making thirty revolutions a second and each tire was writhing under a centrifugal force equal to the pull of four tons. With every increase in the rate of rotation this pull increases, until finally a critical speed is reached: the molecules of matter can stand the strain no longer; they fly apart and the tire explodes. The same kind of force applies to a rotating propeller and the motor which drives it.

Every owner of an automobile knows what friction costs in lubricating oil, but only an engineer knows its toll on power. Major Segrave's car had motors of 1000 horsepower. Ten per cent of their energy went to overcome friction. As speed increases, the problem of lubricating the engine is additionally complicated by the danger of chemical changes in the lubricating oil. This necessitates the addition of a cooling system to guard the engine against overheating and consequent break-up of the lubricant. But a cooling system always means lessened power — 20 per cent of the gasoline burned in even the better types of motors goes to make up for the loss of power through cooling, a loss directly chargeable to friction.

Speed's arch-enemy is air resistance. After 100 of his horsepower had overcome friction, Major Segrave had 900 mechanical horses left, which would seem to be ample, but — 500 spent themselves in overcoming air resistance!

Air resistance is a glutton for power. Suppose you find that a ten-horsepower engine will drive you thirty miles an hour, and you wish to travel sixty. Is it enough to double your horsepower? No; experimenters have found that the power required to overcome air resistance varies as the cube of the speed. Therefore, to double the speed of an airplane, you must increase its motive power eight times. If a ten-horsepower engine develops thirty miles an hour, an eighty-horsepower engine is necessary to develop sixty miles an hour — assuming that all other things are unchanged.

But designers of airplanes do not leave all other things unchanged. Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, who built the tower in Paris that bears his name, made experiments to determine the stresses and strains produced by winds. He dropped objects of different shapes and measured their behavior in the air. He found that a cylinder with hemispherical ends encountered only one fifth the air resistance that was met by a cylinder with flat ends. Aeronautical engineers have conducted similar investigations in wind tunnels, and out of these researches has come the modern science of streamlining.

By streamlining is meant shaping the body and each exposed part so as to

facilitate the flow of the air around it with the minimum of disturbance. Even before the aeronautical studies in this field, naval engineers both abroad and in America had experimented with models of ships in towing tanks, and had discovered the influence of a ship's shape upon its speed. The principles apply alike to motion through water and to motion through air.

To-day not only airplanes, but racing automobiles, motor boats, and the super-swift ocean liner, the *Bremen*, are streamlined The principle is even applied to the shape of buildings, and in Dayton, Ohio, a large hangar for dirigibles was designed with rounded corners and curving surfaces in accord with the laws of streamlining.

There is a limit to the gain that can be made in this direction, however. The air is essentially, and will continue to be, a resistant medium. We are driven back to the question of motors.

Henry Ford remarked in a published interview that there is no such thing in existence as an airplane engine, explaining that the engines used in aircraft to-day are 'really automobile engines in all their fundamental principles.' Mr. Ford indicated that he is experimenting with the Diesel engine. The Packard Motor Company has already demonstrated an aircraft motor of this economical oil-burning type. President Charles L. Lawrence, of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, has indicated that his hope for the future motor is a machine operating on the turbine principle — a rotary engine in which every movement will produce transmittable power.

New types of motors will inevitably come. But — remembering the greed of air resistance for power — will it be possible to make motors able to push through the enormous opposition that the air will offer to a craft moving 1000 miles an hour?

An obvious way to defeat air resistance is to rise above it. At ten miles up, the air is one tenth its density at sea level. At twenty miles, the density is only one one-hundredth of that to which we are accustomed at the surface of the earth. Above that level the air thins to the vanishing point. The same power that produces the ordinary cruising speeds of 100 and 125 miles an hour at our usual flying levels would easily produce many times that speed in the thin upper air.

But our present aircraft are dependent on air density. The propeller must have air to bite into; the wings must have air to push through; the motor relies on air to supply oxygen for its ignition. A gasoline engine suffocates when it gets above a certain height. The high-altitude flyers carry an auxiliary device, a super-charger which pumps air under pressure into the motor, and so by a process of concentration strengthens the diluted rations of the upper sky. But a supercharger adds weight. It is a fact that only a few airplanes have been driven higher than seven miles above sea level, so dependent is the gasoline-driven craft on air density. To travel 1000 miles or more through the higher levels would seem to call for a radically different system of motive power.

VI

A motive power which is independent of the air is the rocket — for Dr. Robert H. Goddard, director of the Physics Laboratory at Clark University, has shown that the efficiency of a rocket increases as the air in which it operates thins.

In his now historic experiments, which are preserved in a publication of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Goddard obtained from a steel rocket operated in the air an ejection of gases at

the rate of 8000 feet a second. Experiments in a vacuum with smaller rockets showed greater speeds there than in the air; the rates, applied to the large rocket, gave for it a velocity of 9700 feet a second in the vacuum. These results were obtained with smokeless powder. Later experiments with a liquid explosive show that gas velocities of at least 12,000 feet — more than two miles — a second are possible.

Thus we have in this spectacular heat engine — which most of us think of only as a device for celebrating the Fourth of July — a speed machine that is independent of the air and that has no rotating parts to generate friction, create lubrication problems, and develop centrifugal force.

Dr. Goddard is almost alone in America among scientific investigators in this field; though in Europe, and particularly in Germany, the idea has been taken up in recent years with spectacular results. A society devoted to the study of rocket travel exists in Germany and publishes a monthly journal of rocket lore. A similar organization has been formed in Russia. In 1928 both Fritz von Opel and Curt Volkner successfully piloted rocket-driven automobiles over the Avus Speedway in Berlin. Max Valier installed a battery of powder rockets in a thirty-foot sled, and in trials on frozen Lake Starnberg in February of 1929 this rocket-propelled vehicle is reported by Valier to have attained a speed of 235 miles an hour. Again, in September of 1929, Fritz von Opel piloted a rocket airplane for a distance of one and a quarter miles at a speed of sixty miles an hour — the first recorded flight of man by rocket power. In each instance the rocket burned gunpowder.

What does the engineering profession think of the rocket as a source of power? An editorial under the title, 'The Rocket Airplane,' appeared in the *Journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers* (July 1928), of which the following are brief excerpts: —

> Like all engineering achievements, rocket propulsion starts in a crude way, to be refined and developed as time goes on and information accumulates. The chamber may ultimately have to be cooled, and we may yet witness a controversy between the advocates of air and water cooling for trans-oceanic rockets. Powder may be replaced by explosions of gasoline-air mixtures, and the chamber given more complicated shapes and therefore made more efficient. . . .
>
> The spinning top, once a child's toy, has been developed into the gyroscope. It would be nothing surprising if the rocket, once an amusement device, should be harnessed to do work in super-swift transportation.

A recent visit to Dr. Goddard's laboratory at Worcester, Massachusetts, disclosed that the very problems mentioned in the editorial are already live ones with the rocket designers.

Thus, the shape of the rocket has proved to be an important element. Early in his experiments Dr. Goddard found that a cylindrical explosion chamber is not so efficient as one which widens toward the exit in the form of a cone. The flaring vent allows for greater expansion of the discharging gases, hence greater speed of ejection. Since a rocket works on the reaction principle, — the reaction of the metal chamber against the expanding gases, — its rate of movement forward is directly proportionate to the speed of ejected gases backward. Therefore the rocket designer does everything possible to speed up the gases.

Not only the shape of the rocket, but also the fuel, has been changed as a result of Dr. Goddard's experiments. He began with black gunpowder which had a heat content of 545 calories.

Next he tried smokeless powder, which burns with a generation of more than double the heat — namely, 1238 calories. Since 1920 the scientist has been working entirely with liquid explosives, and during the last three years with a liquid which has a much higher heat content than even smokeless powder. The temperature of this exploding liquid is 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Advantages of using liquid propellant are twofold: (1) because of its higher output of heat it gives greater velocity of ejection than any form of gunpowder, and (2) it opens up the possibility of feeding the explosive from a reservoir into the firing chamber of the rocket. The latter arrangement would greatly facilitate the control of explosions during flight — one of the fundamental problems.

It should be added that Dr. Goddard's experiments were begun with the purpose of sending an exploratory rocket into the upper air. Scientists of the Weather Bureau, radio laboratories, astronomical observatories, and other research institutions are eager to get some direct evidence of the air levels above twenty miles. Dr. Goddard conceived the idea of using a rocket as a means of sending up a thermometer, a barometer, an air trap, and other measuring and sampling devices, and began to work on the problem at Princeton in 1912. Transferring to Clark University, he continued his studies there. Since 1916 the investigations have been prosecuted under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and with its financial support. Several short but successful rocket flights have been made with liquid propellants, and in July of 1929 a rocket carrying recording instruments and equipped with a parachute was sent up. The instruments — a barometer and photographic camera — were brought down on the rocket uninjured. Present work is centred on building a large rocket capable of ascending to a height of several miles.

Dr. Goddard believes that the most important outcome of his research, from the engineering point of view, is its demonstration of the high efficiency of the rocket as an engine. The waste of power in most of our present power-producing machines is notorious. At the foot of this page is a table of efficiencies of various types of engines that will give an idea of the comparative waste.

The high efficiency possible for the rocket results from two conditions. First, most of the heat energy of the explosive can be converted directly into motion energy of the swiftly escaping gases, this being particularly true in thin air. Secondly, in a rocket consisting largely of propellant, the rocket itself can receive a large share of the energy of the propellant, easily 50 per cent in the case of a rocket which has

	Percentage of Efficiency	*Source of Information*
Steam engine, locomotive	5	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Steam engine, ocean liner	15	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Corliss engine	Under 20	Prof. C. A. Read, Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Steam turbine	22.8	Account of modern installation in *Power*, 1929
Airplane gasoline engine	25	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Diesel engine	30–34	Fulton Iron Works, manufacturers of the Diesel
Rocket	50	Prof. R. H. Goddard, Clark University

three quarters of its weight in explosive material.

What of speed? The rate of ejection of gases is a direct index to the possible speeds. Dr. Goddard has computed the elements of a rocket capable of a steady acceleration which at a height of 740 miles above the earth would be moving 6.4 miles a second — enough speed, at that height, to escape into space. Such a rocket would need to have 90 per cent of its weight in fuel. Indeed, as planned by the physicist, it would be a composite of several rockets arranged in series, the empty shells of the outer rockets to drop off as their fuel is consumed.

VII

Can the human body endure greater speeds? That is an old question. It was raised in Stephenson's time; it crops up perennially. The best answer, perhaps, is to recall that as passengers on this whirling planet we are already moving at speeds far beyond anything that is even imagined by the most speculative dreamer of future transport. As Dr. A. S. Eddington puts it, in his Gifford Lectures: 'Motion does not tire anybody. With the Earth as our vehicle we are traveling at 20 miles a second around the Sun; the Sun carries us at 12 miles a second through the galactic system; the galactic system bears us at 250 miles a second amid the spiral nebulæ; the spiral nebulæ . . . If motion could tire, we ought to be dead tired.'

Flesh and blood could not endure the below-zero temperatures of the upper atmosphere, nor could it breathe in the thin air. Any high-traveling craft would necessarily carry its passengers and crew in sealed cabins, heated and ventilated artificially.

But are greater speeds desirable? The rapid success of the air mail is striking evidence that speed of communication is desired by the public. The recent linking up of rail and air lines in passenger transport which brings the Pacific Coast within two days' travel of New York is additional evidence. There is demand for swift transportation of serums, medicines, and relief forces and supplies in time of disaster, and for the quick carriage of perishable commodities, emergency freight, and emergency passengers at all times.

An aircraft flying 1000 miles an hour would be able to carry a letter or a passenger from New York to Chicago within one hour, and to San Francisco in less than four hours. It would be able to make a circuit of the earth within twenty-four hours. At such speed the machine would keep pace with the rotation of the globe, and, in Kipling's phrase, 'hold the Sun level in his full stride.'

Finally, there is that ultimate possibility, that daring dream. J. B. S. Haldane predicts it in his prophetic essay on Man's Destiny: —

> Man will certainly attempt to leave the Earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die, as did Lilienthal and Pilcher, Mallory and Irvine. There is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving around other stars than our Sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every quantum of radiation in the universe.

What speed is necessary to escape from the gravitational control of the earth? Seven miles a second at the surface of the globe, lesser speeds as you rise above the surface. And rockets can be made to produce that speed, say the men who in the laboratory are experimenting with the mysterious power of expanding gases.

OBJECTIONS TO LAUGHTER

BY ROBERT LYND

I

'LAUGHTER' is a word, we are told by the philologists, that is a distant cousin of the Greek κλώσσειν, 'to cluck like a hen,' and also of κράζειν, 'to croak.' But we need not go any further than our everyday speech to have it brought home to us that when we laugh we do something that puts us on a level with the lower animals. Half the words we ordinarily use to describe anybody laughing are words borrowed from a vocabulary descriptive of the various inarticulate sounds that must have made the chief music of life in Noah's ark. We say of a laughing human being that he 'bellows' or 'roars' or 'cackles' or 'crows' or 'whinnies.' Some people even speak of 'barks of laughter' and of 'hoots of joy.' We say of one man that he 'laughs like a hyena' and of another that he has a 'horse laugh.' And, even if a man is guilty of nothing worse than that noiseless form of laughter known as a smile, we often describe him as 'grinning like an ape' or 'like a Cheshire cat.' It is true that, in describing weeping, we also occasionally use words that suggest a comparison with the lower animals. A child, like a dog, is said to 'whine,' and its sobs as well as its laughter are often spoken of as 'bellowing,' 'roaring,' and 'howling.' Still, the vocabulary of the forest and the farmyard seems to be much more freely applied to our expression of mirth than to our expression of woe.

We have often been told that the ability to laugh is one of the chief things that distinguish man from the other animals. The report that 'the little dog laughed to see such sport' when the cow jumped over the moon is generally discredited as a legend. I am confident, however, that the people who say that animals never laugh are wrong. Animals undoubtedly make slightly different sounds from ourselves in their expressions of pleasure, and possibly they are pleased with different things, but when they are pleased they have a way, like ourselves, of making inarticulate sounds, and I see no reason to doubt that pigs, geese, starlings, dogs, parrots, and green woodpeckers at times make these sounds in a mood of what we call hilarity.

Certainly there seems nothing in the ordinary dictionary definition of the word 'laugh' to suggest that laughter is something of which other animals than man are incapable. The first dictionary I consulted on the matter defined 'laugh' as an intransitive verb meaning 'to express mirth or joy by an explosive inarticulate sound of the voice and peculiar facial distortion.' A dog undoubtedly is capable of that. The next dictionary said: 'Laugh . . . to express feeling by a series of inarticulate explosive sounds due to the characteristic vibrations into which the vocal cords are thrown by the jerky, spasmodic character of the expirations.' That is no better a description of a human laugh than of a donkey's bray. I doubt, indeed, whether anyone has ever succeeded in defining or describing

laughter in terms inapplicable to the facial contortions and explosive sounds made by animals. All the descriptions of the act of laughter that I have met with have seemed to me equally applicable to the snarling of wild beasts and to the merriment of human beings at a dinner party.

Take, for instance, Professor Sully in that excellent book, *An Essay on Laughter*. Near the beginning of the book, he has a description of a smile — which, as he tells us, viewed as a psychological event, is rightly regarded as a laugh, though as an incomplete laugh. 'Smiling,' he declares, 'involves a complex group of facial movements. It may suffice to remind the reader of such characteristic changes as the drawing back and slight lifting of the corners of the mouth, the raising of the upper lip, which partially uncovers the teeth, and the curving of the furrows betwixt the corners of the mouth and the nostrils (the nasolabial furrows) which these movements involve. To these must be added the formation of wrinkles under the eyes — the most characteristic part of the expression — which is a further result of the first movements. The increased brightness of the eyes is probably the effect of their tenseness, due to the contraction of the adjacent muscles and the pressure of the raised cheek, though an acceleration of the circulation within the eyeball may have something to do with it.'

I confess that I do not find a smile, so dissected, particularly human. To read of it is to conjure up a picture of the expression on the face of Red Riding Hood's wolf rather than the expression on the face of La Gioconda. And, when we pass from the smile to the laugh proper, Professor Sully's description is equally humbling to those who have taken pride in the thought that when they laugh they give convincing evidence of their difference from, and their superiority to, the other animals. Laughing, says Professor Sully, 'is an interruption of the natural rhythm of the respiratory process, in which inspiration and expiration follow one another at regular intervals. The obvious feature of its interruption . . . is the series of short, spasmodic, expiratory movements by which the sounds are produced. These are, however, preceded by a less noticed inspiration of exceptional energy and depth. These interruptions of the ordinary respiratory movements involve also an unusually energetic action of the large muscles by which the chest is expanded, *viz.*, those which secure the contraction and so the descent of the dome-shaped diaphragm and those by the action of which the ribs are elevated. The production of the sounds by the spasmodic expiratory movements shows that the passage from the trachea into the pharynx, *viz.*, the glottis or chink between the vocal cords, is partially closed. The quality of the sounds is explained by the particular arrangements, at the moment of the cachinnation, of the vocal apparatus, and more particularly the shape of the resonance chamber of the mouth.'

Let those who are given to boasting of their sense of humor as though it were one of the highest achievements of which humanity is capable look on this 'slow-motion' picture of a laugh and realize that all their sense of humor can do for them is to enable them, like any other animal, to make spasmodic expiratory movements through a partially closed passage from the trachea to the pharynx.

II

Perhaps it was their realization of the essentially animal nature of laughter that led so many philosophers, saints, and authorities on behavior to

condemn it. Plato, in the *Republic*, censures Homer for having degraded the gods by making them laugh in the sentence: 'Inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods, when they saw Hephæstus bustling about the mansion.' And he expresses his dislike of laughter still more strongly in the same book when he makes Socrates declare that the guardians of the State ought not to be given to laughter, and that persons of worth must never be represented as being overcome by laughter. Pythagoras, again, is a philosopher of whom we are told that 'he would avoid laughter and all pandering to tastes such as insulting jests and vulgar tales.'

It is true that there have been philosophers of a less unbending disposition, such as Spinoza, of whom it is said that 'after protracted studies' he 'would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter.' But it is a significant fact that among philosophers there is only one who is known as the Laughing Philosopher, and the learned assure us that Democritus was not really a laughing philosopher at all.

I do not know whether we are any longer permitted to believe the story that Democritus used to walk down to the harbor of Abdera in his lighter moments and 'laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects, which there he saw.' Even Burton, who repeats the story, describes Democritus as 'a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature,' and an older authority declares that he used to train himself 'by a variety of means to test his sense-impressions by going at times into solitude and frequenting tombs.' Yet this man is apparently the nearest thing to a laughing philosopher that the world has seen.

As for the saints, though many of them have been cheerful men, few of them have been conspicuous for their hilarity. Some of them have even thought it was a sin to laugh. Saint John the dwarf, for example, on seeing a monk laughing uncontrollably at dinner one day was 'so horrified that he at once began to cry,' and Saint Basil wrote against the wickedness of laughing, declaring that it was the one bodily affection that the Founder of the Christian religion 'does not seem to have known.'

I fancy the saints of all the religions and all the churches have been the same in this respect. One does not imagine John Knox as a patron saint of laughter, and I am sure that the Presbyterian elder who rebuked someone for whistling on Sunday in the sentence, 'Mon, this is no day for whustlin',' would have equally rebuked anyone whom he had heard laughing on the sacred day.

And when we leave the saints and come to more worldly authorities on behavior we find the same thing. The greatest English gentleman who ever left detailed instructions as to how to behave like a gentleman was Lord Chesterfield, and in his *Letters to His Son* he declares emphatically in more than one passage that a man who wishes to be regarded as a gentleman must avoid laughter above all things. Everyone knows the passage in which he warns his son: 'Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh, since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is, therefore, only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.'

In a further letter, Lord Chesterfield

returns to and reiterates his warning. He writes: —

> Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made any body laugh; they are above it. They please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughing is. *Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions.* Laughter is easily restrained, by a very little reflection; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh.

Chesterfield then goes on to denounce the 'very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing,' and to speak contemptuously of 'a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing; which makes those who do not know him take him at first for a natural fool.' And indeed Lord Chesterfield, in his assertion that nobody had ever heard him laughing, had noble predecessors through the ages. Johnson declares that nobody had ever heard either Swift or Pope laughing. And was it not said of the grandfather of the great Crœsus that 'he never laughed but once in his life, and that was at an ass eating thistles'? One feels that he might have chosen a more exciting occasion.

But it is not only the philosophers, the saints, and the authorities on manners who have belittled laughter. One of the most fastidious spirits of modern times, the poetess Alice Meynell, devoted a carefully reasoned essay to an appeal to her fellow countrymen to laugh a little less loudly and a little less frequently than they do. The English, she observed, though they speak less loudly than the Continental nations, are given to laughing more loudly in the theatres, and, disliking noise, she held up to them for imitation 'the Oriental estimation of laughter as a thing fitter for women, fittest for children, and unfitted for a beard.' Mrs. Meynell was mistaken, it seems to me, if she thought that in her objection to laughter she was singular. The ordinary man may occasionally laugh, but he does not think much of laughter. He has as poor an opinion of it, indeed, as Plato or Mrs. Meynell herself. That the ordinary man cares little for laughter can, I think, be easily proved.

Consider, for one thing, what has been the most widely read literature of the past two generations. Is it not a conspicuous fact that among the most popular novels four or five are by writers who never try to make us laugh, or, at least, who never succeed? Twenty years ago the 'best-selling' English novelists were Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. (now Sir) Hall Caine. To-day three out of four of our best-sellers are writers who depend for their effect scarcely at all upon humor of situation or character. I do not forget that Dickens, the permanent best-seller of English literature, was a humorist as well as a tragic sentimentalist. But, taking a general view of popular litera-

ture, we shall be safe in affirming that it is easier to become a best-seller with a book that does not contain a single laugh than with a book that, in the language of the reviewers, contains a 'laugh on every page.' A novelist may leave out the laughter of life, indeed, and appeal to the public, not only for his own time, but for all time, as Defoe does in *Robinson Crusoe* and Richardson does in *Clarissa*, but no novelist has ever succeeded in becoming immortal through laughter alone. Sterne has his sentimental interludes. As regards Cervantes, again, we are constantly reproached by some of his most enthusiastic admirers if we do not share his sorrows with Don Quixote, instead of laughing at his misfortunes. It is the same with nearly all the masterpieces of comedy. They are most ardently appreciated, not for comic, but for serious reasons. If you take up a book on Aristophanes or Rabelais or Molière, you will almost certainly find that it sets out to explain his serious purpose rather than to echo his hilarity.

III

All this — the consensus of saints, philosophers, men of fashion, and ordinary human beings — seems to constitute a very strong case against laughter. And, indeed, laughter is open to the objection that it is not only offensive to others, but tiresome in itself. It is one of the abnormal, rather than one of the normal, activities of a human being. I notice that, even by a famous physiologist, it is included in a list of 'certain abnormal forms of respiration,' along with coughing, sneezing, clearing the throat, snoring, crying, sighing, yawning, and hiccoughing. All these things are good in their way, but none of them would be good all the time as a constant and normal part of our lives. Sneezing is a cure recommended by many modern doctors, for instance, for certain forms of catarrh. Useful as sneezing may be, however, no doctor has yet proposed it to us as an ideal that we should sneeze twenty-four — or even twelve — hours a day.

And the same thing is obviously true of laughter. The ordinary human being, if he went on laughing continuously for even three hours, would become totally exhausted. If you could imagine a farce so funny that every sentence sent the audience into fits of uncontrollable laughter, many people would be unable to sit out more than the first act; others would retire at the end of the second act; and the few who had enough staying power to last till the fall of the curtain would not have strength left to call the actors before it for a final round of applause. You will often notice at a farce that, however much laughter there is in the course of the performance, there is far less applause at the end of it than at the end of a tragedy or a melodrama. Even the comedies of Mr. Shaw, which have many other qualities besides laughableness, used to have an exhausting effect of this kind on the dramatic critics. Mr. Shaw once declared bitterly that during the performance of one of his plays he could see the critics rocking in their seats with laughter and that in the next morning's papers they would all solemnly denounce his play as tedious and boring. The explanation is simple. He had worn them down physically with laughter, just as he would have worn them down if he had made them sneeze or cough violently for three hours on end.

Laughter, like sneezing and coughing, is, as I have said, abnormal, and Rabelais himself would not be tolerable if it were not that he discreetly intermingles with his comedy long passages of boredom. A comic writer must be either tragic in parts or sentimental in

parts — he must be a critic of society or have the saving grace of dullness — in order to take his place among the world's great writers.

Thus we arrive at the theory that laughter, being something abnormal like an accident or an electric shock, can play only a very small part in an ordinary man's life. Its very essence is surprise and a break in the monotonous continuity of our thoughts or our experience. It is a physical appreciation of the surprising things of life, such as — to take some elementary instances — the spectacle of a man falling suddenly on ice, or sitting down on the floor instead of on a chair, or being shot in the leg by someone who was aiming at a pheasant.

Such things make us laugh, of course, — as we read about them in *Pickwick Papers*, for example, — only if the results are not too serious. If a man died as the result of any of these accidents, nobody but a savage would think it funny, however surprised he might be. What makes us laugh is a mixture of the shock at an accident that looks as if it might be serious and the realization that it is not after all a hundredth part as serious as it might have been. The shock is obviously one of the things that make us laugh in such cases, but among civilized people the surprise of finding that the shock was superfluous is equally necessary.

You will see an excellent example of this in motoring accidents. At present, motoring accidents are not as a rule funny, because we are apprehensive that the results may be fatal. Recently, however, someone has invented a kind of cowcatcher for motor cars which tosses the astonished pedestrian into the air and deposits him safely in a net; and it is certain that if this comes into general use motor accidents in the future will become more generally funny. As you walk down Piccadilly on a spring afternoon, you will see whole clutches of messenger boys, policemen, clubmen in top hats, and all sorts of people, tossed by motor cars as by bulls and left sprawling, alive and kicking, in a tangle of network — a scene that, I am sure, will make most people laugh even more heartily than Democritus laughed at the sights he saw in the harbor of Abdera. Saints, philosophers, and perfect gentlemen may not laugh; but ordinary human beings will, and in this, I think, they will show their humanity. For to laugh at an accident that ends happily proves not so much that one enjoyed the accident as that one enjoyed the happy ending. We should find the accidents that happen to Don Quixote intolerable if any of them ended fatally. We enjoy them only on the understanding that the Don is a cork who sinks under the sea for a few moments to rise again and bob as buoyantly as ever on the surface. We laugh at the accident, indeed, on the assumption that the victim will speedily recover from it. The escape as well as the disaster contributes to our mirth. It is cruelty suddenly merging into kindness. Hence we find that, at its best, it is the characteristic of humane men — of Shakespeare and Cervantes, of Fielding and Dickens.

Even so we can see why, on this assumption, saints and Utopian philosophers are on the whole hostile or indifferent to laughter. The saint and the Utopian philosopher have a vision of a perfect world in which accidents do not happen. The saint realizes that, if Adam and Eve had never sinned, we should all have been as the angels, and angels never have their hats blown off or slip on the ice or sit down on the floor instead of a chair or get chased in their dressing gowns through the streets, like Mr. Winkle, by needlessly suspicious husbands. Laughter is a confession of

the sins and silliness of the world, but it is also a kind of genial acquiescence in these sins and sillinesses. To the saint, the stumblings of man are tragic, proving that he is not yet an angel. To men and women with a sense of humor, the stumblings of man — even on his way to perfection — are largely comic, proving that he is only a human being after all. We may deplore, if we like, the saint's lack of humor, but in this I think we may be wrong. He has a vision that we have not. Our sense of humor is only a compensation for our lack of his vision. We should never have possessed it if we had remained in Eden. It is the grace of our disgrace — a consolation prize given to a race excluded from Paradise.

IV

Hence it is natural enough that laughter should play a comparatively small part in the great literature and records of the human race. No doubt the characters named in the Old Testament often laughed, but there is not a single laugh described in all its pages that infects us with mirth as we read of it to-day. The tears of David over the dead Absalom still touch the heart, but the merriment of the days before the Flood no longer moves us to sympathetic mirth. The laughter referred to in the Bible is for the most part the laughter of scorn. The more cheerful kind of laughter — the laughter of the fool, as it is called — is even compared to its detriment by the Wise Man to 'the crackling of thorns under a pot.' Homer, again, though he made the gods themselves laugh, has given us no supreme comic scene as a companion picture to that supreme tragic scene in which Hector parts from Andromache. There may have been Greek writers who were as comic as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, but their fun died with them, and even Aristophanes, the greatest comic writer of antiquity, and some say of all time, is not, I am sure, as funny as he used to be.

Tragedy can live as long as a mummy — as long, one might almost say, as one of the immortal gods. It affects us as profoundly three thousand years afterward as it affected men in the year in which it was born. Laughter, on the other hand, is as a rule as volatile as eau de Cologne sprinkled on a handkerchief. A few great writers have been able to imprison this essence and give it, if not immortality, at least a life thirty times as long as that of the oldest brandy. A jest unfortunately does not improve with age as brandy does, and many even of Shakespeare's jokes have to be explained to modern readers in footnotes. At the same time, if we may change the metaphor, a small handful of men of genius have been able to make the best of their jokes permanently explosive, like Mr. Wells's radioactive bomb. This is, undoubtedly, one of the most difficult miracles in literature.

As to what the nature of the first laugh was after man had descended from the trees, the authorities on the subject differ. Father Ronald Knox has lately put himself on the side of those who hold that satire preceded humor in the history of our race, and that therefore man laughed first out of derision at the pain and humiliation of his fellow creatures. For this view there is something to be said, for primitive savages who would see nothing amusing in *Pride and Prejudice* are said to roar with laughter at the spectacle of a man getting a bad fall or writhing in pain with fever. On the other hand, the baby is the most primitive type of human being that we know, and the baby in the cradle begins to laugh long before it knows that there are such things as pain and humiliation in the world, or can appreciate the humor of

an accident. You will see a baby lying on its back in a perambulator and, as it looks up at the leaves of a tree dancing and twinkling on a windy, sunny day, laughing with an exuberance equal to that of any grown-up man or woman at a disaster to a fellow creature. You can make it laugh by peeping out at it from behind a handkerchief. You can make it laugh by tickling it. It is in tickling, perhaps, that we find the best evidence of the non-satirical origin of laughter. The psychologists in their works on laughter have written a great deal about tickling, and some of them have even experimented on their children to discover which, in their right order, are the most ticklish parts of the body. The order given by one writer is: 'The sole of the foot, the armpit, the neck and part under the chin, the ribs.' Darwin even experimented in tickling anthropoid apes, and discovered that they gave out 'a reiterated sound, corresponding with our laughter, when they are tickled, especially under the armpits.' Several authorities maintain that when dogs are tickled they respond with what is described as 'an incipient smile.' Others declare that pigs like being tickled, but the author in whose works I have seen a reference to this subject observes: 'Never having been on tickling terms with pigs, I have nothing to say about them.'

Certainly the pleasure of being tickled is one of the earliest pleasures known to a human being. One of the commonest metaphors used in describing laughter, indeed, is that which speaks of a person's being 'tickled to death.' This suggests — and I think it is Professor Sully's view — that laughter originated in play rather than in derision. In the baby it is an expression of happiness without a breath of malice in it. And, apart from the evidence of tickling, if laughter be some subtle form of malice, how can we explain the smile with which friends greet each other when they meet and which most people wear when they are being introduced to a stranger? When you are introduced to a man, you smile, not because you have noticed something wrong with his clothes or in his personal appearance, but because you are pleased to meet him, as the saying is, or pretend to be. This may seem to conflict with the theory that angels never laugh, for angels must often experience pleasure. The laughter of human beings, however, seems to me to express an animal rather than a spiritual pleasure. Meredith traced English laughter to its sources in the gastric juices. The laugh has undoubtedly evolved since the days when Pharaoh's daughter tickled the infant Moses, till now we are able to laugh at the wit of Anatole France and the humor of Chekhov. But it is still, at its best, play, even when salted with derision or bitterness.

As with play of all sorts, one of its chief functions is to release us from the hardening formulæ of our daily lives. We cannot help attempting to imprison ourselves and all our opinions and experiences in formulæ. We see our neighbors as formulæ walking. We are turned into formulæ ourselves by our habits. Thus we make a too rigid pattern of life, and deceive ourselves into believing that the world is a mechanical, settled, and law-abiding place in which nearly everybody will behave according to pattern. For instance, the ordinary English child has a formula in accordance with which he thinks that everybody ought to speak more or less like himself. When he hears a foreigner speaking, he is inclined to laugh. He will laugh at what he regards as the mispronunciations of a Scotsman or an Irishman. His laugh is partly derision — derision in defense of the pattern. But I think it is also a playful delight in novelty. Englishmen do not go

to hear Sir Harry Lauder in his Scottish songs merely to deride the language of the 'braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht.' Similarly when they laugh at the mention of a 'haggis,' — as Englishmen, being queer creatures, do, — the laughter is not in derision of the Scottish diet so much as a playful escape from the pattern of the English menu.

Laughter at the antics of a drunken man is also due in part to the fact that in not too fatal a way he breaks the expected pattern of life. If an ordinary sober man lets a coin fall on the pavement, his swift stooping down and picking it up does not make us laugh, for this is what we expect him to do. See a drunken man trying to pick up a fallen coin, however. His attempts to preserve his balance at each new bend of the body, his misjudgment of the distance at which the coin lies from his hand, his quite disproportionate air of determination and sobriety, are all a contradiction of common life. He no longer acts with the mechanical regularity which we expect in the behavior of human beings. He has dissolved the human pattern, and we on our part are dissolved in laughter. There are some people who deny that laughter can take drunkenness as one of its themes, but this is because they see drunkenness entirely in terms of its tragedies. They see drunkenness, not as an accident, but as a doom, and, like the saints, are distressed because it is a negation of the perfect world. Ordinary men laugh at a thing, however, not because it is a negation of the perfect world, but because it is a contradiction of everyday life. If everybody were drunk all the time, nobody would see anything to laugh at in Sir Toby Belch.

V

Comedy gives us, indeed, a new and surprising pattern of life — a pattern that is a lampoon on the pattern to which we are accustomed. Mrs. Malaprop breaks the pattern of the ordinary English pronunciation and use of words, and as a result her 'allegory on the banks of the Nile' still sets the theatre in a roar. Lear in his nonsense verses breaks the pattern of intelligible speech, and we love his nonsense because he enables us to escape for the moment from the iron rule of sense. People do not laugh when a cock crows, but I have heard the gallery laughing uproariously when a man in the audience imitated a cock crowing. This is because, when a cock crows, he is acting in accord with the accepted farmyard pattern, but when a man crows he is breaking the pattern of human behavior. The amusement many people get from talking and performing animals may be explained in the same way. The parrot that uses blasphemous language is not behaving according to the monotonous rules of bird life. The dog that rises on its hind legs and fox-trots across the stage defies the laws laid down by Nature for the behavior of dogs. Lord George Sanger amused thousands of people some years ago by introducing into his circus an oyster that smoked a pipe. This would not have been amusing but for the fact that oysters do not, as a rule, smoke. Nobody would pay a penny to see a human being smoking a pipe. The oyster did not smoke a pipe either, but Lord Sanger was able to make people pretend to themselves that it did, and for one glorious moment the pattern of conventional oysterdom was smashed to pieces.

All the comic writers from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, from Swift to Lewis Carroll, have broken the pattern for us in a comparable way. They have taken us when we were tired of looking at life as though it were a series of demonstrable theories in Euclid, and

have torn all those impressive triangles and circles into small pieces, and have dipped them in color and put them into a kaleidoscope, and have invited us to look at the result, in which all the legalism of Euclid has been turned into a chaos of ludicrous and distorted figures. Comedy has no respect even for the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. It does not care whether or not two parallel lines ever meet. It does not care whether the radii of a circle are equal. On the whole it prefers to suppose that they are not.

Laughter, then, springs largely from the lawless part of our nature. Hilarity is a kind of heresy — a cheerful defiance of all the laws, including the law of gravity. The planets are not amusing, since they obey fixed laws. Human beings are amusing because they do not. The saint or philosopher who believes that life should be lived according to law may therefore easily be tempted to regard laughter with suspicion. In this, however, I think he would be wrong. We must judge laughter, like other things, by its results. And a reasonable defense of laughter may be founded on the fact that it is not men with a comic sense who are the greatest lawbreakers. Murderers and thieves are not noted as a rule for their hilarity. They are for the most part serious men, who might have remained law-abiding citizens if only they had had a greater capacity for laughing.

It would be going too far to claim that all the laughers are virtuous men and all the non-laughers criminals. At the same time it is probably true that the laughing man, if he is virtuous, will as a result of his laughter be less offensively virtuous, and if he is vicious he will be less offensively vicious. Laughter gives a holiday both to the virtues and to the vices, and takes the imagination on its travels into a country in which the only principle is the principle of comic incongruity. Here man can resign himself to the enjoyment of life as a topsy-turvy wonderland as strange as any that Alice ever visited, and can see his dullest neighbors as a gallery of caricatures. It is a land of happy accidents, of large noses and blown-off hats, where words are misspelt and mispronounced, where men wear spats on their wrists instead of cuffs, the land of paradoxes and bulls and the things that could not happen. Whether it is worth visiting nobody will ever know for certain till the Day of Judgment.

The worst thing that can be said against laughter is that, by putting us in a good humor, it enables us to tolerate ourselves. The best thing that can be said for it is that for the same reason it enables us to tolerate each other.

KOUS-KOUS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

I

THE little Negro boy was crying as he ran, turning his kinky head over his shoulder beseechingly at the tall figure striding behind him and thrusting him forward with a rigid hand on his shoulder. It was only too evident that the child was being hurried to some awaiting Nemesis, a little slave in robes of fine wool propelled forward by an angry master. The school-teacher from America turned rigid the moment her eye lit on the pair hurrying down the narrow lane toward her. As a woman, she felt she had a right to interfere in any matter concerning a child; as a Nordic, she felt she had a right to call any Arab to account.

'Stop him, Mohammed,' she ordered breathlessly. 'Find out what it's all about.'

Mr. and Mrs. Pauling, who happened to be the only other members of the party there at the time, stopped, taking no part one way or the other.

Mohammed — who thought that the teacher, as a woman, should not be on the street at all, and, as a foreigner, should mind her own business — stopped perforce, between the devil and the deep sea. His bread depended on such fools as these, but he cringed at the sight of the well-to-do young man whom he was to accost in the midst of a simple act of household discipline.

But there is more than one way of skinning a cat, and Mohammed advanced suave and smiling.

'Ask him what he is going to do to that child,' demanded the teacher hotly in his ear.

'Sir,' said Mohammed, bowing, 'you know how lacking in manners these foreigners can be! But the lady has taken a great liking to this little black of yours, and declares she has not seen a finer in Morocco.' Mohammed's English left much to be desired, but he lacked no power in his own tongue.

The young Arab halted, his hand firm on the shoulder before him.

'She wishes to buy the creature?' he asked — at which the child burst into renewed sobbing.

'I believe so, sir,' answered Mohammed promptly. To the American he said, 'Little boy run away. He fetch back home.'

'By Allah, he deserves no better,' exclaimed the Arab.

At this the child began bawling. He twisted in his master's grasp, and, catching his other hand, began covering it with kisses.

'O sir! O my lord! O my sun! Not to the white devils!' he sobbed. 'I will come the moment you clap your hands! I will be your shadow! I will never go to the circus again, even if the lions roar and roar forever!'

For the first time a slight twinkle appeared in the Arab's eyes.

'Perhaps I will not sell the little worthless this time,' he said to Mohammed, giving the child a gentle shake and letting him go, 'but if he runs away again I shall send for you and give him to the white lady for three sous.'

'A thousand thanks, O my protector!' said the little boy, beginning to grin.

'What does he say? What does he say?' asked the teacher.

'Boy sorry. All right now,' said Mohammed.

'We'd better be going on,' said Mr. Pauling, who, though fond of children, was not fond of interfering in other people's affairs.

'What a cute little pickaninny he is,' said the teacher, lingering.

'What does she say?' asked the Arab with dignity.

'She praises the child,' replied Mohammed.

The Arab, having a possession praised, felt the pleasure common to owners at such times. Although a well-to-do merchant, he had few dealings with foreigners, and felt much curiosity concerning their extraordinary ways.

'Ask them if they will come to my house for kous-kous this evening,' he said.

Come? Oh, indeed they would come with pleasure. Even the Paulings were glad to come. With smiles and bows the two little parties separated, full directions having been given to Mohammed, and the teacher had the real satisfaction of seeing the little Negro go off capering beside his master, not guessing for a moment that her part in the affair had been largely in the rôle of bugaboo.

'I did n't know they had slaves,' said Mr. Pauling, 'now that the French are here.'

Mohammed shrugged.

They climbed for several minutes, and turned corners. Then the lane entered a sort of tunnel with a stone bench along it. A great door in the wall led into a tiled porter's lodge, and up more steps into the terraced gardens of the hotel.

'Let's have something to drink before we go in,' suggested Mr. Pauling.

'I don't believe I'd better,' said the school-teacher.

'Oh, do; it will taste so good. It's Tom's treat,' said Mrs. Pauling.

'How lovely!' exclaimed the American, sitting down and looking about the garden. She could not afford to buy many things in the *souks* or pay for such luxuries as liqueurs. It had taken the earnings of some years for her ticket. Here at Fez she felt that she was getting her money's worth. The hotel had been the palace of a grand vizir, disgraced in a former reign. She was not sure if he was the one who had been chained to his dead brother for twenty days in a prison cell — anyway, it was in the family.

'We do have such good times, don't we?' she asked as Mr. Pauling returned with a waiter carrying small glasses and bottles.

'It is beautiful,' said Mrs. Pauling, hitching her chair into the late afternoon sunshine. 'You know, every city seems to specialize: camels and palms for Marrakesh, figs and storks for Rabat, horses and olives at Meknes — and here, would n't you say it was poplars and mules?'

'Well, there have been mules everywhere,' said the teacher.

'But they're bigger here, and more of them with the high cerise saddles. Merchants and mules go together.' Mrs. Pauling defended her position between sips.

'What about the donkeys?' asked her husband.

'Oh, they're everywhere, the poor unfortunate mice,' said Mrs. Pauling, launching into a description of the wife of a French officer whom she had discovered in the courtyard of an inn, the head and soul of an organization called the Fondouk. Mrs. Pauling had thought her a remarkable woman, and imagined that the natives were of the

same opinion, for she went about the city at all hours, driven by a superhuman energy, taking the sharp goads from donkey drivers, cutting galling straps, distributing saddle blankets, rewarding small boys whose animals were in good condition, collecting crippled horses, carrying with her own hands water to beasts left untended by their masters for days at the inns. She was without fear, and would catch a cruel master by the throat in the midst of a crowd of his friends; but in her very boldness lay her safety, for many thought her possessed by a spirit, a holy woman, a female marabout sent by Allah for the town's discomfiture. The school-teacher, having no money, nor any interest in the sufferings of foreign animals, turned the subject completely.

'And have you seen the favorite's rooms?' she asked the moment the opportunity offered.

'Damp,' said Mr. Pauling. 'And the tortoise in her pool is dying. He does n't like us foreigners. Give me the Grand Vizir's room. Have you seen it? We may try to get changed into it to-morrow. It's in a tower, with its own stair and bath. The windows are down to the floor, and all the furniture is native: cushions and low beds painted with flowers, and texts from the Koran cut in the plaster in a border over the tiling, and old lamps hanging from honeycomb ceilings. The town below looks like a bowl of cream. The tower even has the hand of Fatima daubed on the outside. I never saw such a place.'

'It sounds wonderful,' said the school-teacher, finishing the last drops in her glass. 'I suppose I've got to go and dress. The water in my bathroom runs all muddy.'

As she walked between the rose trees toward the upper terrace her mind was turning over the thought of the Grand Vizir's bedroom. Why should n't she have it, since it was so nice? The Paulings had everything they wanted. They could buy and buy. Besides, he had only said *maybe* they would try to change their room. And they owed her something. If it had n't been for her, they would n't be going for kous-kous in a native house to-night. Surely she had a right to the Vizir's room.

She had, as always, chatted a good deal with the French manager of the hotel, and now he made very little objection to her changing rooms. With the help of a chambermaid she rearranged her things, much elated. Never had she dreamed that her salary was to buy her the high towers of Moroccan vizirs. She wondered what she should say to the Paulings, and decided to keep still as long as she could and if necessary say that the manager had suggested the change of rooms. Her conscience did not trouble her.

When she had put on an apple-green taffeta dress which made her look more blond and buxom than ever, she sat down for a minute on one of the leather cushions by the windows. Through the heavy protective netting she looked past the terraces and poplars of the garden at the city, which lay below her in a sloping hollow in the hills. The minarets rose glowing above the blues of white roofs already in shadow. Far away the snows of the Middle Atlas shone like roses. The sky looked like a turquoise bowl, across which flew flocks of white herons seeking the dark shelter of trees growing beside one of the many streams whose waters she could hear. Again the teacher felt vaguely that she was getting her money's worth, but her attention turned to find something human on which to fix. The women on the roofs of the town, in their rose and green dresses, come out to breathe the coolness of the

descending evening, were too distant to interest her. But by craning her neck she could look down into the garden of the next house. The owner was sitting on a rug by a square pond with a book in his hands, while men in pigeon-colored robes came and went along the terraces.

'He must be awfully rich,' thought the school-teacher, and sighed.

II

It was well after dark when they left the hotel, a spring evening cool and fresh. Their small procession clattered along the narrow lanes, led by a boy from the hotel, while Mohammed brought up a stately rear. It was the month of Ramadan, and all day, from the hour when a man could tell a white thread from a gray one, the faithful had been without food or drink. Now with the going down of the sun the food stalls were crowded with customers. The old merchants had taken the spectacles from their noses and were sipping thick soups. Bells rang everywhere as the half-naked water carriers brought their dripping goatskins from one thirsty mouth to another. Mr. Pauling noticed one of the men stopping to fill the cup of a blind beggar, running on again without pay.

'Why are there so many blind men, Mohammed?' he asked.

'In old times, robbers, you know, put out the eyes,' said Mohammed, smiling. Mr. Pauling stopped to drop a coin in the man's dish.

There were trellises over the narrow streets, and the moonlight sifting through them lay like Roman mosaic on the earth. Against the walls rose the chants of beggars wrapped in old cloths like grave cloths. The light of the kerosene lamps of the little shops conflicted with the blue moonlight of the lanes. Occasionally the long crowing of a cock rose above the other sounds, and died in a thin halloo. Men with beards dyed with henna, women and children in shapeless robes, jostled the party from the hotel, which slowly cut its way through the crowd like a dull knife, amid the cries of '*Balak! Balak!*' ('Make way! Make way!') from the boy.

Once out of the souks they made better time, through narrow streets deserted of all but the moon and certain unsavory odors. Suddenly, when they least expected it, the boy stopped before a nail-studded door and rapped on a hand-of-Fatima knocker. The door was thrown open and they saw the Arab of the afternoon bowing and smiling.

'Well, here we are,' said the school-teacher, laughing, 'and I'm as hungry as a horse.'

Mohammed, somewhat at a loss, translated.

'How do you do?' asked Mrs. Pauling.

'How do you do, sir?' said Mr. Pauling.

Their host led them into a large room with a fountain in the middle surrounded by a sort of arcade whose walls were lined with clocks, none of them exactly agreeing with its neighbors.

'And they say we Americans are fond of keeping track of time!' said the school-teacher.

'She admires your clocks,' translated Mohammed, and the merchant bowed again. They then went up a stair, passing a door which closed as they neared it, shutting off a sound of excited laughter.

'Can we meet his wives?' asked the teacher.

Mohammed pretended not to hear.

They entered a large room with a divan running along two walls. The floor was covered with a rose-flowered Brussels carpet over which, in the corner near a low folding table, a white

cloth had been tacked. Taking off their shoes, the guests sat cross-legged on the divan, while their host gravely took his place opposite them on a cushion. The school-teacher looked around her. There was nothing here of the splendors of the East as she had imagined it.

'Ask him how many wives he has,' she told Mohammed.

'I think it's better not to,' interposed Mrs. Pauling. 'I believe one is not supposed to mention them. Let's see, Mohammed, you might ask him if he has ever ridden in an automobile.'

Mohammed asked. The Arab, who had been waiting attentively, looking from one to another, now burst into smiles and spoke animatedly at some length.

'Yes, he has,' translated Mohammed.

'Has he been in England?' said Mr. Pauling.

This was translated. And again there was a long and apparently detailed reply which Mohammed simplified to 'No, he has not.'

'Has he been to France?' asked Mrs. Pauling.

Mohammed brought back a 'No.'

'Has he been to America?' asked the school-teacher.

There was further spirited talk between the men.

'No,' said Mohammed.

It was rather like a dull game of twenty questions. But there was nothing to be found out at the end of it. The Arab watched them anxiously, meditating what could be done for his guests' amusement. Then, on an inspiration, he rose and walked to a cupboard, returning with a photograph, which he handed to Mr. Pauling. It represented the merchant against a velvet curtain, holding the handles of a bicycle with an air of great daring.

'A very good likeness,' said Mr. Pauling. The compliment, repeated after an explanation, reached the original through Mohammed, and was greeted with pleased smiles.

'Does he think that's his Arab steed?' asked the school-teacher.

Mrs. Pauling said, 'Very nice.'

They were all glad when the merchant clapped his hands and a bundled-up servant girl, with her outer skirts tied behind her in a sort of bustle, entered with a long-necked brass pitcher, bowl, and napkin, with which she washed their hands, with difficulty restraining a nervous giggle. In a moment she returned with a huge platter of chicken and carrots, out of which they all ate, obeying Mohammed's instructions to use only the thumb and two fingers of their right hand. Their host ate almost nothing, but picked out delicacies which he handed to each in turn on pieces of bread.

'Gee, but this is good!' said the teacher. 'Tell him, Mohammed.'

The evening was looking up.

Mutton and artichoke hearts followed. Again their host waited until almost the entire dish had been eaten. Again the servant appeared, this time with highly spiced meat balls and sliced oranges swimming in sugar and cinnamon.

'Help! I'll die!' cried the school-teacher, licking her fingers.

'We have to eat all we can, or it's considered rude,' said Mr. Pauling, manfully helping himself.

'This is the third meat course,' sighed Mrs. Pauling, 'and I'm thankful we've reached dessert. I've done my best. But my jaws are nearly worn out. Every time I stopped to draw breath, he handed me something more.' Then, seeing her host's bright eyes fixed attentively on her face, she added, 'Tell him, Mohammed, these oranges are delicious. We do not prepare them this way.'

There was a sudden shriek of real consternation from the school-teacher: —

'Oh, lord! Here she comes with more!'

'This is the kous-kous,' said Mohammed.

'Do you mean to say we have n't been having kous-kous right along?' they asked in a chorus.

'This is the kous-kous,' he repeated.

'Once more into the breach, dear friends!' cried Mr. Pauling, generously leading the attack on the new dish, a great platterful of farina, raisins, and pale beans, crowned with mutton. The farina offered unexpected problems. Mohammed and the merchant jiggled it neatly into a ball in the palms of their hands and tossed it down their throats.

'I'm not going to eat any,' said the teacher, flatly.

'You must,' murmured Mr. Pauling. 'The kous-kous is the symbol of hospitality.'

'I shall burst, then,' said the teacher, helping herself gingerly.

The kous-kous was eaten amid despairing hilarity.

After the bowl and towel had again made their round, two little boys, one already very familiar, came into the room and made the circle of the guests, kissing their hands, and then, after kissing the Arab's, climbed familiarly into his lap.

'It is his son,' said Mohammed, looking almost as proud as the father; 'and the other is his son's slave.'

'The Arabs certainly love children,' said Mr. Pauling.

The teacher sniffed.

'Tell him they are beautiful children,' said Mrs. Pauling.

But the merchant had almost forgotten these strange beings whose presence he had brought upon himself. Now with the children in his arms he was again at ease, gay and gentle. He was almost as tender with the little Negro as with his own son. The others watched, charmed by the scene.

Again the servant girl appeared.

'More?' asked the school-teacher wildly, rolling her eyes. She was now playing her part as guest in the spirit of farce. She had not been overawed as she had expected, but at least she might enjoy herself.

The servant set a fine hammered brass tray before the young merchant, who put the children beside him, where they sat as serious and still as two dolls. He himself made the tea, with cones of sugar from a brass box, and handfuls of fresh mint. When the drink had steeped he filled a small Bohemian glass, tasted the mixture, and poured the rest back into the kettle. Then he filled all the glasses and with a charming smile offered them to his guests. Mohammed drank his with a great snoring intake of breath.

'That is polite,' he said to the others.

The school-teacher laughed, flinging back her head. Then she too drank noisily, and laughed again. Mohammed showed how the glasses should be held — lightly, with the thumb and first finger of both hands.

'Fancy!' said Mrs. Pauling. 'A tea ceremony in Morocco too. Tell him, Mohammed, it is very nice.'

'Don't the children have any?' asked Mr. Pauling, looking at the two little boys, who sat as still as mice, their big eyes following everything that went on.

'No,' said Mohammed; 'a son does not drink when his father is near.'

The same glasses were refilled and repassed in any order, but this time more sugar had been added.

'No, thank you,' said Mrs. Pauling, who was unable to tell which was her own glass.

'Three glasses, always,' said Mohammed firmly.

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Pauling, taking a glass without visible wincing. 'Tell him, Mohammed, it is very good.'

III

The teacher continued drinking with noisy sips, but her eyes were on the brass tray. It stood on a low folding stand. The brass work was very fine, with a pattern delicate as moss. She was thinking how much she would like to have one in her apartment, and how pleasant it would be to say, 'Oh, yes, I picked it up on my last trip to Morocco,' when the other teachers admired it. But she had priced such trays in the shops and knew they were expensive. This was even finer than the ones she had seen — probably it was an old one.

As she sipped her third and sweetest glass of tea, she said, 'Tell him, Mohammed, that is a beautiful tray.'

The merchant looked pleased, gave a slight bow, and smiled as he spoke.

'It is yours,' translated Mohammed casually.

'Oh, really! How lovely! How lovely of him! Tell him I shall always remember him by it! Tell him —'

'But that is only a way of saying —' said Mohammed, looking very uncomfortable.

'He gave it to me, did n't he?' said the teacher angrily.

'But —' said Mohammed.

'You tell him what I say,' said the teacher. 'If there's any mistake, he'll say so, not you.'

Mohammed had thought he was beyond being humiliated by foreigners, but it was in a voice filled with shame that he spoke to the merchant. The other looked slightly surprised, then shrugged, and rose gracefully from his cushion, making a slight gesture of a hand to include the tray and the young woman.

The Paulings, who had watched the scene stiffening, could bear it no longer. After an exchange of looks, Mrs. Pauling said, 'But, my dear, really you must refuse it. You know that in the Orient such a speech is only a form of politeness and means nothing.'

'It'll teach him to be sincere, then,' said the teacher, tossing her head, and trying to carry off the affair.

Mr. Pauling saw red.

'I suppose when a man signs himself "Yours sincerely" you'd sue him for a breach of promise?' he asked bitterly.

'Tom!' exclaimed his wife.

But the school-teacher was not listening. She was instructing Mohammed to tell the merchant how very much they had enjoyed the evening. It was so good for different races to get to know each other. The merchant bowed. The children came forward and kissed the strangers' hands once more. In a queer silence they filed again down the steps, led by the merchant, with Mohammed in the rear carrying the tray as though it were hot. Their host never glanced at it as he opened the door for them into the moonlight. Mrs. Pauling had thought him a little childish with his photograph of a bicycle and his rows of clocks. Now he seemed to belong to something prouder and older than their civilization. She wished that she could find a way to explain and apologize. But it was impossible. She sighed and shook her head. He bowed as they crossed his threshold, and the yellow light from the doorway lay on the cobbles as they walked away. Then the door quietly closed again.

The school-teacher walked with her head held high. Her eyes smarted with tears. It had been a bad quarter of an hour, but she would never see the Arab again, and in a few weeks she would be saying good-bye to the Paulings. What did their opinion matter, really? The tray would remain. And he had certainly given it to her. She thought of her apartment and of the teas she would serve there, some day.

'*Per aspera ad astra*,' she said to herself, comforted.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Sunday morning, near Wheeling, on the Ohio, June 1810

Hold up, hold up, you Jersey folk,
Fetch in the reins, you 'Ghany men!
All Yanks and Dutchies halt your yoke:
The foremost wagon's bogged again.
Bogged down hub-deep in 'Hio clay —
The Devil take these watersheds.
Hi-yup! The foremost wagon, hey!
Pour leather in them tender-breds!
(*Here shall the horses bow their heads.*

Come up, come up, you wagoneers,
Hitch up your belts a notch or two;
Bring on that team of bull-neck steers —
There's work ahead for steers to do.
On-hook them horses' traces, Jem,
Yoke on them critters. Jonas, peel
Your coat, and fling it under 'em —
They've lost their footen — let 'em feel. . . .
(*In this place shall the oxen kneel.*

You jaunten-men, you 'Ginny lads,
You Methody one-horse preacher folks,
Light down from off your drivers' pads
And put your weight against them spokes.
She's clear. Hi-yup, and let 'em roll!
Pass on the word we roll again.
— The Devil takes the Devil's toll,
But can't keep Us from travelen!
(*And all the people shall say Amen.*

Merle Colby

A FOOTNOTE TO SHELLEY

BY LESLIE HOTSON

[In his forthcoming book, Mr. Hotson gives in full all the surviving documents relating to the suit of *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*, brought before the Court of Chancery in the year following Harriet's death, to determine the custody of Shelley's children. These documents include (besides the letters from Shelley to Harriet already published in the *Atlantic*) notes made by the prosecuting counsel in the preparation of his brief, a summary of the whole case prepared by a Master in Chancery, and detailed plans for the care and education of the two children, submitted by each party.

In the following pages Mr. Hotson states briefly the main issue of the case, the question of the children's guardianship, and its outcome. — The Editor]

I

With the copies of Shelley's letters preserved among the Masters' Papers are included numerous affidavits, proposals, and draft reports. Some of these documents are formal and of little interest, but others embody material which supplements or corrects our knowledge of the proceedings in *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*. The purpose of this case was to determine whether Shelley's two children by Harriet should be returned to his custody, or left in the care of the Westbrooks. There is no need, however, to go over the details of the beginning of the case, which have been amply set forth by H. B. Forman, Professor Dowden, and Mr. Roger Ingpen. I shall confine myself as far as possible to presenting additions and corrections.

The hearing was held on January 24, 1817, and Lord Chancellor Eldon, by his decision given on March 27, restrained Shelley and his agents from recovering the custody of his children, and appointed Mr. William Alexander, a Master in Chancery, to inquire what would be a proper plan for the maintenance and education of the infants, and also to inquire with whom and under whose care the infants should remain during their minority or until the further order of the Court.

Shelley was deeply outraged by this decision, but he could not believe that the Chancellor would presume to put the children quite away from his friends and acquaintance and into the hands of some stranger whom the Westbrooks might select. His solicitor, P. W. Longdill, agreed with him, and offered to propose himself as the children's custodian. Shelley accepted the offer, and accordingly Longdill drew up the proposal, and added to it a detailed plan of education.[1] Anticipating the possible suspicion with which any proposal from Shelley's side would be regarded by Mr. Alexander, Longdill made this plan sound as conservative and as religious as possible.

The proposal follows: —

[1] Longdill's plan has hitherto been ascribed to Dr. and Mrs. Hume, who, as will appear, merely adopted it. Since Longdill's plan contains passages which have never before been published, it is perhaps worth reproducing in full. — Author

The Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley proposes that the said Infants should be placed under the care of Pynson Wilmot Longdill of Grays Inn in the County of Middlesex Gentleman and Selina his Wife, there to remain during their Minority, or until the further Order of the Court of Chancery.

The said Pynson Wilmot Longdill resides at No. 1 Sidmouth place Grays Inn Road, and at Hanwell in the County of Middlesex; he is of the age of 35 years; his Wife is of the age of 26 years; and they have three Children; two Daughters, one of the age of 6 years and upwards and the other of the age of two years; and a Son of the age of four years.

For the maintenance of the said Infants the said Percy Bysshe Shelley proposes that the Dividends of the sum of £2000 4 per Cent Bank Annuities mentioned in the pleadings of this Cause, and which are directed by the Trust Deed in the pleadings also mentioned to be applied towards the Maintenance and Education of the said Infants, should from time to time as they become receivable be paid into the Hands of the said Pynson Wilmot Longdill towards such Maintenance and Education; and whatever may be requisite for the Maintenance and Education of the said Infants beyond the said Dividends, he the said Percy Bysshe Shelley will be ready and hereby undertakes to supply.

To this proposal, Longdill added his plan: —

The Plan of Education with respect to these Infant Children which Mr. Longdill would adopt, if they were confided to his care, would be immediately to put the Infant Eliza Ianthe, and the Infant Charles Bysshe as soon as he was capable of receiving instruction, under the care of a Governess (but at the same time under the strict and immediate superintendance and control of Mrs. Longdill) to learn Reading, Writing and Arithmetick, and to receive such Instruction generally as their infant minds were able to comprehend.

With respect to the Boy, it appears to Mr. Longdill that it would be advisable when he arrived at about the age of seven years, to send him to a good School where he might be instructed in the rudiments of the Classicks and in Antient and Modern History &c. &c., and be prepared for some of the large or public Schools. And at a proper Age and after being suitably prepared at such a School, Mr. Longdill would propose (other circumstances permitting) to place him at one of the Universities. In fixing on a *first* School for him, Mr. Longdill would be led to look for one under the superintendance of an Orthodox Clergyman of the Church of England [though perhaps he would not consider the circumstance of the Head Master being a Clergyman as positively essential, if there were other points of high recommendation in favour of any Establishment which presented itself to his Notice].[2]

With respect however to placing him at the University, or by anticipation pointing out any particular profession or mode of life for the Child, it would in Mr. Longdill's Opinion be premature at present to do so, as the prudence of any step must depend on a variety of circumstances which cannot be now foreseen, as well as upon the feelings and habits and manners and intelligence of the Boy, which cannot now be prognosticated.

With respect to the Girl, Mr. Longdill proposes to have her educated with his own Daughters at home, under suitable Masters or Mistresses, giving her Lessons in History, Geography, Literature in general, and on every proper Subject as early as it might appear that her mind was open to receive them. The accomplishments of Drawing, Painting, Musick, Singing, and Dancing should receive all the attention which they deserve when the Child displayed a capability of receiving the necessary instructions, and the more homely Employments of Fancy Work and Sewing should not be neglected. Domestic Economy too should receive its share of attention. In short Mr. Longdill feels [MS. feeling] that a young mind must be continually occupied by those things which would in some way or other lead to its Improvement or to general Usefulness. Upon the score of Dress, Mr. Longdill would, if necessary, be very posi-

[2] The bracketed passage was crossed out. — AUTHOR

tive on the absolute necessity of resisting and disregarding the Fashions of the Day, if they included, as they do in his opinion in the present day, an apparent abandonment of all feelings of feminine Delicacy and Decency. Habitual neatness of dress he would require on the most private occasions, and an habitual Decency of Dress on all occasions.

As to the general reading of the Girl at a more advanced age, Mr. Longdill would, as far as his influence extended, keep from her perusal all Books that tended to shake her Faith in any of the great points of the Established Religion. He would discountenance the reading of Novels, except perhaps some few unexceptionable Works of that sort. He would to a certain degree encourage the reading and indeed the studying of some of our best poets; but with respect to Pope and some others, Mr. Longdill would take care that she was furnished with selections only. Of Shakespeare Mr. Longdill understands an Edition purified from its grossnesses has been published, and this Edition he would put into her hand. He believes also an Edition of Hume has lately been published in which his insidious attacks on Religion are omitted; And with this Edition Mr. Longdill would take care that she was provided.

To the Morals of the Children Mr. Longdill would pay particular attention, and would strive to make Instruction and Discipline go hand in hand. He would endeavour strongly to impress upon the Children Notions of Modesty and self-diffidence, and to repress every feeling of Vanity and self-sufficiency. He would endeavour to inculcate in them high notions of the value of a Character for Truth and personal Honour, and a thorough detestation of Affectation, Deceitfulness and Falsehood. The particular irregularities to which the mind of these Children may be most prone, and which perhaps will be very different in each, it is so impossible to foresee, that it would be worse than useless, in Mr. Longdill's Opinion, to pretend to point out the precise and particular course which ought to be pursued with respect to either of them. Speaking of Children in general and particularly of Children whom we never saw, it is in Mr. Longdill's Opinion idle to predetermine to affix to them any particular Character. The great point is, as Mr. Longdill has seen it somewhere expressed, to observe what Nature has made them, and to perfect them on her Plan. The grand duty of a Parent or Guardian towards Children consists, as Mr. Longdill conceives, in promptly and continually repressing, and if possible extirpating every propensity radically vicious; in guiding and by gentle means bringing back to the right course every irregular inclination; in exciting when it may be necessary a proper spirit of generous rivalry and emulation; in not countenancing and indeed in not tolerating any irreverent allusions in matters of religion; in being very circumspect (particularly as far as respects Girls) in the Books which are permitted to be brought before them; in promptly repressing every feeling of Vanity and self-importance; in requiring from them a respectful and deferential manner at all times towards their Superiours whether in rank or in age; an affable and unaffected manner towards their Equals; a mild, kind and condescending manner towards their Servants and Inferiours; and a humane and charitable Feeling and Manner towards the Poor and Distressed.

On the Subject of Religion, which though here mentioned so late Mr. Longdill thinks the very first in point of consideration and importance, he would bring up the Children in the Faith and Tenets of the Church of England; he would deem it an imperative Duty to inculcate in them solemn, serious, and orthodox Notions of Religion, but at the same time he would be cautious not prematurely to lead their unripe minds to that momentous Subject. To a morning and evening prayer and Thanksgiving, and to Grace before and after Meals, he would regularly accustom them, and take occasion as circumstances might arise to inculcate on them a general religious feeling, without bringing to their Notice controversial Points that might excite doubts which they would be unable to solve, and entangle them in difficulties from which they would be unable to extricate themselves. What is clearly revealed Mr. Longdill would endeavour to teach them fervently to embrace, and what the limited

powers of human Intellect would not permit them to understand, he would endeavour to make them feel it their Duty silently to revere. A regular attendance at Divine Service on Sundays Mr. Longdill would, when the Children arrived at a proper age, consider an indispensible Duty.

On that important and complicated subject 'A Plan of Education,' Mr. Longdill is aware that a great deal more might be said than has been here said, and that what is expressed might have been expressed much better, but as he has been proposed by Mr. Shelley to have the care of the Children, he has thought it more proper on such an occasion to put down his own personal thoughts and opinions as they arise on the subject, than to consult those who would have considered the subject more deeply and have treated it much better. He begs to add however that whatever the Master might think proper to suggest on the point of Education or Management of the Children, would be received by Mr. Longdill with the greatest respect and attention.

As it must naturally be concluded that the Children in their younger years will, if confided to the care of Mr. Longdill, be more under the immediate inspection and superintendance of Mrs. Longdill than of himself, it may be necessary to state some particulars with regard to her. She is about the age of 26. She plays on the Piano Forte and sings as well as most Ladies not professional; she dances better than most Ladies; she paints and draws; she understands fine Needle Work, and various sorts of Fancy Work; she has a slight knowledge of Italian and German; she speaks French as fluently as English and in the most correct Parisian manner, free from Anglicisms and all foreign Idiom and Pronunciation, having been for five years (from 1802 to 1806) educated in a Protestant School in Paris.

With respect to the Interference of Mr. Shelley with the Children, the Lord Chancellor having intimated that he should suspend his Judgment as to how far and in what degree he would in this Case interfere against Parental Authority, Mr. Longdill can only say that while he had the care of the Children, if it should be confided to him, he would feel it his bounden duty implicitly to obey the order and directions of the Lord Chancellor with respect to the intercourse and interference of Mr. Shelley with the Children, whatever that order and those directions might be.

II

Longdill submitted these documents to Mr. Alexander on June 21. The Westbrooks followed on July 1 with their counter-proposal, which, after the preliminary phrases, continues: —

That the said Plaintiff Eliza Ianthe Shelley is of the age of Four Years or thereabouts and the said Plaintiff Charles Bysshe Shelley is of the Age of two Years or thereabouts and they are the only Children of the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley Esq[re.][3] who is the eldest son and Heir of the said Defendant Sir Timothy Shelley, the said infant Charles Bysshe Shelley being the presumptive heir to the said Title.

That the said Plaintiffs the infants were brought up under the Care of their Mother Harriett [MS. Harriott] Shelley deceased Daughter of the said Defendant John Westbrooke until the time of her death which happened in December last and since that time have been under the Care of the said Defendant Elizabeth Westbrooke and have always been accustomed to have and from their tender Age and Health require very Particular Care and Attention.

That with a view to Education of the said infants suitably to their future prospects and rank in life and especially to the early establishing of their minds in correct principles of Religion and Morality, it is proper that the said infants should be brought up under the immediate Care and inspection of a person well Qualified in this behalf.

That the Reverend John Kendall of the Town of Warwick a Clergyman of the Church of England of exemplary Character and highly qualified, hath been applied to and Consented to receive the said Plaintiffs

[3] This statement ignores Shelley's children by Mary. — AUTHOR

into his family and provide them with Cloaths and every other thing necessary to their Situation and to instruct them so far as they are at present Capable of receiving instruction and to take the Charge of them in all respects in the place of a Parent for the Sum of Two hundred pounds per Annum.

That the said Plaintiffs are entitled to the sum of £2000 £4 per Cent Annuities Standing in the names of the said Defendants Elizabeth Westbrooke and John Higham upon Certain trusts declared by the Indenture of the 2nd day of January 1817 in the pleadings mentioned the Dividends whereof amount to the Sum of £80 Per Annum and which is all the fortune the said Infants are at present possessed of.

That the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley is entitled to an Annuity of £1000 per Annum payable by the said Sir Timothy Shelley and Secured to the said Percy Bysshe Shelley by a Rent Charge upon Certain Estates of the said Sir Timothy Shelley.

It is therefore proposed on the part of the said Plaintiffs that they the said Plaintiffs should from the 24th day of June instant be placed in the family of the said Mr. Kendal to be brought up under his Care until the further Order of this Court And that the Sum of £200 per Annum should be allowed to the said Mr. Kendall for the Education Maintenance and Support of the said Plaintiffs to Commence from the 24th day of June instant And it is further proposed that the Sum of £80 per Annum to which the said plaintiffs are entitled (being the Dividends arising from the said Sum of £2000 Bank 4[1] per Cent Annuities) should be Applied by the said Defendants Elizabeth Westbrooke and John Higham in part payment and discharge of the said Annual Sum of £200 And that the residue of the said Sum of £200 (being the Sum of £120 per Annum) should be allowed by the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley and paid by the said Defendant Sir Timothy Shelley out of the said Annuity of £1000 to which the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley is entitled as aforesaid.

In this, the original form of the proposal, the effrontery of the Westbrooks is notable: Shelley's children, they suggest, are to be put under the care of their own appointee, a stranger to Shelley, and £120 of the annual £200 for their maintenance is to be stopped out of Shelley's allowance from his father! Before this proposal was accepted by Mr. Alexander, Longdill saw to it that its closing phrases were altered to read: 'And that the residue thereof [*sc.* £120] should be made good by the said John Westbrooke the maternal grandfather of the said Plaintiffs.'

The Reverend John Kendall was the person under whose care the children had been placed before Harriet's death. We derive certain particulars concerning him and his family from a supporting affidavit made by Samuel Parr, LL.D., on July 16: —

The Reverend Samuel Parr of Hatton in the County of Warwick Doctor of Laws maketh Oath and saith that he knows and is intimately acquainted with the Reverend John Kendall the Master of the Earl of Leicester's Hospital in the Town of Warwick and Vicar of Budbrook near to the said Town and also with Martha the Wife of the said John Kendall and hath so known them for twenty years last past And this Deponent saith that the said John Kendall is of the age of fifty years or thereabouts and the said Martha his Wife is of the age of fifty three years or thereabouts. And that the Family of the said John Kendall consists of three daughters and no other children and who are of the respective ages of twenty two years, twenty years, and eighteen years or thereabouts And this Deponent saith that the said John Kendall is of a moral and upright character and a man of good talents and learning and that the said Martha the Wife of the said John Kendall is a Lady of high character and amiable manners and that the daughters of the said John Kendall are all possessed of superior attainments in literature And this Deponent saith that in the judgment and opinion of this deponent, and which judgment and opinion is formed from long and intimate knowledge and ac-

quaintance with the parties, there cannot be a family better calculated by their integrity, knowledge, and manners to have the care and education of children than the said Mr and Mrs Kendall and their Daughters.

[*signed*] SAMUEL PARR

III

Certainly from any disinterested point of view it would seem that the little Shelleys would have a better chance with Selina Longdill and her youngsters than with the fifty-three-year-old Mrs. Kendall and her grown-up daughters.

All the materials, with the exception of any plan of education on the part of Mr. Kendall, being now at hand, Mr. Alexander proceeded to his inquiry. It appears from what follows that he did not confine himself to the Chancellor's order, but imagined that it was his duty to review the case against Shelley, and to decide whether or not Shelley's conduct and principles made it improper for the children to be entrusted to the person he should select. To this end he not only went over the plaintiffs' petition and defendants' answers, but also scrutinized the letters to Harriet and had extracts made as follows: —

No. 1. dated 15th September 1814. He avows [*sic*] that his Attachment to Mary neither could nor ought to have been overcome. He states that she has resigned all for him.

No. 2. He expresses a Wish that his Wife may find a Lover as passionate and faithful as he would ever be a Friend affectionate and sincere. He wishes she could see Mary who he declares is the Object and the Sharer of his Passion.

No. 3. He expresses his Solicitude, although united to one perfectly adapted to his Nature by a lasting and intense Affection, that his Wife should have perceived that he continued to be mindful of her happiness, that he would have superintended the Progress of her Mind and have assisted her in cultivating an elevated Philosophy, to which without the Interest he had taken in her Improvement it was probable that she never would have aspired.

No. 4. dated 16th Sept. 1814. He desires her to acquit herself with Justice toward himself and Mary for united as they were they could not be considered separately. He urges her to consider how far she would desire her future Life to be placed within the Influence of his superintending Mind.

No. 5. dated 26th Sept. 1814. After various Reproaches he remarks that he was an Idiot to expect Greatness or Generosity from his Wife, — that when an Occasion of the sublimest Virtue occurred she would fail to play a Part of despicable Selfishness. That the pure and liberal Principles of which she used to boast that she was a disciple, served only for display and that in her heart it seemed she was always enslaved to the vilest superstitions. He speaks of himself as an innocent Man struggling with distress and denies that Godwin favored his Passion for his daughter, an Assertion which his Wife had made and which she knew to be most false and wantonly cruel and unjust to circulate such a Report.

No. 6. dated 27th Sept. 1814. He mentions the Satisfaction he should have if Reason should restore her to Philosophy, and after noticing that she had applied to an Attorney he says 'You are plainly lost to me, lost to the Principles which are the Guide and Hope of my Life,' and after stating that he considered this Application as an Act of determined Hostility, he proceeds thus: 'I desire &c.' (Copy this Paragraph). He then states that Godwin refuses with bitter Invective and keen Injustice all further Communication with him and he urges her if she yet felt any Ambition to be ranked amongst the wise and good to write to him.

No. 7. dated 5th Oct. 1814. He desires that she will not send him Mary Woolstonecroft's Works, that he committed an Oversight in requesting them and begged her to keep them.

In addition to these passages from the letters, Mr. Alexander drew up brief notes of the allegations made in the pleadings, with a view to ascer-

taining their truth. In his final summing up, he reviewed the evidence against Shelley's character, and certified 'that I feel myself bound by every moral and religious Feeling to reject the Father's Proposal and to approve the latter' (i.e., the Westbrooks').

Accordingly, we find his endorsement on Mr. Westbrook's proposal, 'Allowed 19 July 1817 W.A.' and on Longdill's, 'Disallowed 19 July 1817 W.A.' Mr. Alexander's report was submitted in full on August 1.

IV

Longdill was disgusted by Mr. Alexander's action, which not only was harsher than was warranted by the cautious language of the Chancellor's order, but also in effect cast suspicion on him. Therefore he appealed, from the Master to the Lord Chancellor, but did not gain a hearing until November 10. On that date the Chancellor referred the matter back to Mr. Alexander, with instructions to receive further proposals for a suitable person to have the care of the children, and also a further proposal or plan for their education and maintenance.

Longdill was therefore obliged to withdraw his own proposal. As a substitute for himself, Shelley and he decided on Dr. Thomas Hume, a neighbor of his in Hanwell. Dr. and Mrs. Hume, on reading Longdill's elaborate plan of education, had no objections to it, except that they saw no immediate need for a governess. The proposal includes the following description: —

> The said Thomas Hume is a Doctor in Medicine in the University of Oxford; a Fellow of the College of Physicians, London; Physician to his Majesty's Forces, and to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; and the said Thomas Hume is about the age of 45 years, and the said Caroline Hume is about the age of 30 years.
>
> The said Thomas and Caroline Hume have been married several years and have no children, and Mrs. Hume is particularly fond of children and is a highly accomplished woman and eminently qualified to have the care and management of children.
>
> The Residence of Dr. Hume is in a retired part of Hanwell, half a mile distant from the Public Road, in an open and healthy situation, and is surrounded by pleasant walks, affording opportunities for exercise to the children without any communication with the high road.
>
> The said Thomas Hume and Caroline Hume are orthodox members of the church of England and regular in their attendance at Divine Service, and in every respect qualified for the Charge which the said Percy Bysshe Shelley hereby proposes to commit to them.

The Humes' statement as to Longdill's plan of education follows: —

> Dr. Hume and Mrs. Hume having read over the Plan of Education which they understand was submitted to the Master by Mr. P. W. Longdill on a former reference on the present subject, so entirely concur with Mr. Longdill on all the principle points detailed in that plan that they think it unnecessary to say more than that they should in a great measure pursue the Plan which Mr. Longdill proposed. Mrs. Hume however having no children of her own, and having sufficient leisure to give every requisite attention to the Children, and feeling that it would be her duty if the Children were placed in her family to devote a considerable portion of her time to them and to give them her continual attention, does not at present think that it would be necessary to engage a Governess for the present education and management of the Children; but if on experience she should find the assistance of a Governess for any reason necessary, Dr. and Mrs. Hume would immediately engage one.

The Humes were supported by affidavits from two ecclesiastics: the Reverend John Bond of Hanwell, Doctor in Divinity, and the Reverend

Joseph Holden Pott, Archdeacon of London.

On their side, the Westbrooks proposed the Reverend Jacob Cheesbrough, of Ulcomb, Kent, who was recommended by the Reverend Charles Cage of Bearsted, the Reverend George Wasey of Swanbourne, Bucks, and Sir Robert Graham of Dulwich, Bart. He even had a personal note from Lord Ormonde in his favor. In their summary plan of education, Mr. and Mrs. Cheesbrough assured the Master

> . . . that no pains whatever should be spared for perfecting the said Infants in every branch of useful and polite education and that the said Infants should not be exposed to the corruption of immoral Companions nor should they on any occasion visit except in the Company either of the said Mr. or Mrs. Cheesbrough and every possible care and pains should be taken both by precept and example to form their habits and manners so as to qualify them for that station in life in which their rank and expectations entitle them to move and above all they should be early and deeply impressed with the importance of the knowledge of divine truth, its sanctions and obligations, and taught to be sincere Members of the established Church.

Late in February, when it had become evident to the solicitors on both sides that Mr. Alexander intended to approve of Shelley's nominees, the Humes, John Westbrook and his daughter Eliza proposed to visit the Humes 'with a view,' as they said, 'of removing any apparent hostility or opposition' and of withdrawing their nominee, Mr. Cheesbrough, if upon such visit they should see 'no reason to be dissatisfied with the said Doctor Hume and Mrs. Hume and the situation of their residence.' The suggestion was refused, and Longdill gives the reason in an affidavit: —

> That he had a conference on the following day with Dr. Hume on the subject of the proposed visit and it did appear on such conference to Deponent and to the said Dr. and Mrs. Hume that such a Visit would not only be unpleasant to the feelings of Dr. and Mrs. Hume, but that the said Mr. and Miss Westbrooke coming with no predisposition to be satisfied with Dr. and Mrs. Hume, and being perfectly satisfied with the Reverend Mr. Cheesbrough whom they had proposed as the person to have the care of the Infant Plaintiffs, such visit might lead to altercations and Disputes in the Office of the Master to whom the Cause stood referred which might have a tendency to produce those very feelings of hostility which on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Hume were not then in any way felt or entertained, and which it was the ostensible object of the proposed visit to prevent. And the said Dr. Hume expressed at the same time a desire to satisfy Mr. and Miss Westbrooke if it could be done by receiving their Solicitor Mr. Desse, and he directed Deponent to make an offer of receiving Mr. Desse at any time.
>
> That in consequence of this conference Deponent waited upon the Plaintiffs Solicitors, when he saw Mr. Desse and explained to him the objections which Dr. Hume had to a visit from Mr. and Miss Westbrooke, but Deponent at the same time informed Mr. Desse that Dr. Hume would be happy to see Mr. Desse at any time he would appoint, and Deponent pressed Mr. Desse to accept such offer and assured him, as the truth was, that Dr. Hume had desired Deponent to say that he would be happy to see Mr. Desse to dinner on any day; but the said Mr. Desse refused to accept such Offer or Invitation.
>
> That the opinion of Deponent that such a visit as proposed on the part of Mr. and Miss Westbrook would lead to unpleasant altercations and feelings was much strengthened and confirmed from its having been stated to Deponent by the Solicitor of Sir Timothy Shelley that he had proposed a perfectly unobjectionable Lady as a person to have the care of the Infant Plaintiffs and that in consequence of his proposal, Miss Westbrooke had called upon the Lady, and that the conduct and manners and enquiries of Miss Westbrooke were such as gave the Lady great offence. That the Lady so proposed was totally unknown to Deponent,

and as he believes to said Percy Bysshe Shelley, and that she was mentioned by Sir Timothy Shelley's Solicitor to the Solicitor of Mr. and Miss Westbrooke, without any communication to Deponent or said Percy Bysshe Shelley.

That Dr. Hume never stated to Deponent that he considered the proposed visit as an Insult, nor did Deponent as he verily believes ever use such an expression, but Deponent saith that in his Interview with Mr. Desse he stated that such visit from three persons coming certainly with no very friendly feelings for the avowed purpose of inspecting Dr. and Mrs. Hume and their domestick Concerns and Establishments must in the nature of it be offensive to their feelings. And Deponent saith that he gave less credit than he otherwise should have done to the alledged Motives of the Proposal on the part of Mr. and Miss Westbrooke to visit Dr. and Mrs. Hume, from the fact of no disposition 'to remove any apparent hostility' being shewn until after it was evident to Deponent and to the Solicitor of the Plaintiffs that it was the intention of the Master to report in favour of Dr. and Mrs. Hume as proper persons to have the care and Management of the Infant Plaintiffs.

Among the papers of Mr. Alexander I find the following memorandum: 'I approve of Dr & Mrs Hume. 9 March 1818. W. A.' His formal report was submitted on April 28, and confirmed on July 25 following by the Lord Chancellor.

CLEANIN' UP THE COUNTY

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

'THAR ain't no spring on this-hyar road. But effen you-all is thirsty, thar's a big spring th'ough the timber ter the left. Hain't no path ter hit, ye might say, but hit won't mis-putt me none to stanter a ways 'ith you-all.'

John, with the wisdom of dogs, gave the bearded mountaineer one long look, and, discrediting the story of a spring, disappeared toward a fringe of willows bordering the distant river.

We were thirsty and tired, and we 'stantered' what seemed a long way. Suddenly the man, with no preamble, said, 'I reckon I'll jist turn back now.' And he set off down the hill. We gazed at each other in astonishment.

'Hi there!' called Peter. 'Where's the spring?'

'Mister, jist kim down hyar a minute, an' I'll tell ye somep'n.'

I offered Peter the rifle I carried, but he refused it, and walked back down the hill. I followed him with an anxious eye, my finger on the trigger of the gun. For all day we had seen fresh boughs in the road pointing to dim paths that led to sequestered nooks where one might place a piece of money on a stump, turn one's back, and, after a decent interval, find there 'a short o' liquor.'

But more than hidden stills I feared the motor cars — not much smaller than the desolate cabins before which they stood. For the manufacture of moonshine is an old, dignified, established business in the mountains, but the get-rich-quick distributors are often reckless 'furriners,' and their

cars sometimes carry intoxicated parvenus.

After what seemed a long time, Peter climbed the hill, pushed Sisyphus into the shade of a sweet gum tree, and carefully rolled a cigarette. I whistled for John and waited.

'The man,' said Peter, 'tells me that you are a mighty likely womern.'

'Indeed! He might have blurted that out before me. I should n't have cared. Is that what he called you back to tell you?'

'I gathered as much. He advised us to "go on a leetle furder, camp fur the night, and turn back at sunup." We are almost at the county line, and they're "cleanin' up" the next county. Now just how bright is the face of danger to you this afternoon?'

'Radiant, as always. Cleanin' up a county should n't dim it.'

'It's this. They are chasing out the moonshiners in dead earnest in the next county, and the moonshiners are doubly ferocious and suspicious of informers. He says that the whole county is given over to religious revivals. "Thar hain't nobody kin git a snort o' liquor, exceptin' they take Communion at church, 'ithout gittin' shot at. Both sides is pow'ful het up, an' effen they wuz ter git hit inter thar haids you-all wuz informers, they might take a crack at you-all frum behint a rock afore they knowed better. They is Gawddlemighty keerful jist now, fur ivery other man in the county is a deputy sheriff. An' that-air womern o' yourn a-pintin' a gun at me up ther hill is a pow'ful likely womern to run a chancet o' bein' a widder womern."'

'The man's judgment is sound. Anyone can see that! But back trails are not thrilling. Let's go on. It's only one night before we get to the village. Nothing can happen in one night.'

'It would n't take longer than one night to shoot a man. But it's coming on to rain, and the tent is leaking. We can get beeswax and oil to paint it in the village. We can reach Avola tomorrow afternoon and go in a safe camp near the town — safe unless they take us for evolutionists.'

'Oh, we look like fundamentalists. We could pass anywhere now.'

John came, a streak of white through the green field, and we set out at a rapid pace for the church, where the mountaineer had said there was 'a good well o' water; an' 'bout half a quarter furder a store kep' by a furriner frum Texas.'

'And now,' said Peter, 'effen inybody says ter us, "Jist move on and don't look back," we're jist ter move on. An' effen inybody stanters with us kinder offen the road, we're not ter be curious-like, but jist talk pleasant-like that we is takin' a tower fur the womern's health.'

'Oh, we always do that!'

II

It was twilight when we came to a small frame church crouched in a sallow, dank hollow, surrounded with pines. But the pump was painted a cheerful pink, and the water was delicious. The doors were locked, and I peered through an open window at the back. 'Why, it is a schoolhouse! There is a little blackboard. But there's a pulpit, and a Bible.'

Suddenly there came a few great drops of rain, and the thirsty earth answered at once with rich perfume.

'The lantern is empty!' cried Peter. 'I'll run up to that store for kerosene. Back in a minute.'

I looked about for a place to trench for our leaking tent. We often slept in schoolhouses; but a church — that is different. Schoolhouses in the mountains are used for anything other than

school. In a summer's wandering we had found but one schoolhouse functioning properly. But that one rewarded us. It was the first week of school, and the tall, erect young mountaineer who was the teacher apologized for lack of order. Order! Why, the petrified children sat on hard benches like little statues.

'It is extremely difficult to maintain order at first in a strange settlemint,' said the teacher carefully. 'But after I whoop a few of the larger pupils several times they settle down. Hit's — it's a new neighborhood to me.'

We sat on the front bench and watched a little boy, with hair so white it had a cast of blue, as he glowered at the primer on the teacher's knee.

'Now this is *A*,' said the teacher. 'Look at it good.'

The boy backed away, and looked up scowling. 'How do ye know hit's *A*?' he asked contemptuously.

'Because hit's right thar in the book' — falling into the vernacular from the shock. The boy scratched his brown leg with a bare foot. Then, as if considering it too trifling a matter for contention, he said, 'Huh! All right, hit's *A*.'

As we left, Peter asked the boy his name, which was Elmer Bond, and slipped him a quarter. He vows that child is destined to wipe out fundamentalism in his state.

The rain delayed. I prepared the 'jambalaya' and set it on the camp fire I had built. It makes a comforting supper on rainy nights — that, with cookies bought from a village housewife, and tea. For 'tea is the boy for the woods.'

Peter ran down the hill with the lighted lantern, and we hurried to cut pine boughs for a bed — though, unless one has learned the art of making a pine-bough bed, there is need for a chiropractor by midnight.

'We'll sleep in the schoolhouse,' said Peter.

'The church,' I corrected. 'I hope no one will see our light. They may know nothing of sanctuary.'

As the door was locked, Peter threw in a great armful of boughs through the window, and I started to cast in my smaller contribution. There was a crash, the sound of an overturned bench, and the front door slammed.

Peter dragged me back out of the light of the fire and whispered, 'Be quiet! It's that fellow from the store, spying. He has n't any stock in the store. It's a bootlegging joint.'

Presently from the wood across the road from the church sounded 'Halloo! Halloo!' Peter, from behind a tree, answered with another halloo, and around the church strode the Texas 'furriner' and stood before the fire. He was tall and rangy, and his moustaches were fierce and wide. His flannel shirt gleamed red in the firelight, and there was a pistol in the holster at his belt. He carried a jug. 'Say, stranger, why n't you answer? I ben a-hollerin', fur I could n't locate yore camp. Hyar's the key ter the church. It's goin' ter rain like hell and blazes. Better sleep thar. I reckon you're jist driftin' and 'll move on ter-morrow. And hyar's a jug o' milk I thought yore womern might like.'

He unlocked the door, but refused to enter with us.

'No, it's goin' ter rain cats and dogs and nigger babies. So long.'

I could n't keep the quaver from my voice. 'He was listening inside the church! If we had said the wrong thing I might be here alone now.'

'Oh, I guess not,' said Peter, but without conviction.

We pushed Sisyphus into the church, and supper was served in grand style on a desk. The milk the Texan had brought us was, of course, buttermilk.

Sweet milk is so called, and is churned sweet. Buttermilk is a beverage. It looked delicious, but with my first taste I set down the cup. 'Taste it! Is he trying to poison us?' Peter tasted the milk from my cup, and looked serious. He poured himself another cup, and grinned. 'I think,' he said, 'the next county is on our nerves. I'm afraid I left the soap in your cup at noon.'

III

It was cool, and the rain drummed softly on the shingles, and the pine-bough bed was delightfully fragrant. John curled up at the foot, and I drew the blanket about me in the perfect peace that comes from an all-day tramp on the open road. Peter took the Bible from the pulpit and said, 'We may as well bone up for the next county; I'll read you to sleep.'

There is no sleep, at least to me, so deep or so sweet as that into which we sink while a familiar voice reads from a book, well written, but not so eloquent that it wakes the mind to wonder, or the heart to ecstasy. For undirected thoughts will seek dark paths that lead away from the sea of sleep; and music with its melody and rhythm lulls the body, but the soul stirs uneasily and at the mystery of beauty wakes to ancient pain; and too often the beating, baffled wings of prayer pursue us, spent and bewildered, to the very shore of sleep.

Peter chose to read from the Psalms. But who could sleep while David bares his great human heart to God!

Long ago, someone — was it well-loved Peter Ibbetson? — taught me to cry 'Crac' to the reveille of 'Cric' which the patient reader calls to find if I am still awake. And what a rare pleasure to turn back a moment from the engulfing wave of sleep and to float away again on its deep calm tide.

'Peter,' I say apologetically, 'would you mind changing the subject?'

He switches to Revelation. But outlandish horned beasts emerge from the shadows, and Death on the pale horse bears down upon me, and all the gigantic pageantry of Revelation thunders past.

'Crac!' I cry desperately, sitting up wide-awake.

Peter laughs, and in a low monotonous voice, which blends with the gentle drumming of the rain on the roof, reads a page of 'begats' — and I know no more till the morning sun streams through the dusty windows of the church.

We stopped at the store to return the jug, and to thank the Texan for our night's shelter.

'Stranger,' he said, 'sence you appear to be driftin' to Avoly, it'd better your hand, I believe, to take the trail to the left and cut off some miles. By the help and assistance o' good luck and some sense you'll come out on top of the mountain whar the road leads down to the dad-gasted town that'd give any growed-up man the popeyed willies jist to look down on!'

Remembering the warning of the friendly mountaineer, we meekly took the trail to the left. With the aid of our pocket compass and the moss on the north side of the trees, we wandered north over great boulders and through small canyons, tying a rope to John's chain and hauling long-suffering Sis up and down precipices by main force.

'That bootlegger,' said Peter, 'must have had his lingering doubts that we might report stills to the next county.'

There was lunch, and a long rest, on the summit of the mountain, and the setting sun was flinging rosy fleece over a sea of faintest green when we came to the outskirts of the village. A man who was sweeping out a church said,

''Bout half a quarter back o' the church thar's a good campin' spot whar thar's good water in the crick.' He called after us, 'Thar's a big meetin' goin' on hyar! Kim over ter-night! We're cleanin' up the whole consarned county!'

It was an ideal spot for a camp. A low, rounded hill crowned with tall pines. Below ran a clear stream where great symmetrical sweet gums guarded the blooming laurel. We spread our blankets beneath the haughty pines that stared down in silent scorn upon the deciduous trees that pay court to rivers and when winter comes stand stark and humiliated. For in the veins of the Southern pine runs liquid fire.

Suddenly the full moon is here, and the river and the moon sing together. For while by day the streams murmur, it is only at night that the waters wake and sing.

We lay weary, but not exhausted, on our bed of pine needles, and presently from the church came the sound of voices singing 'Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war.' There was a certain pathos in the thought that here were people calling on their deepest instincts to root out a one-time innocent custom dear to them through generations, to prove their allegiance to a law more honored in the breach than in the observance over all America. Then we fell asleep to the pleasant drone of 'The Sweet By and By.'

IV

The following morning we left John to guard camp, and carried the wheel of Sisyphus to the village for repairs. Before the combined blacksmith's shop and garage stood a young but dissipated-looking automobile surrounded by a small group of men. Peter took the wheel inside to the blacksmith, and I listened to the animated conversation of the men about the car.

'How you stand on the cow, Ramsey?' asked an old mountaineer. 'I'm whole hawg or nothin' fur the man. Hain't no use bein' a plumb fool effen a man *is* a Christian.'

Ramsey answered: 'Hit's a case o' a man perviden fur his own family, which the Bible says a man orter do first!'

'Wal,' said the first speaker, 'hit air a curious thing that the onliest folks that object ter the cow deal is the Holy Rollers and one infi-*del*. Never knowed 'em to agree afore!'

'Hit's my opinion,' said another, 'thet Brother Martin hes bit off more 'n he kin chaw this time — in regards to cows. Hit air outen his line! A preacher better let business alone, and stan' squar' on preachin' thet Jesus Christ's the Son o' God!'

'Shucks!' said the first speaker. 'Iverbody in the world knows Jesus Christ's the Son o' God. Thar hain't no use *re*-peatin' hit all the time. Brother Martin is aimin' at makin' practical Christians.'

'All I kin say, he's stirred up Avoly and this settlemint. An' whichiver way he decides hit Sunday mornin' thar's goin' ter be argumints and hard feelin's. I believe in stickin' ter the Gospel. A feller kin work out his own practical experience.'

I was tremendously interested, and felt it was unfortunate that Peter should appear from the shop just then and we should have to hurry on to the store for beeswax and linseed oil to paint our tent while the sun shone.

Two women leaned over a gate talking together. 'I wusht to the Lord that cow'd niver been borned!' cried one. 'Pappy don't talk o' nothin' else, and hain't hauled up a stick o' timber sence last Sunday. I ben pickin' splinter offen the back fence fur firewood fur cookin' iver sence that-air pesky cow-trouble was turned loose on us!'

Farther on an old man, evidently deaf, put his hand to his ear and called to a young fellow working in his garden, 'How ye standin' on the cow, Jim?'

''Pears lak hit seems thet I jist cain't make up my mind noways!' yelled the young man, frowning, and stopping to lean on his hoe. 'But I got twell ter-morrow mornin'. Maybe I'll get enlightenmint afore mornin'.'

'Peter,' said I, 'have we by any chance wandered into India? Why, a sacred cow is the one topic of conversation here! Try to find out what it's all about.'

There were two stores, but we selected the one that held the post office. For we had learned that here, beside the ubiquitous checkerboard behind the stove, usually sat the wisdom club of the village. Peter bought his material for painting the tent, and then selected himself an empty nail keg with the group behind the stove. Women are debarred from the wisdom club. The two vital questions discussed are sex and religion. And a mountain man considers a woman sufficiently endowed by nature and by God with both. Hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die.

So I waited in the front of the store, and bought a dozen eggs from a tall, sad woman, who took off her blue sunbonnet and fanned herself wearily.

'Have you walked far?' I asked.

'Not ter say fur,' she replied in her thin, monotonous voice. 'A leetle better'n two mile. But I hain't no 'count. I jist got over the flus, an' I got a enlarged melt. Hit runs up and down in my side. Jist putt yore hand thar and feel hit.'

I hastily asked her if she had consulted a physician.

'Yeah. I thought hit war a chill-cake in my side, but I wint ter thet doc over in Springdale — thet fat doc — I disremember his name. He 'lowed hit war high blood pressure a-movin' hit up and down thetaway. But I hain't murch use fur thim newfangled docs. Jist afore I kim down 'ith the flus, I stayed 'ith Arreny Reed, — she thet wuz Arreny Wear, ye know, — an' whin the baby kim thet fat doc frum Springdale wuz thar. She had the peartest leetle boy ye iver see. But thet doc said thar war another; an' hit could n't be borned nohow. Arreny kep' beggin' fur her snuff, an' thet fool doc would n't let me give hit to her. I slipped out an' got a fresh althy stick, but he cotched me afore I could dip hit inter the snuff can and slip hit to Arreny. Finally the doc sets down by the haid o' the baid an' says, pow'ful solemn, "Wal, Mis' Reed, I done all I kin. We'll hafter sind ter Springdale fur instermints. I'll give you some easin' medicine now."

'Arreny hollers, "You gimme my snuff! I don't want none o' yer easin' medicine! Gimme my snuff!" 'Fore the doc kin say inything, I grabs the snuff can an' hands hit to Arreny. Her hand is trimblin', an' afore she gits hit under her lip hit scatters on the quilt; an' Arreny begins ter sneeze, an' tother wuz borned to oncet! Peartest leetle gal ye iver see! Thim docs don't know murch nowadays.'

I tried, hopelessly, to give the woman some idea of diet. But well I knew that all the good green food from her garden must be cooked with pork 'afore hit's fitten fur humans.' Even lettuce is never eaten without 'bein' wilted 'ith ham grease.' But I bought the three shriveled oranges displayed in the show case. The woman accepted them reluctantly and gave me no thanks, but her eyes shone.

V

Peter appeared, and as we set out I asked if he had learned anything re-

garding the sacred cow of the village.

'The city preacher from Springdale,' he said, 'put a question to Avola at the church last Sunday. He is to speak on the question to-morrow morning. We'll go to church. He asked them to think on the question, but I suppose he did n't know they would think of nothing else. A man had a cow to sell which he had priced at forty dollars. Some mountain cow, I'd say! A stranger moves in who belongs to the same church as the man with the cow, and wishes to buy it. The owner, who knows that the stranger comes from afar, — a better country, where cows are cows, — sells him the cow for fifty dollars. Was the man justified in raising the price on his Christian brother? The village is divided against itself, and as the preacher is running for the legislature his friends are uneasy, for whichever way he decides it's bound to lose him some votes. I'm wondering just how that preacher will sidestep.'

At camp we hurriedly prepared to paint the tent. As I dipped my brush in the hot mixture, I looked up and whispered, 'A visitor.'

Slowly down the hill walked a very tall, deep-chested man, who carried a shotgun.

'I seen you-all at Perry's store,' he said, seating himself under a pine, 'an' I jist 'lowed I'd stanter over an' see how you-all wuz comin' on.'

We explained that it was necessary to go on with our work, and apologized. He turned great gentle blue eyes upon me and said in a voice of velvet: 'I'm the constable o' Avoly. I seed Billy Godbehere a-sneakin' th'ough thet fenced-in field across the road frum you-all's tint. The deppity sheriff's got Billy's cow shet in thar. Hit hain't rightly none o' my business, but the sheriff's a-lookin' fur Billy Godbehere, an' hit would n't surprise me none effen thar wuz a leetle mite o' a ruckus. Joe don't reely aim ter shoot Billy, I reckon. Hit's likely, though, he'll shoot eround 'nuff ter putt the fear o' God in Billy.'

'What,' said Peter, rolling Billy Godbehere's name delightedly under his tongue, 'has Billy Godbehere done?'

'He air lettin' the boys hev liquor. I tole Billy ter stop hit whin we-all begin cleanin' up the county. He don't 'pear ter take hit serious a-tall. Thet's Billy a-runnin' th'ough the field now,' he drawled. 'An' hyar kims Joe after him lickety-split! I reckon you-all better pick out a tree ter git behint.'

He selected his own tree with surprising agility for so large a man, and we chose adjacent trees. Peering around my tree, I saw across the lane in the fenced field a tall man running zigzag from one persimmon clump to another, while a short, square-set man pursued him, waving a gun and yelling, 'Hold up, Billy! I aim ter shoot!' But the tall man ran on, dodging and doubling, and evidently trying to reach the fence.

Suddenly a bullet whined through the boughs above us. The constable turned edgeways to his tree and stood as still and as erect as an Indian. Another bullet sang high above us, and the spectacle was lost to me until I heard a great shouting and a motor rattled down the lane from the direction of the town. It stopped for a second; the tall man, with a mighty leap, cleared the fence and fell into the car, which vanished down the road. That car, even in its own class, was no doubt socially extinct, but it cleared the river in one jump and tore up the hill on the other side with amazing speed.

The short man climbed the fence, slowly crossed the lane, and sank at the foot of the constable's tree. Wiping the sweat from his face with his sleeve, he gasped, 'Now wuz n't thet a sight on airth how Billy Godbehere got erway!

I see Lee Ramsey's new car settin' afore the shop, an' I knowed the Ramseys and Godbeheres is kin. But Lee 'lowed the car wuz plumb busted. Said he'd hafter haul hit inter Springdale fur a new amature, an' somep'n inside needed a assanine torch. I might a knowed Lee lied! Say, Link, why n't ye kim over 'n' holp? 'Stid er settin' hyar on yer hunkies watchin' Billy git erway!'

'Wal,' drawled the constable in his gentle voice, 'fust place, I wuz n't settin' on no hunkies whilst you wuz a-shootin' plumb at these strangers — an' one a womern, too. I hain't no deppity sheriff. I'm a constable, pyore and simple. I got troubles enough 'ith my court. I don't ricollict o' hyarin' o' yore holpin' me none in the argumints round Piney Hill Church when I wuz follerin' up my sorter mixed-up settlin' o' law an' Christianity at one lick.'

'I 'low thet wuz different,' said the sheriff. 'Hit wuz thet mixed up hit'd take a lawyer an' a preacher ter settle hit.'

'I jist puzzled th'ough hit rightly, effen hit did start some argumint. I'll leave hit ter this stranger. Hit war thisaway.'

The little sheriff bit off a comforting chew of tobacco, and Peter rolled a cigarette.

'Jeff Ross, he driv up ter ther meetin' at Piney Hill Church one night frum sellin' a wagonload o' watermelons an' mushmelons at Springdale, an' he lit right out fur the mourners' bench an' claimed he got religion right off. He smelt strong o' liquor and pranced round onseemly, an' the young folks on the back seat sniggered. Next mornin' I up an' fined him five dollars — as a constable, o' course. But whin Jeff Ross he kim ter church thet night an' claimed he kim th'ough an' wuz saved the night afore, I remitted his fine — as a Christian, o' course. Hit ain't fur me ter say thet Jeff did n't git shed o' his sins thet night whin he wuz tight. I don't noways aim ter shorten ther Sperrit's power, but I 'lows Gawddlemighty Hisself might find hit handier ter convart a skunk lak Jeff Ross whin he's sorter softened up an' out er hisself. An' I'm hyar to say a man hed better git religion whin he kin — drunk er sober. Thar's a heap o' argumints 'bout how I handled thet case round erbout ther settlemint, but I claim I done right twicet!'

'My opinion,' said Peter judicially, 'is that you showed a great deal of wisdom, and a cold, correct nerve. You done right twicet.'

'Ter-morrow is Sunday,' said the constable softly, 'an' thar's a big baptizin' in the river back o' my place. You-all kin go home 'ith me after meetin' an' go to the baptizin' an' stay all night. Hain't no preachin' Sunday night. I'll kim in ther big wagon an' haul you-all's little contraption erlong. Your womern 'pears to like dogs. I want you-all ter see my houn's. I ben offered more 'n seventy-five dollars fur ole Tod.'

I exchanged a glance with Peter and accepted the invitation. It was on our road to Springdale, and I liked the constable, and I wanted to see Tod.

VI

The next morning we tied John to the wheel of Sisyphus and left the cart near an open window of the crowded church. Peter sat with the men at the right, and I with the meek sisters at the left. The portly preacher from Springdale looked over the faces in his congregation with shrewd, kindly eyes. He read for the morning lesson the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew, and took his text from the first verse: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' The sermon was simple, tolerant, and

even fervent. And his impressive voice ended solemnly: 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

Then suddenly he stepped down from the little platform and with a friendly smile addressed us. 'Here speaks the politician, not the preacher,' I thought.

But the frozen Sabbath faces in the congregation never changed by the flicker of an eyelash, though each man knew the question of the day was now before the house. Only Peter smiled delightedly at the masterly manner in which the candidate for the legislature sidestepped.

For we must first of all learn charity. Who can read the heart of a man who has a cow to sell? God alone can do that. The question he had propounded each man must answer for himself according to the dictates of his own conscience, but bearing in mind his own limitations and the necessity for charity. Beware of judgment. The day the man offered the cow for forty dollars he may have been in financial distress, and, hoping for a quick sale, put too low a price on the cow. He may the next day have been offered more for cream and butter, thus enhancing the cow's value. His children may have been so attached to this particular cow that they must be pacified by an extra ten dollars. His wife may have held an interest in the cow which the man had forgotten the day before. Who are we to judge a man selling a cow? Is a merchant unjust that his prices fluctuate with the market? The price of cows may have risen overnight.

Solemnly and impressively he closed with the warning words: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

We all sang 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness,' and arose to receive the benediction. (Peter afterward declared that the appropriate song would have been the one we heard at a Sunday-school concert in another county: 'You Can't Make a Monkey Out of Me.')

Outside there were loud expressions of admiration. Their preacher had 'got by'! For the mountaineer, condemned by lack of practice and of opportunity to the harmlessness of the dove, accords generous, if wistful, homage to the man with the wisdom of the serpent.

The little sheriff met us at the door and cried, 'I reckon you-all niver seen a slicker talker'n Brother Martin nowhar a-tall! He knowed he'd bit off more'n he could chaw, an' he jist switched the Bible onter us. He'll git ivery vote in this-hyar settlemint!'

We lifted Sis into the big wagon with the four delighted children. The constable called in his caressing voice to the sleek mules, 'Git erlong, now!' and we jolted away down the hot sandy road with John trotting proudly beside us.

DEATH, SCARCELY NEED I TROUBLE THEE

Such peace is on the great pine wood,
  Such moonlight on the sea,
Such running rhythms on the night
  That frontiers cease to be.

The flesh no longer surface has,
  Wind cleanses it as air,
It feels like wings, it has no pull,
  Light shines through everywhere.

There is no place for sin to hide,
  No place by pain controlled,
Nothing is there that hate can touch,
  Nothing that love can hold.

I measure by the straight pine tree,
  Lifting my two hands high,
Till brushing past the topmost plume
  They cup beneath the sky.

Facing the shore I spread wide arms
  That lengthen without end,
The ocean rolls against my breast,
  Nor does my being bend.

I orb them and they ring the moon,
  Night star and star of day,
And every other globèd thing
  God made to light the way.

Death, scarcely need I trouble thee —
  So close my Future lies,
So vast a confirmation speaks
  In wind and sea and skies.

Charlotte Kellogg

THE LAMAS OF MONGOLIA

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

I WRITE this at evening time, by candlelight, seated on the floor in a white felt yurta. I am a guest in the encampment of a Mongolian family whom I have known for many years. My yurta is next in line above the 'god's tent,' and my low writing table vibrates with the throb of moaning lama drums. Above the drums I hear the alto chant of lama priests repeating Tibetan prayers.

Chactar, my old friend, has not been well for many months, and priests have been called from a temple to hold a week of special prayer for his health. Chactar himself is a lama priest. So are his nephew and his grandnephew. The first-born sons of three generations —three males from a family that numbers but five males in all! That leaves one grown man and one small boy of three summers to fulfill the material duties of life.

An alarming percentage of the male population of Mongolia are lama priests. Custom requires that every first-born son shall be given to the priesthood, and as many more sons thereafter as possible. This is a great drain on a family, for it leaves so very few to carry on the work of caring for the herds and the flocks. But the more lama priests given by a family, the greater the virtue of that family. According to the religion which holds Mongolia in an iron grip, health, wealth, and happiness are dependent upon the dedication of many sons to the temple.

By strict regulations, lama priests are forbidden to marry. This has played an important part in the depopulation of the country — although not all priests observe this rule. Demp-si, for instance, a lama priest related to the head of this family, was married a few months ago with much ceremony. Demp-si has always liked the ladies. His fondness for them has led him in past years to give away as gifts some of the best horses from the family herds, in addition to many cows, goats, and sheep, as well as felt and other trifles. The family have found this continuous drain an annoyance, so in council they decided that the best thing was for Demp-si to marry. His wife is a very pretty girl, who seems practical and sensible and likely to keep him in order.

Buddhism first came into Mongolia through the conversion of the wife of Kublai Khan by a priest from Tibet. The Mongols look upon Tibet as their spiritual home, and when traveling through Mongolia I continually come upon pilgrims either en route to Tibet or returning from there. Lamaism is a compound of black magic, nature worship, and Buddhism. It is the national religion of Mongolia, and numbers among its adherents almost the entire population. Lama temples dot the whole country, from the borders of Russia to China. The maintenance of these lamaseries is a heavy tax on Mongolia. Not only are the building, furnishing, and keeping in repair of the temples expensive; but more than one third of the male population

of Mongolia is drawn into them as lama priests and must be supported by the lay population.

Lamaseries are the only religious buildings in Mongolia, except for a few Christian mission houses. Some of the lamaseries number their inmates by the thousand. Others have a resident population of below a hundred, with a number of adherent priests who spend a part of the year in their homes in the country.

Children destined for the religious life are sent to the temple any time up to their eighth year. I have often seen children as young as two or three already inmates of a monastery. According to the regulations, a child entered for the priesthood should not have any physical blemish. There is no real medical examination, as we understand it, but it is called such in the book of rules. It simply means that a child with bodily disfigurement or an impediment of speech is not considered a suitable candidate.

In certain monasteries only novices from good families are admitted — that is, families whose reputation has been excellent for generations.

The child, after he has been accepted by the monastery, is handed over to the care of a senior priest, who is held responsible for the education, discipline, and morals of his pupil. If possible, a senior priest who is a relative of the child is selected; but if this cannot be arranged the matter is decided by consulting the child's horoscope. The teacher of a boy is presented with gifts by the child's parents at the time that he is taken over; these vary in accordance with the wealth of the family.

After a short period the senior priest takes his pupil before the assembled priests of the monastery and seeks their sanction for his protégé to enter the order. The boy is now classed as a novice — a probationer. After this, if he is small, he has one guardian who looks after his food and material needs and another who teaches him his religious texts. In return for their care he must perform for them such menial services as he can. When the boy has learned a certain number of Tibetan prayers by rote, — none of which he understands, as Tibetan is not his native language, — he is sent up for examination before the priests again. If he repeats smoothly and well what he is supposed to know, he moves up one step further. He is now supposed to be ready for higher education.

The tutor approaches the abbot of the monastery about this, sending in to him at the same time as valuable gifts as the boy's parents can afford to make. Provided all things are in order, the names of the pupil and his tutor are now entered in a higher register. Opposite their names their thumb impressions are put, and below the thumb impressions the seals of two citizens who vouch for them.

Until now the budding lama has worn his ordinary lay clothes. During the ceremony of entrance upon his higher education he has been dressed in all the finery that he could possibly afford — the most gorgeous robes of a layman; but at the end of the ceremony he is stripped of all his gay raiment and clad in the sombre attire of a priest, and a scarf is knotted about his throat. This signifies his renunciation of all material things and his entry into the serious world of religion. Many monks never pass beyond this stage, either because they do not have the necessary funds or because they are too dull to learn any more prayers. In the case of a rich student, bribery often makes up for dullness.

Once a monk has donned his priestly robes and equipment, he must dress in them; he cannot again garb himself in lay clothes. These priestly robes con-

sist of a voluminous skirt, a sleeveless waistcoat, a large serge scarf for covering the shoulders, and a cap. The color is either crimson or yellow, depending upon the sect of Lamaism the temple belongs to. Each priest also wears a rosary.

The next step is for the novice to apply to the abbot for permission to take part in the temple services, accompanying his request with gifts according to his means. If his prayer is granted, a favorable day is fixed for the ceremony. Early in the morning a brother priest shaves his head, leaving only a small tuft of hair on the top of the skull. At the hour of service in the temple, led by his tutor, he presents himself clad in beggar's rags to the assembled monks and says that he accepts the holy priesthood as his career by his own choice. The head lama of the monastery then cuts off the remaining tuft of hair.

Now the applicant is given a religious name by which he is henceforth known. The ceremony is concluded by the repetition of the formula, 'I take refuge in Buddha, in the law, and in the priesthood.'

The next celebration of service is called the ceremony of marriage with the Church. The young priest enters the temple holding a bundle of incense sticks and led by a monk who is called the 'companion of the bride.' The young priest places his incense sticks before the altar, lights them, and prostrates himself, promising never to make an earthly marriage, but to live in union with religion.

II

From this time on the novitiate enjoys many of the privileges of a fully ordained monk. After three or four years, according to his progress in his studies, he is given better quarters in his hostel, regardless of how thin his purse may be. Now he must memorize volume after volume of sacred books. If he slackens in his work his tutor does not hesitate to inflict corporal punishment, for should he fail in his examination the tutor is in danger of a beating himself by order of the higher priests.

From now on the novice may continue to pass periodical examinations, take part in public disputations, and commit books to memory as long as he cares to do so. It takes twelve years or more for a boy to become a full-fledged lama. No monk can reach this rank before the age of twenty, and in actual practice few ever attain it before forty. After this he has an opportunity to study metaphysics and the more abstruse works of Tibetan religious literature. Some novices take up the study of magic and leave their monastery with a degree which authorizes them to practise this art publicly. Others feel inclined toward care of the sick and learn how to treat illnesses according to the weird and wonderful lama theories. A few of these are really wise in the use of herbs and are very successful in treating diseases with the healing roots and leaves that they gather from the surrounding country.

The treatment of the sick, whether by magic or weird prayer or herbs, is the most lucrative profession in the priesthood. In time of bad health people will part with all their wealth to be restored to normal physical condition again. Unscrupulous priests take advantage of this: often after an epidemic all the good horses, camels, cattle, sheep, and goats from the surrounding families are the property either of a lamasery or of individual lamas.

At the head of each temple are an abbot and a lama of a high order in whose body dwells the spirit of a Buddhist saint.

When one of these lamas dies, the spirit of the saint that has dwelt in him enters the body of a child who is born at the instant the lama dies. After the death, a deputation consisting of other such lamas and learned lamas of rank search for the child in whom this spirit has been reborn. They are guided by the advice of astrologers, and proceed to the district indicated. Here the committee inquire for any newborn child whose entrance into the world has been marked by such omens as showers of shooting stars or the herds showing signs of unusual restlessness. Four or five such children may be discovered, and the names of all of them are written down.

Then, when the children are a few months old, the priests come again to each yurta where such a baby is and lay before him articles that belonged to the dead lama. If a child turns away from these things, the lamas go on to the next baby. And so on until they find one that greets the articles with pleasure. This they think is a sign that the reincarnated saint recognizes his own possessions. One meets such committees continually in Mongolia. I have talked with them many times, and their methods have not changed in the least since I first came to Mongolia.

When a person dies in Mongolia the lamas are sent for immediately. First they read prayers for the repose of the dead spirit, and then a priest versed in black magic selects a suitable place to lay the body. The priests mark out a plot with a rope and place the body there entirely nude, covered only with a white cloth. The lamas repeat prayers over it and it is left for three days.

During these three days the lamas feast in a yurta prepared for them by the deceased's relatives, reading prayers and holding services for the benefit of the spirit. No one goes near the place where the body has been left until the morning of the third day. Then, if the eagles and the wolves have devoured it, the Mongols are satisfied that the spirit has passed into Heaven. They consider the quickness with which the earthly body disappears an indication of the degree of virtue of the deceased person.

This is a gruesome practice which made horrible the territory just outside the city of Urga. Urga is the only place in Mongolia where a multitude of Mongols live close together. But no encampment is safe from the possibility that one of the family dogs may come in dragging a human leg or arm. Thirty-five years in Mongolia have not inured me to this. I shudder with horror every time it happens.

There are Mongols who cannot bring themselves to lay their beloved dead out for the wolves to devour or dogs to tear to pieces. Some few families burn their corpses and send the ashes to repose in a holy place, such as a niche in a Tibetan temple or the temple of Wu-Tai-Shan.

III

The Living Buddha was born in Tibet. When he was a baby, lama priests took him to Urga, saying that it had been revealed to them that he was a holy child sent to be God on earth to the Mongolian people. The Mongols accepted him. His training was entirely Mongolian, yet through him the Tibetan priests had considerable influence in Mongolian affairs. His fun-loving personality captured the hearts of the fun-loving Mongols. They not only worshiped him as divine, but eventually they appointed him Emperor. His political position in Mongolia, even before his coronation as Emperor, was analogous to that of the Popes of mediæval Christendom.

My first meeting with the Living

Buddha illustrates how easily a foreigner can be put into a foolish position by a slight knowledge of the language of the country into which he has newly come. It was in 1894, when I first went to Urga. I was at that time working very hard at the study of the language, and had a good teacher. One day when I had finished my daily lessons, and felt very much in need of exercise after a cramped two hours of writing instruction, I ordered my riding horse and went out alone.

I had not gone very far when I saw a party of lamas, dressed in flowing yellow robes and mounted on frisky horses, coming at a good pace toward me on the same road on which I was riding. I heard someone shout 'Bo!' As the only meaning I knew for *bo* was 'gun,' and I did not have a gun, I paid no attention. Suddenly I noticed that everyone was staring at me and shouting 'Bo! Bo! Bo!' Still I did not understand, and thought it very strange that all the people, save the lama party, had dismounted and were standing by their horses.

One of the lamas detached himself from the party and galloped up to me. He stopped at my horse's head and shouted right into my face, 'Bo!' I did not understand, and, returning his stare gravely, explained that I did not carry a gun. At that he, as well as the crowd, burst into laughter. He pointed to the ground and motioned to me to get off my horse.

I dismounted and stood meekly at my horse's head, and the lama turned his horse and dashed back to his party. They all galloped up past me, smiling and laughing in a manner that made me feel like a lunatic. As soon as they were out of sight I took the shortest way home and presented myself to my teacher. I told him what had happened — how I had been ordered to give up my gun when I did not have one and forced to get down from my horse while the party passed. He then explained that the word *bo* has several meanings and one of them is to get down from a horse. From my description he knew that the party of lamas must have been in attendance on the Living Buddha, also out for his afternoon ride. He told me that by the law of Mongolia every man, woman, and child had to dismount when the Living Buddha passed.

This incident roused my curiosity about the man whom my teacher told me was worshiped by all the people of Mongolia as a god who even in the eyes of kings and princes could commit no sin. Consequently I often chose a road past his palace for my place of exercise.

One day, shortly after my first sight of him, I found near the palace a crowd of several thousand jostling, laughing people, packed into every possible nook and corner; but as I am taller and stronger than most men, I succeeded in pushing my way well in to the centre of the good-natured mob.

I supposed that I should witness some religious ceremony; so you can imagine my surprise when a window in the upper story of the palace was flung open and a jolly man, dressed in a gown of glittering gold, appeared and flung out a lady's corset. It flew over my head. I caught it. My impulse was to fling it back at him, but before I could do so someone snatched it out of my hand.

My very fair hair made me a target in that crowd of dark men and women. The man at the window noticed my discomfiture and clapped his plump hands with delight. He hurled down a large bottle of perfume, which broke. The people sniffed the air and made faces at the odor.

A shower of watches followed — good watches of Swiss manufacture.

There was a terrific scramble for these — men and women went mad, jumping on top of each other in their eagerness; but fortunately the Mongols are not only of the most amiable disposition, but strong and sturdy, so no one was actually hurt. After the watches came clocks, all of foreign make, and of many types. Most of them were delicate, dainty things, such as ladies admire; but he heaved out one tall grandfather's clock, which fell with a thud and was broken to pieces.

Lamps followed the clocks; then more perfume. He disappeared from the window. The mob called him to come back. They cheered when he returned with his arms filled with Western ladies' dresses. These he threw out one at a time — evening gowns of silver lace, riding habits, walking costumes of tweed, and a very much beruffled wrapper that fluttered down like a balloon.

Hats which must have been designed to match a costume were tossed out as if they were so many cakes. Both men and women put these on over their own headgear. The Living Buddha even tried one, — a concoction of straw and ostrich feathers, — and thrust his head through the window for the admiration of the crowd before he threw it down.

Shoes came next — high-heeled shoes of leather and of satin. These were followed by a shower of face powder punctuated with fluffy puffs. There were even a pair of skates, a toy windmill, a Noah's ark, and a small sailboat.

He ended the afternoon's sport by scattering hundreds of horns and whistles and some Christmas-tree tinsel. Then he closed the window. The Mongols cheered, blew their horns, and whistled through their fingers, calling him out again. He threw the window open and thrust out his empty hands; then the people dispersed. All that afternoon and evening they rollicked through the streets on horseback, blowing the whistles and horns like children on a circus day in Sweden.

Later, when I had come to know the Living Buddha as an intimate friend, I discovered that he had an insatiable curiosity concerning all Western things, and, since he could not go abroad, he used to send for catalogues from shops in Stockholm, Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, and New York. It was his custom to order each article that interested him, so that he had frequent consignments of foreign goods arriving at his palace on the Tola River.

To make room for new things, and also reasoning that it was silly to keep material objects that had already served their purpose by informing him as to what foreigners use, he would proclaim a day on which he would distribute Western goods from the palace windows, and the jolly crowd I have pictured would collect on each of these days. The performance gave a lot of pleasure to hundreds of fun-loving Mongols, and the Living Buddha enjoyed it immensely. I did too, on those occasions when I was asked to assist him.

IV

When I had lived in Urga some time, had made many friends, and had become familiar with the language, a young Mongolian duke, the eldest son of the Prince of Hanta, invited me to go with him to the Dolan Horsone Natam, or Festival of the Seven States. This was a festival held by the Living Buddha at a place some distance from Urga. People made preparations for it throughout three-year intervals by getting together the best possible outfit of clothes and by training the best race horses; and they looked forward to the absolution of their sins by the

Living Buddha's personal blessing. It was by far the biggest show of splendor and of gayety held anywhere in Mongolia, and people flocked to it from all over the country.

The young Duke of Hanta had spoken to the Living Buddha about me and had asked for permission to bring me along, so I had the honor of being one of the Living Buddha's own party when he left Urga for the place of festivity. Consequently I went in company with the young nobles who escorted the Buddha when he went abroad on state occasions.

There were about twenty thousand people gathered for the fair from all the states in Mongolia. I did not see anyone at any time who was not dressed in silk of the best quality and of the most brilliant colors. All my friends changed their costumes several times a day, so I concluded that this was the general custom.

The women here, as in Western society, wore by far the most elaborate apparel; they were all in bright colors — never a pastel shade. But these bright hues suit the Mongolian type of beauty. They wore heavy gold and silver headdresses made in the shape of crowns. All these crowns were jeweled, and many women had clusters of pearls that hung down to their waists. Lobsen Jensen explained to me that a woman's headdress might cost many thousands of dollars, and he pointed out to me one beautiful young lady who had the equivalent of a herd of five thousand horses on her head.

All the women had coral, the national ornament of Mongolia, somewhere in their headdresses; and they all wore riding boots, similar in pattern to men's boots, ornamented with designs in colored leather at the top.

At the festival everyone moved on a horse; no one seemed even to consider the possibility of walking the few yards from one tent to another. In fact, it would have been dangerous to do so, because no pedestrian was safe amid the galloping movement of the half-controlled horses. Hobbled horses stood before every tent, waiting the pleasure of the owners.

The horses, as is the Mongolian custom, were dressed almost as gayly as the men or women who rode them. Their bridles and their tail straps were all studded with silver and gold, or ornamented with gems, according to the fancy and wealth of a rider. The saddles were covered with scarlet and were also ornamented with silver and gold.

Over the tents flew the bright banners of the different tribes, and on them were sewn the royal colors, the inherited right of each noble family.

On the hillside and on the grassy plain surrounding the tents were horses for racing, mares and cows for milking, and flocks of sheep to provide fresh meat for each day. They were tended by herdsmen and shepherds dressed in flowing garments of brilliant color, with streamer hats.

The festivities lasted for eight days, which were principally devoted to the horse races. The Living Buddha occupied the place of honor at each day's race. He was always gorgeously robed in gold and surrounded by a brilliant escort of priests and princes who sat about his outdoor throne.

The races were for different types of horses on different days, and any horse bred in Mongolia could be entered. The prizes were not large, — a roll of silk or a little lump of silver, — but the honor of being the owner of a winning horse was very great. The Mongol owners bred their stock with this thought in mind, and entered their best in each contest. To us Westerners there would seem perhaps to be a drawback in the fact that each winning

horse must be presented to the Living Buddha. But the Living Buddha was so looked up to by all the Mongol people that every man and woman considered it an extremely great honor to have reared and trained a horse fit for his herds.

The jockeys in all the races were children between seven and fifteen years of age. They were all dressed in small silk jackets and very short silk pants. A few saddles were used, but, as the Duke of Hanta explained to me, jockeys had been badly hurt and even killed at former festivals by having their saddles slip and being caught in them, so they were looked upon with disfavor by the owners, the crowd, and the jockeys. Consequently nearly all of the horses were ridden bareback.

The Living Buddha had a great many of his own horses at the festival. The Prince of Hanta and I looked them over together, as we were much interested in the one which had been the winner of the gelding race for the last three seasons. He was a beautiful animal, — a big bay with four white socks, and a white star in his forehead, — and appeared in very good condition. But we knew his age, and the Prince of Hanta said that two or three other horses would press him very hard for first place this time.

We went on to the inspection of a horse that a prince from the East was entering for the same race. It was a younger animal, of cream color, with long slim legs and well-developed running muscles. I was very much attracted to this horse from the instant I saw him, and gave little attention to the animals in the three or four other herds that we visited.

The hour of the race came. The horses got off in fine order. With the Duke of Hanta I rode to the rise of a hill from which we could watch the first part of the race, and then around to another hill from which we obtained a view of the open valley in which the last stage was run. It was very easy to follow the progress of the cream horse because of his light color. In the same way the white socks of the Living Buddha's bay marked him on the course.

These two entered the valley running neck and neck. The cream, my favorite, gained slowly inch by inch until the bay's nose was level with his tail. There was only a little way to go — I thought that the race was the cream's without a doubt, and relaxed the strain with which I had been leaning forward in my saddle. But something happened. I cannot be certain that the jockey pulled his horse to the left — the little boy must certainly have been too exhausted to do that after ten miles of galloping bareback on a strong horse. Still, the bay came in winner, filling out the circle of his fourth season.

At the end of each day's race the Living Buddha went back to his tent; then rows on rows of people knelt about the tent on the green grass, their bowed heads low on their hands. Prostrate and humble, these rich noblemen from all over Mongolia awaited the blessing of the little Tibetan boy, now grown to manhood, whom the lama priests had told them was sent to earth to reveal to them the will of God. He would come out of his tent and walk among them, touching each one gently on the head. Then they would rise and go back to their own tents.

When the hour of blessing was past they shook off their seriousness and were gay people seemingly interested in nothing beyond horses and frivolity. And the Buddha too, when he had done his duty, would be one of them in merriment.

Mounted on horses, all the people dashed about from tent to tent, visit-

ing and feasting with their friends, the women as free and gay as the men. They made tests of horsemanship over the course where the races were run, dared each other to ride this horse and that, and sang songs and played flutes until all hours of the night.

V

From the day on which I was first introduced to the Living Buddha he was always exceedingly kind to me and most solicitous for my comfort. One summer, when it was unusually hot in Urga, he invited me to stay with him in his palace on the Tola River. I hesitated to accept, as I thought that the invitation was just an act of politeness; but he continued to send for me to come, so finally I went for two weeks. While I was there every possible thing was done for my pleasure and amusement. The Living Buddha saw to it that I had an interesting time; and his wife, who managed her large household with marvelous efficiency, looked after my material needs.

The Buddhist religion forbade the Living God to marry, but when he fell in love with a vivacious, handsome Mongolian girl the Mongolian people found a way. There was a most elaborate ceremony whereby she was created a goddess. And after she had become a goddess there was no reason at all why she was not a fit mate for a Living God. In fact, by all reasoning a god was the only person she could marry. The Mongols never spoke of her as a human being, but always as a goddess. She was a practical, sensible woman, and a splendid home-maker, driving from the Buddha's great palace any gloom that may have lurked in its many corridors before she came. She was a jolly companion, a good horsewoman, an excellent shot. The Buddha was exceedingly proud of her.

During the two weeks that I was at the palace she and I went every morning to the Sacred Mountain for target practice. One day the Living Buddha said, 'Now we must have a contest so that I can discover which of you is really the better shot.'

He ordered a target to be put up, then handed each of us a rifle. He especially stressed the fact that the one he gave me had come from France and was very expensive. His wife fired three shots and made as many hits in the mark. I then took careful aim, but registered three misses, to the Buddha's huge delight.

Upon examining my gun I noticed that the sight had been knocked to one side. I called the Buddha's attention to this. He laughed loud and long, and said, 'If you are really a good shot, you should have noticed the condition of your gun before you aimed.'

He was always fond of a practical joke. Some years after this, when I took him the first motor car that was ever seen in Urga, he connected the electric current with the body of the car, and then invited the highest lamas and nobles to come to tea. After tea he exhibited the car, and he asked his guests to feel the fine polish on the fenders.

The first man to touch the car drew back as though burned. The others laughed at his timidity. Then a second one put out a brave hand — and jerked it back. More laughter, led by the Buddha. He took the greatest pleasure in this tea party at which each of his friends received a shock, so that not one of them would consent to ride with him in his car — they all marveled at his own ability to sit in it and ride comfortably through the palace grounds.

The Buddha lived in a luxurious way and surrounded himself with every object that his fancy desired, fed on the

richest and the most costly foods, drank expensive French champagne, and dressed himself and all his attendants in the most gorgeous apparel. But he was a very kind man. No poor person, priest or layman, ever came to him in trouble during all the years that I knew him and went away without the Buddha having done everything in his power to make the suffering one's lot easier. His charity extended into the far corners of the country that knew him as the Living God. He also had infinite compassion for all creatures of the animal world.

To the south of Urga, near his palace, there is a fine mountain called Bogda-Col. During the Living Buddha's lifetime all hunting and killing of animals was forbidden on this mountain. Here one could see, any day of the year, big herds of reindeer, wild bears, wolves, foxes, mountain deer, and hundreds of kinds of birds, all quite tame and not at all afraid of man.

The Buddha constantly collected his animals from other places and had them freed in this paradise — apes, bears, rare birds, and even an elephant. Likewise in the River Tola, which runs by Urga, the Buddha forbade all catching of fish.

In 1911 the people of Mongolia sent the Manchu governor back to China and decided that their country would be better governed without further coöperation with China. A delegation of kings, princes, dukes, and commoners went to the Living Buddha and asked him to become Emperor. He consented. The inauguration of the new Emperor was a very impressive ceremony. The whole of North Mongolia flocked to Urga in festive robes, and the streets were paraded by Mongolian soldiers mounted on beautiful horses and dressed in rich uniforms.

The people presented to the Living Buddha, as a thank offering for his consenting to be made Emperor, three hundred white horses with yellow halters, each with a red fox skin tied about its throat, and one hundred white camels, each with a sable skin tied about its throat. These were led up to the palace and presented to him. Then the nobles, kings, princes, and commoners all promised allegiance to the new Emperor, after he had taken a solemn oath.

The Emperor soon selected ministers and officials. His government ran smoothly, and the best blood of Mongolia flocked around him. This was a prosperous time for Urga. Life was very gay, and hope ran high; it was a good season and wealth abounded. Chinese and Russian merchants did a fine business, and trade throve throughout the Empire. There were no heavy taxes. The roads were filled with big caravans going and coming constantly, winding down across the plain through Kalgan to China, or northward into Russia. Mongolia prospered as she has never prospered at any other time during the years that I have lived among her people.

VI

The end of the régime was brought about because of the generosity and the goodness of the Mongols' character — a too great trust in all men, a simplicity which judges others to be as honest as they themselves are.

In November 1919, a Chinese general, Little Hsü, under pretense of protecting the border, obtained permission to bring an army through Urga. However, on getting his army to Urga he broke the Kiakhta Treaty and made himself master of North Mongolia. He was a shrewd and sharp little man and did his work quickly. Nobles who entertained him were thrown into

prison, and he seized Urga in a cruel grip.

Two different parties of Mongols set out trustfully to Russia to get help against this army. One party went to Moscow and invited the Soviet authorities to come and help; the other party went to see Baron Ungern-Sternberg in the mountains to the east of Urga. The Mongols did not realize that Russia was then a divided country. In their eyes its inhabitants were simply the Russian people, a signatory party to the treaty that had been broken — genial and just traders with Mongolia for more than a century. The Mongols knew nothing of 'Red' and 'White.' If they had heard the words, they did not comprehend them.

Baron Ungern-Sternberg was the nearer, and reached Urga before any authority in Moscow could act. He attacked and took Urga in February 1921 with his army of seven hundred and fifty Russians and as many more Mongols, destroying most of Little Hsü's army of fifteen thousand men. He was now ruler over Urga and North Mongolia. But, although he was a cruel soldier of fortune, he had great respect for the Living Buddha and treated him and the Mongol nobles fairly. The Living Buddha was treated as Emperor, but in reality had little power.

Baron Ungern-Sternberg was an energetic man. He opened a big tannery in Urga, installed electric light, and built and repaired many bridges. But he was obsessed by a hatred of all Jews, and put to death with terrible cruelty all the Russian Jews in Urga that he could lay his hands on, — men, women, and children, — despite everything that the Living Buddha and the Mongolian people could do. His régime was of short duration, for the Red Russians came in from the North and defeated and killed him.

The Russian Red Army entered Urga in July 1921. They again gave the Mongols assurance of their independence, and promised assistance in the fulfillment of the Kiakhta Treaty. But, as their political views were against emperors and princes, the Living Buddha never regained his former splendor or power, and all nobles soon disappeared from North Mongolia. Commoners, advised by Russians from Moscow, were the power in the new government. The Living Buddha sickened and died in 1924, and it seems that there will never be another Living Buddha in Mongolia.

The Living Buddha was always very kind to me. He made me many valuable presents, and bestowed upon me the Mongolian ducal decoration. When I took my friend, Sven Hedin, to visit him, he was a sick man. He was nearly blind, and his heart had been broken by the turn of affairs in Mongolia. But he did everything in his power to make Hedin's visit to Urga a success. He was not only the Living God who gave absolution for their sins twice weekly to Mongolian supplicants at Urga, but a great man who recognized genius in other men when he met it.

THE HUNT ON THE FLAW

BY RUSSELL W. HENDEE

I

WHAT the warm earth is to the farmer the sea ice is to the people who dwell on the Arctic coast of Alaska. On the ice they seek their living. In the spring it is their harvest field. And this is the story of one spring harvest.

When the spring storms begin to break and move the ice that during much of the winter has almost completely covered the water, crushing and piling it, and leaving lanes or leads of open water, there remains attached to the shore a strip of solid ice, hard and fast aground. This is the 'flaw.' Though a severe storm may break great floes from it to float away and join the moving pack, much will remain until the sun has thawed the surface sufficiently to allow the whole mass to rise clear of the bottom and float away.

As soon as the first whales are seen in the open water, the Eskimos move their canoes from the villages to the edge of the flaw, and the great spring hunt begins.

On the morning of the sixth of May I awoke to find a brisk breeze blowing from the northeast and an Eskimo on every housetop eagerly scanning the sky to seaward, where the rough sheet of ice still extended, unbroken, to the horizon.

For more than a week three whaling crews had been camped eight miles out, but south winds had kept the floe ice packed solidly to the shore, and there was no water in sight. Several whales had been seen, but the run had barely begun.

By afternoon a black streak, sure sign of open water, was clearly visible on the sky to seaward, and an old whaler and I set out to take our places in his canoe. The dogs were eager and excited, as they always are with a good trail and a short run in prospect, and we soon saw the black flag which always marks the road's end, and near it the three canoes, with the crews camped about them. The first camp had been several miles beyond this, but when the break came the canoes had been hastily loaded on sleds and, with all the camp gear, moved back to the open water.

The men had already lighted a fire, but without waiting to finish their meal they reloaded the canoe and we set out at once to seek a good place for whales. The big sealskin-covered canoe was piled to the gunwales with the camp equipment, and on top of this load we sat, our feet straight out before us, and paddled. The position seemed to inconvenience no one but myself.

Before we headed toward the north the steersman swung the canoe around in a complete circle. This is an old charm, supposed to confuse the whales. It created much amusement both among our men and among those still camped on the ice.

The whales are much more likely to approach points where the ice is of a certain shape and character, and the success of a crew depends largely on the

ability to choose such points. So we followed along the edge of the flaw, which for more than a month was to represent the shore to us, searching for a promising location. Every few minutes we had to stop and knock the ice from our paddles. Three miles from the road we chose a position and made our camp. Before the tent was in place the Eskimos of our crew had killed two seals.

That first camp, typical of many we made in the weeks that followed, was built on a stretch of flat ice only a few feet thick. First a smooth slide was cut for the canoe, which was placed with its bow overhanging the water, ready for launching at a moment's notice. On each side of the canoe rough battlements of ice were built to conceal it from the sea side. Just behind it was the canoe sled, with the sail hung above it, lean-to fashion, for a windbreak. Under this shelter or in the canoe we sat, slept, and ate our meals whenever there was open water. The tent, placed farther back, was only a kitchen where the two girls of our crew cooked on a sheet-iron stove, using seal or whale blubber and driftwood for fuel. A log of wood in front of the sled served as an arsenal, and against it rested each man's rifle, one or two shotguns, and a heavy whale gun. In the bow of the canoe lay two darting guns, firing powerful bombs, designed to explode in the body of the whale. In addition to its bomb, one of these darting guns carried a harpoon, with line and float very carefully arranged to prevent their becoming entangled with anything else in the canoe. Another shoulder gun like that on the ice was always in the boat. These weapons in appearance are much like an exceedingly heavy brass shotgun.

Almost at midnight that first night we saw a couple of black specks on the horizon. These proved to be a pair of glaucous gulls, the first creatures to make their appearance after the opening of the water, and they were greeted with enthusiasm. 'First come *nowyak* [gulls], then *shishara* [white whales], then *ahkalook* [bowhead whales],' said an old man. And sure enough, in the early morning we saw hundreds of white whales blowing in the 'young' ice which was beginning to form in the lead.

This young ice forced us to break camp shortly after. Until the offshore wind died out, the ice crystals had blown away as fast as they formed and so the water kept open, but now the pack began to move in. It shoved the young ice ahead of it, piling and telescoping it with a continual rustling and groaning. In order not to be caught away from our line of retreat with the ice crushing in, we hastily broke camp and started for the road, but we were too late. We were caught in a bight and forced to stop at an old hunting trail.

As there was now no water and the young ice was not strong enough to bear our weight, I decided to go ashore and get some sleep. Our captain, Jim Allen, the last of the old flaw whalers, came with me. But we had slept only a few hours when a native came to report that the young ice was now strong enough for hunting, and that several whales had been heard blowing in small holes, so we immediately returned to our camp.

We found the tent deserted, but we could see the men walking about on the thin ice or seated beside small holes, watching for seals. There was a good deal of shooting going on, and through the glasses we could see clouds of steam where white whales were blowing. While we watched, one of the men raised a flag made by tying his white duck hunting shirt to a pole. He had made a kill and was signaling for

assistance, so we loaded the whale guns on a sled and started off over the black ice. Every two or three steps we tested the ice with the steel-shod pole that is always carried when hunting at sea. A hard blow would drive it through the thin ice almost anywhere.

The man with the flag had killed a white whale and had succeeded in getting a harpoon into it before it could sink. As the ice would not support its weight, an ingenious method was adopted to move it to a more solid place. Several of the men went ahead with their steel-shod poles, or 'tokes,' and cut a line of small holes in the ice. By means of the hooks on the other end of the poles the harpoon line was passed from hole to hole, and the animal was towed under the ice to a place where it could be hauled out and cut up. It proved to be a medium-sized specimen about twelve feet long, of a creamy-white color, the surface of the skin having much the appearance of a white gourd.

While this work was in progress Jim and I, with old Sagavan, took one of the sleds and the bomb guns and went on to a hole at the edge of the pack ice, which was now stationary. We sat down to wait at the northern end of the hole, which was only a hundred yards long. We had been watching for an hour, without seeing so much as a seal, when suddenly a smooth black object appeared thirty yards away, shot up a roaring cloud of vapor, then leisurely rolled under and out of sight. While I stood watching in startled amazement, Jim and Sagavan snatched up the cumbersome guns and set off at a run over the rough jumble of broken ice. The whale blew five more times at intervals of a few seconds, and then disappeared before the men could get near enough for a shot. Then only did I begin to understand what had happened. The whale, traveling south, instead of north as we had expected, had passed us before 'breaking water' and had been farther away at every blow.

There was nothing to do but sit down again to wait and hope for another, but we moved the sled to the place where the first one had appeared. A quarter of an hour later I was standing at the northern end of the hole when a second whale broke water within fifteen feet of me. This time I had an opportunity to observe him closely. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest an animal. He was like nothing so much as a great machine of smooth, hard rubber.

As the whale rolled under again I glanced toward the sled and saw Jim and Sagavan crouched low at the edge of the ice, guns in hand, waiting. About halfway between us the whale blew again, and as he went down the men rose and raised the guns. An instant later, with a swirl of water, the whale came up directly in front of them. I heard a sharp word and one 'bang' as they fired together. The whale flung his great tail high out of the water, half turned to one side, and plunged from sight. Then came the double roar as the bombs exploded, sounding astonishingly loud under the water — and that was all. The great beast, probably mortally wounded, had gone under the ice. As soon as we were sure that he was gone, Sagavan set off at a run for more bombs. While he was gone a third whale blew in the hole, and we had to sit helplessly and watch him go.

For several more hours we watched, but the ice was slowly crowding in, gradually closing the hole, and no more whales appeared. One seal came to interrupt the monotony and was killed, but by the time two men came to relieve us the hole was almost closed.

II

The two men stayed on watch all night at smaller holes and saw eleven whales, one of which they wounded. In the morning the ice was stronger, and we went out with the canoe on its sled and the rest of the whaling gear. Then began one of the most remarkable vigils imaginable. For a day and a half we watched there like so many cats at a mousehole, no man sleeping more than a few moments at a time. These naps we took stretched out on the sled.

And the whales came. Scarcely an hour after we had carefully placed the canoe with its barricade of ice, a whale blew at the other end of the hole. He was coming in our direction. We put the canoe in the water to meet him, but before we could get close enough to strike he took fright and went down to stay. Another came from the opposite direction, but again we failed to reach him in time. Seeing the direction in which they were crossing the open water, we moved the canoe a hundred yards to the other end of the hole and settled ourselves once more.

Several hours later a whale appeared in a very small hole a few rods from the one we were watching. He might blow again as he passed us, so we took our places according to the prearranged plan, and waited. The boat steerer or harpooner, an Eskimo named Charlie, was already in the bow of the boat. At one side stood two men with the shoulder guns. The rest of us lined up in our regular places at the two sides of the canoe, ready to shove it out at the right instant. For a quarter of an hour we stood there, no one speaking a word or moving a muscle. Then, as the men had begun to relax and talk once more, there came a roar as the whale broke water close to our station. He was moving leisurely toward us, and when he blew the second time he was directly in front of the men with the shoulder guns. One, ambitious to kill a whale, fired without waiting for orders or for the killing thrust of the darting guns. Instantly the other followed, and the whale went down. As he passed under the canoe, which we pushed out to meet him, he was a good three feet under the surface. Though unable to take aim, the harpooner drove the iron through the water and deep into the animal's back, so that the heavy shaft stood solidly upright an instant before it was flung upward by the recoil as the bomb was fired. Turning instantly, Charlie flung the harpoon line, with its sealskin 'poke,' or floater, attached, out on the ice. Then came the boom, boom, boom of the bursting bombs directly beneath us.

A scramble followed as we seized the line and endeavored to check the momentum of the plunging whale. We thought him dead, and for a moment the line did seem to give as we flung our weight against it. Then, with a steady, resistless motion, it began to run out, spinning us along with it across the ice. A loop in the rope caught a paddle thrust beneath the lashings of the canoe, and as the line came taut the canoe rose up on edge, the ice beneath it broke under the strain, and water began to pour in over the side. Then the paddle snapped off short and the canoe righted once more. As I dropped the line and leaped clear, I was at the edge of the water, with the ice sinking under my feet. The poke at the end of the line shot past me, whipped out of sight, and the whale was gone. We climbed high cakes of ice and watched the holes through our glasses, but we did not see him again.

When we were certain that our game was gone, we set to work to repair damages, in order to be ready for the next opportunity. We moved the

canoe a little to one side, to unbroken ice; a new harpoon was attached to the darting gun, with a makeshift line and float. Guns were cleaned and reloaded, empty cartridges refilled, and we were again ready for anything that might happen. A boy ran the entire distance — six or seven miles — to the village for a new line, which we needed badly, and brought it back on a dog sled.

What the loss of a whale means to a village of meat-hungry Eskimos, no white man, in all probability, can understand. Yet it was accepted with a few laughing words of regret, and there was not a word of reproach to the man whose impetuosity was to blame.

For a long time no more bowheads appeared, either in the hole we were watching or in any of those within sight and hearing. Hour after hour we tramped restlessly back and forth, back and forth, varying the monotony occasionally by boiling great pots of coffee on the oil stove to wash down our dry pilot bread or doughnuts fried in seal oil.

Late in the afternoon a school of white whales appeared, and the men scattered with their rifles to the small holes near by, in the hope of securing fresh meat. For some time no whale came near the canoe, though the men at other holes were getting a few shots. Then there came a sudden commotion as three animals broke water in line, blew with an explosive sound, and were gone. When they appeared the third time three of us fired together, wounding the largest of them. In a few minutes they came again, and once more we fired. Several times they came within thirty feet of us, but so quickly did they come and go that it was difficult to get a shot at them. One was killed, but sank so rapidly that it was impossible to secure it, though we could see it for several minutes, a white spot through the clear water, as the current carried it away.

I was sitting, Eskimo fashion, on a piece of bearskin at the edge of the water, waiting for another shot, when I heard Jim behind me shouting excitedly, 'Kippie gah, kippie gah!' I saw the men making a dash for the canoe, and, without in the least understanding what was afoot, I dropped my rifle and leaped into my place in the umiak as it slid into the water. Then, as we paddled swiftly toward the other end of the hole, I saw a large white whale, severely wounded, blowing just ahead. As the boat steerer raised the harpoon, the animal disappeared, and we passed over it before we could check our headway. We turned and paddled slowly back, and a few moments later it came up just under our bow. Quickly though it rose and dived again, the waiting harpooner was ready. Darting the light walrus harpoon into the whale's head, he took a turn of the line around a cleat in the bow. Then the canoe spun round and round like a top as the frantic creature tried to escape, as it surely would have done if it had not been badly wounded, for there was no chance to shoot. First on one side and then on the other it went under the ice, the man with the line playing it like a great fish until it was hauled to the surface at last and killed by a quick shot.

We slipped a noose over the tail and managed to haul the whale out. Just as we got it safely placed where the ice was strong enough to bear its weight, a fourteen-year-old boy attached to our crew came running to tell us that he had killed another in a small hole near the tent. We left two men with the whaling guns while we went at once to save his kill. It proved to be a young animal of slate-gray color, whereas the adults are nearly white. The cutting up of these

two white whales occupied us for several hours. The first one proved to be a good-sized specimen about thirteen feet long.

III

Early the next morning a light breeze came out of the southeast, and young ice began to form under the bow of the umiak, so that we were forced to move to the opposite side of the hole, where the water was clear. Whales were blowing in a large hole about a mile south, but none came near us. The ice along the edge of the flaw was beginning to break loose under the pressure of the wind. Little was said, but all knew that unless we made a kill very soon our chance at this hole would be over, for we should have to move back to the camp on the solid ice or be carried away with the moving pack.

Two of us put up the shelter while we were waiting, and had begun to make a pot of coffee when a whale was seen to blow a few hundred yards to the southward. We dropped everything and took our places beside the canoe, as before, tense and silent.

It was almost half an hour before the whale rose, now fifty yards away and coming toward us very rapidly. There was hardly a sound or a movement to tell that anyone had seen him, only the harpooner in the bow crouched a little lower, and here and there a man silently tested his footing to make sure that no slip at the last moment should spoil our chance of success.

The whale was down so long that none of us expected to see him again, but suddenly he rose, with a rush of water, directly in front of us and only fifteen feet from the bow of the canoe.

With a sudden straightening of bent backs we flung the boat bodily across his head. Charlie, coming to his feet as the canoe struck, hurled the darting gun into the rounded neck just behind the blowhole. At the same moment Jim fired from the ice. Without a lost motion Charlie seized the second darting gun and struck the whale again in the back, as it rounded to go down. Then he turned and threw the line and poke to us on the ice. As we braced our feet and hauled on the line there came the triple roar of the bombs, set to explode from ten to fifteen seconds after firing.

As before, we were dragged along by the impetus of the whale's plunge, but this time there was a difference. As we scrambled madly for a foothold the movement stopped, and very gradually the line began to give. Then such a shout as went up! Though the whale did not float, he was stone-dead, and by the combined strength of the crew we raised him near enough to the surface to enable one of the men to put two more irons into his lips, with lines attached by which to tow him.

When we had the whale safely fastened to the ice, we raised the mast in the canoe and ran up a flag. It was a signal sure to bring the other crews to our aid, miles away though one of them was, and in less than a half hour we saw a sail bearing down on us from the north, following the lead of water that had already opened along the edge of the flaw.

And we were badly in need of help if we were to save our kill. With the whale a dead weight at the end of the lines, we had more than a quarter of a mile to go to reach the open water, which was rapidly becoming broader.

With axes, tokes, and the sharp, chisel-like whale spades, we set to work cutting holes in the ice, which was three feet thick in places, to allow the line to be passed along to the water's edge. As the other canoes arrived, their crews also set to work with a will, yet

it was hours before we had the whale safely at the edge of the ice. And when at last we had raised the carcass nearly to the surface and suspended it from a mast lashed across two of the canoes, we found that we had a quarter of a mile of open water to cross before we could reach solid ice where it could be hauled out and cut up.

A light breeze was blowing, so that with two of the sails set, and nearly forty men paddling, we had soon brought the whale to the edge of the flaw. At this place a wall of ice fifteen feet high rose sheer above the water, so that we had to follow along under the edge until we reached the road, where the whale could be 'cut in.' When we arrived, towing the two canoes which served to float the whale, we found the whole village, men, women, and children, waiting to congratulate us.

Many of our men had not slept for almost two days, but there was little opportunity to rest now. Tunnels were cut in the ice through which to pass the ropes attached to the blocks; tackles were got ready, arranged in two separate series; a slide was cut for the body of the whale; and finally, with much difficulty, the great carcass was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to the jaw, and then, with much shouting and laughter, we set about hauling the animal out on the ice.

By the combined strength of the entire village pulling on the tackles, the enormous head was dragged out of the water. When the head had been cut off, the body was turned around, a rope was passed about the tail, and the carcass again raised. As fast as it appeared above the surface, the heavy coating of meat and blubber was cut from the bones with the sharp whale spades, in order to lighten the load.

This work took almost two days, but it was not until it was nearly completed that anyone thought of sleeping for more than a few minutes at a time. The work stopped only to allow the men to snatch a few mouthfuls of the cooked *muk-tuk*, or 'black-skin,' of the whale, one of the greatest of delicacies to the Eskimos.

But as soon as the heavy work was completed, the men of the crew disappeared, leaving the last of the cutting to the men from the village and to the women; and in the tents on the ice, or in the igloos on shore, they slept the clock around. Many of them were partially snow-blind from the long hours of work in the brilliant sunlight without sleep, and our harpooner was confined to a darkened house for three days.

IV

I had slept more than the clock around myself when I was wakened with the news that more whales were being seen in the half mile of open water that now lay between the flaw and the pack, which was now drifting south.

When Jim and I reached the camp once more, the meat had been divided. Shares went to every family in the village, but the valuable whalebone became the property of the crew which killed the whale. The women and boys were left to haul it all ashore by dog sled, and the crews set off once more to the hunt.

We saw twenty-eight whales pass us offshore in the next twenty-four hours. Several times we put the canoe in the water and gave chase. We dodged about among the floating ice cakes, sometimes close behind our game, but we never came within striking distance.

Two days later we moved camp, and again we saw many whales, but all far away. The next day we moved again. While we were settling ourselves the generator of our oil stove burst. We

did not wish to use the blubber stove because the smoke might alarm our game, so it was decided that I should walk ashore and repair the damage, the men agreeing to pick me up at the end of the road next day.

They met me with an exciting story. They had sighted a large whale near the camp and had started in pursuit, leaving as camp guard an old fellow who was useless in the canoe. They had been gone for several hours and had lost sight of the whale they were following, when they heard the sound of an exploding bomb from the direction of the camp. They returned and found that three whales had come up near the tent. The guard allowed the first two to escape, but the third one he had wounded so badly that, late as it was when the crew returned, they very nearly caught it.

While the details of this story were being told, we reached the camp and found the guard the hero of another adventure. While he was again alone a polar bear came within a hundred feet of him and stood looking at him. His story was that he had not fired because he hoped the bear would come even closer, but the tracks that the men unraveled told a different story. He and the bear had taken alarm at about the same time and at once set off in opposite directions, one for the rough ice to the north, the other for the safety of the tent.

In the morning we saw a large number of white whales pass and knew that bowheads were likely to follow them, so we were all on the alert. The other canoes were about a half mile away, one on either side. Shortly after the last of the white whales had passed, we saw Atoyuk's canoe coming toward us from the south, the men working hard at the paddles. As they passed they shouted that a large whale had gone under the ice a few yards below their camp, and they were hoping to get ahead of him.

A half hour later, as I was standing at the side of the canoe, Sagavan seized my arm and pointed downward. Directly beneath our feet, and under the projecting bow of the canoe, a great black shape was coming from under the ice. Before we could give the alarm the whale rose and blew loudly just in front of us. Almost noiselessly we shoved out, but he heard us, and we saw his body stiffen, ready to plunge at the slightest alarm. We were almost within striking distance when, with a furious lashing of his broad tail, he went down. At the first sign of motion the two men holding the darting guns fired, one from the bow of the canoe and the other from the ice, so close together that it was only when the bombs burst that we realized that two shots had been discharged.

We took aboard the men still on the ice and headed for the pack. When the badly wounded whale rose at its edge, we were only a few hundred yards away. Under a great floe he went before we could strike him, and we were forced to go around. In our excitement we put every ounce of our strength into each paddle stroke, but the animal passed under us and came up again out of reach. By this time Atoyuk's canoe was near by, and for an hour or more we hunted the great creature back and forth in a large bay in the ice, seeing him sometimes very near, and sometimes far away. We alternately rested on our paddles and worked furiously as he circled, until, recovered at last from the shock, he plunged under the solid pack and was gone.

For several days ducks had been flying in increasing numbers, and, as no more whales appeared for some hours, I took a shotgun and walked out to a point on the young ice over

which the ducks were passing, to shoot a few while the men were sleeping. I had killed about a dozen when the lookout signaled that he had seen a whale, and I returned to camp.

A number of white whales appeared close to camp and then two small bowheads passed a quarter of a mile away. The first one was traveling very fast, so we paid no further attention to it, but the second was moving slowly and rising often, so we set out to follow. The crew to the northward saw us coming and paddled out in the hope of heading off the whale. We came opposite their camp without sighting him, so we thought we had lost him, and lay quietly resting before beginning the long pull back to camp.

Then the unexpected happened. A few hundred yards to seaward the whale rose very softly to the surface and lay almost motionless, rising and sinking slowly as he breathed, asleep.

Noiselessly, but swiftly, we paddled toward him. As the men in the bow put down their paddles there came a startling change. Right over the bow rose the great head as the whale turned vertically in the water. As the boat steerer drove in the harpoon gun the canoe almost touched the great creature's back. At the same instant the second man fired the shoulder gun. As our momentum carried us swiftly past I could have touched the whale's head with my paddle.

Tail first, he went down, the line running out rather slowly. At first the inflated sealskin moved aimlessly about on the surface. Then it went under as the whale started for the distant pack. Twenty minutes later it came up, but the whale did not rise, and before we could reach it, it went down again, this time headed for the flaw. When we saw the poke again it was at the edge of the young ice near our camp, and a moment later the whale rose and lay close beside the ice, breathing loudly.

By this time the other canoes had come up, and the race that followed was a sight to be remembered. Though it was late at night, the sun was shining brilliantly, and the water was so calm that as I paddled I could see the long lines of spreading ripples left by the other canoes as we converged swiftly toward the black spot at the edge of the ice. Atoyuk's canoe was ahead of us, and as it came within range I could see the boat steerer come to his feet and fire the darting gun. Only a sharp crack followed as the powder charge exploded. The bomb had failed to burst.

There followed a long period of watching. When the whale finally rose again it was exactly beside the boat landing at our camp. Again Atoyuk was first, and though the animal lashed the water on all sides with its tail, flinging showers over the men in the canoe and on the ice, a couple of shots quieted it, and we arrived only in time to secure the doubtful honor of a last, almost unnecessary, shot. The whale, which was a small one, had been so badly wounded by our first shots that, impeded by the drag of the floats and held by the entangling of the strong lines in the rough lower surface of the ice, it had barely been able to reach the water, so we had nearly lost this one, too, under the ice. It was only by the combined strength of all the men that we dragged the pokes to the surface.

As quickly as possible we gathered our separate 'camps' into the canoes, raised the sails, and set off for the road, the three canoes in line towing the whale. The breeze was light, so everyone took a paddle, even the girls who cooked for the crews working with a will. As we approached the end of the pull I fell asleep between two strokes, dropping my paddle across the gun-

wale, and only awoke when the canoe was fast at the edge of the ice and the men began unloading it.

We hauled the carcass out on the ice this time without finding it necessary to cut off the head. Once when it was nearly clear of the water a rope broke, and as it settled back, throwing the whole weight on the series of tackles, another rope snapped, and amid much laughter and cheering the whale shot into the water with a rush, and all our work had to be done over again.

Here hundreds of gulls gathered to feast on the scraps of blubber that fell into the water. The eider ducks were also flying in flocks of hundreds, coming over the horizon in great shimmering clouds.

While we were at work the pack moved in once more, and it was several days before we were able to return to our camp. No whales were seen for a time, so we occupied ourselves in shooting ducks, which were still flying in great numbers. Sometimes a man with a shotgun would be placed on a floating cake of ice in the path of the flocks, while others hunted from the canoe and from the camp. The weather those few days was what spring weather is everywhere — perfect. The sun shone brightly all night long, and the wavering line of birds, passing in endless procession, made a sight never to be forgotten.

On the first of June we moved our camp to the end of the road, and went out to the pack with the canoe, thinking the whales might be passing far out from the flaw. With the greatest care, as always, a position was chosen for the boat, and for several hours we waited. Two enormous whales broke water a few yards to the north, heading away from us. We were after them instantly, and got almost within striking distance before they went under the ice, but it was a hopeless pursuit, as a stern chase nearly always is in this kind of hunting.

We spent the next day also on the pack. We saw several whales and gave chase to one — for the last time, as it proved, for the pack came grinding in that night, closing the lead except for small holes here and there. Two weeks more the crews stayed on the ice, watching these holes and shooting ducks, but the 'run' of whales was over for that year.

V

The great event, in the eyes of the Eskimo children, was still to follow. The *nell-i-ku-tuk*, the harvest festival which follows a successful whaling season, is anticipated even more eagerly by the Eskimo than is the glorious Fourth of July by the American boy. For weeks the children had been practising, by jumping on the opposite ends of a plank arranged seesaw fashion, for the blanket tossing which is the great feature of the celebration.

When the canoes finally came in, water was standing everywhere on the ice. The men toiled wearily into the village, soaked to the skin with the ice-cold water, yet all were in the best of spirits. There was even something of a holiday air. From the raised mast of our canoe hung two flags, one for each whale killed. The right to fly these flags is valued as highly as any of the honors or medals of civilization farther south.

The first bright day after the close of the whaling season was chosen for the nell-i-ku-tuk. On a dry spot of level ground near the village, the successful canoe was propped on edge to make a windbreak for the drummers. At one end, under a tripod of paddles, lay all our whaling gear, guns, harpoons, bombs, and lines. In front of our canoe was hung a large walrus skin suspended

from posts, for safety's sake, by long ropes from the corners, and looped all around like a fireman's life net.

Several of the men had composed new songs for the occasion, and these were sung to the rhythmic beating of the drums. Dancing followed, the first dance given by the lucky crew. But the real feature of the day, from which it takes its name, was the nell-i-ku-tuk itself, the 'dancing in the air,' or blanket tossing.

As many as could find room about the suspended walrus skin did the tossing, and one after another men, women, and children climbed on to the leather blanket. It was all done to the rhythm of the drums and singing, and the game was to remain upright, no matter how high you might be thrown. Some of the children and lighter women were tossed to an astonishing height, only to come down on their feet on the unsteady surface and be flung up again and again. Now and then some inexpert dancer would lose his balance and come down, perhaps headfirst, in the midst of the laughing crowd around the blanket, but no one appeared to be seriously hurt and mishaps were taken in a spirit of fun. Nothing created so much merriment as the sight of some gray-haired patriarch writhing and twisting in the air, and coming down headfirst on the tough hide, only to rise to his feet once more and try again. From children barely able to stand to old women hobbling around the village with canes, no one could resist the excitement of the game.

All day long the dancing lasted, interrupted only when great kettles of muk-tuk from the flippers and tail of the smaller whale were brought out. Some of it was boiled, but much of it was eaten raw and frozen, a delicacy which had much the appearance of an old rubber boot, and which tasted, to the uninitiated, much like laundry soap.

When the day was over, the whaling gear was carefully gathered up and stored away until another year, and one more whaling season was at an end; only one of many to the old men who, as boys, had hunted the great beasts when they were killed with spears of flint instead of explosives, and when failure meant famine. But now, as then, the hunting of the bowhead was the great event of the year to the coast people, and through the next long winter the story would be repeated again and again in all its details, until it yielded in turn to the tales of succeeding years.

HAMSTRINGING OUR TEACHERS

BY EARL W. ANDERSON

I

'How I conduct my classes seems to be of no great interest to the school authorities,' writes a young teacher, 'but what I do when school is not in session concerns them tremendously. My contract requires me to refrain from keeping company with young men in the community, yet I must live in the school district and remain here three week-ends out of four during the entire school year. I must n't dance, play cards, or be out late on week-day nights; in fact, they want me to be an old maid!'

The resentment expressed in these words is typical of the present unrest of many public-school teachers on account of the restrictions imposed on their personal lives. The requirement that teachers must be properly trained and experienced has always seemed reasonable to them and always will seem so, but restrictions on their private lives are increasingly regarded as unreasonable and interfering. Many thoughtful citizens outside the academic ranks are beginning to share the resentment of the teachers themselves toward the petty tyrannies which they undergo. Teachers who in the course of their employment live in a succession of communities with diverse standards must promise to conform, not to one conception of rigidly proper behavior, but to a dozen conflicting conceptions. The exactions to which they are subject are further complicated by inconsistency. The young woman previously quoted is required to live a wholly abnormal life in not associating with young men. In another district, however, her contract may require what is equally abnormal for many young women, that she 'will keep company with one person only.' The board enforcing such a contract would, moreover, promptly dismiss her if she followed the natural course and married the 'one person.'

Restrictions of many kinds are imposed on the personal life of the teacher in the United States. The whole surprising body of stipulations falls more or less naturally into seven classes: —

1. Prohibitions against such recreations as card playing and dancing.
2. Positive requirements of character, including church attendance and financial integrity.
3. Proscription of marriage or other occupations which might interfere with school work.
4. Attempts to protect the integrity of the teaching profession. (In this class fall laws that no teacher may serve as agent for a school-supply house, and laws regarding the employment of relatives of board members.)
5. Attempts to secure increased community services from the teacher by requiring that she live in the district, remain in it over week-ends, or teach a Sunday-school class.
6. Demands of loyalty to the nation — growing out of the feeling engendered in the late war.
7. Rules against giving or receiving gifts. (A protection which in most cases is welcome to the teacher.)

These restrictions are sometimes embodied in the state code or statutes; they are sometimes incorporated in contracts which teachers must sign; and a few of the most irritating are simply unwritten. The form in which the demand occurs is no indication of its importance to the happiness of the teacher, but is of considerable importance when any modification is sought.

Statutes and court decisions universally hold that teachers must be moral and law-abiding citizens, and that 'not only good character but good reputation' is essential. Years ago, when most of the present statutes were written, fairly clear lines of demarcation existed between morality and immorality. Now, when many respected community leaders engage openly in acts which other equally respected people condemn, it is difficult to place a satisfactory interpretation on the term 'morality.' The younger teachers especially chafe at restrictions which they honestly contend bear no actual relationship to their efficiency or influence. They desire to do nothing which would seriously impair the respect and confidence of their pupils. Personal requirements such as those which all intelligent and conscientious people exact of themselves are accepted as just. No teacher would regard sexual immorality, drunkenness, unlawful actions, avoidance of just debts, entanglement in public scandal or in any situation which would bring notoriety or reasonably grounded suspicion on the teacher, as consistent with the responsibilities of the position. But to be forbidden to do everything to which anybody objects is beyond reason and not for the best interests of the schools.

II

Let us glance over some of the acts denied to teachers which are not forbidden to other right-thinking and responsible citizens.

Cigarettes are prohibited by law to teachers in Tennessee. Teachers elsewhere frequently agree to abstain from tobacco in any form. In fact, the public use of tobacco in the average community even by men teachers is actively frowned upon, even by those who themselves indulge. At social and club gatherings in which the large majority of the men smoke, the man teacher, like the parson, must be 'different.' The case is relatively not the same for the women, since public smoking by any woman is still so uncommon as to attract public antagonism everywhere except in the larger cities. This is perhaps an astonishing statement to those unfamiliar with life in smaller communities, but despite the prevalence of the screen, with its nightly revelations of metropolitan license, the statement is true.

Card playing and dancing are mentioned in no state laws and rarely in contracts, although a Mississippi contract states, 'No teacher is expected to attend dances at home or away when in the employ of this board.' Teachers in many of the smaller communities are still expected by unwritten law, however, to refrain from these 'immoral' practices. Since both are approved and fostered in many church and community social programmes, and are permitted in many school functions, objection to them is confined to scattered sections of the country. It is by no means inactive, however. In Ottawa, Kansas, the school board dropped eleven high-school teachers last June because they had gone to a dance at the local country club in spite of a prohibitory board rule. The *American School Board Journal* quotes the *Abilene Register's* comment: 'An item like this, showing

Kansas fanaticism, will do more harm as it goes over the country than the state chamber of commerce can overcome by a dozen surveys. A reputation for intolerance . . . hurts not only the town in which it exists but the state as well.' All rural journalism is by no means as enlightened as this!

But the restrictions least tolerable to reason are those, fortunately exceptional, prescribing the company a teacher may or may not keep. A ridiculous Virginia contract a few years ago specified that the teacher should not keep company with 'sorry young men.' Two years ago Minehan reported in the *Nation* a contract in which the teacher promises 'not to go out with any young men except in so far as it is necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.' Another surprising rule in an Ohio county is that teachers who 'go with' other teachers are dropped at the end of the year. Last spring two teachers were not reappointed because they 'kept company.' Such rules are peculiarly offensive to good taste and justice. Quite different is the common requirement that teachers make no 'dates' with their pupils, for such relationships may do much to disrupt the morale of the classroom.

Newspapers every now and then make much of attempts to modify the dress of teachers. The humor of such reports is their pathos. Women teachers especially are wrathful at the tacit reflection on their taste, judgment, or morality. They feel qualified to make their own decisions in regard to their clothes. It seems at times as though a deliberate effort were made to prevent teachers from wearing clothes 'in style.' Authorities in a Michigan city who recently attempted to prescribe the maximum distance between the hem of the dress and the floor were criticized by the press and actively opposed by the teachers themselves. Last September, newspapers made fun of the attempts of a school superintendent to 'advise' his teachers on such matters as the length of their skirts and the material and thickness of their clothes.

A Mississippi school district provides in its contract that 'no teacher will play society to the detriment of this school or indulge in any sort of socials excessively during school nights. The superintendent or school board are to be judges of these matters and to warn the teachers.' Here again appears the latent attitude of mistrust and petty regulation; teachers need moral guardians, lest they pay insufficient attention to their work.

Church attendance is expected of teachers, especially in smaller communities, and often indirectly plays a considerable part in reappointment. Much pressure is brought to secure them as Sunday-school teachers. This demand sometimes causes religious discrimination in the selection of teachers and often results in rules requiring them to spend a specified number of week-ends in the community. This means in practical effect that they are forced to become seven-day workers.

Many teachers are forbidden husbands. 'Marriage, if the teacher is a woman, will annul this contract' is a frequent provision. Approximately one eighth of all public schools have such a contractual regulation. A much larger fraction do not employ or reëmploy married women. Almost four fifths of the city schools in Ohio have definite rules or policies against employing married women. The trend in at least thirty-seven states increasingly denies marriage to women teachers.

Not long ago, the New York *Sun* reported a decision of the Johnson

County, Tennessee, school board to employ and retain only single teachers of either sex. Five married men and nineteen married women were denied reappointment in 1929 under this new rule. The *Sun* comments, 'Inclusion of married men in the banned class emphasizes the absurdity of barring married women.'

A number of reasons are commonly advanced for denying marriage to women teachers. It is claimed that managing a home will compel neglect of teaching duties. Again, unemployed single teachers claim that it is unfair to hire a woman whose husband should normally support her, when her place might be given to a single woman who has no other means of support. It is found, also, that if the husband finds a position elsewhere the wife is apt to leave on short notice. Pregnancy has brought some difficult problems. It has even been advanced as a serious argument that husbands of women teachers loaf and depend on their wives for support. Not the least of the lesser reasons sometimes urged is the difficulty of dismissing a married teacher who will continue to live in the district and wield active political influence.

Many excellent teachers have been lost to schools because of the regulation against matrimony. The American Federation of Teachers actively urges the right of women teachers to retain their positions after marriage. They point out that business does not exact such restrictions against marriage; also, that motherhood often leads to understanding of children's problems which the single teacher never attains. On the other hand, the substitute teachers of Chicago recently requested the board of education to employ only single teachers.

In eleven states, married teachers receive better treatment. In these states[1] permanent-tenure statutes exist under which certain married women teachers are protected from dismissal. Here the woman who has successfully completed her probationary or 'trial' teaching is automatically employed for 'life' during good behavior and continued efficiency. Courts in these states find no evidence that marriage of itself should justify a woman teacher's dismissal. In New York a married woman teacher was held entitled to a leave of absence for confinement. By court decision she later was reinstated as a teacher. In France a still more liberal policy prevails — married teachers are given certain preferences. The law specifies: —

> Twenty-five per cent of the vacancies in the course of the year in each department are reserved for the teachers who, living outside of the department, are married to government employees of the department or to one who has fixed his residence there for a year.
>
> A leave of absence for two months with full pay is allowed married women teachers, half before and half after the period of confinement. . . . If not able to return within two months, an extension is accorded them under the same conditions for a term up to two months additional.

III

No employee expects to take time which ought to be devoted to his main occupation for other work, but teachers are often unpleasantly and needlessly reminded of this obligation. Teachers' contracts in El Paso, Texas, read, 'A teacher may not engage in any other activity, occupation, or employment that in any way detracts from the value of her services as a teacher.'

[1] All of New Jersey, New York, Indiana, and California; certain cities in Colorado and Oregon; Chicago, Milwaukee, New Orleans; Maryland except Baltimore, and Massachusetts except Boston. — AUTHOR

Fresno, California, makes an exception of work in choirs or as organists in churches. Tutoring or outside teaching is usually frowned upon, probably with justification, although the board of education in Cambridge, Massachusetts, permits both tutoring and private-school teaching so long as such work does not begin until one hour after the public schools close.

Fifteen state laws prohibit teachers from acting as agents for school-supply houses. In the others the courts would enforce such a regulation on grounds of public policy. Protection of the schools from exploitation is likewise the purpose of laws in nineteen states forbidding teaching by relatives of school-board members. A 'relative' is defined in most cases as one whose relationship is within the 'second degree of affinity or consanguinity.' Oklahoma and Kentucky teachers cannot be legally hired if related to board members. In sixteen other states a vote of at least two thirds of the local school board is necessary to elect a relative of a board member. Often a board member cannot vote for a relative. In Arkansas a petition signed by the majority of the voters of the district is necessary in such a case.

Acceptance from pupils or patrons of gifts having monetary value is prohibited in several schools. Likewise teachers are occasionally prohibited from making any gift or contribution to superintendents or school-board members. Practically all teachers welcome this type of restriction, as it often protects them from annoying assessments which otherwise could not be satisfactorily avoided.

While teachers are often required to join local, state, and national teachers' associations, membership in the Teachers' Federation (which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) is sometimes forbidden them. The teacher in Peoria, Illinois, declares that 'he or she is not a member of the Teachers' Federation and promises to agree that during the term of this contract he or she will not join such organization' under penalty of removal. The schools of Seattle, Washington, also exclude union teachers. Opposition to the Teachers' Federation is most active in large cities where strong sentiment against labor unions prevails, or where there have been troublesome disputes between labor unions and employers. Some school officials fear lest teachers in this Federation attempt to make undue use of labor-union influence to gain their demands. Many citizens and teachers think that open acrimonious disputes between organized teachers and school officials would disrupt the schools and injure the pupils for whose advancement schools are created and supported.

Religion has always been a point of suspicion and jealousy in the public schools, where reading of the Bible is frequently required, but where the suggestion of sect often inspires resentment. A Nebraska statute forbids the wearing of religious garb while the teacher is on duty. In certain sections of a few states the public schools are taught by members of church orders; but in most states courts have forbidden religious dress in the public schools, at least if protested by school patrons. A court in Pennsylvania held it to be permissible, however, even when protested.

Many people feel that teachers are paid to take an active part in all local affairs. As one teacher puts it, 'I am expected to accept all invitations, speak to everyone, and attend everything that goes on, even if it takes seven nights a week.' Another protests, 'I have not a minute during school time to prepare for class work. After school

I coach basketball or dramatics for an hour or more. I am assigned classes in four different subjects, in one of which I have had little college training. School functions average one night a week. The town fairly bristles with clubs and organizations attempting to draft my time and services. They don't seem to understand that I need my evenings and Saturdays for study and planning. The sad truth is that I make a bigger "hit" if I neglect my teaching for community affairs than if I reserve the time necessary for effectively stimulating and guiding the pupils.'

During the war considerable feeling arose against those who were thought to be disloyal to the government. It was during these years of excitement that the New York Legislature passed a law providing for dismissal of teachers for 'treasonable or seditious words or acts.' Several teachers were dismissed from the New York City schools under this law. On appeal, the Commission of Education ruled that, while 'a teacher should not be dismissed from service on account of her political, religious, or social relations in activities outside of her employment,' affiliation with an organization which preached overthrow of the government by unlawful means justified dismissal. Membership in the Communist Party was the reason for the dismissal of one of these teachers. In Pennsylvania a few years later a teacher was dropped for organizing a 'liberal club' among the students. This club wrote to the President of the United States seriously questioning the attitude of the United States in the Nicaraguan situation.

The *New Republic* quotes Assistant Superintendent Mandel of the New York City schools as justifying non-promotion of a teacher a few years ago by the statement: 'As a school-teacher he has not the same rights as other citizens to print, publish, and declare his thought and opinion. He is no longer at liberty to freely write, speak, or publish.' The editor, in objecting to this conception of teachers' rights, which would certainly do everything possible to turn the guides and instructors of our children into milksops, says of teachers, 'With a few outstanding exceptions they are becoming the most tight-lipped and timorous creatures of any profession in the country.'

As a general rule it is expected that public-school teachers will subscribe to the present order of things and will not, in or out of their classes, advocate radical changes in, or find fault with, our present system of government. In ten states aliens may not teach, and in eight others oaths of allegiance are required of all teachers. Most of the cases prosecuted under such rules which have come to the notice of the writer, however, are those in which the teachers had really become ardent crusaders. Parents have the right to demand that their children be not indoctrinated with ideas in absolute opposition to their own. Indeed, it is positive indoctrination which is dangerous and objectionable. What should be inculcated is the general trait of independent judgment and ability to weigh facts impartially. This necessarily involves frequent criticism, searching and unsparing, of our present scheme of society, and thoughtful consideration of possible advancements. Only so can we improve.

IV

Why so many restrictions? Obstinate conservatism is a prominent cause, especially in the smaller communities, where all must rub elbows, where community knowledge and dis-

cussion of one's private affairs put everyone under surveillance, and where narrowness and prejudice, while not necessarily more common than in the country at large, are more likely to exert strong influence. Power to dominate the lives of others is an active human desire, sometimes fulfilled through activity in public-school affairs. A position on the school board or as superintendent of schools gives power to prohibit certain acts of others. Again, most of the early teachers were ministers, and the teaching profession has inherited many of the early requirements imposed on these preacher-teachers.

Since the right to terminate the contract upon thirty or sixty days' notice is contractually reserved by some 10 per cent of the schools, and since most of the teachers in the United States serve under year-to-year contracts, the insecurity of their tenure is obvious. The ease with which school boards will 'make a change' in the face of even minor local complaint or antagonism is shown in the case of one young woman who lost her place because she took the affections of a young man from the daughter of a local merchant, and of another who was not reappointed because she changed from the rooming place allotted her by the president of the school board. Cautious and faint-hearted teachers, from fear of losing their positions, impose on themselves restrictions sometimes even more extreme than those demanded. They are apprehensive of 'taking any chances.' Probably the authors of the petty regulations we have been describing would hear us with surprise if we declared that they are actively encouraging that timidity and narrowness in teachers which are the worst possible influence on children. But so it is. How can teachers train children to be independent and self-reliant in mind and body if they are themselves hedged about with so great a variety of moral scruples and suspicious rules?

Occasionally young teachers with more enthusiasm than judgment have upset communities and seriously impaired their own influence through unwise and imprudent defiance of local traditions, by attendance at dances in halls of bad repute, associating with young people not in good standing, loafing in local pool halls, swearing or using tobacco excessively, or leaving the community at every opportunity. The school authorities, to prevent such recurrences, stipulated in the contracts that certain types of conduct must be avoided, not seeing that in legislating for extreme cases they were attempting to control unreasonably the personal lives of large numbers of teachers whose wisdom should be trusted.

Teachers must realize, however, that belligerent nonconformity is impolitic. Well-meaning, self-respecting people honestly believe many of the prohibitions now placed upon teachers essential to the protection of their children. These deep-seated emotional attitudes are slow to alter; generally indirect influence alone can bring changes in them. Only trouble can come from parading in the face of a community habits which are locally disapproved. In the meantime there is a growing conviction on the part of certain public leaders that too many restrictions are placed on teachers, and that better teachers will be obtained if the exactions required of them are not quite so extreme. The *Columbus Dispatch* of July 3, 1929, in an editorial comment, says: —

> Teachers should know that it is part of American educational tradition that a teacher should have little or no freedom. She was born to be suppressed and harassed

by a system of supervision designed to keep her docile. The moment she obtains her contract, she becomes the property of the community and must expect to have every detail of her conduct, personal habits, and even her dress dictated by groups variously designated as trustees, boards, and supervisors.

If these teachers have reached the point where they are ready to take a determined stand against intimidation and the forcing upon them of inhibitions, under which they have labored for many years, they have cut out a man-sized task for themselves, but they deserve to win. Organization and unity of effort are absolutely essential in all educational systems, as is hearty coöperation with the guiding heads of the system, but the tendency to reduce intelligent men and women to mere inanimate cogs in the machine, robbing them of all individuality and initiative, is deplorable and serves to drive from the teaching profession many valuable members who will not tolerate it.

Fettering of teachers tends to dehumanize them and to force from teaching many of the most wide-awake, stimulating, and wholesome men and women in the profession. These men and women will not submit to needless interference in their private lives. Better teachers will avoid or leave school positions requiring many personal restrictions and go to more progressive schools or engage in other duties permitting a more natural life. Active, exuberant boys and girls will not accept personal leadership from negative, fearful, and lifeless teachers whose opportunities to develop enthusiasm and vibrant energy have been suffocated. The very thing which should be most valuable in teaching — moulding the lives and interests of the pupils — is thwarted by the prohibitions to which teachers are so commonly subject. Young people receive the stimulation they must inevitably seek from other and less desirable sources, because the teacher is 'different' or 'would n't understand.'

Tolerance on the whole is increasing except as regards marriage of women teachers. In the larger cities this is about the only objectionable restriction left. Length of hair or skirt, weight or material of dress, and use of cosmetics are usually no longer regulated. Often younger teachers cannot be told from pupils. Hardly a teachers' convention occurs without newspaper comment on the smart dress and personal attractiveness of the women teachers. While a few observers still maintain that they can recognize teachers by their dress and demeanor, they admit that the task is becoming increasingly difficult. Signs of further emancipation appear on the horizon.

Slowly people are coming to realize that the public schools need active, alert, enthusiastic teachers who themselves enjoy life and who stimulate enjoyable activity through their personal magnetism and keen interest in others. All occupations seek such people. The number which the public schools will draw and retain will be in proportion to the removal of restrictions which now make living less attractive to teachers than to those in other professions. Those true leaders who do go into teaching will be found in schools that allow teachers to live normal human lives.

THE SUPERCILIOUS SALMON

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

I

THE salmon came through the pool's surface like a projectile hurled into a mirror, smashing bright tranquillity, bursting coherent reflections into fragments.

His shuddering body hung for a second's fraction at the summit of his leap and fell as destructively as it had risen. Where, an instant before, had been placidity, were now clashing waters and dilating ripples and the sword slash of a stiff line. Where my heart had beaten with regularity and numerous internal human organs had gone unobtrusively about their appointed tasks, reigned anarchy.

I had no stomach. Someone had thrown out the clutch of my pulse and stepped on the accelerator. Chills assailed me, and yet the hand that fumbled at the reel was unreliable with sweat. There were, as I remember, also spots and flashes before the eyes, vertigo, and prolapsus of the lungs, so that the whoop I tried to give, half triumph, half appeal, emerged as only a quavering and inconsiderable wheeze.

The salmon leaped again and shook himself violently in mid-air. The things I babbled were not profanity. They were prayer, the most ardent and earnest of orisons; for he was my first salmon, and my friends who had fished that pool in vain had withdrawn disgruntled and had taken the net with them. Here, where dusty rafters of sunlight slanting serenely through fir branches mocked the turmoil in the stream and in me, I faced my travail alone, unguided, uncounseled, unequipped with any landing apparatus whatever.

The salmon bored across the pool, and my reel and nerves skirled together. He leaped again and my heart imitated his jump. Faintly glazed eyes observed the tremulous arc of the rod. Fingers that bungled and slipped reeled in six feet of line and lost twenty as he drove upstream; regained ten and were robbed of fifteen more as he wheeled and ran the other way. There was sweat in my eyes; there was ague in my limbs. A voice, shrill and strained, dinned: 'Keep cool. Keep cool, you sap. Play him. Keep cool.' It was some time before I recognized it as my own.

I did not keep cool, though I shivered violently. I did not even keep my head. It was strength of tackle rather than of nerve that held the big fish fast. The leader had cost three dollars, but when he slapped it in mid-air with his tail and it still held firm it was worth fifteen. The rod that bent double and did not break redoubled its not inconsiderable original value. By the grace of whatever saint preserves the 'dub' fisherman, I kept from tangling my line or tripping over my feet. The voice that yammered admonitions continued. 'Watch yourself. Don't take chances. Tire him out,' it commanded, and by the break in its cadence I was aware dimly that its owner was on the verge of hysteria.

We tired together, but the salmon

grew completely weary first. Thrice I towed him in to the sand bar and twice he exploded into fresh activity when he felt the rasp of gravel on his belly.

And then, when I grasped the leader which had become more precious than spun platinum and drew that incredible, gleaming torpedo up on the bar and he flopped mightily in protest and beat up foam with his tail, all that I had learned from schools and parents and the chain of ancestors who had borne my body up from the ooze fell away.

A plump, middle-aged person of sedentary tastes and occupation abandoned the heritage of a million years, hurled himself upon his prey, and, clamping the still thumping victim between his knees, gripped it by the throat and beat its head upon a rock. It was, as I have said, my first salmon.

II

The slaughter was over. I sat beside the slaughtered while breath and pulse regained sobriety. Sanity returned, and, with it, faint disquietude.

There I was and there was the salmon — consummation of long weeks' planning, considerable cash outlay, a thousand-mile journey. There was the salmon, dream of two decades made flesh; the solid foundation for whatever structures of mendacity I might later care to build; the diploma of the highest degree the fly fisherman can attain.

The last ripple had faded from the pool. The reflection of a pagoda-like fir was embedded therein once more. A chickadee thrust the bright needle of his song through the dull sound of rapids. Here was the high, desired moment, and, like all realized exaltation, it disconcerted by its lack of height. I lit my pipe with hands that still shook a little. I had caught a salmon — I, myself. And what of it?

On the threshold of forty, I was tasting again a half-forgotten, abhorrent savor — the bitter ash of anticlimax so familiar to youth that still believes in ideals. All youngsters know the flavor — the gritty, disillusioning adulterant that turns the optimist into the insurgent. Forty encounters it rarely, and Forty's seniors almost never. It vanishes when one stops pursuing and overtaking dreams.

There was the salmon, broad of back and girth, and there was I who had caught him, alone, unaided by net or gaff. Internally I should have been chanting a vainglorious Te Deum. Actually I was inclined to add another and more mordant chapter to Ecclesiastes. Mine was not the distaste of age, but the revulsion of youth — credulous, trustful, overeager, overexhorted youth. I had done the thing I had dreamed for years and read about for years and talked of for years.

'Salmon? I've caught 'em. The only real fishing.'

'Vacation? Oh, I killed salmon in Gaspé.'

'Trout are good little fish, but after all, salmon —'

These and kindred utterances now were my inalienable right. What was the matter with me, anyway? What did I want?

Too much. Salmon fishing was the best fun I ever had had, and yet, it fell short of expectation. Folk who had written books on salmon, people from my grandsire down who had told me about the joys of such fishing, had oversold me. In some ways I had achieved adulthood. As far as fishing was concerned, I still belonged to the younger generation. I was discovering once more what I had learned many times already: existence is too much press-agented.

Youth is most familiar with that truth — which is why youth so frequently becomes insurgent. Elders, in-

structing the young, deal with a large carelessness in superlatives of commendation or denunciation; and sooner or later the instructed, the believing, discover the world is not limned entirely in primary colors; that the wages of sin or virtue are neither certain nor bound to a union scale.

No wonder the younger generation so often embarks upon reprisal and treads with demoniac zest upon the pet corns of the self-appointed lawgivers. There is nothing more vindictive than betrayed credulity.

III

On a sand bar in the Malbaie River in Gaspé, I sat beside my first salmon and felt, uncomfortably, resentfully juvenile. The pangs were the more intense because I had not experienced them for years. Eager credence and fine idealism are not hall marks of the thirties. By the time one is through that decade, one should have learned to accept even fishing information with reservations. And yet, there was I, filling up with youth's disgust at the specious words of age, disgusted with my own recent ingenuousness; disgusted, though to a lesser extent, even with my first salmon.

There was the red disfigurement of a half-healed wound on his side. His eyes popped; his mouth was open in an expression of inane surprise. A bluebottle fly crept along the dulling silver of his side, and a gnat, impervious to fly dope, bit me on the neck.

Was this what I had endured and spent much to attain? Was this the pinnacle of all fishing experience over which authorities threw conscientious fits of ecstasy in articles and in books and in conversation?

Was n't he a good fish? He was. By far the largest of any variety I ever had caught. Did n't he fight valiantly? He did; and most spectacularly, in the bargain. The wear and tear of his capture on my nervous and arterial systems probably had shortened my existence by several weeks. What, then, was the trouble? Why was n't I carting my prize downstream to display him to my awed companions instead of sitting resentfully beside him? Well, because he had n't fought as hard as all the people I had implicitly believed had said he would.

I ignored the fact that if he had fought even a little harder I never should have landed him. It was true I had teetered on the rim of collapse before I had got him safely ashore, but — and here was the trouble — my frenzy had been due less to his prowess than to what I, infatuatedly believing the words of Authority, expected he was going to do.

I had forgotten that nothing is ever quite as good as our elders say it is. Smarting with a sense of credulity betrayed, I was in the mood to take a youngster's revenge upon his deceivers. I yearned to affront all salmon fishermen by discrediting and 'debunking' salmon.

Instead, I caught more salmon. My sole sober criticism of their fighting qualities is that they are n't as good as enthusiasts say — a comment that applies to practically all the affairs of earth. Pound for pound, they probably equal brook trout, which is not the pinnacle of fish valor, yet is very good indeed.

It was not their strength and fire that led me to abandon reprisals upon elders in experience who had betrayed me once more with their too superlative recommendation. By the aquamarine waters of the Malbaie, I discovered an affinity between salmon and senescence. There is, I am sure, kinship between the great sea-roving, stream-running fish and our seniors. Catching salmon is

something more than mere angling. It is a symbolic ceremony whereby the fisherman sublimates whatever insurgent grudge he may cherish against a stodgy, reactionary world. It is a more satisfactory revenge upon dictatorial, conventional authority than writing free verse or upholding free love — and much less painful for the innocent bystander.

The pools of a salmon river are mirrors of human nature. The avatar of didactical Elder Wisdom is neither the dodo nor the fossil, but *Salmo salar*, the arbitrary, the supercilious, the pompous fish who, by the same tactics our mortal seniors employ, turns the angler, whatever his age, into a temporary member of the younger generation. Hooking a salmon has a thrill identical with the retributive zest youth feels in assailing the convictions and conventions and smug self-esteem of age.

Salmon are old gentlemen who, as penalty for the amount of inaccurate information they have crowded on their human juniors, have been set back innumerable rungs on the ladder of reincarnation. Salmon, when in another form they dwelt among us, wore round cuffs and high-crowned derbies. They voted a straight political ticket under all circumstances, and sat in the windows of their clubs, staring out with eyes that horridly foreshadowed their post-mortem fate. They believed that the ultimate word on morality was uttered from Sinai and that the world's store of virtue and courage and righteousness had been exhausted when their own generation had been supplied therewith. They were offensive people. They are offensive fish.

IV

The salmon has his own ideas. No perceptible logic or consistency governs them, but that makes no difference. The mortal who thinks he understands the tenets of salmon conduct is ripe for humiliation. The best fishing weather we had in Gaspé — so termed by a grizzled salmon expert — yielded not one single fish. On a subsequent morning, when the sun was so bright and the air so still that we were told it was vanity to rig our rods, two of us caught six in a single hour. Salmon prejudice is as dogmatic and incomprehensible to man as the standards of Sixty are to Twenty-five.

Harder to bear than the fishes' unpredictable tastes is their excoriating disdain. Of all the water creatures I have encountered, they possess least interest in or respect for the world of human beings.

Trout, when the slightest motion or glimpse betrays the fisherman's presence, shoot away to cover, darting into crevices with all the symptoms of panic, sliding sidewise under flat rocks if no other refuge offers. Bass and even pike show a heartening fear of men. Salmon ignore us.

They will rest in a pool, dusky, cigar-shaped creatures; immobile, arrogant, indifferent alike to the fly you cast, to the noise you make, and even to a full-length view of you, swearing at them from the bank. No stir of fin, no tremor of body, betrays recognition of your presence. Hour after hour they will lie thus, occasionally yawning as you fish over them. All they require is a set of piscatorial overstuffed furniture and a submarine portrait of General Grant to resemble members of a Union League Club.

A dozen fish rested in the Upper Pool and regarded the flies I offered with a cold, nose-elevated apathy. I cast and sweated and fumed, and, as often happens, at the nadir of my despair one of the smaller salmon snapped peevishly at the Black Dose I dragged past his nose.

Deportment, for a split second, was forgotten. There was a wild screech from my reel as he headed upstream. He leaped and shook himself free. Chagrined, I surveyed the remaining members. They had not stirred from their places. Their associate's brief frenzy had not moved them in the least. Rather, they seemed more utterly reputable and permanent. They wore the expressions of chronic club members whose fellow has belched loudly in the holy quiet of the reading room.

'Affronting, begad, but after all, the rest of us are gentlemen, sir.'

Presently the largest of the assemblage swam slowly and purposefully away. I have no doubt he went to lodge complaint with the house committee.

Confronted by such frigid and oblivious piscine behavior, the most solidly conservative mortal relapses sometimes into reprehensible insurgency.

V

Izaak approaches his fishing as a priest prepares for Mass, with solemnity and an air of dedication. He rigs scrupulously and his casts have the smooth perfection of long-practised ritual. No one can fish with Izaak without resolving secretly to try to be a better angler. Most admirable is his calm in moments of stress when his rod is two thirds of a circle and his reel utters long excited screams. Izaak's chief thrill in angling is derived from not displaying any.

He was fishing that wide dilation of the Malbaie which we had misnamed the Pigpen Pool in honor of a porker behind a near-by habitant's cottage who profaned with obscene noises the august enterprise of casting salmon flies. The salmon, by some mysterious sense of obligation, had all deserted the quieter water to lie in a long procession, motionless and breath-taking, where the tail of the upper rapid troubled the quiet. Fifty big fish at least had ranked themselves thus, and, knee deep on a shoal, Izaak cast across the assemblage.

His was the activity of a beautifully balanced machine. Rhythm, grace, and economy of effort were here. No salmon in the Malbaie ever had been more deftly wooed, or with more versatility. In two hours Izaak employed every entry in his imposing library of feathers. Softly as the fall of mist his flies kissed the water, darted or drifted, ran upstream, downstream, across stream, a fashion show of lures such as even the biggest fish in that long dusky line never before had witnessed — and no single salmon among them stirred.

Scornful, inert save for an occasional flicker of fins or a vast, white-lipped yawn, they hung in the current, voicing by their utter self-satisfaction and disdain the quintessence of affront. Minute by minute the contest in self-control went on as Izaak offered flies with continuous artistry and the salmon kept immobilely aloof. Then the man's reserve was exhausted by the inviolable indifference of the fish.

Izaak sloshed ashore. He laid down the rod from which magic apparently had flown. Face contorted, body jerking with wrath, he picked up a boulder which in his more sober moments he would have had difficulty in raising and, like the embattled Ajax, hurled it in upon that arrogant school of fish. Through the mighty splash sounded the voice of the hitherto impeccable angler.

'Damn you, move!' it squalled.

As he clumped toward me, he wore the wan yet joyful expression of one who has obtained relief from insupportable stress.

'Well,' he grinned, 'I got them to notice me, anyway.'

VI

Izaak, an admirably consistent conservative, was not aware that he had epitomized the conduct of all young insurgents whose manners and morals and methods he himself affects to scorn. Even the most unassuming mortal likes to have some attention paid him and his efforts. You can't blame youth, which rarely underestimates itself, for throwing rocks into the ranks of its smugly oblivious elders.

This same hunger of the ego makes the actual catching of a salmon so stirring an enterprise. Plus the excitement of fighting a powerful antagonist, plus the beauty and drama of battle, are other satisfactions — resentment at last satiated, snubs finally repaid, nose-tilting haughtiness at length shattered. Salmon fishing is kin to communism, Dadaism, impressionism, and most of the isms with which modernity is afflicted. These defiances of convention are the lures whereby exhibitionist youth hooks reactionary age and forces it to pay vehement attention.

Age and salmon, once aroused, are vehement in the extreme, the only difference between their reactions being that the protests of the former are verbal, or else embodied in letters to the *Times*, and the latter expresses his sense of affront by going around the pool first on one end and then on the other.

The angler's thought when the barb strikes home is a violent but, I am afraid, low glee: 'I've got him, I've got him, and for all his pose and poise and augustness and austerity, he's just a fish, after all!'

The salmon dives away like a torpedo; he goes skyward and falls back with a crash of white water; he flops and dodges and heaves and twists; he rolls over on a line and slaps it with his tail. He behaves with the utmost scandal and indecency. All the arrogant superciliousness has vanished. He is no longer a creature of superior emotions and impeccable conduct. He is just a fish, deporting himself like other members of his tribe in like circumstances, and part of the zest in catching him, in turning dignity into a frenzied combination of submarine and skyrocket, is the reprehensible yet wholly human joy at seeing a fine, smug, reactionary old gentleman sit down on a tack.

That, I believe, is the true reason why folk who can't really afford it go thousands of miles to kill salmon. You can buy toothsome fish infinitely more cheaply. Sport is only a minor motive. Pound for pound, the salmon is no better than the squaretail, and a little lower than the rainbow and smallmouth bass.

You take salmon — or anyway, I take salmon — because of an entirely pagan delight in smashing the reserve of proud and pompous and immensely self-approving creatures. It is the same retributive zest that has kept the generations from mutual understanding since the disparaged Cain called attention to himself.

More of the elderly should fish for salmon. It is a sport manifestly designed for the heavy in years and in purse. Beside a salmon river they can learn much of themselves and their relations with their juniors, and why these are, as they always have been, strained and difficult.

Gentlemen of age and solidified opinion and self-satisfaction will find their behavior duplicated in *Salmo salar*, and, observing this community of demeanor and deportment, they may deal more kindly with their juniors and restore to the stream the majority of the great shining fish they manage to land.

THE ISSUE IS JOINED

BY CHARLES C. MARSHALL

I

THE nomination in the New World of a Roman Catholic for the Presidency of the United States, and the consummation in the Old World of the Italo-Vatican Agreement, have focused attention on the relation of Roman Catholicism to society at large and to political States. The one event revealed that, in the popular mind, the candidate's religion required a subordination of obedience to his Church in matters belonging to morals — a subordination which might embarrass his free action as President; the other event demonstrated what the Church, represented in the Pope, would demand, and what a Roman Catholic majority would do, in changing the constitutional law of a State in conformity with Roman Catholic doctrine if opportunity offered. The Agreement has confirmed the convictions of a large part of the American people that Mr. Smith's assertion of his own high personal belief was in conflict with his Church — a conviction strengthened by the silence of the supreme authority of the Church during the campaign.

Non-Catholics have become conscious of the menace to their rights. Their questions ought to be authoritatively answered. The plea will not avail that Roman Catholicism is a sacrosanct and esoteric cult, in dealing with which we must accept the assurances of the local clergy. The two events are of world-wide significance and demand illumination from the Pontifical sovereignty itself.

Our Roman Catholic citizens profess a religious belief the effects of which are not confined to the Church of which only they are members — in which case it would be their own affair. The effects penetrate society and the State, of which we all are members, and therefore their belief becomes the affair of all. It destroys, we submit, all equality of right in society and unsettles the security of civic government, subordinating the interests of society to the interests of Roman Catholicism and the sovereignty of the State to the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church.

According to this belief, society has long been in transformation, under an alleged Divine Revelation, in respect to the organization of religion; natural or aboriginal conditions have been gradually changed through the intervention of God; at last in His Revelation in Jesus Christ the Roman Catholic Church has been established — the sole, universal religious society in 'Divine Right' among men.

Society is thus divided against itself by a stupendous schism: one part asserting the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church over the State in morals and education, as a result of a Divine Revelation exclusively bestowed; the other part repudiating the Divine Revelation as a religious illusion, and, therefore, denying the supremacy. The cleavage divides the State, whose autonomy is impaired and even paralyzed by that part of its

electorate under obedience to the sovereignty of the Pope in matters belonging to morals and education.

The Vatican Council of 1870 formally declared that there was no 'parity' between the condition of Roman Catholics and those of other religions, and Pius XI in his late Encyclical has said that no one is a member of the Church of Christ, nor can he remain a member, unless he acknowledges and accepts, in the spirit of obedience, the supreme authority of the Popes.

The claim of Divine Right has always been the chief resource of politico-religious institutions. In the Jewish theocracy it made the High Priest the supreme ruler of the State. In the Roman Empire it apotheosized the Emperor and made him Pontifex Maximus. In Roman Catholicism it has for some centuries made the Bishop of Rome Pope and Pontifex Maximus in an alleged religious or Pontifical sovereignty, which, as Cardinal Cerretti has lately assured the American people, the Pope 'exercises by divine mandate, not over one people or one nation, but over all the peoples and all the nations of the earth.'[1]

The claim of Divine Right in the Christian Church has not been confined to Roman Catholicism. Luther and Calvin claimed it; Canterbury shared it with the Tudors and the Stuarts; but wherever it has flourished the disruption of society and the demoralization of the State have been accomplished. European society collapsed beneath its accumulated evils in the Reformation. By its assertion the very garment of Christ has been torn asunder, the East separated from the West, and Catholic Christianity from Roman Catholic Christianity. By it were sedition and revolution in civic States generated from 1500 on. To-day, in Italy, in Spain, in Mexico, in Turkey, and in Russia, where Divine Right in Church or ruler has been most persistently asserted, civic order hangs on the edge of revolution, steadied for the time being by autocratic power. It remains to-day exclusively the doctrine of Roman Catholicism. By it the authority of the Pope and of the Roman Catholic Church over the moral and the educational fields within every State is identified doctrinally with the authority of God Himself.

Leo XIII said that all public power must proceed from God, but that Leo XIII occupied on earth the place of God; that it is not of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Roman Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power — that is, its origin in God, but its exercise on earth through the Pope as God's Vicegerent here. Pope Pius XI says that the creature (man) must be subject to the Creator, and that Pius XI is the Vicegerent of the Creator; that it is a shameful error to deny to Christ as man empire over any temporal things — and that Pius XI is the Vicar of Christ.

Wherever the claim of Divine Right has been asserted by the Church in place of the divine love and submission practised by Christ, and enjoined by Him upon the Christian community, the Church has asserted as inherent therein the power to deprive heretics or those who differed with it of their natural, moral, and even their legal rights. The Church made heresy the most dreadful of sins, defined it as revolt against the Church, and forced the State to make it a crime punish-

[1] The Pope's religious or Pontifical sovereignty is his sovereignty over the moral affairs of mankind, in theory conferred on him by God as His Vicegerent on earth. The Pope's temporal sovereignty is his sovereignty over the temporal affairs of the little Vatican State, just conferred on him by Italy. It is with the religious or Pontifical sovereignty that this article is directly concerned. — AUTHOR

able with death. Not only did the pre-Reformation Church assert the power over heretics, but Luther and Calvin both claimed it, and in virtue of it the Charterhouse monks of sacred memory were drawn and quartered in anti-Papal England. But all this was four hundred years ago. Roman Catholicism asserts the right to and practises the power now, and this it is which creates the religious dilemma in the modern State.

The power was confirmed by Pope Leo XIII in his approval of the book[2] of the Jesuit de Luca, and again by Pope Pius X in his endorsement (1909) of the book[3] of Lepicier. Lepicier taught, among other things, that this power to deprive heretics of their rights extends to the right of life itself;[4] that public heretics deserve not merely to be excommunicated but to be killed; that the power to kill for heresy belongs both to the State and to the Roman Church, and that the latter should not shrink from discussing this teaching out of regard for the sentiment of the modern age. In a letter published in Lepicier's book, Pius X by the hand of his secretary, Galli, afterward Cardinal, declared that Lepicier had extracted and expressed the very kernel of Catholic doctrine. Granting the premises, the Pope's conclusion is inevitable. If the Church of Rome and the Pope, as Pius XI says, are exercising their powers to-day by 'direct divine mandate,' what but extermination could be the just penalty of opposition? Is a man justified in contending against God?

The notion that our Roman Catholic friends, who share in a common Christianity, are ready with fire and sword to exterminate those who depart from them seems truly absurd, and so it would have seemed to Pope Pius X and to Lepicier. Neither would have held that, because he asserted doctrinally the power of the Church to exterminate, the Church under existing conditions would proceed to use it. Their words prove only the validity of the power, on which the method of its application has no bearing. In an infallible Church, doctrine cannot change, but the method of enforcement may be changed out of expediency. The Church of Rome has put 'in abeyance' (*sic*) the fagot and the sword. They are at present archaic. Modern life requires modern methods.

II

Of all this the modern State is cognizant. It perceives the cleavage of its citizenship and the rupture of its popular sovereignty through the formation of a solidarity of Roman Catholic voters within it, claiming an exclusive Divine Right that nullifies the natural rights of their fellow citizens, and professing a religious obedience in matters belonging to morals and education that must nullify at times the sovereignty of the State. That is its dilemma.

The changes accomplished in the organic law of Italy by the Italo-Vatican Agreement support these considerations. The present minority have been deprived of rights as valuable as the right to life itself. The equality of moral right in society has been subordinated to the special privileges of Roman Catholics; religious liberty has been further subordinated to Roman Catholi-

[2] *Praelectiones Juris Canonici*, 1898. De Luca was professor of Canon Law at the Gregorian University, Rome.

[3] *Stabiliti et Progressu Dogmatis*, published at Rome, 1910 (Typograph of the Holy Apostolic See and of the Congregation of Sacred Rites). Lepicier was professor of Sacred Theology in the Pontifical College of Pope Urban, Rome.

[4] The reference is to those heretics who, having professed the Roman Catholic faith, depart from it. Lepicier disclaims the death penalty for those who, born in other faiths, have not had the opportunity to learn the Roman faith. — AUTHOR

cism as the sole religion of the State; the State has made constitutional recognition of the inherent juristic personality of the Church as anterior to and independent of the State, and has accepted the principle that Roman Catholic doctrine is the foundation and capstone of public education. All this has been accomplished, without the fagot and the sword, by the operation of a Roman Catholic majority in the Italian State, under obedience to the Pope.

In four hundred years society and the State have evolved toward conceptions of rights, law, authority, and government which are the very antithesis of the mediæval conceptions in which the Church of Rome stands fixed. Conscience, morals, and education were claimed by mediæval Popes for the peculiar and exclusive jurisdiction of the Church. The Renaissance and the Reformation made those subjects the peculiar interest of society and the State, which gradually asserted their own moral competence, to which churches might minister, but which they must not usurp. As the only refuge from the Divine Right of civil and ecclesiastical authority, the State came to fix upon the freedom of the individual conscience, balanced by the working formula of the majority, constitutionally determined and limited. The electoral State arrived, based in its constitutional order on the principle of the equality of right and the theory that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. To this the freedom of conscience and its supremacy were essential; for, if the consent of the governed was requisite to government, it must be a free consent. If, in morals and education, a part of the electorate was in subordination and obedience to a religious sovereignty in Divine Right, extraneous and alien to the State, the sovereignty of the State was nullified, its constitutional order disrupted, and that equality of right to secure which, as an approximation at least, the State existed was prevented.

The age of theology, as Dr. Babbitt says, gave way to the age of sociology. The dynastic State became the sociological State; the sovereignty of kings changed to popular sovereignty. The State evolved from the subservient creature of religious authority which burned Huss by the Divine Right of the Church of Rome, Servetus by that of the Church of Geneva, and the Charterhouse monks by that of the Church of Canterbury and Hampton Court, to the modern State in which religious, moral, and intellectual freedom (not toleration) became the civic ideal, the ultimate point of political development. Moral and educational institutions under the nurture of the State and free of Papal jurisdiction spread throughout society. At the apex of the development came the Republic of the West, with a Constitution which repudiated the existence of Divine Right in all civil and ecclesiastical authority.

All this change was violently resisted by the Church of Rome, and is resisted to-day as fiercely as ever. Pope Pius IX, in the eightieth Proposition of his *Syllabus*, declared: 'It is false to say that the Roman Pontiff can, and ought to, reconcile himself, and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.' The Roman Pontiff claims by sovereign decree to command the cosmic order of thought and knowledge, to determine history, to create philosophy. The Dogmatic Commission of the Vatican Council (1870) declared that objections taken from history are not valid when contradicted by ecclesiastical decrees, and this Pius XI in effect confirms in his recent letter to Cardinal Gasparri. Pius X ordained that a philosophy

which flourished in the thirteenth century should be the philosophy of the twentieth century, as fatuously as Tennessee legislated Genesis into a scientific textbook.

The decree of the Vatican Council makes obedience to the supremacy of the Pope in matters belonging to morals the duty of all Catholics under penalty of damnation. The present Pope, in his Encyclical *Mortalium Animos*, declares that Roman Catholics must believe in the infallible teaching power of the Pope, as defined by that Council, no less than in the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. In his letter to Cardinal Gasparri, he declares that in matters of conscience jurisdiction lies with the Roman Church and with her only, that the full and perfect mission to teach belongs not to the State but to that Church, and that in the Concordat there are face to face, if not two States, most certainly two sovereignties, Italy and the Roman Church, and that the end which each pursues determines, objectively and necessarily, the absolute superiority of the Roman Church. In his Encyclical *Ubi Arcano*, Pius XI had already said: 'The very origin and divine nature of this our sovereignty demands and the inviolable rights of conscience of millions of Catholics of the whole world demand that this sacred sovereignty must not be, neither must it ever appear to be, subject to any human authority or law whatsoever. . . .'

This is the full expression of the absolute power in Divine Right of the Pope, irrespective of the will and consent of the governed. It is a clear assertion of the subordination of the consciences of the millions of Roman Catholics throughout the world to the Pope as a sovereignty superior to and independent of all civic authority and law, enthroned outside every State yet operating in every State through the religious obedience of Roman Catholic voters in respect to the moral and educational interest of the State. Again, in his Encyclical *Quas Primas*, the same Pope declares that the Roman Catholic Church must demand as 'a right which she cannot renounce — full liberty and independence from the civil power.'

Wernz, among the chief of Roman Catholic commentators, in his great work published in 1905 says: It is false to say that the theory of the indirect power [of the Roman Church] is incapable of being put to practical use at the present day, for if at the present day certain civil laws should be declared invalid by the Church, then these laws would actually be devoid of all binding force.' Pope Pius X by his decree in 1906 declared null and void the law of the Republic of France separating the Church and the State, and in 1911 he 'annulled' the law of separation in Portugal, freeing Roman Catholic citizens from all obligation in conscience to obey the law of the land.

And, as though to lay the foundation for all this, Leo XIII, in his Encyclical *On the Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens*, declared: 'If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the divine law, containing enactments hurtful to the Church, or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion, or if they violate in the person of the supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then truly, to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey, a crime. . . .'

It is, therefore, clear that the modern State is confronted in its Roman Catholic citizens with a solidarity claiming to be qualified for the acceptance of the common obligations and the discharge of the common duties of citizenship in a free State, yet bound to obedience to the Pontifical sovereignty of the Pope in all moral matters, which they, in the nature of things, by

their votes and 'Catholic Action,' carry into the very citadel of the nation and the State. Roman Catholic authority abundantly confirms this. The *Commonweal*, April 24, 1929, defining (Roman) Catholic Action, said: 'Its formal object is to produce, change and adjust all religious, moral, social and economic thought and procedure of modern life to Catholic standards of thought and action, in order to spread the kingdom of Christ. . . .'

'A learned theologian,' writing on December 29, 1928, in the London *Tablet*, — Cardinal Bourne's mouthpiece, — said: 'The Pope rarely exercises the prerogative of Infallibility. But on the contrary Infallibility is always in exercise: in teaching . . . in defending and enforcing the doctrines already defined.'

On May 11, 1929, the Roman Catholic journal *America* presented to its readers the following communication: 'In view of the approach of a General Election, the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales deem it well to remind all Catholic voters of the principles which underlie the Catholic attitude on education, so that in giving their votes such electors may act in conformity with Catholic teaching and tradition in this matter of vital importance.' Several principles are then set forth, among them that 'it is no part of the normal function of the State to teach'; that the State is entitled to see that children receive due education for citizenship, but that the State must not interfere with parental responsibility in the choice of schools for children.[5] The Bishops then state that 'it is their wish that all candidates seeking the vote of Catholics should be approached, not only by letter but in an interview, in order that the dispositions of such candidates may be explored in the light of the above stated principles.'

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool in his recent Pastoral Letter declared that a Roman Catholic cannot divest himself of Roman Catholic principles in his attitude toward civic or national problems. He commands Roman Catholics in the approaching elections 'to register the vote that shakes the turrets of the land.'

And yet the Church says it is not in politics.

III

It would seem indeed true that the modern State, which by an electoral majority has once established a constitution repudiating Divine Right and decreeing religious freedom, can assure the maintenance of such a constitution only by thereafter limiting the electoral franchise to those who can act in the fullness of a free mind and conscience, and are wholly released from religious and moral obedience to ecclesiastical authority in Divine Right. Can the civic State in reason be asked through universal suffrage to incorporate into its life and being a sovereignty superior to its own, with power to annul its laws for any part of its citizens? Shall the American State remain inactive while Catholic Action reduces present non-Catholic majorities, and seeks to mould a new constitution on the lines of the Italian Concordat? Can it in reason be asked to wait upon the multiplication of citizens inspired by Catholic Action and taught by an alien religious sovereignty that when, in its opinion, the laws of their country are hurtful to that sovereignty, to resist the laws of their country is a

[5] The reader will bear in mind that, while the Roman Church thus seems to champion the freedom of parents, it is a false and hypocritical seeming, relating only to freedom from the State. It allows no freedom from the Church, but threatens parents with severe penalties if they send their children to the public schools or to other 'non-Catholic' schools without ecclesiastical consent. (See Canons 1372–74.) — AUTHOR

positive duty and to obey them a crime?

Roman Catholics would meet argument with the assertion, wholly fallacious, that the only alternative to the supremacy of ecclesiastical authority is the supremacy of the absolutist State. The modern State is not absolutist. It has no constitutional right to invade the conscience of the individual or to encroach upon the autonomy of associations; on the contrary it is based on the retention of his conscience by the citizen, and upon the retention by its associations of their autonomy, limited only, like every right, by the judicial police power of the free State. The surrender of conscience is a crime against the moral nature of man, whether to the State, to the majority, or to ecclesiastical authority. Its surrender to the latter destroys all competence to share in popular sovereignty. It is just at this point that the difference of the modern State with the Roman Catholic Church is most acute, for that Church demands the custody of the conscience. The power that controls the conscience of the majority, or even of a resolute and well-organized minority, will control the State.

Man's relation to God and conscience, as Dr. Pollard says, makes his relation to the State conditional and not absolute. The modern State recognizes this conditional quality in the relation to it of its citizens. Having done so, it cannot, without its own stultification, concede the absolute relation of its citizens to the Pope in matters belonging to morals. It is not the modern State, but the Roman Church and its supreme Pontiff, that claim the absolute relation of the citizen in matters of conscience.

The seat of moral authority in modern society must be found in the 'free conscience' or it must be found in the moral sovereignty of the Pope. Justice in the argument requires frank recognition of free conscience, not as the selfish and thoughtless license of the individual, but as his serious reaction to the sense of duty toward God and toward society, at the sacrifice of self. Justice no less requires the recognition of Roman Catholicism, not as a sinister conspiracy against society, but as a sincere and conscientious effort to elevate mankind through the moral government of the Bishop of Rome in a 'right' believed to have been bestowed upon him by Almighty God.

With these conceptions in mind we can readily see two theories sincerely at work in the State: that of ultimate moral determination by the free mind and conscience, balanced by the consensus of opinion working out through majorities and minorities, and that of ultimate moral determination by a foreign ecclesiastical authority operating through its religious subjects, who constitute in part the electorate of the State. There are difficulties both ways. Majorities may be corrupt, fanatical, oppressive; they may bring disaster and confusion. The same is true of the Popes and the Church. The crucial point is that in the modern State the majority, if 'free,' is native and constitutional; if in subordination to ecclesiastical authority in Divine Right, it is alien and contra-constitutional. The State cannot by any process of law deal with a solidarity of citizens subject to an alien authority 'absolutely superior' to itself in Divine Right. It is quite capable in the long run of dealing with a free majority.

Our Roman Catholic friends in this country are denouncing the tyranny of the majority, and yet it is through a majority that Roman Catholicism operates in its own interest, wherever opportunity permits. The free civil majority, it is true, does not function perfectly. Popular agencies, the Meth-

odist Board of Morals and the Grand Imperial Wizard, may be intolerant and prejudiced, but they exist only by the consent of the members of the societies they represent, and those societies make no claim to Divine Right and acknowledge no authority, sovereign in Divine Right, extraneous to the State and contra-constitutional. They are voluntary groups of citizens exercising rights conferred on them and revocable by the State, on a par with the Rotarians and Tammany Hall. They are wholly subject, constitutionally, to the correcting influence of opposing organizations under whose attrition all that is harmful in them must eventually give way.

A popular majority, as in the United States, exasperated with a gross national evil, imposes, in the exercise of a free conscience, State beverages by law; but a majority, as in Italy, subordinated in conscience to the Divine Right of the Church of Rome and the Pope, imposes by law what is far more intolerable, a State religion and Roman Catholic education in the public schools. Nay, more: it exacts the destruction by the State of the civil rights of citizens, on the demand of the Church, without a civil trial. Such is the effect of Article 23 in the Concordat of the Italo-Vatican Agreement. The Inquisition of infamous memory is revived in one of its most odious features. If a citizen who has taken vows to the Church is censured or sentenced by the Church, he is in vital respects, *ipso facto*, an outlaw in the State.

Article 5 of the Concordat provides that an ecclesiastic cannot get a job in the civil service without the consent of the Church, and that in any case ex-priests, or those who have incurred censure, 'cannot be employed or retained [by the State] in a teaching post, or in an office or an employment in which they are brought into immediate contact with the public.' Let a priest, as the result of life's experience and study, renounce the Papal claims, or let another incur censure by offending the authorities of the Church, and the State — his natural protector — must deprive him of his civic right to earn his daily bread by teaching school or serving as village postmaster; and in his letter to Cardinal Gasparri the putative Vicar of Christ argues that this abominable provision must be given a retroactive effect.

The Roman Catholic majority in Italy, led by the reigning Pope, has given to the world convincing proof of the inherent claim of its religion to the power in Divine Right to deprive opposing minorities of their social, political, and moral rights. Such a claim cannot be reconciled with American constitutional government, nor can the wax-and-parchment legalism of the Pope's agreement with Mussolini reconcile it with the cosmic moral order of God, for in ultimate righteousness it is not what the law tells one he may do that counts, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell one he ought to do.[6]

The free majority in the modern free State may freely change in constitutional reaction, but the Roman Catholic majority is bound *de fide* by obedience to the Pope in all moral and educational issues, and disobedience, it is decreed, involves the loss of salvation.

The free conscience in the modern State is not an ideal. It is a necessity. It is the only weapon in the latest struggle of society with Divine Right in its last stronghold — the Roman Catholic Church. It is all that stands, in the United States, between equality of religious liberty and the subordination to the Roman Catholic Church of the present rights of American citizenship.

[6] See Burke's *Speech on American Taxation.* — AUTHOR

THE CATHOLIC POSITION

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr. Marshall has written upon the thesis that the Catholic Church is at issue with the modern State; that the claims of the two are incompatible.

I must at this point remark that, while Mr. Marshall uses the term 'Roman Catholic,' I shall use the word 'Catholic.' The term 'Roman' Catholic is a provincial legal term invented for political purposes by the Westminster Crown lawyers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century to safeguard the remaining claims of the English Monarchy to be Catholic. To say it is meaningless or opprobrious. It was invented to be used in England as a protest that the Church of England could be Catholic without the Pope. It no longer corresponds with reality. There is not to-day a considerable body attached to the word 'Catholic' without the Pope, nor a great number of Catholic bodies, Roman, Milanese, Danish, and what not: there is one Catholic body, generally so called. Its common and proper name is 'the Catholic Church,' even in the mouths of those who deny its claim to universality, which is what the word 'Catholic' means; just as the Greek Church is, in the mouths of Catholics who use common terms without affectation, the Orthodox Church, although, by definition, a Catholic does not believe it to be orthodox.

In examining Mr. Marshall's thesis, then, that the Catholic Church is incompatible with the modern State, I must make the proviso at the outset that the special problems of the United States are a field into which the European cannot venture. The civilization, the traditions, the mode of thought of the North American Republic are now so different from those of Europe that, whatever power Americans may have to understand us, we certainly have no corresponding power of understanding them, and it is very rash for anyone upon our side of the Atlantic to write upon problems which are confined to the United States. Therefore I can only deal with Mr. Marshall's argument as it may apply (which indeed it does) to pretty well *any* modern State of non-Catholic culture and to many a State of Catholic culture as well. I do not propose wholly to traverse Mr. Marshall's position. As the reader will see before this paper is concluded, I agree with it in part, and that perhaps the most important part; but I propose to examine it not only in the points wherein a Catholic may agree with him, but also in the points in which, to my thinking, he has misconceived the problem.

I

Let us first of all define the issue.

Mr. Marshall has proposed three fundamental objections to an harmonious relation between the Catholic Church and the modern State, but particularly, of course, the State of non-Catholic culture.

These three fundamental objections he has not, indeed, stated in series, but they are to be found throughout his essay closely interwoven. These three

fundamental objections he further supports by particular instances, accurate in the main, so far as reference is concerned, though, as I judge, sometimes leading him to false conclusions.

The three fundamental objections which Mr. Marshall finds to harmonious relation between the Catholic Church and the modern State are: —

1. That the Catholic Church, in asserting a universal right of judgment in faith and morals, claims, both in theory and in practice, the right to destroy, by any means, other conflicting bodies in disagreement with it. (Pagans, schismatics, heretics.) Therefore the modern State — meaning thereby a State such as the North American Commonwealth, which is not Catholic — stands in peril from the presence in its midst of a Catholic body. For that body, though but a part, must, by the nature of its claims and character, arrogate to itself the right of destroying the rest.

2. That the subjection of the reason made by Catholics to a general authority outside the individual, and in particular to Papal Authority, is incompatible with citizenship in the modern State. For that citizenship is based upon the conceptions: (*a*) that all questions whatsoever must be decided by each citizen individually in complete freedom from any authority; (*b*) that, such decisions being collected, a majority of them binds the minority to obedience.

3. That the claims of the Catholic Church, being universal, tend to conflict with the claims of the modern laical absolute State, which are particular.

Perhaps Mr. Marshall will quarrel with my using the terms 'laical' and 'absolute.' 'Laical' I can defend as meaning the conception that the modern State is not open to adopt or support any one defined and named transcendental philosophy or religion. On this point I think Mr. Marshall will agree.

The modern electoral State does indeed invariably support, morally in social effect, one religious attitude and oppress its opposite very strongly, but it does so by implication only, and indirectly; it would be shocked if it were accused of doing even that, and a defined and named religion it does not openly adopt.

As for the word 'absolute,' I do not use it in the sense of 'absolute government,' but in the sense that the modern civil State, like the old pagan civil State of antiquity (to which it is so rapidly approaching in type), will brook no division of sovereignty. Its citizens are demanded by it to give allegiance to the State *alone*, and to no external power whatever. I think in this sense of the word 'absolute' Mr. Marshall will agree with me. The modern State differs from the mediæval State in that it claims complete independence from all authority other than its own, whereas the mediæval State regarded itself as only part of Christendom and bound by the general morals and arrangements of Christian men. The modern State began in the sixteenth century with the affirmation of the Protestant princes that their power was not responsible to Christendom or its officers, but was independent of them.

Now, of these three fundamental objections, I wholly disagree with the first, and find it based on a misconception. The fear that Catholics will, or should, work, otherwise than by persuasion, for the destruction of an established non-Catholic society around them can only arise from an ignorance of history and of Catholic doctrine.

With the second I disagree partly, and partly agree. I agree that if there were, or could be, such a citizenship as Mr. Marshall supposes, and a common-

wealth based on it, then the Church could not produce citizens conforming to so strange a type, nor could Catholics envisage implicit obedience to so strange a commonwealth. On the other hand, I disagree with Mr. Marshall if he means that the normal duties of a citizen, as we know them to be in practice, cannot be discharged in full by Catholics, and I add that the strong and perfect philosophy of Catholics upon civic duties will make them, if they are good Catholics, better citizens (saving Catholic morals) than any others. For they alone will be able to give ultimate reasons for obedience to the laws, whether in a State upon the democratic model (as in Andorra), the oligarchic and plutocratic (as in England and all Parliamentary countries), or the monarchic (as in Italy and Spain, Poland, and so forth), where one man is supreme over representatives.

As to the third proposition, I find myself wholly in agreement with Mr. Marshall. In my judgment the tendency to a conflict between any State claiming unlimited powers and the Catholic Church is inevitable. Whether the State be 'modern' or no seems to me quite indifferent. Whether it be democratic (as some small States can be), oligarchic and plutocratic (as are all large States dependent on elected bodies), or monarchic (really and actively governed by one president or king, elected or hereditary), the civil State is always potentially in conflict with the Catholic Church. And when the civil State claims absolute authority for its laws in all matters, then it will inevitably come sooner or later into active conflict with the Catholic Church.

II

Now let me deal with the first point, the only one in which I wholly disagree with Mr. Marshall's contentions — the idea that Catholics as individuals and as a body cannot but attempt to destroy, by other means than persuasion, whatever is non-Catholic in the State to which they owe allegiance.

I say that, as to the first point, I disagree with Mr. Marshall. The fear that a Catholic body within a non-Catholic society will use all means to destroy the non-Catholic elements in the society around it, to reduce it by force or fraud to the Catholic discipline, is baseless. The Catholic body will not so refrain from fear, but from the nature of its own principles. It is true that those principles *necessarily* assert the truth and goodness of Catholic doctrine, and, as necessarily, assert the falsity and evil of anti-Catholic ones. It is true that a Catholic regards heretical and pagan morals as things which do harm and which any society would be well rid of. But it does not follow that the Catholic will therefore act directly for the destruction of the evil by other means than conversion. And the reason should be clear. It is that in any system no one fundamental principle works alone, but each and all have to work in accordance with the others. In this case the principle that the Church is possessed of Truth, and the necessary conclusion that dissent from Truth produces evil which should be eliminated, have to work in accordance with another principle — that of Justice.

A Catholic society is amply justified by all Catholic principles in fighting the beginnings of disruption within its own body; it is amply justified in making Catholic ideas, education, manners, and all the rest of it the rule within a Catholic State. It is amply justified in struggling long and hard — as Catholic Christendom did for one hundred and fifty years at the Reformation — to prevent the break-up of Catholic society and to save the unity of its civili-

zation. But it is not justified *by its own principles* in so attacking a non-Catholic society already long established and traditional. For an established society, good or evil, possesses rights — for instance, the right of the family to train the child — aggression against which would offend justice. A pagan society where the Church is a newcomer (as in the Roman Empire), a Protestant society where the Church forms but one particular body, alien in spirit to the rest (as in Holland, where Catholics are hardly half the population), a modern society becoming pagan, in the midst of which the Church so finds herself, is certainly to be affected by Catholic efforts at conversion. Catholics have always attempted and always will attempt to transform the society around them by that process, wherein they may succeed, as in the case of the Roman Empire, or fail, as (hitherto) in the case of the Japanese, but this bears no relation to the forcible action justly and rightly exercised within a Catholic society in its own defense. The two cases are not only not parallel, they are contradictory. For instance, if I can by force or fraud prevent a Mormon child to-day from joining his family and so being brought up by them, and if I exercise that force or fraud, I am doing wrong. If I attempt by arms to prevent Mormonism, at its inception, from introducing polygamy into a monogamous society, I am doing right.

The distinction is simple and should be clear, but I see that Mr. Marshall finds an argument to the contrary in the recent Concordat between the Church and the Italian State.

This Concordat excludes from certain civil functions (notably teaching in State schools) unfrocked priests. It recognizes the Catholic Church as the state religion of Italy, giving no other ecclesiastical corporation or body of opinion the same position. It gives the Catholic Church entry into, and its doctrines a permanent position in, public education. This, says Mr. Marshall, shows what a Catholic *majority* (my italics) would do in changing the constitutional law of a State. He further gives citations (which, so far as I can check them, are accurate and just) to support his contention that the Catholic Church claims and would exercise tyrannical powers over large and established non-Catholic bodies within any State where it could do so.

Thus he remarks that the claims of the Catholic Church extend over the whole world. He further remarks that, according to those claims, there is no parity between Catholic and other religions; that moral and educational authority (as exercised by the Church) is identified with the authority of God Himself, whence he concludes that all dissidence therefrom, on whatever scale and from whatever source, would be treated as an enemy is treated, actively, and its suppression attempted by force. In the same way he quotes the definitions on heresy, the punishment and the extirpation thereof. He remarks that disobedience to the Pope is affirmed to be morally wrong. (He seems to think that it involves necessarily a loss of salvation — a misunderstanding of the Catholic doctrine on the nature of salvation and its attainment.) Summed up in a sentence, his conclusion seems to be this: That Catholic claims submit the sovereignty of the State to the supremacy of the Catholic Church. If for 'submit' we read 'except from,' and for 'to the supremacy' we read 'the moral laws and doctrine,' I regard that sentence as accurate.

But these changes in wording are essential, and with regard to the whole of this side of Mr. Marshall's essay the

answer is simple enough. Mr. Marshall, like many a man dealing with material not native to him, — with something alien from his own life, — misunderstands its nature. His citations are accurate; the implications which he finds in them are erroneous.

It is indeed inevitable that any corporation claiming to be what the Catholic Church claims to be — to wit, the only divine authority on earth, in matters of faith and morals — shall by theory claim universal jurisdiction in these; but it is not true that this jurisdiction either is in practice or should be in justice exercised as he thinks it would be. There is neither a conspiracy so to exercise it nor a desire so to exercise it; and the very examples that he gives are proofs of this.

The essential of action against heresy is that it takes place for the purpose of checking the inception and growth of something foreign to and destructive of Catholic society. The laws against heresy in Catholic societies of the past, the struggle against heresy during the great religious wars of from three to four hundred years ago, were both of that nature. As against an established, permanent, large non-Catholic body, there is no such attitude.

If you doubt it, look at the attitude of the Church toward the Jews. Here, if anywhere, there should have been, according to this erroneous theory of Catholic action, a policy of extermination. The Jewish community should have been forbidden to exist, its children should have been taken from it and brought up in the Catholic faith wholesale, its worship should have been forbidden; it should have been the subject of a Crusade. History is a flat contradiction of this. Alien and unpopular, the subject of violent mob attacks, treated as foreigners by the civil power and therefore liable to expulsion, the Jewish body, when the Church was at the height of its power in Europe, was specially protected in its privileges so far as moral theology could protect it. When Jews conspired against the State, or were thought to be so conspiring, the State prosecuted them. But there never was, and there never will be, an effort made by the Catholic Church as such to absorb or destroy that hostile community by force. The same is true of an established heretical body, or, for that matter, of an established pagan body. I mean, by 'established,' forming a large and well-rooted corporation within the State, composed of myriads who are in good faith, and living a settled traditional life of its own, reposing upon long-secured foundations. It is perfectly true that the civil power will always tend to extrude what it regards as alien and hostile; but Catholic moral theology as such has never countenanced action against those bodies merely because their faith and morals were not in full harmony with the Catholic Church.

What does happen — and naturally happen — is that, where the whole code of a society is Catholic, laws and institutions will follow that code, and the recent Italian Concordat is a very good example of this. The Catholics in Italy are not a political majority any more than English-speakers in the United States are a political majority. Italy is *organically* Catholic — not mechanically so. She is a Catholic country, not an arrangement of voters drawn up by party machines into Catholic and non-Catholic. She is a Catholic realm, in the same sense in which the Massachusetts of the Colonial period was a Puritan colony, or Japan is a pagan empire to-day. It is normal in a country Catholic to the roots not only that an unfrocked priest should not be allowed to teach (public opinion alone,

apart from laws, would see to that!), but that education should be upon Catholic lines, and that the Catholic Church should be the established Church of the realm. The arrangements which apply to such conditions have no parallel in a community where those conditions do not exist.

But all this is not connected with mere majorities. In all these misconceptions perhaps the gravest and yet the most characteristic is the idea that a 'Catholic *majority*' in the modern political sense of that word would impose Catholicism over the 'minority' standing against it. The whole idea is wildly wrong. Such an idea as the divine right of mechanical majorities has no place in Catholic doctrine. It is one out of many machineries of government. It is more and more discredited generally over here in Europe, though still preserving a sort of fossilized life in some States. It may be right or wrong. But anyhow a Catholic majority would never, in Catholic eyes, until it was so large as to be organically identical with the general tone of society (which is a very different thing from a mechanical majority), give sufficient sanction for action against those who dissented from it.

The same misapprehension attaches to Mr. Marshall's idea that since 1500 the Catholic claims have generated sedition and revolution. These claims have indeed always generated difficulties, often leading to armed action on either side. They have not been peculiar to the religious wars following on the Reformation after 1517. They were to be found under the Roman Empire. They are to be found to-day. The religious wars following on the Reformation were but one case, on a large scale, of such conflicts; and they were essentially the defense of what had recently been universally admitted *against* what was then a revolutionary movement.

So much for the first point — the imaginary peril which a Protestant or pagan society is supposed to run from the force or fraud of Catholicism in its midst. That Catholicism in its midst is an alien thing is perfectly true. That it should dread the moral influence of Catholicism as something which disintegrates that Protestantism or paganism which is the soul of its society is natural and inevitable. That it should proceed to regard Catholicism as a conspiracy against it capable of aggressive action is extravagant and out of touch with reality.

III

As to Mr. Marshall's second point, that the Church produces a citizen other than that conceived as the ideal citizen of his modern State, I agree with him.

According to his definition, the ideal citizen of the modern State must be free to use his reason, must reach conclusions on all matters by his private judgment, but must accept the coercion of any law whatsoever when it has been decided by a majority of such individual citizens so concluding.

Mr. Marshall supports this view by quoting in several forms, with perfect accuracy, the definitions of Catholic belief in the authoritative claims of the Catholic Church. He points out with justice that the individual Catholic accepts as superior to his own judgment the judgment of the Church, and the conception that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ on earth. But there is in his conception of what this attitude means one essential error. The error consists in the idea that the Catholic attitude is irrational or non-rational, while the attitude of the non-Catholic is rational. The contrast is not of this sort.

All men accept authority. The difference between groups of beliefs and

judgments lies in the type of authority which they accept. The Catholic has arrived at the conviction — or, if you will, has been given the conviction (some come in from outside; some go outside and come back again; most receive the Faith by instruction in youth, but test it in maturity by experience) — that there has been a Divine Revelation. He discovers or recognizes a special action of God upon this earth over and above that general action which all who are not atheists admit. He discovers or recognizes a certain personality and voice — that of the Catholic Church — which conforms to the necessary marks of holiness and right proportion, and the ramification of doctrine from which is both consistent and wholly good. The incarnation of the Deity in the Man Jesus Christ, the immortality of the human soul, its responsibility to its Creator for good and evil done in this world, its consequent fate after death, the main rite and doctrine of the Eucharist — these and a host of other affirmations are not disassociated, but form a consistent whole, which is not only the sole full guide to right living in this world, but the sole just group of affirmations upon the nature of things.

To take up that position is to be a Catholic. To doubt it or deny it is to oppose Catholicism.

But that position is taken up under the fierce light of reason. It is indeed puerile to imagine that it could be taken up under any other light. A proposition so awful and so singular is not accepted blindfold; it is of its very nature subject to instant inquiry. It is not a thing to be taken for granted as are ideals which all accept as a matter of course. On the contrary, it is of its very nature exceptional, unlikely, and requires not only examination before it can be accepted, but an act of the will. Nor is it true, as men ignorant of history pretend, that in barbaric and uncritical times (of which they think the Faith a survival) these truths were accepted without inspection, and that the argument from reason is a modern one. Throughout the ages, from the first Apologetic of the Church in the second century to the present day, without interruption, all during the Dark Ages from Saint Hilary to Lanfranc, and later all during the Middle Ages from Saint Anselm to Ockham, all during the high intellectual life of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the appeal to reason by Catholics has been universal and continuous. To-day, in the twentieth century, Catholics are the only organized body consistently appealing to reason and to the laws of thought as against the *a priori* conceptions of physical scientists and the muddled emotionalism of ephemeral philosophical systems.

It is my own experience, and I think that of most Catholics who have mixed much with opponents of their religion, that nowhere outside the household of the Faith is the speculative reason fully active and completely free — save possibly, as a rare exception, in a few of the most intelligent skeptics. The Catholic may perhaps accept such a man as Huxley for an intellectual equal in this appeal to the reason, but he accepts very few non-Catholics as his intellectual equals. He cannot but note that the vast majority of non-Catholics accept their authority without inquiry. It is, for the bulk of them, a mixture of what they happen to have read, of common daily experience (which boggles at all mysteries and marvels), and, running through it all, a monism not far removed from materialism, which they have none of them analyzed and which only appears by perpetual implication — as when they presume (without attempt at proof!) that what

they call 'natural law' is unalterable, or when they fall back upon a name or a book in the place of argument.

So much for that. The Catholic acts upon reason, recognizing goodness, holiness, and authoritative divine character in the Authority he follows, just as a man acts upon reason when he recognizes an individual voice or face.

Having accepted such an Authority, reason demands imperatively the subjection to it of one's own less perfect experience and less perfect power. I can arrive by my reason and by my experience of the world at a certitude that the Catholic Church is the sole divine authority upon earth. I cannot arrive by my reason at a certitude that man's obviously corrupt nature can obtain eternal beatitude. My reason must accept that, and the conditions of obtaining felicity, at second hand from authority.

A parallel instance (though an imperfect one) is the map. When we take a government survey and accept its authority, there follows as a secondary consequence our acceptation of a particular point upon it, — as that this town is north of that river, — though we have no personal experience in the matter. I say that the parallel is imperfect, because of course no one, I hope, would give to a government or any other human instrument the authority attaching to divine revelation.

But, though the Catholic bases his faith upon reason, his faith, once arrived at and firmly held, certainly prevents him from playing the part assigned by Mr. Marshall to the ideal citizen of the modern State. Neither will he submit all things to separate and individual private judgment nor will he necessarily and always obey as a moral duty laws arrived at by the mechanical process of majorities. On a multitude of things — for example, the nature and obligations of marriage — he will accept established doctrine and prefer it to any possible conclusions of his own limited experience, judgment, and powers. Should a majority order him to act against Catholic morals (as, for instance, by a law compelling the limitation of families), he would refuse to obey it. It is equally true that if, in some grave point of faith or morals not yet defined, the Papacy decided that Catholic morals involved resistance to a new law, the Catholic would resist that law. For instance, suppose a majority were to order instruction for all children of the modern State prescribing a certain course in certain sexual matters. The matter is subjected to individual judgment. Some are for, some against. At last it is solemnly and publicly promulgated from Rome that the proposed instruction violates Catholic morals. Then Catholics would thenceforward resist the decision of the majority.

Incidentally I may say that Mr. Marshall misunderstands the position of the Papacy, which he seems to regard as a despotic authority acting capriciously, whereas it is part and parcel of the Catholic Church, defining and guiding — not inventing — doctrine, and identified with the general life of Catholicism. Catholics act as they do, not because one individual has taken into his head to give them orders on a sudden, but because they are in tune with the whole spirit of the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the central authority.

As an example of the misunderstanding, I may quote Mr. Marshall's attitude toward the advice given by Leo XIII and subsequent Popes in the matter of Scholastic Philosophy. Mr. Marshall tells us that 'Pius X ordained that a philosophy which flourished in the thirteenth century should be the philosophy of the twentieth,' and compares this attitude to a fundamentalist

denying the conclusions of geology. All that is out of focus. No such thing was ever 'ordained.' Cardinal Mercier's great revival of Scholasticism was approved and commended, and its study warmly supported. But no Catholic is bound to accept that particular system or its terms. I may say in passing that anyone who does adopt it seems to me wise, for it derives from Aristotle, 'the tutor of the Human race,' and it represents the highest intellectual effort ever made by man; nor is there any conflict between it and evidence, nor any reason to believe our own particularly muddled time, with its disuse of reason, philosophically superior merely because it comes last. But Scholasticism is only a human system of thought; it is not of revelation; and the idea that it could be thought equivalent to the Faith, or that the Papacy was here imposing it, could only occur to one wholly unfamiliar with the ancient and abiding Religion of Christendom.

The Papacy directs in a great number of disciplinary matters, as of liturgy, ecclesiastical law, and so forth, which do not normally touch civil life. On those rare and grave occasions when it acts with plenary and doctrinal authority it says nothing new. It defines and promulgates a truth always possessed.

However, whether from the general authority of the Church, her spirit, traditions, annals, or definition, or from the particular authority of the Pope, it remains true that the Catholic cannot be an ideal citizen of the modern State *as Mr. Marshall defines that ideal.* He cannot pledge himself blindfolded to accept any and every decision of a mere majority; he must envisage the possibility of such a decision traversing the divine Law, and he will not (as does Mr. Marshall's ideal citizen of the modern State) regard all subjects whatsoever as matters for private judgment, changeable and reversible at will, for some subjects are to him immutable.

IV

From the above it will be seen that on the third point I am wholly in agreement with Mr. Marshall. If there is ground for conflict between Catholicism and Mr. Marshall's ideal of the citizen in the modern State, still more is there, *and has always been,* ground for conflict between the Church and any other form of civil State which regards itself as absolute; and that conflict may appear in a future perhaps not very remote.

I have already said that Mr. Marshall may quarrel with my use of the word 'absolute,' and indeed there is a danger of ambiguity in that term. He points out that the modern State is not 'absolute' in the sense of 'arbitrary.' Its power proceeds in a certain limited fashion according to a certain guiding machinery; but it *is* absolute in the sense that it admits no other authority than its own in whatever province it chooses to exercise that authority. And this claim of the modern State to absolute authority is the more remarkable because the modern State is but one of many. It is not a universal State; it is a restricted area, and yet acts as though it had complete unlimited rights over man.

The old pagan Roman Empire in its war with Catholicism did at least claim to be universal, and its original quarrel with the Catholic Church, of which all the first three centuries are full, was due to a conflict between two universal authorities.

The modern State has no such universal authority, yet does it claim greater powers than ever the State claimed before, and with those powers I submit that the Catholic Church

must inevitably come into conflict sooner or later; not because the State is modern, but because it claims unquestioned authority in all things.

I notice, for instance, that Mr. Marshall is particularly shocked by the admirable statement issued on the part of the English Catholic Bishops just before the late General Election in Britain, where they say that it is no part of the State's duty to teach, and add that the authority over the child belongs not to the State but to the parent. Nothing could be more shocking in the ears of modern Nationalism — because nothing is more true. In the face of this tremendous claim, which not even the Roman Empire made, — the right to teach what it wills to every child in the community; that is, to form the whole mind of the nation on its own despotic fiat, — Mr. Marshall and those who agree with him cannot maintain that the modern State does not pretend to be 'absolute.' It is, in fact, more absolute than any pagan State of the past ever was. What is more, its absoluteness increases daily; that is why the conflict of which I speak seems to me inevitable.

Mr. Marshall states the issue very well when he expresses his abhorrence (by implication) of a recent authoritative Catholic pronouncement, that if certain laws are declared invalid by the Catholic Church they are not binding. There, as we have just seen, is the whole point. Where there is a conflict between civil law and the moral law of the Catholic Church, members of the Catholic Church will resist the civil law and obey the law of the Church. And when that happens, you get the active dissension between the Church and the State which history records in all the great persecutions. That was the very crux between the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church before Constantine. In the eyes of the civil power, the Christians were rebels; in the eyes of the Christians the civil power was despotically commanding practices which no Catholic could adopt. It was demanding duties which no Catholic could admit.

That the quarrel has not yet broken out into open form (save here and there in the shape of a few riots) is due to the fact that *hitherto* the bulk of Catholic doctrines have been retained in States of non-Catholic culture. But as the moral distance grows greater between the Catholic and the non-Catholic, as the modern State reverts more and more to that paganism which is the natural end of those who abandon Catholicism, the direct contrast cannot fail to pass from the realms of theory to that of practice.

It is inevitable that there should appear in any absolute State — not alone in States which still trust to the machinery of voting, but in all, monarchic or democratic, plutocratic or communist — laws which no Catholic will obey. One or two tentative efforts have already been made at such laws. When those laws are presented to Catholics, there will at once arise the situation which has arisen time and again for nearly two thousand years: the refusal to obey on the part of Catholics, which refusal in the eyes of the State is rebellion. There will follow upon that what the State calls the punishment of disobedience, and what Catholics have always called, and will once again call, persecution. It will be accompanied by considerable apostasy, but also considerable heroism; and in the upshot the Faith will survive because devotion to it is stronger, more rational, better-founded, more tenacious, more lasting in substance, than that hatred which it so naturally arouses.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On the bigness of cities

In the bright lexicon of the city expanders, 'big' is a synonym for 'great.' Apparently they do not realize that 'great' has any connotation other than size.

It is interesting to trace this belief in bulk and see how masterfully it influences all our ideals. In my youth — and even now, for aught I know — farmers deposited on the editors' desks gigantic squashes, tomatoes, or ears of corn, and received their meed of praise in the form of a laudatory paragraph. No one inquired whether these vegetables were better because of their size, whether flavor was enhanced or nutritious elements multiplied. Ambition was satisfied with producing the biggest.

The many recent mergers of food manufacturers, advertising agencies, and banks are another symptom. The ulterior aim is really bigness. The reasons given — savings effected, overhead cut down, factories or branch offices merged — are merely sops to an economic conscience. What we seek is the doubtful satisfaction of saying we are the biggest in our city, or state or country, or the world. We know that our countrymen will admire us for our size and not look beneath the surface. The spirit is that in which the farmer nourishes his mammoth squash.

In New York City a bank and a motor-car manufacturer are engaged in a contest as to which shall erect the tallest structure. Actual building substance has given out at the altitude attained. You cannot indefinitely increase the height of buildings without doing something more to foundations. So now the contest has dwindled to flagpoles. At present Chrysler appears to be nearer the Milky Way, unless the architects of the Bank of Manhattan can think up a new stunt. New York has the largest office building and the second-largest hotel in the world. It will not be content until a new hotel snatches the prize for mass from the Stevens House in Chicago. Indeed, its overmastering ambition is to crowd more people inside of what may conservatively be styled the boundaries of the city than are jammed into a similar corporate area anywhere else on the globe. When that day comes some proud man, the president of the biggest bank, will sit behind the biggest desk in an office on the highest floor of the tallest building in the biggest city in the world.

Examine the claims of the numerous towns and cities clamoring for attention and see how inevitably the population figures are stressed. Each of these cities is watching with sharp and envious eye some alleged competitor in the race for census preëminence. They count their gains as mere people, more and more people, with little concern as to what the people are, how desirable they may be as fellow citizens. St. Paul and Minneapolis, San Francisco and Los Angeles, every locality has its contestants, whose jealousies and heartburnings keep chambers of commerce and real-estate boards on the jump.

And yet no objective is more stressed by town planners than decentralization. The evils of congestion are with us every hour. The crowds get in our way, render it impossible to secure a

seat in a street car or a theatre — or to reach the door of a theatre when we have a seat — or a place to park our car. The new skyscrapers springing up in New York and other cities like mushrooms in a dark cellar add groups to the daily throngs in the adjacent streets as large as good-sized towns and cities. With one hand we beckon this multitude to come and swarm in our streets and with the other we wave a futile protest at the problem of congestion. Los Angeles is already beginning to rue the hospitality with which she welcomed new population, and her congestion problem is elementary compared with that of older cities.

Cities have three ways in which to grow. First there is the birth rate — but this is apt to be highest among the less desirable inhabitants. Second, population can be added in batches, in the form of groups of workmen attached to factories which are pulled up by the roots and transplanted bodily to cities offering inducements in the way of free sites, power, spur tracks, or low wages. These groups, too, are usually below the standard in intelligence, social ideals, and income of the average town or city which has depended thus far on circumstances for its growth. The third way is to reach out and scoop up all the neighboring towns and cities which could by any plausibility be considered suburbs. This way at least preserves the character of the population, but it spreads the city's high tax rates over suburbanites hitherto self-contained and immune.

Of these three ways the greatest and most popular is the second, though the arrival of industries with their cohorts of employees into a city unplanned and unzoned for their reception is sometimes devastating. There is authority for the belief that you cannot add a cubit to your stature by taking thought, but that was uttered before the invention of chambers of commerce and civic advertising.

Is n't it about time we revised our standards of civic excellence? Bigness is not a virtue in itself, but it ought to be possible for a city to be both large and comfortable. Or we could so organize our civilization that all cities would be small. Our families are smaller. And as for fame, there are other criterions than size. No one asks the population figures of Oberammergau, or Florence, or Clovelly, or Taormina, or, for that matter, of Litchfield, or Williamsburg, or Lenox, or Valley Forge.

The bees are better town planners than we are. As soon as the hive gets too crowded, some of the more progressive thinkers among the older bees begin to develop a queen from among the latent princesses in the brood combs in spite of the furious jealousy of the reigning sovereign. As soon as the new queen is strong enough there is a battle royal for the possession of the home hive. The defeated queen and her adherents swarm and start a new hive, and each is soon humming happily at a normal capacity.

Will not some of our town planners inaugurate the swarming idea to relieve our overgrown cities of their congestion? At the next city election, say, the defeated party will pile into its flivvers and move en masse to some beautiful unoccupied site and there start a new city fashioned after a better ideal. What we want is better and smaller cities.

Hypocrisy: a defense

It was during my school days that I first read Oscar Wilde's essay on 'The Decay of Lying.' Ever since I read his discerning monograph I have deplored the decay of lying as much as Mr. Wilde himself. In later years I have come to believe that telling the

truth is not only bad writing, as Mr. Wilde maintains, but, in one sense at least, bad morals also.

'The crude commercialism of America,' says Mr. Wilde, 'its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero a man who, according to his own confession, was incapable of telling a lie; and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature.'

Mr. Wilde presents telling evidence in support of his thesis that noble veracity makes ignoble literature. Too much concentration on life as it is spoils our taste for the contemplation of life as it should be. He would have us play a game of make-believe, and this, from a moral point of view, we can frankly call hypocrisy.

After a hopeless effort to live honestly I have come to the conclusion that lying — or better, hypocrisy — is as indispensable to satisfactory living as Mr. Wilde proves it to be indispensable to literature. I have decided to recite firmly my belief in the Christian code of ethics. As far as my own conduct is concerned, I have found it impossible and undesirable. But I retain it. I have found that it is worth retaining even at the price of hypocrisy.

Of late too much has been said in favor of honesty. Men like Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis, against the whole tribe of whom this article is principally leveled, are making too much headway with their demands for frankness and consistency. Guided by their depressing common sense, as Wilde might have said, we are rapidly losing our high regard for those virtues which we have never desired.

Man is compelled to go right on lying to himself no matter how clearly he sees the truth. Indeed, no man can be a genuine hypocrite unless he knows better. He should not fear to learn from men like Fraser, Westermarck, and Wundt that his cherished moral code is derived from ancient superstitions and savage tabus, and not from Mount Sinai as he once supposed. Nor should he listen with anything but enormous and fascinated respect to Bertrand Russell when he declares that the ideas of Jesus are too exalted for any practical purpose. But if he allows Fraser to destroy his reverence for the Ten Commandments, or if he permits himself to agree with Bertrand Russell that because an ideal is impossible to attain it is therefore unprofitable and should be deserted for some easier conception, he is lost.

In a recent volume entitled *Sceptical Essays*, in which he deserts calculus and the fogs of philosophy long enough to come solidly down to earth, Mr. Russell declares that 'we have, in fact, two kinds of morality side by side; one which we preach but do not practise, and another which we practise but seldom preach.' Mr. Russell does not admire this habit of ours. But if we are to have preaching at all I believe it far better to preach the things we don't practise than the things we do.

I know a man, entirely moral according to the usual standards, who gives tuberculosis and other debilities to numbers of his fellows by allowing them to work in a copper mine where the dust-filled atmosphere destroys their lungs after a number of years. I see little good for the world in a sermon extolling the practices of this copper magnate; but he is full of excellent sermons on texts which he would never think of putting to proof.

He accepts the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' and despises crooked

politicians; but when a discharged miner, hungry after several days without food, broke into a house and robbed an ice box he bribed the judge to dismiss the case. He is a humanitarian. Ever since reading of Jean Valjean in the galleys he had felt that penal servitude was too much to exact for a loaf of bread. But he was not the man to question overtly laws that on the whole worked to advantage. By bribing the judge, he has remained a good hypocrite and helped to preserve the sacredness of property.

We must believe that certain actions are wrong with just as much sincerity as we condone them. We make no effort to deny that Mr. Russell is in the right when he maintains that many poets were only good poets when they were bad men. 'Swinburne was wicked in his youth when he wrote *Songs Before Sunrise* in praise of those who fought for freedom; he was virtuous in his old age when he wrote savage attacks on the Boers for defending their liberty against wanton aggression. . . . Coleridge went through a similar change: when he was wicked he wrote *Kubla Khan*, and when he was good he wrote theology.' As hypocrites, we readily admit that we prefer Swinburne young to Swinburne old, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* to Coleridge's theology; but nothing can make us deny that the one moral state was badness and the other goodness. The fact that men who do violence to our accepted moral standards achieve eminence in poetry does not lead us to declare that their poems were bad, neither does it require us to admit, with Mr. Russell, that their morals were good.

We can, if we please, steal some of Mr. Russell's philosophic thunder and base our defense on pragmatic grounds. William James writes, in developing his celebrated doctrine of 'pragmatism,' 'The true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief.' We might maintain that hypocrisy is the good, and therefore the true, because if one is sincerely hypocritical one can allow for whatever is excellent in Mr. Russell and those who think as he does without disqualifying what no one denies to be the higher nobility in the Teacher of Nazareth.

For example, we are agreed with Mr. Russell and all utilitarians and pragmatists and individualists that inflexible statutes are often grossly unjust. Thievery is not criminal when a hungry workman steals from an ice box. If the gods denied us murder, we should have had no Cesare Borgia, no United States of America (what could we have done with the Indians?), no Marshal Foch. Even wantonness has given us priceless treasures — Cleopatra, Don Juan, Casanova, in one category; Guinevere and Sir Launcelot, Abelard and Héloïse, in another. Yet, despite these admissions, our theoretical respect for strict morality is enormous. Our ideal is a model of duplicity: rigid definition, but tolerant application.

Mr. Russell rightly calls this attitude hypocrisy. He sees as we do that theft, murder, and adultery are not always evil in their effects, and he would therefore persuade us to call them 'sins' no longer. He is ruinously honest. Two thousand years of Christianity have demonstrated, he says, that no men anywhere can live as Jesus desired; the time has come to discard our hypocritical standards, to adopt in their place a workable, scientific ethic, to preach that which we can really practise, and practise it unashamed.

Havelock Ellis, in agreement with Mr. Russell, has gone one step further and, in his chapter on 'The Art of Morals' contained in *The Dance of Life*, has outlined this workable ethic, the code that he would substitute for

our Decalogue. Living should be looked upon as an art. A man should mould his life as though he were carving a statue. And his workmanship should be criticized, not by answering the question, 'Is it moral?' but by answering the question, 'Is it artistic?'

Mr. Ellis seems to believe that a nice balance between instinct and reason can be achieved, and maintains that the result of this delicate equilibrium is art. What would happen, I wonder, if we were to turn the world over to Mr. Ellis and he were to stand firmly by his principles? I think it safe to say that the world would be a place in which neither Mr. Ellis nor any other lover of æstheticism would care to live.

What is an artistic life? The former Kaiser would certainly maintain that Doorn, Holland, constitutes the only inartistic detail of his career. A far-fetched example, perhaps, but who could prevent any man from putting his own conception of art into practice in Mr. Ellis's ideal world? We hypocrites could, when men displeased us, frankly call them immoral; but Mr. Ellis could never bring himself to the point of bigotry necessary to label them inartistic. He would be in hearty disagreement with their canons of æstheticism, but he could only repeat to them words attributed to an eminent Victorian when asked by an adolescent enthusiast to pass judgment on a Cubist canvas: 'Our ideas of Art, young man, are not in agreement.'

And yet, if we were to organize a world empire to-morrow and crown Mr. Ellis its Cæsar, I would gladly live under his dominion. Mr. Ellis would be, I venture to state, a perfect hypocrite. He would believe that men should develop naturally, without restraint, into artistic beings; but with the welfare of all mankind on his shoulders, and his own welfare to boot, he would see to it that they had restraints in plenty. If he were to hear that Bertrand Russell considered Rodrigo Borgia, the eminent master of poisoning, an artistic man, he would see to it that Mr. Russell should not gain access to the soup bowl of any desirable citizen, with particular reference to the soup bowl of Mr. Havelock Ellis.

The truth is that we can distinguish genuinely artistic men, such as Socrates, who conform to Mr. Ellis's requirement of a balance between instinct and reason, and who nevertheless leave us with a feeling of something else to be desired. Socrates may never have yielded to what we call 'Socratic love' (I am not at all convinced that he did), but his most earnest disciples have not thought it necessary to demand a new name for this affection. They are sure that he was moderate, temperate, in all things. That is enough for them, but not for us hypocrites. We balk at an ideal which allows even moderation in all things.

The life of Socrates, or of that other great object of Mr. Ellis's admiration, Marcus Aurelius, represents a vast improvement over your life and mine. A world peopled with men balancing instinct with reason would be an immeasurably better world than that of this day. But even such Utopian bliss, were it to be realized, would still leave an unfulfilled dream. There would still be a voice to tell us, 'One thing thou lackest.' And that lack — how shall we describe it? Would it not be the illusory, the indefinable and illogical selflessness that through the ages has gathered about the largely legendary personality of Jesus?

And so I offer my defense as an uncompromising, utterly hypocritical Christian. I persist in preaching what I do not practise, and in practising what I dare not preach. Any day in the week, except Sunday, you can give me one Socrates to ten Savonarolas.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HAVE you ever read **Earnest Elmo Calkins's** autobiography, *Louder, Please?* It is, or should be, a classic of the literature of deafness. In human society deafness is more than a handicap — it is a tragedy. But here is an advertising agent to whom deafness has given concentration and a kind of visibility of ideas. Here's a philosopher who has found in it a protection from intrusion, and uses it as an invitation to the friends he trusts. It is a book to turn a philosopher into a man and a man into a philosopher. **Jesse E. Pope** earned his Ph.D. at Columbia. He has taught at New York University and the University of Missouri, and of late years he has been living in Washington, following current economic history with earnest attention. **William Gordon Stuart's** name does n't suggest the muck and sweat which taught him his very practical creed. He has worked with his hands and he has thought about it. We print his story as a human exhibit A of Professor Pope's thesis. **George Herbert Palmer** is the last survivor of that Department of Philosophy which a generation ago was the luminous jewel in Harvard's crown.

George W. Gray's excellent paper has had the advantage of a careful reading by Dr. Robert H. Goddard, of rocket fame. **Robert Lynd,** critic and essayist, lives in London, and knows a horse or a book when he sees one. Δ Several of **Elizabeth Coatsworth's** discriminating stories have appeared in the *Atlantic.* **Merle Colby** is a Boston bookseller whose tale of 'Ten Thousand Handkerchiefs' shows what he can do with a prose narrative. **Leslie Hotson** has just been spending two years of study and investigation in London. **Mrs. Risley,** of Arkansas, is now preparing for the *Atlantic* a new series describing her adventures — and adventures they were — in an apple orchard. Δ Few women have lived a fuller life or one more useful than **Mrs. Vernon Kellogg,** who was, be it remembered, the only woman on the Belgian Relief Commission. **Duke Larson** finds in Mongolia room enough for his herds and his horses. His wife went from America as a missionary, and as the children grow up they are shipped one by one to America for their education. Δ An interesting and useful career was cut short when **Russell W. Hendee** died of a fever in Africa, whither he went on an exploration led by Harold Coolidge, Jr. **Dr. Earl W. Anderson** was on the teaching staff of Columbia University when he made a nation-wide survey of the rules and regulations surrounding teachers in forty-six states of the Union. **Frederic F. Van de Water,** of New York, is a journalist and fisherman. **Charles C. Marshall,** who, through the *Atlantic Monthly,* solicited from Governor Smith his famous Letter, in order that popular doubts of his availability as a Presidential candidate might be resolved in his favor, is also known as the author of *The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State* and of *Governor Smith's American Catholicism* — the latter a high tribute to Governor Smith's integrity and intrepidity. **Hilaire Belloc** is an English historian of distinction, and a controversialist dangerous to meet.

Readers of the *Atlantic* well know our regard for the Society of Friends. Quite recently a leaflet reached this desk so devoid of the insistent typography of advertising that it was instinctively separated from the litter on the desk. In the whole range of the ephemeral literature of doctrinal divergence it would be hard to find the description of a sect more wholly in keeping with that simple Christianity which most of us, despite our vagaries, love and admire. Thinking that many of our readers may like to preserve it, we sought permission to reprint most of it here: —

This society makes no claim to be a church in the sense of assuming authority to settle questions of doctrine or of historic fact. We are a

society of friends whose members owe each other friendliness, and claim no authority one over another. We have no formal creed, and such unity as we have — and we have a great deal — is due to the fact that reasonable minds working on the same materials are likely to arrive at similar conclusions. However, we demand no unity of opinion and we find both interest and stimulus in our many differences.

Most Friends agree that the Sermon on the Mount presents the highest ideal for a way of life; this we accept not only on authority from without but mainly as conviction from within. We thus unite on a common purpose; a human society organized on a basis of good will and friendliness. There are differences among us as to details and methods, but not as to this desired end. Our objective determines for us the meaning of RIGHT and WRONG. Right is that which serves the common purpose, wrong is that which hinders or thwarts it. It is the standard by which we undertake to test the organization of society, international policies, and indeed all human conduct and institutions. Our opposition to war is based on the conviction that war hinders the development of the world family; yet we do not exclude from membership those who do not have that conviction. Many of us feel that our industrial system is in need of changes, but we have not arrived at unity as to what should be done about it.

We have deferred until this point the use of the word GOD — a word of diverse and uncertain meaning. To us GOD means a unifying influence which makes men long for a brotherly world; which tends to bind men together in unity. Our religion is built on the experience of such a God as the Chief Imperative of life. We have never been very particular about names if only the meaning is plain. We have called this element of life the Seed, the Inner Light, the In-speaking Voice, the Christ within, the Word. We are willing to have still other names: 'The power not ourselves that makes for righteousness'; The Hidden Dynamo, The Super-self, The World-father, all seem to be proper symbolisms. Of course we do not claim to know if God is a person as we are persons. As we look ourselves over it does n't seem altogether probable that the power which draws humanity together into the spirit of brotherhood is just a greater person than ourselves. But 'it is not a question of personality or something less, but of personality or something greater.'

Whatever God may be and whatever life may mean, we are not insured against loss, suffering, and death. But there is an element of life greater than our normal everyday selves which enables us to rise above loss and suffering and to face life and death without fear and with manly hearts.

The Religious Society of Friends is a group of people of good will, working together for mutual support in making the God-element of life the commanding element. We never altogether succeed in doing this, but the effort is an essential part of our religion. It is only by squarely facing what *is* that man may hope to accomplish what *may be;* wherefore religion as we understand it has nothing to fear from science. Indeed we welcome every extension of mental horizon, every new discovery as to the nature of the world we live in.

We believe there are many who would find a richer life in membership with us, and we know that we need the strength of larger numbers. We need too the fellowship of men and women of intelligence and courage.

Distance, thank God, is no barrier to *Atlantic* friendships. From Shanghai Miss Louise Strong Hammond enlarges our circle.

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY
SHANGHAI, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This is to introduce to you my friend Mrs. Yang. I don't know whether you will like her or not. It will hardly trouble her if you don't! But if you could really see her, you could n't help liking her.

Mrs. Yang is one of my neighbors in Nanking, where I have been living since my return to China in the same little Chinese house I fled from before. I wear Chinese clothes, eat Chinese food, and live with five very charming Chinese girls. We have our reception room furnished in Chinese style, with some quite lovely water-color paintings on the wall. A few days ago I came here as a refugee at the orders of the American Consul, but I hope to be able to return to Nanking soon.

THE BAMBOO-WORKER'S WIFE

Mrs. Yang, I like your manner.
What a gift to be so gay!
How, without a golden *lorgnon*,
Can you hold your head that way?

Self-possessed, dismayed at nothing —
All is right, for you are you.
Smallest things delight your notice.
Truths are old, but facts are new.

Truths are old — now death, for instance,
Leaving you alone at five.
Little 'Picked-up-fish' they called you
When they found you still alive.

Death is old — your husband follows
Where your father went before.
Love is old — you find another
And are safe inside his door.

Scorn is old — the scorn of neighbors
For the widow who — but here
Scorn has still its prick of anguish
In the wisest heart. It's queer.

Jealousy is old — it must be,
When you act outside the Law
And your later husband wonders
If he's still the latest — faugh!

Poverty is old — the oldest
Of all truths; most lasting, too.
Scant the rice you cook; he earns it
By his weaving of bamboo,

Making just the plainest baskets
That the common people use.
Once he made an arch for roses —
Did it seem like flight of muse?

Mrs. Yang, I like your manner.
Truths forgot, you laugh at facts —
'What odd shoes that child is wearing!
How absurd the barber acts!'

Truths forgot — now I, dear madam,
Deal in Truth as my bamboo.
Truth has wonders I must sell you.
Gayety I'll buy of you.

To a fellow-indigent in this collecting world we owe a pleasant new specialty.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Did the gentleman who wrote on 'A Collection for the Indigent' in the November *Atlantic* ever note the new individual words that appear? I first began this collection when I was stopped by a huge truck bearing down upon me which carried across its front in very large letters the single word 'Truckologist.' I have been sorry ever since that I was so stupefied by the title that I neglected to get the name of the firm or individual that operated the truck.

Soon after that I saw advertisements containing the words 'Beautician wanted.' Well, why not? We have 'mortician' already in the addenda to my 1925 edition of Webster's Unabridged; why should 'beautician' not be installed there also?

A society new to me has recently painted its title on a window which I often pass: Hygiologists Organization. My dictionary gives me 'hygiology, the science of hygiene.' So why should there not be those that practise that science in an organization — although, in spite of the English title, I suspect from the surroundings that this particular organization may be of foreign origin?

Again, my curiosity was aroused by the words on a drug store window, 'candy toiletries.'

And there are doubtless many other 'new' words.

E. C. ALLING

Among the comments on Mr. Smith's incisive paper, 'The Break in the Credit Chain,' is the following.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with great interest the article by Mr. E. L. Smith in the January number. He may be right in his strictures on the technique of credit. But is not the 'customer's man' merely a flea (if sometimes a highly trained one) in our credit structure, and are not margin accounts merely a retail method of dispensing credit supplied by bank and investment trusts? Is not credit merely a nebulous term arising from the Latin *creditum*, meaning 'loan'?

We are not primarily interested in credit, but in what causes credit.

This is, of course, impossible to determine. We do know, however, that the genesis of the late lamented bull market was in 1922, and that from 1922 June to 1927 June about $800,000,000 in gold came to us. We imported a white elephant and this $800,000,000 was increased 17½ times to thirteen billion dollars odd loans and investments by our obliging banks. Concurrently there came the children of credit: the realty boom, an installment boom, a bond boom, a 'new era' standard of living. These all faded like the costly orchid on the corsage. However, there remained the most beautiful orchid of them all — the stock market boom. And that has wilted.

Is it not possible to trace these booms back to gold 'inventory'? The matutinal press from 1922 to date has told us *not* to accumulate inventories. But we were quietly amassing a fabulous gold inventory.

Will not the many kind economists who write for the press with all the verve and *brio* of Mr. Brisbane tell us what to do with excess gold in a Central Bank? If domestic acceptances and bonds are bought, will there not be more inflation whether it exists in the stock market or elsewhere (if the member banks are expanding as well)? What would happen if the Central Bank was to buy foreign paper of a sound country needing gold? A fair distribution of gold is the universal ideal.

In this connection Mr. Edgar Lawrence Smith might have performed a very patriotic service had he stood under the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor for the last eight years. He might have dressed as King Canute. As each shipload of gold approached New York, by a magic gesture he might have turned its head back to

Europe. But why bother with fleas and technique when one has to contend with a white elephant?

Yours respectfully,

'VERITAS'

What with golf, breakfast foods, and the Life Institute, health threatens to become the national preoccupation. A scientist deeply engaged in the dissemination of health knowledge passes on to us this inquiry, which enlivened a busy morning.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

GENTLEMEN:

I red an artickle under the heading of your Institute in the Milford Chronicle about Pnumonia the Dr said they had never been able to find any jerms I have have had some experence with Pneumonia I found one jerm that will cause Pneumonia it is eggs laid by sick chickens I showed some eggs that was laid sick chicken to one of the leading M D of this city and he said he was sure I had discovered 90% of the Pneumonia jerms But he woulden offer any help to me to get my discovery before the public I cant get a patten on the cure as there was one taken out 63 years ago. My Lawyer said it was so near to what I had that I coulden get a clear title Will it be worth any thing to your Institute for me to prove the cure on my self I can eat cirten food for about 4 or 5 days and then go in an ice box long enough to chill my buidy and bring on a fever of 103 to 104 and in 12 hours I will walk out of any Hospital my temeture normal, it no truble if you know just what to get the egg from a sick chicken is the most dangerous food that a person can eat.

May we have the censor's ear for a moment? Or is he too busy reading questionable books? A scholar writes us from Philadelphia.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In relation to the question broached in your January number, as to what is 'obscene' in print, I recall an experience, when, at the Public Library of my own city, I picked up a volume of Greek poems translated into English, and in one of them found

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interrupting the course of the six or seven *readable* stanzas.

At first I thought this might represent a 'lost' portion, as in some of the odes of Sappho, but as the subject was not then very important I gave little thought to it, until some time later when in an Italian library I found the same composition in that language, and, much to my surprise, the same star-lined interval, only *at a different point!*

Reviewing the first reading, I remembered the significance of the verse omitted by the Italians as not fit to print, and read the revealed four lines banned by the Anglo-Saxon publishers, and could not see that either had any evil import.

It was a good lesson in international understanding of how one man's meat is poison to another. The author, according to my sense of the unmutilated original, aimed to express a beautiful idea of Nature, as was the purpose of Greek art, of which the subsequent peoples could only realize a fragment, and each a different part of that whole, or wholeness — the real meaning of 'holiness.'

This is why modern art is walking lame.

HOWARD FREMONT STRATTON

Here is an interesting communication on the same vexed subject.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am deeply interested this month in your discussion of 'The Shadow of Censorship' through the essays of William Allan Neilson and Edward Weeks.

Obscenity, one of the windmills at which censorship charges, is a changing value through literature, with a different appeal to the tastes of different ages. What is shocking in one period may be accepted as tradition in another, the issue resting entirely with the popular point of view of the day.

Surely Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* were not 'obscene' from the date of their publication to the dawn of the Puritan era; yet to the modern reader nothing smacks more of pornography than the Wife of Bath's Prologue, or the rollicking tales of the Miller and the Reeve. Surely the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis was not 'obscene' to the ancient Hebrew, though we never mention, in polite society, its ninth verse, something in the light of our day altogether too frank, and doubtless literature's first record of birth control. In reality, at a time when a greater birth rate was a racial necessity, this interesting verse, and its sequel in the next, carried a moral instruction. Even so, it is enough legally to bar the Bible from our mails, and from Boston bookstands.

In the instance of *The Canterbury Tales* I am inclined to the view that Chaucer was under the

influence of the Greeks — a matter for scholarly dispute, but nevertheless interesting.

In the *Philebus* Plato held that comedy and tragedy were an outlet to dammed-up psychic energy, a safety valve for hatred, envy, joy, and sorrow, a theory which had a profound influence upon Grecian drama and the literature which led from the Greek to the Roman and from the Roman to Chaucer.

It is highly probable that this, or a similar point of view, accounted for the purposeful obscenities of the Phallic Procession at the rural Dionysia, an annual spring pilgrimage. When the ancient Greek arrived at the shrine of Phallus, the god of generation, his heart must be pure. Consequently, along the route of the pilgrimage, it was imperative that he purge his spirit of all that was unclean. Here obscenity took on the dignity of ritual. It was perfectly proper, and a matter of religious devotion, for him to indulge in every form of obscenity, and the more the better, and the purer his heart before Phallus. In story, sometimes in action, he freed his spirit of evil thoughts — he came to the god of generation with his possibilities for sexual wrongdoing completely exhausted. Doubtless these Phallic tales were interesting even to the ancient Greeks. The Phallic tradition, whether or no, certainly carried on down into the literary periods which followed.

The Canterbury procession, I am convinced, was a modified Phallic procession — at least here is a parallel in an annual spring pilgrimage at the natural season of generation, and along the way such obscenity as the Greeks might have treasured.

I have been much among certain tribes of the Northwest Indians. Even here there are traces of a Phallic worship, one that could not have come from the Greeks. It is also found in the religious rituals of other races.

Writers are not a little bound by the traditions and conventions of their age; few of them work carelessly enough to create, on any constant scale, accidental effects, particularly such a skillful artist as Chaucer, and others in France and Italy at this same period.

Our own conventional distaste for obscenity has its roots in religious background — the Puritan era and its dogmatic barriers between sexes, traces of which still survive, though a lady's leg to-day has display privileges not permitted her grandmother's limbs a half century ago.

It may be that we are swinging back. The spirit of revolt expressed against censorship may be one indication — at any rate, the problem is interesting. I have enjoyed both essays on the subject, and shall look forward to the others which your publication promises.

Most sincerely yours,

H. W. WHICKER

THE SALLYPORT

Professor Palmer tells us that growing old is a methodical business, but do not fear! The world is full of octogenarians who have become so by glorious accident, in defiance of virtue, prudence, and religion. Hard drinkers, Sabbath breakers, wasters, and wife beaters have lived to ruddy old age, while modest, temperate men and pious planners have gone down early into the tomb without any pleasant excesses to remember or to furnish their survivors with anecdotes. I have n't a doubt that the Prodigal Son lived to dandle his grandchildren on his knee, that he was still enjoying well-fatted calves and telling tall stories of his days as a swineherd long after his jealous brother lay mouldering under the dew. Professor Palmer's illustrious ancestor, George Herbert, died of consumption at forty, although, as far as I am able to learn, he was not a violent man, and spent most of his active life in Holy Orders. Perhaps he was not enough of a Prodigal to please his Maker.

Professor Palmer cannot be credited with laying down a universal regimen for longevity. There are many kinds of old age, and as many ways of reaching them. He has told us how he reached his own old age, and all who know him know how beautiful and gracious it is. Often those who have lived, like Professor Palmer, to boast of 'reaching a great age' leave behind them 'a great age.' His paper will bring curious reflections to those who think of him as one of the surviving figures of that brilliant constellation of philosophers that burned a generation ago at Harvard. A special sign of the zodiac should be devised to commemorate them. It is odd to find the colleague of James, of Royce, of Santayana, of Münsterberg, discussing every intimacy of the digestion, and warning us not to gulp our milk. By such prudent advices, so simply and so charmingly uttered, a wise and a long life is ordered, it may be. Yet it is hard not to imagine those great colleagues, from their European retirement, or from the more august obscurity of Limbo, gazing with mildly lifted eyebrow at this message to a race which has never been hospitable to divine philosophy. Mr. Santayana, for

one, steadfastly pursuing the eternal essence that luminously resides in each mortal event, and regarding the vulgar human show with benign disillusion, would feel that a philosopher should respect life less and philosophy more.

It is one of my later laments in life that I could not grow up fast enough to enter Harvard before Mr. Santayana left. At least I have his books to help me avert the Fool's reproach to King Lear: 'Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.' Professor Palmer, too, had retired from active teaching when I reached college. But I once lunched in his company at another professor's house. He will not remember the occasion; nor shall I forget it — the beauty of his courageous blue glance, his measured and Olympian speech, falling in perfect impromptus, no less perfect, only more gentle, than Dr. Johnson's own. This memory gives piquancy to the privilege of disagreeing with him now.

Professor Palmer thinks religious faith an aid to longevity. A belief in the friendliness of the universe conduces to good spirits and so to long life. Professor Palmer's own spirit is so benign that it may well be impossible for him to conceive of 'the sorry scheme of things entire' as other than well disposed. But a belief in the hostility of the universe may rouse that 'courage never to submit or yield' which is sometimes equally sustaining. Religious belief, on the other hand, reconciles men to death, and no doubt has often hastened its approach. But, these questions aside, is religious belief to be recommended because it is an aid to long life? Professor Palmer would never say so, I am sure. His famous colleagues used to be outspoken in their disagreements — would that the academic tradition of the day encouraged a like friendly frankness! I cannot believe that Professor Palmer ever concurred in the philosophic monstrosity fathered by James, the pragmatic confusion of truth and utility.

He suggests independent grounds for his belief when he writes that 'evil involves self-contradiction,' and that 'nothing can be harmoniously bad.' Like an impudent sophomore, I rise to ask 'Why?' Harmony is selective. A philosophic or scientific system manages to be harmonious because there is so much, so very much, that it excludes! What harmony could be expected from counting *all* the facts in the universe, or from playing *all* the notes on the piano? A selection of notes may make a very pretty tune, and a selection of facts may make a very pretty theology. The universe is a great dustbin from which by selection we can produce a sort of harmony; but the evil is all there with the good, and while they may contradict each other as shrilly as cats, nothing so contradicts itself that it cannot go right on existing. Even mathematics has its irrational numbers and incommensurable quantities, and certainly the universe has its waste, its friction at the joints, its parasites, its holocausts. Evil has its symmetries as well as good. 'The Miller's Tale,' a rough and improper *fabliau*, is quite as harmonious as 'The Knight's Tale,' an embodiment of chivalry. And we may all hope to grow old in spite of these contradictions.

But do we all wish to grow old? The truth is, of course, that no one wants to die, but no one wants to be methodical, foresighted, and prudent except where he has to be. Most of us endure these oppressive virtues in business in the hope of laying by enough so that eventually we can lay them by also, and live indolently, by impulse, as we should really like to do. We will not impose a strict regimen on ourselves merely for the sake of growing old. That somehow contradicts the instinctive sense of the value of life which most of us feel, fools that we are. This value is better exemplified by the spendthrift than the miser. No, most of us would rather grow old by luck, and if we can't grow old we would rather miss the mark than aim at it too conscientiously or with too much fear of failure. So we say while we are in midstream, at any rate. Life, long or short, is a moving target. Hold the gun too long and too anxiously at the shoulder, and the fleet quarry will escape in the dark of the forest. Shoot from the hip, and an inspired coup may bring the beautiful, antlered game to your bag.

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IN THE DARK, ALONE

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I AM asked often how my education was begun, but I have always refrained from answering for fear that I should not do justice to a question that involves so much. However, after careful consultation with my different teachers, I shall now endeavor to explain how the fundamental principles were laid which made it possible for me to take up a regular course of study.

Strictly speaking, my education began, not with my first cry, as educators usually say, but with my inheritance. My paternal grandparents were born in Germany, my maternal grandparents in Pennsylvania, of French and English descent. From the German stock I probably inherited an industrious nature and a love of neatness, law, and order. From the French, no doubt, I derived the lively imagination, the taste for what is artistic and choice, and the sense of propriety and economy with which my first teacher has always said I was naturally endowed.

I was born in Harrisburg, on December 2, 1899, a normal child with all my senses. I began to talk when I was one year old and to walk at sixteen months. My speech was considered very good for my age, but, in spite of the fact that my fond parents and grandparents regarded me as a prodigy, I gained no concept of the meaning of numbers, printed words, or letters.

If I had only learned something of this, half of my first teacher's earliest struggles with me would have been unnecessary. I loved picture books, and my parents told me about the pictures and read to me, but I did not know that the funny-looking lines called print meant anything of importance.

During the summer of 1905, a few months after my fifth birthday, my parents and I visited for one week my mother's cousin in Atlantic City. While there I spent most of the time playing on the beach, in the strong rays of the sun reflected from the water and sand.

I had never been accustomed to the glare of city pavements, but to green trees and fields, and the white light of the water and sand affected my eyes and entire nervous system to such an extent that after my return home my sight began to fail. I became deaf, too, and gradually lost the power to walk and to talk. All this happened in a short period of time, and no amount of medical skill or care of devoted

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parents could restore my sight or hearing.[1]

It is interesting that when I realized I could not see I recalled having noticed blind people on the streets, begging. I always loved pretty things, especially clothes, and when I thought of these shabby blind people I feared that I should become like them, so I made Mother promise me that she would always dress me nicely. She kept that promise faithfully. The sacrifice in time and effort that it has cost her I only now realize.

Before I lost the ability to talk I told Mother that I could not hear her voice; but I would put my hand on her chin as I asked her what I wanted to know and she would shake her head 'Yes' or 'No' in answer. In this way we got along fairly well until the power of expressing myself by speech left me.

After two years of helplessness, I regained the power to walk, but continued to dwell in darkness and silence. My memory of many things had slipped from me, especially the knowledge I had gained through hearing. It was like beginning life anew in a strange sightless and soundless world. Of the two, deafness was the greater educational handicap; for it is deafness and not blindness that blocks the intellectual growth of the child, making him restless, unmanageable, and eager to do some mischief whereby he may receive attention, to break the monotony of his existence.

My parents undertook nobly the task of trying to keep my mind active, of helping me to retain old and establish new contacts with the outside world. They did their best to make me understand by gestures and by such signs as they could invent. I would place my hands on Father's or Mother's face to see whether he or she was pleased with anything I did. After I was able to walk again, I rummaged through everything, leading Mother quite a dance. However, she bore it all very patiently, buoyed up by the fact that I was getting stronger. Because I had regained the use of my limbs, she hoped against hope that in time I should regain my sight and my hearing, though physicians did not hold out any encouragement.

Mother allowed me to touch everything, while Father invented signs to enable me to talk with him. One sign he made by drawing his finger around my wrist to indicate his brother Charles, of whom I was very fond, and who had given me a bracelet. When my parents would give me something and then draw a ring around my wrist, I understood that it was from Uncle Charlie. Whenever Father drew the ring, touched me, and then waved his hand while I held it, I understood that we were going to Uncle Charlie's house, and would run to Mother, draw my finger around my wrist, touch my dress, wave my hand toward the front door, and try to say 'Papa' and 'Uncle Charlie.' This meant that I wanted to be dressed to go to Uncle Charlie's.

Mother always insisted on my talking to her, whether the sounds I made meant anything or not. She hoped that if I kept on trying to speak my

[1] Dr. Elbert A. Gruver, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, and Miss Julia A. Foley, Kathryne's first teacher, with whom we are in correspondence, assure us that Kathryne's account of the results of her illness are correct. Miss Foley writes: 'There is no record of the exact cause of the illness that deprived Kathryne of her sight, hearing, and memory of speech and language. What Kathryne has written about the cause of her blindness and deafness she obtained from a quotation of the late Dr. Crouter, who was superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf while Kathryne was a pupil there, the quotation having been recorded in my notes.' — EDITOR

speech would come back to me. Father took a larger view of life than Mother, while she paid more attention to little things. This seems to me now to have been a good combination to help me overcome my handicap.

Another of Father's signs was to take both of my hands and hold them parallel, palms inward, make a circular motion with them, and then wave one hand toward the street. I understood by this that we were going somewhere in the train, and would be delighted. I would wave my hand two or three times to ask how far we were going. If not far, Father would take my hand and wave it only once. Otherwise he would wave several times, according to the distance.

I am curious to know how my mind received those impressions. Did I see imaginary pictures? I recall that when my father waved my hand several times I could see, in imagination, the train stop at one station and then at another, and so on until we came to the end of the journey. Having satisfied myself as to the distance we were going, I would proceed to ask where we were bound — or rather, 'Whom shall we see when we get out of the train?' I thought of the act of getting out and meeting someone who would hug and kiss me. I would get something that had been given to me by somebody who lived far away and show it to my parents, waving my hand toward the street, then put my hand on Father's or Mother's face. If we were going to the place from which that article came, he or she would nod 'Yes.' If to some other place, they would try to find something that came from that place and let me touch it.

We used a few other signs. The act of putting on a pointed belt stood for Grandma Frick, because she generally wore a belt that was pointed in the front. Touching the lobe of the ear with the thumb and forefinger indicated my maternal grandmother, for she wore earrings.

It is considered the correct thing in educational circles to despise signs. 'No normal person uses them and few understand them.' I can only say, in their favor, that such crude attempts at communication not only kept me out of mischief, but also kept my mind alert and active. I loved action, new things, and being among people.

II

I am an only child, but I had a few playmates, near and dear neighbors of ours. My fox terrier, Bessie, was another playmate. I used to make Bessie sit in my little armchair at my dolls' table and pretend to be having tea with my dolls and me. Of course I could not see them, but by feeling I could imagine how they looked, and I loved them.

My parents, recognizing my right to participation in human affairs, took me out as much as possible and told me about as many things as they could. Naturally they must have suffered greatly when people stared at me, but they braved it all for my sake.

Meanwhile, I was growing to be of school age, with no school to attend. The institutions for the blind would not take me on account of my deafness, for they had no teachers who knew how to reach the mind of an uneducated deaf child. The schools for the deaf would not take me either, because I could not be taught with deaf children who could see. My parents did not know which way to turn. All they could do was to care for me and amuse me as well as they knew how, although my mother tried to keep me profitably occupied.

In spite of all her efforts, I grew

more and more restless every day. I wanted to hear and to see; I wanted to go to school like other children. I used to sit on the steps of our porch while the children were passing on their way to school. They would stop to touch me, and when I discovered they were carrying books I knew where they were going. I had no idea of what they did at school, except what Father had tried to tell me by putting a pencil in my hand and pretending to write on a paper. It meant making pictures to me. I thought it would be great fun to go to school and draw pictures all day, with no one to tell me to stop or to take the pencil from me.

Every morning Mother left the back gate open for the iceman, and I managed to keep near her in order that I might know when she went to open it. Then, when I thought she was too busy in the house to notice what I was doing, I would dart out through the open gate and run around to the front street to find some of the school children. I thought I could run away to school with them, but I never succeeded in going far, for Mother was always on guard.

When I found it was impossible to elude or hoodwink my mother, I decided to be as troublesome as I could, so that she would have to let me go to school if she desired any peace. I would often leave the table before I had finished my meal and go into the sitting room and pound on the piano keys. I knew that my mother could not stand noise, as I had already ruined her nerves. When she took me away from the piano, I would invent a thousand or more ways to annoy her. All the time I loved her dearly, and I knew that she loved me. In fact, I knew that my parents would love me no matter what I did; so I would push and pull, bite and kick, with the desire to receive attention and to keep in action.

It is plain that my brain was active; I could think and reason to a certain extent like a normal child. My mind craved food, and those spells of mischief were executed in a state of nervousness bordering on madness. Somehow I knew that one should always be polite, not only in public, but in the privacy of one's family; but just the same I would stir up a fuss at any time and place, because my poor little mind craved excitement and even a whipping was more endurable than that monotonous calmness.

Finally the Honorable Edwin S. Stuart, who was then Governor of Pennsylvania, heard about my handicap and the lack of educational provision for the blind-deaf. Through his kindness, largely, the matter of my schooling was brought before the Legislature when officials of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf made it known that a special teacher would be necessary for me. After the Committee on Appropriations in Harrisburg had seen me and considered my plight, they kindly appropriated funds for my education.

Then the serious problem of securing a teacher for me confronted the superintendent of the Institution. Where was he to get a teacher who knew how and who would be willing to undertake the problem of preparing a deaf and blind child to take up school work? Many teachers knew how to teach the blind, and as many others how to teach the deaf, but among the teachers in the Institution only one, Miss Julia A. Foley, had had experience in instructing the deaf-blind. Miss Foley herself is deaf. She was chosen by the board of directors and the superintendent to undertake the difficult task of instructing me.

Therefore, on June 2, 1909, Miss

Foley — whom I always speak of as 'my teacher,' although I had several other teachers later — came to Harrisburg to observe me in my own home preparatory to taking me to school. After she had been only half an hour in our house she announced that she would take me with her to Philadelphia that day. I often pondered over her refusal to stay overnight; I feared that she thought my house was not good enough for her to stay in. So one day long afterward I confided my fears to her. She stilled them at once by telling me that when she saw how rejoiced I was at the prospect of going to school, knowing that it is not in the power of a child to keep at a high tension long, she decided to take me that day. Then, too, though my mother was trying to be cheerful, it was plain that the grief over the parting with me would be greater if the parting were prolonged.

In the few minutes while Mother was placing luncheon on the table, my alert, experienced teacher took in everything, and was no doubt already laying in her mind a foundation on which to base her teaching method. She has told me since that the first thing that attracted her attention on entering my home was the cleanness and neatness of everything, my mother and myself included. The following statement from her notes about me indicates the educational significance of her observation: 'There is one point with which I shall not have to battle: Kathryne is and will continue to be neat and clean in her habits.'

Then she observed that I was friendly with my parents and not afraid to approach them, as many poor deaf children are whose parents make little or no attempt to communicate with them and who slap and punish them when they get into mischief.

While we were at luncheon she remarked to my parents that I had good table manners, a rare accomplishment in young deaf children. She has since told me that when she made the remark my mother looked at my father and he smiled. She immediately understood that there were times when I, like other children, flung all rules and regulations aside, even at mealtimes. Her notes on the subject say: 'Since the child knows that there is some merit in behaving properly in company, she has pride, on which I can work.'

III

Miss Foley asked my parents many questions and observed closely how they communicated with me. After luncheon there was much hustle and bustle. They telephoned to Uncle Charlie and he came very soon, bringing a brand-new trunk for me. How happy I was, fussing around the trunk and touching everything Mother packed into it, to make sure that all my pretty dresses were there and that not one of my toilet articles was forgotten. Our family doctor came to say goodbye to me and to assure my teacher that I was in good health.

At last we started for the train. At the station I clung to my mother and felt her eyes to see if she was weeping. I was sorry for her and tried to comfort her by keeping my arms around her while we were waiting for the train, but I was glad when I found tears rolling down her cheeks, because I wanted to feel that she loved me and was very sorry to part with me.

After many hugs and kisses I was taken by Father through the gate and put on the train for Philadelphia with my teacher. I asked my father if he would miss me, touching him with one finger and then holding it up in

front of him and then rubbing my eyes. In reply he nodded his head and rubbed his eyes. I laughed and rejoiced on being assured that my parents would miss me. I never thought then about how I should feel when I missed them.

I took the seat near the window, because with one eye I could see dark shadows moving in the sunlight on the platform before the train started. I felt the air moving around me as people entered and took their seats. Though I knew very well that I was in some way detached, yet I could derive pleasure from the knowledge that many people were riding to the same place to which I was going. I sat up very straight, trying to be a polite, sociable little lady. Father had explained to me that there would be many stops before we reached the Institution, so I was prepared for a long trip. Mother had given us a delicious lunch; I knew what was in each sandwich, because I had stood close by her as she packed it. After the train passed Lancaster I decided it was time to eat. My teacher has told me since that I served her first each time, giving her a chicken sandwich, then one of cheese, and leaving the cake and fruit until last.

After we had finished our sandwiches, I folded my arms, rested them on the window sill, and dropped my head on them. I wore a hat with a large brim and my teacher wanted me to take it off, but I would not, although it was in my way and made me uncomfortable. I was surprised at her. Had she no manners? Did she not know that a lady-girl should not take off her hat in public like a boy? The best I could do then was to point the forefinger of my left hand at her and rub my right forefinger over it in a vigorous manner toward her. Later, when I was able to communicate with her freely, I explained the real reason for my seeming disobedience in the train. How she laughed when I said I thought it disgraceful to ride in the train without a hat, and that she had no right to class me with poor street urchins!

I had my nap, in spite of the big hat. Afterward I was ready to chat in my own way and was pleased to find that my teacher could understand my crude signs. I asked her how much farther we had to go. She held my hands in front of me about one foot apart and then waved one of my hands in the act of saying farewell to the train. Then I asked if we should go directly from the train to the Institution. She shook her head, held up two fingers for me to touch, and then went through Father's signs for going on a train and the action of carrying a bag, placed my hands on her knees and indicated the action of going upstairs, held up one finger again and made the sign of the train. All this told me that we should leave the train in a little while and then take another. I held out my hands far apart to ask if we had to go far in the next train, and was delighted when she held them less than a foot apart.

After arriving at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, we took a Chestnut Hill train. When only one station from Allen Lane, my teacher held up one finger and then picked up my bag. I knew immediately that the next stop was ours. I put her hands on my knees, moved my knees up and down, and put one foot before the other to ask if we should walk after we got off the train. I placed my hand on her chin and she nodded her head to signify 'Yes,' and showed me by signs that it was only a short distance from the station to the Institution for the Deaf — or 'write-book-house,' as I understood it then in gestures.

IV

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the Institution. The matron received us very kindly, led us to the officers' dining room in the basement of Wissinoming Hall, and gave us a fine supper. There was no one in the dining room except my teacher and myself. I wanted to know why. My teacher led me around the table to let me feel the chairs, at the same time letting me put my hands on the table to feel that there was a napkin in front of each chair, but no plate. I understood that the others had finished their supper. I shall never forget my delight on seeing the electric lights that were up near the ceiling in the dining room. Before I entered the Institution, I could see very light objects on a dark background — the moon outlined against the dark sky, for instance, and the outline of the sun when it was low in the west and the sky around it was rather dark. The lights near the ceiling were so bright that I thought the Institution was already helping my sight.

A short time after supper I was led to the matron's room, where I proceeded to get ready for bed. The matron was surprised to see how I could undress myself and make my toilet for the night. My Argus-eyed teacher stayed with me all the while, taking mental note of everything I did.

In her journal she says: 'Kathryne undressed, hung her clothes on the back of a chair, put on her bedroom slippers, gave her stockings a good shake, and hung them on a lower rung of the chair. When I asked her by actions why she did not put her stockings on top of her clothes, she said in gestures and actions that stockings get dusty when worn; they are near the dusty floor and ground, and she did not want to put them near her other clothes.'

My teacher kept asking me about everything I did. That is her way of developing the power of expression in her pupils and testing their reasoning ability. She always tries to find out whether a child does things from mere imitation and force of habit, or if the child has any idea that there is or should be a reason for everything he or she does.

That first night at the Institution I slept in the matron's bed, because she wanted to see what manner of child I was and how much care I should need before she selected a supervisor who would take charge of me when my teacher was not with me. The bed was large and I thought that the matron would occupy it too, so I tried to find the centre of it before I got in. My teacher and the matron were greatly amused to see me trying to find a seam in the middle of the sheet, for there was none. Then it occurred to me to move a rocker that was near the foot of the bed and to walk the width of the bed. In this way I got a fairly good idea of its size.

Next I took off my hair ribbons, folded them carefully, put them on the bureau beside my comb and brush, tied my hair with my night ribbons, washed my face and hands, kissed everyone in the room good-night, dropped on my knees by the side of the bed for a minute, and then hopped into bed. I moved as near the wall as possible in order to give the matron plenty of room. I was tired, but contented, and was soon asleep. I was surprised on awakening the next morning to find that no one had slept in the bed with me.

I am writing all this to show that, although I had lost my sight and hearing and the power to talk, I could still think and reason. Many persons have

said that there is no thought without language. I was over nine years of age and without language, but I could think and reason about matters involving no verbal memories probably as well as the average educated child. My parents never for a moment doubted my ability to reason, and my teacher knew from experience that spoken or written language is not necessary for clear thinking and mental development, although a great aid in abstract thought.

My teacher did not make any fuss when I made signs and gestured to her, although her teacher friends kept warning her against the danger of this. All my signs, actions, and gestures showed her the mental state of my mind, and opened the quickest way to introduce me to written and manually spelled words.

The next morning I washed and dressed myself. Someone braided my hair, tied on my hair ribbons, and buttoned my dress and apron. I refused to put on the dress I had worn from home, showing the matron that I had in my bag a morning dress.

This incident must have been communicated to my teacher, because her notes say: 'Kathryne showed by preparation for bed and by the method followed in the making of her morning toilet that she has received careful home training, also that she is affectionate and unselfish, a rare trait in a small, deaf child.'

My breakfast was served in the matron's sitting room, and I was told to stay there until my teacher should arrive at 7.45. Everyone was busy and I waited alone. It was then that a great rush of homesickness came over me and I wept a bit.

As soon as my teacher arrived she took me around, allowing me to touch and examine everything within reach. For a few days I had no schoolroom and she stayed with me until five o'clock, showing me how to observe by touching everything, while she kept near, noting all I attempted to say and do.

The grass in front of Wissinoming Hall was high, and there were daisies and clover blossoms there. My teacher let me walk about and pick the flowers. I discovered that there were no stones or fences over which I might fall, and therefore decided it would be safe for me to run around alone. I loved to run, and did not like to be led. So I tried to get away from my teacher, but she was careful not to let me go far from her.

Then I made a plan to fool my teacher. I pointed away off and pushed her a little, which told her that there were flowers over there that I wanted; then I patted the ground on which I stood to tell her I would stay where I was while she picked the flowers for me. I thought she would see that it would be better for one of us to go for the flowers instead of both, since less of the grass would be trampled down. One of my uncles was a farmer; I used to visit his place and had learned there that tall grass should not be trampled down, because it was wanted for hay. I tried to be very polite about it, because even at that early age I knew that nice manners are a power and can be used to deceive.

I could tell by the flash of sunlight reflected from the white dress which my teacher was wearing that she had fallen into my trap and had moved away to get the flowers, and when I could no longer see the flash of light I felt sure she was at a distance. I knew that she was a good-sized woman, and, since she wore a pointed belt like my grandma's, I took it for granted that she was not young or overactive. My mother was slender and often ran

after me when I slipped out of the back gate and ran away, but here, in front of this big, big house where many gentlemen and ladies were, I thought that my teacher would not dare to run like a boy. So I darted away in the opposite direction.

I had not gone far before I felt her grasp my apron and try to hold me. Since the day was hot, I thought I could outrun her, so I jerked away and ran faster. Oh, what a good time I had! I thought I should find her puffing, with perspiration rolling down her face, and felt it would serve her right because she would not let me run around alone. (I did not know then that she taught physical culture in the evenings and that she enjoyed running almost as much as I did.) It was not long before she caught me and held me fast. She put my hand on her chin and shook her head vigorously, to tell me in a most emphatic way that I must not run away. I knew that already, but I tried to look as if I had not done anything wrong.

Then my teacher led me to the pond that is at the foot of the hill in front of Wissinoming Hall. She dipped my hand into the water and gave me a stick to hold in the water while I walked around the pond, to give me an idea of its size. Then by gestures she showed me how I should have fallen into the pond and how the water would have covered my head had I run much farther.

I took warning then and there, and never again attempted to run away from her when we were anywhere near the pond.

That afternoon I refused to leave the daisies and clover blooms, and when five o'clock came and my teacher wanted to go home I cried and screamed and she had to half-drag me up the hill to the main entrance to Wissinoming Hall.

V

The next few days passed pretty much as the first, except that on the second day Miss Weston, a reporter, came to see me while I was in my first fit of real anger after arriving at the Institution.

Uncle Charlie had given me a box of candy, and I had left it in the matron's room the day before, since my mother would not allow me to eat candy in the morning. As we did not go to the matron's room again until bedtime, I was without candy all day. On the morning of the second day I wanted to take the box of candy with me, but the matron, evidently fearing that I should eat too much, allowed me to take only a few pieces, which I carried in my hand. After we reached the girls' sitting room, my teacher gave me an envelope in which to put my candy. She wanted me to put the envelope on the window sill by my chair, but I would not, because there were many girls in the room, and I had had experience with my little cousins.

After a while the girls went to school and my teacher took me around to show me that there was no one in the room except ourselves. Then I was willing to put the candy on the window sill. My teacher had a box with one-inch cubes and large wooden beads in it, all mixed up. She had another box which was empty, and she showed me how to put the cubes in an even row in the empty box. The wooden beads were in my way, so she gave me a shoe string to string them on, but I had a sore finger and could not hold the string very well. My teacher took me upstairs and down, from one room to another, until she found someone who gave her a long bodkin, or tape needle. Then we did some more hustling around until she obtained a long piece of string.

When we returned to the sitting room, I found that my candy was still safe. Therefore I turned my whole attention to helping my teacher straighten out that mix-up in the box. I was greatly pleased with the task, for I thought I was making myself useful; I had no idea that I was doing school work. I thought she was some sort of 'fussy mixy-up' person not at all like my mother. She did not know where the needles or strings were kept, and she was a borrower, too. I tried to tell her in signs that my mother always knew where to find things, which was my way of saying, 'One should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.' She seemed to understand me and was not offended, but on the contrary seemed much amused. She did not seem to care whether I thought my mother superior to her or not. I wished she were more like my mother, who had a wonderful appreciation of time value, because even then I saw no use in wasting time looking for things. I wanted to do everything in the shortest possible time, and I hoped that my teacher would learn something from me. I did not know until long afterward that by taking me all over the house, and having me run my fingers over everything we passed, she was training my memory of place and form in order that later I might find it easier to remember how words should be formed and where a word should be placed in a sentence.

However, the doings of this teacher were certainly strange to me at that time, especially the way she kept wiggling her fingers in the palm of my hand. The only thing that kept me from biting her hand was curiosity as to what she would do next, or the hope that the wiggling would lead to something interesting. She kept it up, repeating the performance every time we touched a new object. I was making up my mind to tell my parents, Uncle Charlie, and Grandma Frick all about the queer meaningless way she insisted upon wiggling her fingers. I knew they would talk to her, and I should be glad to feel them shake their heads at her. My love for my people made them, to me, very superior to others, and a frown from any of them I thought a sufficient punishment for any foolishness whatsoever.

In spite of all my misgivings about my teacher, however, I liked to be near her, as she could make me understand and talk to me as no one else could. Then, too, she understood me. What it is to be able to understand and to be understood only the deaf can truly know.

While thoughts like these kept flitting through my poor little undeveloped mind, my teacher threaded the bodkin with the string she had procured, and I proceeded to string the beads and put the cubes in order in the box. While I was thus occupied, a boy of about my own age came into the room and stood looking at me. I did not know he was there until he touched me. Then I felt for my candy and drew it near me. After a while I put my hand out and found that he was not around. Then I put my mind on my work and thought no more of the candy until I felt what I thought were steps in the room. Then I reached for my candy, but to my horror it was gone. I felt around over the window sill and on the floor near the window, but there was no trace of it. Since the boy apparently had gone, I felt that no one except my teacher could have taken the candy. This was to me the greatest of offenses. So, without ceremony, I seized her hand and bit it to the bone, kicking her at the same time on the shins. She pushed my head away from her hand, took both my hands in

hers, placed one on each of her cheeks and shook her head vigorously, while she stamped her foot repeatedly on the floor to show me that I must not bite or kick.

I accused her of having eaten my candy. This she denied by repeating the above performances slowly and solemnly. This impressed me greatly; still, I screamed at the top of my voice and showed her by holding my hands out and waving them around that there was no one to take the candy except her. I did not know that the guilty boy was standing away off near the back door of the girls' sitting room, peeping in at us. She called to him to come to me, to show that he was still in the room, for she did not want me to think that she was capable of such an offense. Instead, he ran downstairs and out into the yard. Fearing to leave me alone, my teacher did not follow him.

While I was still screaming and she was tying her handkerchief around her wounded hand, the superintendent entered the room with a camera man and Miss Weston, a reporter. I knew by the way my teacher stood up that she was going to greet visitors. Then, in a flash, some inborn pride or vanity came to my rescue, urging me to dry my eyes and put on company manners. When I discovered that it was the superintendent, I certainly tried to look innocent of any wrongdoing, for I knew perfectly well that, though my teacher might have eaten my candy, I was not justified in biting her hand. I had met the superintendent the day before and imagined that he was the father of the big house, and the matron the mother. I had no idea how a school was managed, especially such a large one. I knew that everybody should obey the father and mother of the house in which he lives. I knew also that when children went to school there was a mother (teacher) whom parents insisted that their children should obey.

A few minutes elapsed while the superintendent and my teacher explained to the reporter something of the problem that confronted them in starting me on the road to learning. To me those minutes were hours, for I feared my teacher would show her injured hand. When we went into the yard I insisted upon walking with the reporter, to show my teacher that I wanted to shun her for taking my candy.

I recall distinctly my impressions at the time. I had in some way learned at home that it was wrong to take without permission what did not belong to one, and I imagined that, although a child might commit such an offense and be pardoned, a grown-up person never could.

On our way to the yard a cat rubbed against me. I grabbed it and held it in my arms while my picture was being taken. In my joy at having the cat and being near a newspaper person, I forgot about my candy for the time being. I just idolized anyone who had anything to do with a newspaper, because my father was connected in some way with one in Harrisburg, and I knew that he got money from the newspaper office and that the money he got bought us food and many other nice things.

I knew Miss Weston was a reporter because Miss Foley took my hand and had me touch Miss Weston, then touch a newspaper. Next she went through the action of writing, and touched the newspaper again. I was already familiar with the sign 'write men' (reporters), as they had flocked to my home as soon as it was given out that the state had passed a bill to provide for my education and that Governor Stuart had signed the bill. I thought

that anyone connected with a newspaper was surely my father's friend. I did not know that there were many different newspapers, or that the world was such a large place. Harrisburg was my world and Philadelphia another world, though I firmly believed that the latter was not half so important as Harrisburg; but of course it could be endured if one wanted to go to school like other children, as I did.

When we returned to the sitting room after my picture had been taken, I began to worry again about my candy. Then my teacher showed me how the boy had hidden behind my chair and had taken my candy and run away with it.

(*To be continued*)

CENSORING THE CONDUCT OF COLLEGE WOMEN

BY MABEL BARBEE LEE

I

THE novelty of educating women has not yet worn off in spite of the fact that many of our mothers and some of our grandmothers have received college degrees. The question of their mental capacity is no longer one of debate, for they have settled that by their high scholastic records; but their ability to take social initiative for themselves is still one of the burning topics of the day.

Twenty-five years ago the problems of social conduct in women's colleges and in coeducational institutions were comparatively simple. The authority of the church and home was accepted without dispute by the majority of students; and the campus was a continuation of the family environment. Deans and deans of women were regarded, for better or for worse, as parental substitutes. Their judgment as to what nice young women did and did not do was final; and their power to discipline the transgressors of tradition and good taste was supreme. Those were the days when too few petticoats and too many false hair puffs became momentous issues, and the girl who lifted her skirts above her shoe tops and flashed a cerise dust ruffle became the object of grave academic concern. No lady would have smoked a cigarette in public, or thought of going to a party where there was drinking. The chaperon was accepted as a part of the divine order of things, and one seldom forgot to greet her at the beginning or to bid her good-night at the end of a dance. Not even in the privacy of her bedroom were a girl's thoughts allowed to stray, for the walls were hung with 'creeds' and 'symphonies' and mottoes reminding her to be noble, loyal, and true. It was the age of stereotyped goodness.

Sometime in the nineties the idea of student government began to take root in the larger colleges where women were being educated. Whether it originated as a result of student agitation or of faculty prescience one can-

not say. There is evidence for both sides.

A paragraph from a report read at the summer convention, in 1905, of the National Education Association says: 'There is in the minds of the children and youth of to-day a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority; a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom; a weak appreciation of the demands of duty; a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. This condition demands the earnest thought and action of our leaders of opinion, and places important obligations upon our school authorities.' What a familiar ring! It could easily be one of the many generalities which are written about the boys and girls of to-day; but instead, it was said about the youthful ebullitions of you and me.

On the other hand, President Eliot, one of the greatest educational leaders of his time, had said that the 'real object in education, in so far as the development of character is concerned, is to cultivate in the child a capacity for self-government, not a habit of submission to an overwhelming, arbitrary, external power; but the habit of obeying the dictates of honor and duty as enforced by action and will-power.' Such an ideal must have been in part the inspiration for the first adventures in promoting self-governing associations in the colleges. And if the original purpose has become somewhat obscured, it is, perhaps, because ideals have a way of eluding the efforts of men to capture and shape them into concrete forms.

II

During recent years the interests of the student government organization have widened to include certain undergraduate activities, but its chief function has always been and still is the regulation of the conduct of students living in the college residences.

For more than a decade the infant association clung to the skirts of the dean, with only feeble attempts now and then to stand on its own feet. She was the source of all its misery as well as the only hope of its salvation. She had started it off with a set of rules to which she added from time to time as the occasion seemed to demand. She often dictated punishments, and in emergencies she was apt to forget the rights and privileges of self-government and administer discipline as she saw fit. She was criticized, and usually thoroughly disliked, but she was not altogether blameworthy.

Even so recently as twenty years ago it was not fashionable for young women to be self-reliant. They usually entered college from homes where they had been shielded from the necessity of making decisions. It was natural that they should have been baffled by the strange responsibilities which self-government on the campus imposed. And the dean was constantly torn between the desirability of slowly developing their power of self-direction and the urgency of meeting immediate problems with her more seasoned background. In recent years the organization has endeavored to assert its independence, and in some colleges the success of a student administration is measured by the number of concessions it has been able to wrest from the faculty, but to a large extent it is still suffering from a kind of dean-fixation.

In the eyes of the students the form of the association has become far more important than its mission. The office of president is one of the most coveted in college, and the senior elected to it enjoys privileges which fill the younger

girls with a sort of awe. She has first choice of rooms; she presides over the head dining table in the absence of the director of residence or dean; she holds important conferences with the president of the institution. On certain academic occasions she marches with the faculty in parades; and now and then she stands on the platform in assembly and addresses the student body.

Such prestige is likely to compensate for the disagreeable duty of inflicting punishment on one's classmates. It also obscures the real intent that should underlie self-government: namely, the gradual freeing of the individual through the development of her own power of self-restraint. So far as I know, student government boards have never taken any active interest in studying the essential nature of freedom, with the idea of evolving higher standards of conduct for their own members. And deans and faculties have failed to awaken undergraduate leaders to the vast possibilities for mental and spiritual growth that lie in such a study. They are content to let the boards function merely as disciplinary bodies, restricting by 'arbitrary external force' rather than by working out codes that are based on self-respect and a sense of group pride.

In the face of such a situation it is not surprising to find on many campuses to-day a wide gulf between the students and the administrative officers where the question of social conduct is concerned. Perhaps it is simply the continuation of the perennial struggle between youth and age, with the young forcing every advantage and the old defending vainly the embattled forts of custom and tradition. But social paternalism on the part of the college teachers and administrators is not consistent with their willingness to revise curricula in order to promote in the students a higher degree of intellectual initiative and discrimination. In recent years methods of teaching and study have been regenerated, in some cases revolutionized. The great objective in education has become clarified into training the young to think independently and creatively; and a new interest has been awakened in the undergraduate as she realizes more and more that she is 'the architect of her own education.'

III

But what is true in the field of the intellect does not hold true in the field of conduct, where the young experimenter is regarded as a curse to academic peace and harmony. Even with the advent of mental hygiene to collegiate circles, student government boards have been left in ignorance as to its most elementary principles. They are permitted to act as judges of social behavior with practically no background of psychology. Faculties are content to let them busy themselves trying to enforce petty regulations, and disciplining their members for various minor transgressions. Of course something ought to be done about it, they say; but it is easier to mill around year after year in the same vicious circle.

It will be interesting to pause for a moment and glance at some of the rules under which the women students live. They differ in different localities, but the spirit behind them and the attitude toward them are essentially the same everywhere. There are, for instance, requirements for signing out, and various hours for signing in — eight-thirty in the evening for the library, nine o'clock for driving, eleven o'clock for the movies, and so on. Smoking is permitted only in certain places — down by the pond, the lake, the middle road; in the basement, the

alcove, the student building. One must dine here and not there; dance in this hotel and not the other; secure a chaperon now and not then. Student government books containing masses of scribbled and sketchy information concerning the uncertain whereabouts of college girls might, if some painstaking investigator placed them end to end, reach from the universities of California to the colleges of New England!

But what does it all mean, really? As a matter of fact nothing at all, except to prove further that where an individual's private judgment disapproves of a rule the rule is apt to go unheeded. One can be sure that the majority of students who are so inclined can find easy ways of doing what they wish and going where they please. I had an interesting experience in this connection once when I was looking over a quantity of sign-out slips. I noticed that a large number of students had signed 'show' and nothing else. I had happened to see some of them at the corner drug store that evening, and so I knew that they had not gone to the theatre. The next day I asked the student government president what it meant. 'Oh,' she said smilingly, 'that is the word that the girls use regularly when they mean simply that they have gone out.' Unless someone is employed to follow students to all of their evening engagements, 'calling' or 'movie' may signify anything from driving to the next village to dancing at Tony's Barbecue.

False registration is a black sin if the girl gets caught; otherwise it is apt to be merely an expediency. It requires imagination on the part of adults to appreciate the dilemma which a student often faces. She may not know definitely, until she is on her way, what sort of evening her friend or friends have planned. Usually the amusements must be inexpensive and informal. The public reception room of the dormitory does not appeal to young people as a pleasant place of entertainment, especially if it is already occupied by two or three couples. It would be well if those who build college residences in the future would keep in mind this need of young men and women to have a degree of privacy in their social relationships within the dormitory. But in the meantime the student must meet the emergency in the only way that seems feasible to her. She goes walking or driving or dancing or to the movies; and she is likely to sign out for the place that will give her the greatest leeway as to time of return.

This practice has become usual to such an extent, according to the statements of many undergraduates, that the question of honesty or dishonesty rarely enters their minds. In other words, the list of rules is frequently a code which means one thing to parents and college administrative officers and quite another thing to innumerable women students, who consider it as only a gesture in compliance with the requirements of the time and the occasion. Why should it be right, they ask, and not without reason, to go walking until 8.30 but not until 8.45, to drive until 9.00 but not until 9.20? Why have a chaperon after midnight and not at 11.50? Imagine the hours of valuable time spent in working out these hair-splitting distinctions! In the final analysis does it matter whether a student has gone driving, skating, dancing, or to the theatre, so long as she returns at a reasonable hour? There is food for meditation in the remark of a senior who said: 'I shudder at the kind of thinking that must lie behind some of the rules that our elders have made for our moral welfare!'

In the matter of discipline one finds the same lack of intelligent and consistent procedure. A girl is a half hour late and has to pay a fine of fifty cents — a penalty often for her honesty. Another has been caught motoring down by the lake in the moonlight, and she is placed on probation for two weeks. Still another has climbed into the hall by way of the fire escape, and she is campused for a month, which means that she cannot venture beyond the library coping. Others receive various reprimands for dining at unapproved places, going to picture shows on Sunday, or appearing stockingless on Main Street. In this infantile manner countless misdemeanors are tried and sentence is passed by hundreds of student councils in the colleges and universities of the land; and still other countless transgressions do not come to light until eminent alumnæ return for their class reunions and relate tales about the surreptitious adventures of their undergraduate days which, if luck had not been on their side, might have deprived them of a degree.

IV

There is another angle of the question which might well arrest the attention of educators, and that is the inadequacy of rules as substitutes for the educational process; for if they are not to appear ridiculous they must be obeyed, and apparently no institution has ever been able to work out sound methods of enforcing the regulations. Scarcely any two colleges have the same arrangements for letting the students into the halls after they have been closed for the night. At best it is a hit-and-miss system, and administrators and student government officers are forced to rely on appeals to honor in securing obedience to the rules. But is there not danger of dissipating rather than strengthening the willpower of the individual in making trivial appeals to honor? Meticulous regulations, by their open invitation to deceive, may defeat the very purpose for which they were conceived, and develop, instead of honorable and responsible citizens, students who, if not guilty personally, will condone sneaking, lying, and hypocrisy. And by lending support to such systems deans blight that finer relationship which might grow freely in an atmosphere of mutual confidence, where all are intent on 'acquiring a different sense of life, a different kind of intuition about the nature of things.'

The situation is serious enough, it seems to me, to warrant earnest consideration. It should be possible to face the problem without traditional bias in regard to the social status of women, and to discard every point that has not a direct bearing on educating them as people. *Why* the rules and regulations? To calm the anxiety of parents, to give the college an alibi, or to cultivate in the younger person the power of self-direction? The most persistent force supporting them, perhaps, is the desire of many parents to prolong the dependency of their daughters. It is not a matter of being convinced that the environment of the college is wholesome; they want to feel that each girl nightly passes through the equivalent of being tucked into bed, and they find in the printed regulations a blessed assurance that the institution is making an effort to do this very thing.

College administrators have recognized their responsibilities in regard to inexperienced and immature freshmen, and comprehensive advisory systems have been organized in order to facilitate the transition from the home to the campus. Every freshman has what is sometimes called a 'big sister,'

or a sponsor, among the undergraduates, as well as an adviser on the faculty. She is checked regularly as to health and scholarship. Her folder in the dean's filing case contains many notes, observations, and suggestions which have been sent in by such associates as her teacher of English, the college physician, the nurse, the hall mistress, and others. A large part of the dean's time is spent in getting acquainted with individual girls and planning ways in which to enrich and round out their group life.

On the other hand it is not possible to follow five hundred or a thousand young women around the clock every day; and if it were possible it would not be desirable. They should be granted browsing privileges in the field of experience. If their taste has been wisely developed during childhood and early adolescence, which is the obligation of the parents, a bit of nibbling at the weeds when they are older will not give them serious indigestion. One mistake may have more educational value than any number of lectures; but adults seem to want to monopolize this very effective method of learning. Too much of their thinking about the young is based on weak sentimentality rather than on a sound appreciation of human values.

Sometimes the educational institution is also afflicted with a kind of parental hysteria. As the family is filled with panic at the thought of misconduct on the part of any of its members, so the college is seized with fear at the possibility of unfavorable publicity; and it becomes the unwitting victim of a kind of crowd-psychology. Possibly it is because a woman's institution is to a certain degree an extension of a woman's personality. A man may regard with calm indifference, and even amusement, any number of sharp criticisms about himself; but a woman is apt to be hypersensitive to the slightest disparaging remark. She is not yet sure of her place in society when she gets away from home; and to complicate matters she seldom has money with which to fortify her position. Viewing her so, wrapped in insecurity, a sadistic public is quick to throw missiles in order to see her on the defensive.

Every time there is a mysterious disappearance, or a case of sex irregularity, the college is not only sensitive to the tragedy of the affair, but it is apt to feel that its intellectual and moral integrity is at stake. Hundreds of letters may pour into the office of the president protesting against everything from the quality of the curriculum to the idiosyncrasies of the teachers; registration of students may drop off, and pledges to the endowment fund may be canceled. One would think that such things never happened in the communities away from the campus, and that the college had been, in some strange manner, criminally negligent.

It requires high courage to ignore such attacks, no matter how unjustified they may be. To react to them, however, by seeking refuge in numerous stringent rules is an obvious admission of weakness.

It is difficult in this maze of confused motives to recapture the real purpose of self-government in the college, and to give it adequate expression. Possibly the time has come when student government organizations should give up their disciplinary functions and concentrate instead on promoting, through their various cultural interests and activities, ideals of conduct that are based, not on arbitrary prohibitions or on concessions forced from reluctant deans, but rather on the individual girl's sense of dignity and self-esteem. Colleges, for their part, might meet the

issue by appointing a commission made up of qualified undergraduates, faculty members, and specialists in mental hygiene to study the whole subject of regulating the social behavior of the students. It is quite possible that some connection may be found between petty restrictions and scandal-mongering, sex abnormalities, and stealing. It is essential to know what kinds of rules are advisable or necessary to a well-managed household and a mature and happy group life.

A college dormitory, under proper conditions, may have great value as a cultural experience for the people who reside in it. Educators are awakened to this possibility, as may be seen by the various plans in housing for both men and women which are being developed at Harvard University, at Scripps College in California, and at the proposed new Bennington College in Vermont. A student residence can be a place where life is loose, detached, and indifferent; or it may be a place where stimulating friendships are made — where faculty members, with that rare gift of youthful imagination, live under the same roof with the undergraduates and share their meals and their discussions, enjoy their frivolities, and understand their discouragements and aspirations. In such an environment, attitudes toward conduct may be fostered in both old and young by that powerful, indirect method which would make a list of printed, superimposed regulations seem absurd and irrelevant. This ideal in dormitory life is not likely to be approached, however, until the rules are reduced to a fundamental minimum and the last trace of paternalism has vanished.

There is a parable in *Creative Experience*, by M. P. Follett, which illustrates beautifully the way in which the young may be set free and helped to grow in moral stature. 'Last summer,' it reads, 'I noticed a strange plant in our pasture. I did not know what it was. I had no picture in my mind of what flower or fruit it would bear, but I freed it. That is, I dug around it and opened the soil that the rain might fall on its roots. I cleared out the thistles with which it was entangled so that it might have room to spread; I cut down the undergrowth of small maples near so that it could get the sun. In other words, I freed it.'

The colleges educating women, in their turn, should be free, financially and morally, to develop their cultural objectives without being distracted by extraneous issues, such as the bobbing of hair a few years ago, and, more recently, the smoking of cigarettes. There will always be hypercritical parents and alumnæ; the general public will continue, doubtless, to contribute to the cause its sheaf of uninformed opinions. But these things need not disturb institutions that are firmly established. It is their high duty to become leaders in promoting more mature social attitudes toward women, not only as students, but as citizens in the community at large where they must work and make their homes.

HORSES AND BUSINESS

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

THERE are no banks in Mongolia; horses are the currency of the country. For instance, if I ask a man what an article is worth, — a handsome snuff bottle, a jeweled headdress, an amber-stemmed pipe, or a coral-studded flint case, — he answers 'one horse' or 'five horses' or 'five hundred horses,' according to the preciousness of the thing. When a Mongol, as sometimes happens in trade with Russians or Chinese or other foreigners, does receive money he immediately invests it in his horse herd by purchasing as many animals as it will buy.

Under the surface of Mongolia lie rich deposits of gold and silver. For centuries the Mongols have known that the metal is there; it is pretty, and they have always taken what they desired for personal adornment or the adornment of their bridles and saddles. But they value it so lightly that it has never occurred to them to use it as currency. The horse has remained from the earliest recorded time the measure of wealth, and is placed first in their scale of material and æsthetic importance.

The horse is for both utility and pleasure. Horse races are the most important feature of every gathering. Constant association with horses has not dulled the Mongols' pleasure in the beauty of a galloping herd racing across the green plain with floating manes and tails. Men, women, and children draw rein to watch colts frolic. A splendidly built horse is a poem to a Mongol.

Old folk tell with bright eyes tales of the strength, speed, endurance, and intelligence of horses they have known. From generation to generation the stories of famous horses are passed down; they are the folklore of a people who have no literature. Every Mongol child is lulled to sleep with the legend of Bosafabo, a red chestnut stallion with a white star on his face who lived in Donran cave in ancient times. Commoners, nobles, and even the Great Khan brought mares to him in the hope that he would sire their foals.

Bosafabo was intelligent, whimsical, fleet, and all-powerful. He was too wise to be controlled or bribed by men. Sometimes he drove the mare of a prince away and looked with favor on the mare of a commoner. He fathered a famous line of progenitors — horses brave and clever. Any wonderful horse to-day is spoken of as descended from Bosafabo.

The Mongols hold the horse in too high regard to use him lightly. They do not eat horseflesh; nor do they put heavy burdens on a horse, although the camel, the ox, and even the milch cow in necessity, draw their heavy carts and carry their packs. The horse is not tied up in a stall or confined in any way when not in use for riding; he roams free over the rolling prairie.

The Mongols are kind and loving to their animals — especially to their horses, who consequently have no fear

of human beings. It was the horse that made it possible for the Mongols, in the time of Genghis Khan, to conquer half the known world. Until the age of mechanical vehicles the Mongol, who is from babyhood at home in the saddle, possessed the power to move most easily and quickly over the surface of the earth.

Mongolia is a rolling, undulating land, unbroken by the plough, uncut by fences or roads or railways, without towns or villages. It is an ideal country for motoring, and a land where there is no need to build roads — a motor car can be run in any direction over the turf. But, while the Mongol is charmed by the aeroplane flying across the sky like a bird, he who has cherished the horse for centuries does not favor the motor car.

I usually travel through Mongolia in the saddle. But last summer I had occasion to go to an eastern state quickly, so I went out from my Kalgan home in my seven-passenger car. I soon came into territory where the people had never seen an automobile; but they were not impressed by my horseless carriage. When I stopped at an encampment to ask the way, the family who directed me told me that my long shining car was an ugly thing compared with the natural grace of a horse. They said it smelled bad, and warned me against using it lest I should get nose trouble from breathing air polluted by it. They wondered at my possessing it, as it was neither beautiful nor sensible, but supposed that Chinese bandits had stolen all my horses, so that I had none to ride when I left Kalgan.

One woman told me that if I rode around on a soft-cushioned seat I should get fat and unhealthy; when the winter came I should be in poor shape, and might die. She advised me to abandon the car and borrow a good horse, and even offered to lend me one, but stipulated that I must not leave the foul-smelling car near her tent.

Through the centuries stallions and mares have come into Mongolia from the far corners of the earth. Early records tell of a vast camel-caravan trade with the Middle East which tapped the horse-breeding areas of Turkestan. Chinese historians comment on a system of barter with the peoples of Persia and Arabia by which they received horses that were in turn bartered with the Mongols of the plateau, 'who value the horse first among all things,' for furs, wool, cattle, and sheep.

The armies of Genghis Khan scoured the country from the Yellow Sea to the Levant, penetrating even to Moscow, selecting the best horses for military purposes from the country they passed through. They chose horses with the idea of increasing the speed, the weight-carrying ability, and the power of endurance upon meagre sustenance, of their own breed.

II

I have felt that I could improve upon the Mongol's method by selective breeding, and since 1904 have brought into my herds various foreign stallions. My experience is that the first colts from the English and Australian stallions are leggy and lacking in hardiness. The Arabs are a trifle more successful. Most of the colts sired by these foreign stallions do not survive the first winter. The third generation are short, stocky, and sturdy — not radically different from the other colts of my herds.

Climatic conditions tend to thin out the herd on the Mongolian plain and leave only the horse possessed of unusual endurance. The strong characteristics of the imported strain persist; all characteristics that tend to weaken

the physical strength of a horse are washed out by the fourth generation. The horse on the Mongolian plain lives by his wits; horses who have depended through generations on the intelligence of man are unable to cope adequately with wolves, blizzards, and the situation in which a horse must seek his own food. Stable feeding and watering of a breed weaken individual initiative in its descendants.

I think that the Arab is the most successful in combination with the Mongol horse, but a pure Arab — the offspring of an Arab mare and an Arab stallion — is not a success in Mongolia. Imported horses do not survive many seasons in Mongolia — excepting the Siberian horse, which comes from an even rougher climate.

If one examines any Mongol horse closely it is possible to find in it marks of the many different strains that have gone to make up its character. In particular, the muzzle is indicative of the Persian, and the hoof of the Turkestan. The Persian strain persists, I think, because the Persian is bred where he too has often to go for a long time without food. The English thoroughbred does not perpetuate his quality on the Mongolian plain because the kind of life the European horse has lived for generations does not prepare his offspring for the hardships of the plateau.

The middle of Mongolia, comprising that stretch which is known as the Gobi Desert, has for the greater part of the year such a scarcity of food that only those animals that are very hardy survive. The horses in this part of the country attain their full growth very slowly. They usually measure under thirteen hands, but I have taken out of this district horses of six or seven years and fed them well and found that in a year or two they grew a couple of inches in height.

The sand in the grass which these animals have to eat wears down their teeth, so that a foreigner looking into the mouth of one of them to discover the age is certain to put it two or three years in advance of what it really is. I have found that their teeth also grow better if the animals are taken out of this district and put into a good place, even after they have reached an age when an ordinary horse would have done with tooth growth.

When I look at the barrenness of this area I sometimes marvel that any animal can possibly manage to live here. The cold is not so severe as farther north, and there is seldom much snow to cover up what grass grows, but the rainfall is light and the soil looks like a sandy beach in many places. When rain does fall the desert grows green while one watches it.

The horses from this district are extremely game little animals and make excellent mounts if one has to go on a long, hard trip. Their weight-carrying ability, speed, and endurance are astonishing in comparison with their size. This area has given the China race courses more than one surprise in past years, and horses drawn from here were very useful to the Mongols in their last war with China, when by swift riding they trapped their invading foes.

Eastern Mongolia — that is, the part of Mongolia east of the Gobi — is famous as the breeding place for pacing horses. The Mongols like fancy pacing animals to ride, and they are much sought after by women, lamas, and folk who want to make a good appearance, at festivals, weddings, and similar gatherings. Wealthy Mongols pay enormous prices for pacers.

Part of this territory is covered by deep sand, through which only sparse, coarse grass can grow, but other parts have rich velvet green turf and are well

supplied with water. The district is noted for the speed of the horses bred there, and, although a small state, has an excellent record as a place from which good race horses come. Its prince, and all his commoners as well, are very keen on producing the best possible animals, and are proud of every success won in competition against horses from other states.

The Mongol's idea in a race is to test speed and endurance over a longer course than the Westerners ride. The shortest Mongolian race I ever saw was three English miles; the usual races are from ten to fifteen miles. The Mongol does not believe in a prepared race course, and races are run across country, under conditions identical with those which the horse will encounter if it is necessary for him to travel such a distance in an emergency.

In long races like these it is not always the horse of largest build that wins; in fact, more often than not it is the small, sturdy animal that comes galloping in first. News travels fast in Mongolia, and any horse that makes a record in a race is immediately sought after by many Mongols from different parts of the country. The owner and breeder of a winning animal is looked upon with admiration.

All over Mongolia horses are treated in the same manner. They are run always in herds numbering from two to five hundred — of sufficient size to fight off the wolves that are an ever-present menace. No grain is raised in Mongolia and horses are never grain-fed; they subsist on grass entirely, foraging for their own food. When one rides a Mongol horse it must be turned out to graze at night to keep it fit. In winter the horses will dig down under the snow for their food. If the winter is long and hard, all the weak members of a herd die before the spring. Under these conditions the Mongol horse is bred for endurance and can go for a long period of time without food; on the other hand, his stomach is not upset by heavy feeding in those times when there is an abundance to eat.

III

The Mongols do not believe in forced mating for their horses. They consider it an outrage against nature for a herd owner to select animals and breed them together. The young stallion begins to collect his mares at the age of five years, and as only a few mares mate before that age his family is made up of wives of nearly the same age as himself. He makes his selection from the colts in the herds, generally to the number of fifteen or twenty. These he will keep together as his own band regardless of the size of the actual herd; so that a horse herd is made up of a large number of smaller herds. These bands scatter for grazing, but come together immediately on the approach of danger, when they are commanded and regulated by the old stallions. There is usually one sagacious old fellow who takes charge in time of trouble. In country where there is no open water they all bunch together twice daily to go down to the well where they are watered by the herdsmen.

Even in a stampede a stallion does not forget his family; if any of his mares or foals fall behind in the mad rush, the stallion circles around behind and shepherds them into the herd. Or he will trot at the rear to guard against wolves.

A Mongol stallion's solicitude for one of his mares at foaling time is great. He clears a circle round her and walks about keeping any of the other horses from coming near. When the colt is born he fondles it affectionately, seems to have intense pride in its attempts to stand on its wobbly legs, and will de-

fend it with his life an instant after birth.

During the season when the young stallions are collecting their mares there are continual fights between these youngsters. Sometimes a quarrel over a particular young mare colt will last for days, during which the herd is kept in a turmoil by snapping, kicking young animals. A young stallion seldom attempts to steal a mare from the family of an older one; but in case he does, the older horse, clever in the ways of waging war, soon sends him about his business.

Some mares seem to be born coquettes and make constant trouble in their herds. They appear to cajole stallions into stealing them, and then, when the fight is on, run back to their own group.

Mares in Mongolia are milked, since mare's milk is one of the principal foods. All young colts are broken to the halter during the milking season. Thus they are early used to man, and are generally easy to break to the saddle when the time comes. All colts are saddled in their second year, but are not ridden hard. It is the habit of the Mongol herdsmen to cut the tails of colts that have been broken, leaving one long strand that marks them as two-year-olds.

There are always more male colts born than it would be wise to keep for breeding, as they would kill each other in fights over the growing mares. The male colt that is not to be kept for breeding is castrated in his third year. The geldings in a herd usually stick together in bands of fifteen or twenty, but some geldings attach themselves to a stallion and his family.

The manes and tails of horses on the plateau grow very luxuriantly. Those of mares and geldings are sheared, and the coarse hair is used for making rope. The Mongols believe that it hurts the pride of a stallion to cut his tail or mane, so they allow them to grow naturally; often the tail drags on the ground, while the mane hangs to the front knees and bright eyes peer out through a thick, shaggy forelock.

The Mongol horse seldom lies down to sleep at night. He is on guard against wolves until daylight, when he takes what sleep he needs. Young colts often lie down to rest among the herd, but they are never stepped on, even in the rush to the watering trough. Very young foals scamper back and forth between the legs of the grown horses, romping like kittens as they try their growing strength, and even the worst-tempered grown animal does not kick at them.

As soon as there is any sign of the horses' common enemy, the wolf, the whole herd rush together, the colts on the inside, the mares in a ring around them with their hind legs out so that they can kick if attacked, and the stallions and the geldings ranging free on the outside. In the clear Mongolian air I have heard the snapping of teeth a mile away when a fight has been on.

The stallions and the geldings do not hesitate to attack a wolf, and give chase the instant one draws near, but wise old stallions do not allow themselves to be lured away from the mares and foals. A favorite wolf trick is for one or even more of their pack to attract the attention of a herd and try to get the strong animals to gallop after them. This leaves the weak unprotected, and other wolves leap in and make a kill. Then later all join in a nice feast. Herds with old stallions lose fewest of their young to the wolves.

IV

New Year's Day is the great holiday of Mongolia, and on that day there is a unique horse race which has no be-

ginning and no end, yet on which the reputations of horse breeders are made or lost.

On New Year's morning all the people in Mongolia dress in the brightest colors and the best clothes they possess. Even the poorest, tiniest child will have some gay ribbon tucked into his attire. People rise before the sun and hasten to salute each other with the usual snuff-bottle salutation, followed by the presentation of a silk scarf on outstretched hands to every friend and relative in the encampment. Then, after some tea and mutton, the real fun of the day begins.

Mongol encampments are scattered here and there over the country. There is such distance between them that it takes a day's hard riding for a Mongol man or woman to pay the calls to relatives and friends which are required by custom. The fastest and strongest horses are saved up for this occasion, and gayly dressed people gallop in every direction over the prairie.

This is a very special occasion for the herdsman, because on this day, according to common law, the freedom of the herds is his. No owner can make objection if one or more of his very best animals are killed on this day. For months previously the herdsmen have boasted to rivals that they will show them the dust in this race.

The racers do not meet at any particular place; each person starts out from his or her own home. Horses are raced until set of sun or until rider and beast are tired out. The gallop is from tent to tent, and the rule is that every rider must stop at every yurta he comes to long enough to give the New Year greetings, wish the occupants of the tent prosperity in their herds and flocks, and accept food and drink, prepared and ready in abundance on this day. Then, when a decent visit has been paid, the rider is free to mount again and tear away as fast as he can to the next yurta.

The horse that stands this strain the best is proclaimed throughout the countryside as a very good horse, and is a source of pride and satisfaction to both owner and herdsman. A herdsman riding a black horse from one of my herds was credited with first place in the New Year race in his state last year. Immediately I had many offers for this horse. Even in far-away states I was congratulated by commoners and nobles, who had heard of my horse's prowess in the surprising way that news travels in Mongolia.

The horses on the Mongolian plain are possessed of surprising speed, and their owners ride them at a gallop and cover distances in quick time. They know how to take care of their horses, however, and it is very seldom that one of them comes to harm. As soon as a horse shows fatigue he is allowed to go free in the herd, where he can set his own pace and yet have the constant exercise that hardens his muscles.

I have a friend in China who is keenly interested in racing horses in one of the port cities. He came up to Mongolia one time and was so amazed at the speed of the Mongol horse that he set busily to work timing the fastest horses he saw with his racing stop watch. He bought many horses on these speed records, despite my advice. He felt confident that he had come upon a miracle: the horses he had selected would win every event in every port city; their recorded gallops were faster than the records on any race course, and he knew China race courses well.

He stabled and fed his animals. Their coats took on a new glossy sheen. They even seemed to grow in size a little. Their teeth improved. But in the race tryouts their galloping speed was found to have dropped down to a level which made them no better and

no worse than the average horse in China.

Another friend of mine, an Australian, pleased with the condition of his horses after six months of stable care and excellent grain-feeding, assured me that they were faster than any horses running uncared for in the Mongolian herds. He brought his horses up to the plateau again, with grooms to look after them, grain-feeding them all the way, attending carefully to their exercise, and making certain that they had plenty of water to drink. They looked fine. They were sleekly groomed, and well fed in comparison with the shaggy horses on the plateau that had all their lives subsisted entirely on grass in a climate where grass is scarce more than six months of the year.

He generously offered big prizes for any Mongol horses that could beat his in races, and courses were mapped out over which the races were to be run. The news spread far and wide, and horses began to come in from this state and that, straggling in every day until the date set for the competitive racing.

The Mongol owners admired the Australian's horses; they commented enviously upon the conditions of his life which made it possible for him to take such good care of them. Many remembered the animals, as I had bought them for him from the Mongolian herds. 'They are beautiful, but can they run?' more than one man and woman asked.

The hour of the race came. Just as it was to start, still another Mongol came loping in over the hills. 'Wait!' the racers cried. 'This is a good horse coming. He should have a try with the rest of us.'

'He looks tired,' my Australian friend said.

'A little,' was the answer. 'He has been taking part in the annual races held by the Prince of Durbit. He has done well. He won first place in the gelding race over a ten-mile course two days ago.'

'What has he been doing since?'

The Mongols looked surprised, and someone answered: 'He has been on the way here; it is a good many miles, and his rider has brought him as fast as he could. The news of your prize money traveled far. Never before in Mongolia have we been paid for winning races. It is wonderful. Heretofore our only recompense has been the sport and the prestige one got for winning.'

The new arrival looked dusty, bedraggled, and tired; his head drooped and his tail hung listlessly. The horses were drawn up in a line, and experienced jockeys who had come from China for the race rode the Australian's entrants. I gave the signal. I expected to see the horses that had had every care imaginable during the past six months win easily, but they were left behind in the first few furlongs by the horses that had never had veterinary attention, muscle-building grain, careful exercise, or shelter from cruel blizzards. Even the tired, dusty horse that had won a ten-mile race on one day and journeyed for two more to reach the place of this race stretched out, leaving the visitors enveloped in a cloud of dust. The horses that had covered themselves with glory on the China race course were defeated easily.

The horses that ran so far ahead of the visitors were no better than those that were left behind. Many of them were not so good. A year earlier, before they had had such care, these losing horses had won races in Mongolia, defeating the very horse that won first place on this occasion. When Mongol horses are stabled the magic swiftness seems to drop from their legs.

Absolute freedom to run in the herd makes for real speed and entirely overbalances the advantages of civilization.

My friend David Fraser, China correspondent for the London *Times*, has had most marvelous success in racing — not because the horses I have selected for him from Mongolia are peculiarly swift, but because he understands the needs of the horse that has been used to freedom. He keeps his horses' hoofs cut down to the size which was natural when they came from the plateau. Shoeing makes the hoof grow unnaturally high, and this throws the horse's weight on leg muscles other than those he has been accustomed to use. He hacks his horses innumerable miles across country every day, trotting and cantering from Chinese village to Chinese village. Then when the racing season comes his horses are hard and still have in their limbs a goodly measure of that speed which was theirs on the Mongolian plain.

V

Business in Mongolia is peculiar to the land and to the temperament of the people. The Mongols are not a race of traders and cannot be dealt with in the same manner as people who enter naturally and eagerly into trade. Big business can be done successfully in Mongolia, but the trader must be possessed of the tact of the diplomat and must be of a character which makes him akin to the people of the plateau and able to understand conditions there. The Mongol does not seek commercial dealings, but he is quite interested and ready to do business if approached in the right way. A thorough knowledge of the language and a wide Mongolian friendship are the first requisites of success.

During the thirty-five years that I have been in Mongolia many foreign firms have expended millions in an attempt to start business, but have lost their money and closed down.

The Russians and the Chinese have been the most successful. The early Russian tea traders did extremely well, and built up great fortunes. For many hundreds of years the caravan route through Mongolia was the only tea route overland to Europe, and the Mongol camel puller was the only man capable of transporting freight successfully across the Gobi. Thousands and thousands of camels went from Kalgan or Urga loaded with tea for reshipment by cart to Siberia. Camels and oxen from all over Mongolia were engaged in this trade, which was a thriving business when I first came to live in the country.

The Russian tea traders dealt carefully with the Mongol nobles across whose states they desired to travel. They made gifts to the princes — not exceedingly valuable gifts, but presents chosen with careful attention to what a Mongol prince would like from the Western world. And they treated the people who freighted for them thoughtfully and generously. In Kalgan, in Urga, and in all the trade stations along the way, big kitchens were provided as well as warm sleeping quarters for the men when they came in. At these trade stations the Mongols were the guests of the Russians. They could stay as long as they liked, and were served with all the food and drink they could consume.

The Mongols, accustomed to welcoming into their own yurtas any traveler needing food or rest, appreciated this courtesy and did not presume upon it. They conducted themselves in the trade stations exactly as they would have done in any Mongol encampment through which they passed when traveling.

This courtesy on the part of the Russians, together with fair pay for the conveyance of freight, created a good feeling. The Mongols were very willing,

and did their work well. They looked upon the Russian tea agents as real friends, and brought them many valuable presents. A genial, friendly atmosphere characterized the trade up to the time when the Manchurian Trans-Siberian railway brought it to an end by opening a quicker and more economical tea route.

The Russian tea traders were fine types of men. The trade was a business centuries old, in which fathers passed their experience down to their sons. There was garnered much wisdom through the years. The Mongols trusted the young man who came out, because they had known his father and grandfather; and the young man knew how to deal with the Mongols, because his father also knew their fathers.

The Mongol likes tea, and he appreciated the necessity for the Russian to import tea from China, since it did not grow in Russia. The job of conveying it across the Gobi was a courtesy which any friendly people might undertake for another. The packing of camels and oxen and the management of a caravan across the plateau were work similar to what the Mongol had done all his life.

Not all Russian businesses have succeeded so well. The Russian Asiatic Bank sent out men and opened offices in many places in North Mongolia about twenty years ago. It was unable to do business and had to close down. The Mongols were not interested in banks and did not consider them a necessity. They had put their money into horses for ages past, and had done very well. They had no desire to keep fewer horses and possess instead a paper book which said they each had so much wealth. Possession to the Mongol is a material, tangible thing. He holds a position in his community in proportion to the size of his horse herd, and has a feeling of satisfaction in the possession of living animals. The Mongols looked with distrust on this attempt to bring a new set of values into their lives. The bankers were self-invited guests; the Mongols ignored them.

About this same time the Moscow Export Company sent an expedition into North Mongolia to discover the trade needs of the people. They found the Mongols' lives bare of almost every article of European necessity, so they sent out scores of salesmen with tons of goods. Eventually the salesmen and their goods went home again.

Russian and French prospectors visited North Mongolia and found rich deposits of gold, and on the strength of their reports the Mongol Ore Mining Company, with a capital of three million gold rubles, was founded. Baron Von Grote got the concession from the Empress Dowager of China by making her a small present of perhaps fifty thousand gold rubles in value. I worked with this concern from 1900 to 1902.

Machinery, such as has been successfully used in other parts of the world for gold mining, was sent from Europe at heavy expense. We expected to dredge sand, but when we delved a little below the surface we found we had to tackle stone and boulders, so more machinery had to come out from Europe at more expense. The workers were not skilled in the use of these machines, and we had to abandon them and resort to digging the gold out of the earth with pick and shovel and cleaning it by hand.

There was plenty of gold in the locality. The Mongols looked on interestedly at the work, but did not coöperate in it. Digging great quantities of gold out of the earth did not appeal to them as a profitable way in which to spend their days.

VI

Russian fur-trading concerns carried on by men of the character of the Russian tea traders did a good business up to the time of the Russian Revolution. Mongolia is a sparsely populated land with a cold climate, and fur-bearing animals thrive here in much greater numbers than the Mongols have need of. If properly approached, the people are quite willing to enter upon an export trade in furs.

The *tarbagan*, or marmot, a little animal which lives in a hole in the ground and multiplies very rapidly, is abundant in North Mongolia, Northeastern Mongolia, and Northwestern Mongolia, and is not difficult to catch. The Mongol hunter camps out in the plateau in a little tent. The marmot is a very inquisitive animal, and as soon as he sees or hears anything strange he sits up on his hind legs and peers around. The Mongol hunter, knowing this, carries a banner of red cloth, which he waves in the air while he crawls close enough to kill his prey.

Mongols also use dogs to catch marmots, and a well-trained dog will bring home many of them every day. The dog watches until the marmot leaves his home; then he takes up a position that blocks his victim's avenue of return. When the marmot is caught in this way, with the dog between him and his home, he rises up on his hind legs to fight the dog, who kills him with one snap of the teeth on his backbone, just below the head.

The Mongol hunter and his dog make an even division of the spoils, the flesh going to the dog and the fur to the hunter, who rough-cures the skin. The Mongol does not value the fur very highly, but there is a large demand for it in foreign markets. Its value has increased a hundred per cent since I first came to Mongolia. Millions of skins are exported annually, and yet the supply seems undiminished.

Wolves are plentiful in Mongolia, and the Mongol wages continual war against them. They feed well on animals from the domestic herds, on young antelopes, on hares, and even on rats and mice. They have a thick, healthy coat.

Mongols make use of wolfskins, but do not value them so very highly — perhaps because they have such an intense dislike of the wolf. The pelts are very good, and much in demand for export trade. They have multiplied many times in value since I came to Mongolia. The wolf is lassoed, trapped, poisoned, shot with bow and arrow or the gun — in fact, killed in every possible way the Mongols can think of. The winter pelt only is of value.

The Mongols have a superstition that if they kill a litter of young by digging them out or smoking them to death the mother and father wolf will track to his yurta the man who has done this unsporting deed and there kill one or more of his children in revenge.

The pre-Revolution Russian fur traders went out of business with the Revolution, so they are no longer in the market. Many other European and American firms have sent scouts all over Mongolia and, observing the abundance of furs, plunged into the trade. One after another, throughout my thirty-five years, they have failed and have had to close down because of their lack of understanding of the disposition of the Mongol, their inability to use the language, and their ignorance concerning climate and political conditions.

Numerous concerns, both large and small, have made attempts to do business in Mongolia. Two with the largest capital investment were the English concerns, Kaufman and Com-

pany and the International Export Company. The former invested heavily in North Mongolia a few years ago, but got very little in return except trouble, and closed down with a debit balance. The International Export Company, who do very well in China preparing meat and eggs and other products in their factories for Western consumption, made preparations to deal in sheep in Southern Mongolia, but they too had to close down after a few years.

In barter and trade with the Mongols, the Chinese have been the most successful of any race so far. The Chinese merchant has infinite patience. The managers of big wholesale houses send traders out into Mongolia with a pack of goods and a blue cloth tent, and wait a year or two for return on goods. The Chinese merchant puts up his tent near the encampment of a Mongol family, below a lamasery, or not far from the yamen of a prince. He makes himself known in a courteous way to the people near whom he camps, and does not push his goods upon them, but diplomatically lets them see that he has things which they might find useful. He is a peddler carrying bright silk and cotton goods, embroidery thread, beads, food basins, long Mongolian pipes fashioned with an artistic stem to tempt the purchaser, tobacco pouches filled with a tobacco which he recommends as soothing after a hard day in the saddle, millet, and flour. He studies the character of the Mongol and brings only such goods as he is fairly certain he can create a market for.

The Chinese merchant knows that the Mongol does not have money, and he is quite content to take animals and their by-products in payment for his goods. Animals are plentiful, and so he gets a goodly number for a small article. The Mongol does not quibble over the price of any article he desires; Mongol men and women do not bargain. There is good profit in the business for the patient Chinese merchant, and if he makes himself well liked he finds a welcome in every encampment. News of a man's character spreads rapidly in Mongolia, and little things make or break success in business here. The trader gathers his produce at intervals and sends it down by camel caravan or in driven herds to his head office in China.

In North Mongolia now the Soviet Government of Russia have entered into coöperative business with the young Mongols. It is still too early to predict how they will succeed. They have established a wool trust, a transport company, and a system of traveling merchants similar to that of the Chinese. Coöperation with the Mongols has in it a germ of success.

VII

Communication and transportation are important factors in trade. Sometime before 1900, a Danish engineer named Sheirn surveyed the shortest route from Kalgan to Kiakhta via Urga and built a telegraph line which connects China with Europe. By this line one can send messages across Mongolia; but the Mongols have not encouraged the building of branch lines.

This telegraph line is an everlasting wonder to the Mongol people. They fail to understand the importance of it, and argue that there is little need to send messages so quickly. It has been difficult to teach them to leave the telegraph poles alone. Often in the past the Mongols have used the poles and the wires for things which seemed to them more important than telegraphy. The wire they find especially good to tie around water troughs and fasten things generally, and the poles extremely handy to split up and light

fires with. Except for the telegraph line there is no way to send messages in Mongolia but by couriers riding horse or camel.

Nowadays, therefore, the man in foreign business may receive by cable or telegram in a few hours' time an order from his home office for so many hundred pounds of camel wool; but he must take into consideration the fact that it will take days or weeks, or perhaps months, for the order to go out to the Mongols to bring in the camel wool. Then, after the order has been received on the Mongolian plain, there is the matter of transporting the goods to be taken into consideration.

In the late 1890's, Herbert Hoover, now the President of the United States, then a young engineer, came up to look over the country and investigate the possibilities of railway construction. He stayed for two or three weeks and made a survey for the railway connecting the Mongolian border with the Chinese capital. The Chinese Government did not give Mr. Hoover's company this concession, but used the data which he collected and built a road themselves.

Since its construction this line has always been badly managed, because of the political turmoil in China. Yet it has paid well. The passenger cars are always crowded when the trains leave Kalgan. There is always a terrific scramble for places, and a goodly number of passengers who do not secure even standing room and have to wait for the next train. The condition concerning freight is the same; the amount of produce held at the station for transportation is always two or three times greater than the capacity of the freight cars.

There are no railways at all on the Mongolian plateau. The ox and the camel are the transportation stand-bys, as they have been for centuries. Camel caravans are made up of groups of ten or eleven camels tied together with loose strings and led by a camel puller. Altogether there may be a thousand or more camels in a caravan.

Caravans cannot be hurried, for the Mongol takes his own time. Centuries of experience have taught him how much a camel can successfully do, and he will not push his animals beyond their endurance. Camel caravans can penetrate to every nook and corner of Mongolia, bringing out valuable products for export. The Mongol camel puller will guide his caravan straight across the plain to any desired destination and there pack his loads and take good care of them, but often he will be a year, or two or three years, bringing in the goods.

I once had a caravan which came in with all my merchandise for export four years after I had expected it. Wool, furs, and so forth, were all in good order, and an inventory tallied exactly with my bookkeeper's lists. It is impossible to do business in Mongolia and get a quick return on one's capital.

DICKENS, STANTON, SUMNER, AND STOREY

The record of a dinner held in Washington at which were present the host, Charles Sumner, Charles Dickens, Edwin M. Stanton, and Moorfield Storey, Mr. Sumner's secretary. This memorandum was written by Mr. Storey the evening of the dinner, immediately after the departure of the guests

February 2, 1868. — I have had a most delightful evening. I dined with Mr. Dickens, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Stanton, as different types as can well be imagined: Mr. Dickens, whose nature is emotional, sensitive; Mr. Sumner, the man of intellect and principle; Mr. Stanton, the intensely energetic and practical.

Mr. Sumner gave his account of the evening on which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. He said that between nine and ten of that Friday evening he was just sitting down with Mr. Conness over a bottle of wine, when the door was thrown open and a young man rushed in with his hair almost on end and said, 'Mr. Lincoln is assassinated in the theatre. Mr. Seward is murdered in his bed. There's murder in the streets.' Sumner said he did not credit it, and replied, 'Young man, be moderate in your statements. Tell us what has happened.' He replied indignantly, 'I have told you what has happened,' and reiterated it.

Sumner then left and went to the White House, and found the sentinel quietly pacing there. He asked him whether Mr. Lincoln had got home, and the sentinel said 'no' and that they had had nothing from him. Sumner then went to the door and asked the porter, who replied in the same way. Sumner then said, 'They say that the President has been assassinated'; whereupon the porter rushed upstairs and told Robert Lincoln, who came down, and just as Sumner turned to go Robert joined him and they found at the door a hack; who sent it no one ever knew. They jumped in, and Sumner says he never drove so rapidly in his life till they got to the theatre, where they found a startled crowd.

They passed the sentinels, and Sumner found, as he entered the house where Lincoln had been carried, his wife and Miss Harris standing in the entry doing nothing. Mrs. Lincoln rushed up to him with feminine exclamations and asked him whether her husband was dead. He told her he had just come and knew nothing, but had brought her son, and then passed into the room where Mr. Lincoln had been carried.

He found the President lying on the bed, stretched diagonally across it, for he was very tall, and with his head hanging a little over to accommodate the blood, which was flowing freely from the wound. He was breathing heavily, his eyes were half open, and his face looked perfectly fresh and natural.

Sumner said he sat down at the head of the bed, took Mr. Lincoln's right hand in his, and spoke to him. One of the surgeons said, 'It's no use, Mr. Sumner — he can't hear you. He is dead.' Sumner resented the idea and said, 'No, he is n't dead. Look at his face; he is breathing.' 'It will never be

anything more than this' was the answer. There he sat during the whole night, listening to this breathing, and he said it sounded almost like melody, till at twenty minutes past seven it stopped.

He then said, 'Now for Mr. Seward,' for he knew nothing of him, and turned to go out. He found Halleck a few feet in front of him, and, finding that he had a carriage, he asked Halleck to carry him as far as Seward's. The General said he was going to see Johnson and tell him not to stir out that day without a guard, and then he would carry Sumner where he liked.

They got into the carriage, and as they passed through the crowd people asked, 'How is Mr. Lincoln? Is he alive?' Sumner shook his head, and they drove on to the Kirkwood House, where Halleck did his errand, and then to Seward's. Sumner sent up his card to Mrs. Seward, and said that perhaps she might like to see him. She sent down for him, and he went up, and as he started up to the third story he found her halfway on the stairs, seated, and dressed in white. She seized him by both his hands and said, 'Charles Sumner, they have murdered my husband, they have murdered my boy. Fred is dying. He will never speak to me again.' Sumner said he tried to say he hoped it was not so bad, and asked how her husband was. 'Henry is doing better than I expected, but Fred will never speak to me again,' and then, suddenly rising, she threw off his hands and said, 'I must fly,' and disappeared. Sumner said he never saw her again.

Mr. Stanton said that at the Cabinet meeting the day before the assassination Mr. Lincoln was grander, graver, more thoroughly up to the occasion than he had ever seen him, and he remarked upon it to Mr. Speed as they left the room. Lincoln said before the meeting, 'Some great event is going to happen. What it is I cannot say, but something I am sure of.' When asked why, he replied, 'I had a dream last night which I never had but three times in my life, and always before a great event. Once was before the battle of Bull Run, another time before Murfreesboro, the last before Chancellorsville. I seemed to be alone in a boat on a river drifting slowly down —' Here the entrance of Mr. Stanton interrupted him, and he never finished. Mr. Stanton was told of it afterward.

Mr. Stanton said he went to the War Office, and about three o'clock his wife came in and said that Mr. Lincoln wanted them to go with him to the theatre that night, and she wanted to know how to answer him. Stanton told her to send regrets, for he said he had frequently been asked to go and had always refused, because he thought Mr. Lincoln ought not to go — it was too great an exposure. He went home and dined as usual and then went to see Mr. Seward, who was lying sick from the effects of his accident. He found six or eight people there, and stayed there chatting till he heard the music of a procession which had notified him that it would call on him that night, and would like to find him at home. He went home, made them a little speech, and then a little after ten, all the servants being away, he locked up the house and went upstairs with his wife to go to bed. She went into the nursery to look at the children, and he went into his bedroom.

He was nearly undressed when he heard his wife say, 'Mr. Seward is murdered.' He said, 'Humbug! I left him only an hour ago'; and, coming downstairs half-dressed, he asked the man, 'What's this story you're telling?' — for it seemed that a man had come to the door and Mrs. Stanton had let him

in. While he was talking, the room was filled with people, who told Stanton of the assassination. He started to go to the scene, but a man threw his arms about him and said, 'You must n't go out. They have killed Seward and Lincoln and they will kill you if you go out. They are waiting for you. As I came up to the house I saw a man behind the tree-box, but he ran away, and I did not follow him.'

Stanton replied that he'd risk it, and, going out, found at the door a hack in the same mysterious way that Mr. Sumner did. He jumped in and drove to Mr. Seward's, and there he found in one room Mr. Seward, in another Fred, in a third the nurse, each 'weltering in his gore.' He saw that he could do nothing there, for the surgeons were already in attendance, and he drove to the house where Lincoln lay, stopping on his way to give his orders to officers, and in two hours after the deed was done the city was environed by soldiers.

His account of the scene at the bedside was the same as Mr. Sumner's. He sent for Johnson, thinking that he ought to be present, but when Mrs. Lincoln wished to come in Mr. Sumner, thinking that she ought not to see Johnson there, and knowing that she had a strong personal dislike for him, suggested to Mr. Stanton that he ought to go. So, said Mr. Stanton, 'I told him that there was no necessity for his remaining any longer,' and he went.

Mr. Stanton also told how Booth and Payne were taken and of the scene at Mr. Seward's, but the papers of the day contain all that he said. He alluded to Mr. Lincoln's breathing, and said that it sounded like an æolian harp, now rising, now falling and almost dying away, and then reviving, and reminded him of what he had noticed in the case of one of his children, who had died in his arms shortly before.

It was a very interesting evening.

Dickens thought that Longfellow was the most highly thought of American author abroad.

He spoke of Louis Napoleon, whom he knew at Gore House as a young man, and thought that his imprisonment at Ham must have worked marvels, for he never thought him much of a man. Brougham characterized him as a damned fool. Dickens thought his only talent was his genius for silence.

MOORFIELD STOREY

A PAGAN BOYHOOD

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I

My ancestors represented three nationalities. My father was of Puritan stock, from Yorkshire; my mother was English, German, and French. Her paternal ancestor was a certain French baron and admiral who, being defeated by the British in a naval engagement off the New England coast, settled in the American wilderness, leading a life far from orthodox and leaving behind him a line of descendants whom the Anglo-Saxons had the habit of jailing for 'divers atheistic writings and beliefs.' These men plunged deep into the forest, built log houses that would have done credit to a baronial estate, prospered as only Frenchmen can, and revised the Ten Commandments to their liking.

I was born on a large farm in a beautiful valley. Across the road from the house was the remnant of a pine forest — the 'Dark Forest' the Indians had called it when it covered all the valley — in which the wind crooned to me with my first breath. About me were miles on miles of apple orchards, and in our own I worked and played from the time of pink and scented bloom to that of scented and yellow fruit. Within view of my bedroom window was a great marsh, about which a river ran in a long crescent resembling a giant bowl broken in half. Here, in summer, thousands of bobolinks held high carnival until ruthless mowing machines cut down the rank grass from the tops of which these feathered revelers delivered their rollicking songs.

Beyond the valley, like a huge dragon enveloped in its own breath, a low mountain slipped forever away over the western horizon. Over it — or through it? — came at rare intervals the rhythmic beat of the ocean upon some vague shore after a heavy storm. Sometimes in the breathless silence of a winter's night I would catch its mighty swing, and then my emotions would nearly smother me.

Just behind our farm lay another mountain range, where, year after year, the panorama of the seasons passed in beautiful and sacred procession. In early spring the trailing arbutus ('Mayflower,' we miscalled it) bloomed in the rough pasture land between receding snow banks soiled with the dust of burned-out shooting stars; and no one, not even my mother, could gather such tempting nosegays of this queen of the northern wilderness as I could. Each returning April I filled the house with them, and stained all our books — even the family Bible — by placing between the leaves those showing the most delicate shades of pink.

On April nights, with 'spring's sweet trouble in the air,' I would lie in bed beside my soundly sleeping brother and hear the frogs in antiphonal chorus in the pond beyond the east orchard. Since then I have heard the mocking bird, the skylark, the nightingale, but no bird's song has ever kindled in me quite the ecstasy that those 'high

flutes in silvery interchange' awakened on those enchanted spring nights.

My grandfather watched me through those childhood years with an ever-growing disapprobation that slowly kindled into something akin to hate; and when, later in the summer, I would go in pursuit of butterflies (my only net was my battered straw hat), he would protest to my father that I should be made to work, else I should come to some bad end. When the old fellow died he willed me a spavined horse out of his considerable property, presumably to emphasize his disapproval of me.

Behind the pines that my father had saved, ostensibly as a windbreak for the buildings and orchards, but in reality because he loved them, was a no man's land dotted with patches of second-growth pine and spruce, and the remains of logs decayed down to the level of the ground. In these brownish-gray remnants of ancient pines nighthawks laid their two creamy-white eggs, spotted with greenish brown and lilac.

Between the old and the new growth of trees ran a swale, dense with alders, willows, elders, and, in season, cattails. Under the low spruce bushes along the edge of this depression nested the hermit thrush, to me the most exalted singer in all the feathered world. I would worm my way under the tangled growth in search of a thrush's nest, and, when I had found one, lie with my head propped in my hands and look into the fearless dark eyes of the mother bird as she sat deep in a rather bulky structure sunk to the level of the ground. Never did I betray her by even so much as touching the clear bluish-green eggs when occasionally I found her away from the nest.

In the densest part of these second-growth spruces and pines I used to bury every fall a barrel of apples well below the frost line, and when all the apples were gone in our cellar I would dig down to these. I always found them in perfect condition, except that the pulp had burst the skin around the stem and rolled out into a roselike excrescence. Lying on the pine needles under the low boughs, I would peel my apples and eat them. One day I saw a large buck rabbit looking intently at me through the branches, fitfully revolving his long ears and twitching his harelip as only a hungry rabbit can. I tossed him a strip of peeling, but the motion of my arm sent him crashing through the brush. The story of how I tamed that rabbit to eat out of my hand, and eventually to sit on my chest, is a long one; but I did it, although his 'better half' usually sat a few yards away looking her pronounced disapproval.

II

There was not a tree in that grove which at one time or another I did not climb. Many of them rose fifty feet without a branch, and in my numerous ascents to scrutinize the covered houses of squirrels and the nests of blue jays and crows I would frequently bark my shins. But the sight of blood did not disturb me. Indeed, it seems to me as I look back that I was always bleeding from some part of my scarred and lean body. As a little fellow I used to crouch at mouseholes and spring upon unwary mice with the deadly accuracy of a cat. Unlike the cat, though, I usually got bitten. Later, I used to set box traps for squirrels in the pine grove, baiting the spindle with a sweet apple. To catch the squirrel was comparatively easy; but to get him safely in my hand was a job that, in insurance parlance, might be classified as 'extra hazardous.'

The first squirrel I caught I let loose in the living room. I never did it again. The pretty little fellow developed into a red demon that worked such havoc with curtains, pictures, and dishes that I was in disgrace for a week. After many experiments, in which the squirrel often made his escape, I hit upon the device of raising the cover a little, thrusting in my hand, and seizing him by any part of his agile body that I could lay hold of. Often he would use his chisel-like teeth upon my fingers, sometimes cutting to the bone; but I always held on to him until I had secured his tail. As a result, there were a goodly number of squirrels in that grove that suggested a certain rodent of Shakespearean literature, and the proximity of 'joy riders' who were devotees, not of the 'gas chariot,' but of the broomstick. As I write this I am examining some of the scars on my hands left by the teeth of squirrels, muskrats, woodchucks, and a very deep one inflicted by the rapier-like bill of a wounded blue heron. Each is a reminder of my vividly real but utterly irreclaimable youth.

These bloody encounters were, I take it, the savage side of me that was just boy. And the most savage rite I practised in that grove was robbing crows' nests. The nest was always built hard up against the trunk of a tree on the opposite side from the prevailing wind. That, I suppose, sheltered it from both wind and rain. Also, the crows never built a nest where the foliage was dense. The somewhat bulky structure was always in a spot that commanded a fairly wide outlook of the surrounding grove. Further, it was seldom more than three fourths the distance up the tree. This, I presume, was a precaution against discovery by sharp-eyed hawks and owls passing over the tree tops. Finally, it was in plain view of the ground, although the color of its coarse twigs and sticks blended so naturally with its grayish setting as to render it quite unnoticed by the untrained eye. Did the crow devise this last precaution before man with his upward-peering face appeared upon the scene?

The trunk of the tree selected for the nest was always difficult to climb, and by the time I was halfway up crows were darting at me from every side and fiercely snapping their bills within a few inches of my face. When at last I would reach the nest and look over the rim at the light-green eggs, spotted and blotched with blackish brown, the angry cawing, the swish of wings, and the snapping of bills became so alarming that it required real coolness and courage to face the onslaught. One by one I would drop the eggs to the ground, and each motion would provoke a fresh attack. Only once did I toss a nestful of featherless and scrawny young ones to earth. I can feel yet the warmth of their ungainly little bodies in my hand, and the sense of guilt that went with the act of taking them from the nest. I never betrayed any other bird in that infamous way until I went on an ornithological expedition with an uncle, when in the cause of science we visited a group of lonely islands in the Atlantic and brought back the blown eggs and stuffed bodies of some rare sea birds.

Once, as I shoved my way through the dense growth along the edge of the swamp, I came upon a cuckoo's nest built about three feet from the ground in a spruce bush. I was right upon it before the mother bird, with a graceful flirt of her long slim tail, slipped noiselessly away and vanished in the thicket. There, under my very eyes, in the flimsiest of nests, were four cloudy light-green eggs! I think that to my childish fancy this was the greatest discovery of my young life. As far back as I

could remember I had searched for both bird and nest, but until that unforgettable moment had never found either.

Some years later, while passing through this part of the grove in a driving sleet storm, I noticed a large, inky-black bird clinging desperately to a writhing branch. Having my gun with me, I brought down what proved to be an unusually large raven. As I had only winged him, he made at me with a ferocity I had never credited his tribe with. I stopped him with the butt of the gun, into which he sank his talons as easily as if the wood had been putty. I dragged the old warrior home in triumph and tried to tame him; but he was so filthy in his habits that one day when I was at school my mother set him free.

III

My first intimate knowledge of death came to me when I was nine years old. It was early April, and I had gone 'trouting' during the sunny part of the day in a small brook that wandered leisurely across our farm and joined the river through 'Mud Creek.' I was sitting on a log by a stone bridge, idly bobbing my line in the vortex of foam at the corner of the culvert. Opposite me was a steep slope starred with the first dandelions, among which bumblebees droned as they hurried greedily from flower to flower. The bees and the dandelions were proving more fascinating than the wary old trout I knew to be hiding under the edge of the culvert, so I sat and watched them with that peace in my child's heart which literally passeth understanding.

A loud call from the direction of the river failed to rouse me. It was followed by another and another; and then I heard a stentorian shout from a man who lived on the other side of the river nearly a mile away. Looking up, I saw a woman running along the road toward the landing. Dropping my fishing pole, I ran after her, and, following a steep path down a wooded bluff, reached the bank of the river in time to see two men struggling with gray-haired Mrs. M—— to prevent her from plunging into the dark, hurrying water. People kept pouring down the path and across the great marsh on the other side, until the babel of voices made it difficult for little me to find out what had happened. Then a hoop of an old woman whose chin always shook as though she were pronouncing a perpetual malediction told me that Ralph and Will were drowned! The two boys had been collecting spruce gum all winter, and, wishing to go to town to sell it, had attempted to cross the river in a leaky skiff. The derelict had rapidly filled, and when in midstream they had lost their heads and leaped into the water, trying to swim to shore; but the swift current had carried them over the rapids, and men working on a raft of logs at the landing had seen them both sink.

How vivid still is the following night! The lights from the many boats on the river where men were grappling for the bodies; the old brass telescope through which they tried to scan the bottom; the fearful three-pronged grappling irons attached to long poles; the shouts; the appalling silences. Then in the thick dawn a boat took shape out of the fog, and when it had been made fast to an old snag half buried in mud, two men lifted a dripping body from the bottom and started to carry it up the path. I slipped between grown-ups and looked at the face. It was Will's! I had been talking with him only the afternoon before, while he repaired some snake fence for my grandfather, for whom he worked. The appearance of that face with the freckles still

showing on the wet cheeks is stamped deeper into the tablet of my memory than is any other thing. Later, from the same treacherous river, and up the same path, the body of my mother was carried.

I followed close behind Will, and when they opened the door of my grandfather's workshop and placed the corpse on a carpenter's bench I watched with shivering disgust as one of the men who had helped to carry it reached into a dripping pocket and, removing a handful of gum, selected a couple of amber-colored lumps and slipped them into his mouth.

The summer tide raced up the river's tortuous channel, meeting little resistance from the greatly shrunken stream of fresh water. As it boiled along it sucked up a fine sediment from the banks of the adjoining marshes, until the water became an opaque brown fluid resembling mineral paint. For a few minutes at the turn of the tide this 'devil's broth' became ominously quiet, then turned and hurried back toward the ocean, leaving behind it long, greasy, olive-brown mud banks. In this mud we boys wallowed, naked and unashamed, like creatures of the primeval slime.

The spring tide in August, when the river had dwindled to a mere thread of water, would rush up the empty channel with a foaming brown crest upon its turbulent front. Into this we would plunge, and, with no further exertion than that of keeping afloat, be swept upstream for half a mile. But we often had to 'pay the piper' on the return trip, which had to be made on foot, as we would not wait for the ebbing tide to carry us back. Usually there were folks, male and female, still making hay on the marshes, and to get past these unnoticed was a first-rate adventure.

On one of these adventures, however, I encountered a real difficulty. I had undressed in a clump of spruce trees, and as I neared it on my return I heard voices. Creeping up, I saw a young couple seated on a rug not ten feet from my clothes. The young lady was reading Longfellow's *Evangeline* to the young man, who lay with upturned face at her feet, drinking in her every word. She not only read that poem to the bitter end, but they sat for a good half-hour afterward discussing its beauties. Later, I read *Evangeline* only under compulsion.

When the nighthawks would gather by hundreds in the late afternoon over a certain field, keeping up a continuous roar as they swooped down about my head, I knew that summer was gone. They always congregated thus without warning, and in a few days the solemn hush which succeeds the departure of the song birds and the subsidence of insect life was upon us. Then the goldenrod, the aster, and the 'black dandelion' came into their own, and the sunlight lay thick like yellow pollen upon the empty fields. From my bed at night I could hear the occasional muffled thud of an apple dropping to the ground in the dark and silent orchard, and the hesitant inquiry of an owl from the pines for the approaching frosty nights.

On one of these evenings in early autumn the cows did not come home, and the next morning before daylight my brother and I were sent in search of them. As I stood with my bare feet deep in the dewy grass, I chanced to look up at the stars. They had paused, and, leaning far down to me, were saying unutterable things that made me catch my breath in sudden rapture. Since then I have seen the stars from the decks of steamers on the Seven Seas, from the highlands of South Africa, from the top of one of the world's loftiest mountains, from the

stealthy tropic jungle, but they have never communed with me again. It was Stephen Phillips — was it not? — who said: 'For the great stars consented, and withdrew.'

Once, during my college days, a professor of astronomy on a brilliant winter's night took me to look through a telescope at a certain planet. When he had adjusted the instrument I took one look, then without a word of explanation turned and fled. In that moment of disillusionment I had seen through time and space — even matter itself — and out into the void. I did not recover from the shock for days. Indeed, I doubt if I have ever wholly recovered. For to me the stars are the most terrible things in the universe.

IV

Have you ever seen a mother skunk leading her young abroad of a summer's evening? If so, you have never forgotten it. What an example of courage tinctured with caution, of maternal devotion without nonsense! How plainly I can see one of these sturdy little creatures plodding along in the dusk, alert for any stray June bug, brush high over her back for the young ones to follow. Occasionally, on my way home from a late swim in the river, I would meet one of these worthy burgesses leading abroad her neat, well-kept family. The code of etiquette on such an occasion was quite elaborate. The mother would pause about three rods away, spread her uplifted tail to its utmost capacity, and then stamp firmly on the ground with a forefoot as a warning that I was to advance no farther. If I halted and played fair, she would slowly and in a most dignified manner back away and move off in another direction, the youngsters executing an orderly retreat behind her; but if I stooped to pick up a stone, or continued to advance, I would certainly have a potent reminder of my rashness.

Once, in a narrow path in the second-growth pines, I met an unusually large male. At sight of me he looked me squarely in the eyes, slowly raised his splendid brush (I can see the long yellowish-white hairs cascading in the opposite direction as the tail reached an upright position), and then thumped vigorously several times with his left forefoot as a signal for me to retreat. But on that day my better judgment deserted me. I picked up a stone and threw it at him. The next moment I saw all the stars in the firmament as a stream of yellowish oil hit me squarely in the eyes. In an agony as great as any I have ever suffered, I tore blindly through the bushes, across a marsh, and, plunging into the river, thrashed about until I had washed away enough of the deadly stuff to enable me dimly to discern objects. It was weeks before I wholly recovered my sight.

The supreme event of each autumn was a visit to a certain poplar grove on the side of the 'Hog's Back' — a high, sharp windrow of ancient sand across the mouth of a mountain gorge. From childhood I have loved yellow above every other color. The dandelion, the buttercup, the goldenrod, kindle in me an emotion such as Wordsworth must have experienced when he first saw his host of golden daffodils. I understand that a love of yellow is an attribute of childhood — something elemental, primitive. So be it!

The first sharp frost would reveal to my searching eyes the poplar grove in its setting of sombre spruce and fir. Day after day the yellow would grow more pronounced, until early October found it a great cloth of purest gold. I would watch it until I deemed the coloring ripe, perfect, then slip quietly away some smouldering afternoon and

visit my holy of holies. By that time the leaves were beginning to fall, and the ground was a great yellow carpet into which my feet sank luxuriously. I would sit there in the solemn hush that had come over the forest, broken now and then by the late drumming of a grouse or the tapping of a woodpecker, until the chill of evening struck through my cotton shirt and forced me to be going. In a battered volume of *The Story of an African Farm* that has thrice encircled the globe with me I found the other day some of those poplar leaves.

A few thrills of my childhood days are still vivid in my memory. On one occasion a half dozen of us little boys were splashing along stark-naked through the tall bulrushes that fringed the river, heading toward a certain quiet eddy for a swim, when my foot encountered something more substantial than the greasy mud left by the tide. Glancing down, I looked into the wide, sightless eyes of a bearded and bloated face half buried in the slime. A cry from me brought the other boys to my side. For a long moment we stared in horrid fascination, then broke and ran. I did not stop until, breathless and naked, I burst into our kitchen. It proved to be the body of a drowned sailor carried upstream by the tide.

Although later I was twice nearly drowned in that river and brought to life again, the nearest I ever came to death in my childhood was on a pleasant May morning in a quiet pasture. My grandfather had bought a big black stallion whose coat shone like a crow's wing. Even my five-year-old intelligence divined that there was something bad connected with that splendid creature. Whenever he was led to the watering trough from the barn I always took refuge behind a high board fence, and through a crack watched him curve his haughty neck, plunge his muzzle into the trough in a way that threw out half the water, and then greedily drink.

On this day I had slipped between the rails of a snake fence into the horse pasture, looking for dandelion blossoms. I was on my knees rounding out a handful of the yellow beauties when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. Glancing round, I saw the most terrifying sight ever a child beheld. Standing high over me on his hind legs was the black stallion! His eyes were blazing, his red nostrils widely distended, and his great forefeet wildly pawed the air just above my head. A horrible snort galvanized me into action, and I darted for the fence on all fours (lucky that I did n't have time to rise!), the towering monster walking on his hind legs just behind me. I can still see — and hear — the long yellow-white teeth with which he snapped at me as he reached his head far over the top rail.

As many another can testify, the ear is a far more potent vehicle of fear than the eye. One short December day I had hurried home from school, slipped over my cowhide boots a pair of long woolen stockings, and started off through the fluffy snow for the daily round of my rabbit snares. When I reached the first snare that afternoon the sun was on the horizon and dusk was already gathering under the low thick boughs. This snare held a gray bunny, frozen stiff, its head twisted far back over its left shoulder, and its popping eyes glazed with frost. By the time I had collected a half-dozen rabbits the snow was blue in the open places under a brilliant winter moon. In front of me, stark against the moon's face, was a large buck rabbit dangling from a spring pole. I was bending down the gray birch, slipping my hand along toward the snare, when a piercing cry came from a clump

of bushes not three rods behind me. Dropping my rabbits, I stood rigid with fear. In a few moments the cry was repeated. It was that of a child being murdered! Surely sandals of lightning were on my feet, and I slackened my pace out in the open pasture only when my pounding heart and burning throat compelled me to. My father, beautiful character that he was, did not laugh at me, but explained that the cries were from a rabbit caught in one of my own snares.

V

As soon as 'hard weather' set in, my father would yoke 'Star' and 'Lion' in the 'Dutch yoke' and drive them to the nearest blacksmith shop to be shod. Shoeing an ox was to my child's mind a truly fearsome undertaking. The patient brute was coaxed or bullied into a boxlike place between heavy uprights, a great apron of the stoutest leather attached to rollers was passed under his body, and then these rollers were turned, lifting the fear-stricken beast clear of the floor. Then the burly smith would seize a leg, — sometimes only to be hurled across the shop, — drag it out to one of the beams that ran on either side of the frame, and, after securely lashing down each foot, bottom up, begin the work of shoeing. How I used to hold my breath in fear as the half-moon of iron, a sharp calk on either end, was taken red-hot from the forge and placed gingerly on the hoof. As it touched, a cloud of pungent smoke arose, and I would wince in imagined pain; but when the great brute gave no signs of discomfort I breathed freely again until the process of nailing on the shoe began. As each nail was hammered home, it was as if the sharp point of it were entering my own flesh. Seldom, however, did the thick-chested German shoer prick an animal; but when he did the bulky captive would give no uncertain notice of the mishap.

On the way home, Star, the nigh ox, would at first avoid all ice; and the puzzled look in his big smoky eyes as he gradually discovered that he would not slip on it made the old fellow seem very near to me.

Star was long, small of barrel, and striped like a tiger, with a pair of slim, sharp horns whose glossy black tips pointed straight forward. All the other oxen in the neighborhood had brass knobs on their horns; but my father, for reasons known only to himself, never would use them. Star was conceded to be the champion fighter of the neighborhood. With head low and tail high, he would give swift battle to anything that opposed him. The dull thud of the meeting frontal bones, the quick digging in of toes, the swelling of the thick neck muscles, then the gradual settling back of the vanquished, the spring sideways, and the lightning-like thrust of Star's deadly horns into the exposed flank — of a truth, man

> Snatches the glory of life only from love and from war.

The anguish in my boy's heart when Star at last went down to defeat is still vividly real. Ike Durland was a cattle buyer who scoured the country to the west of us for beef on the hoof. Twice a year he would drive a large herd of sleek oxen and fat cows along the road past our farm toward the nearest city. The dark red, lowing, trampling mass was advancing late one afternoon when I chanced to be driving Lion and Star across the road to the pasture. At sight of Star, a huge red-and-white ox in the van of the bovine army lowered his head, snorted, and began to paw at the road in long slow sweeps that sent a cloud of dust high over his back. Star promptly accepted the challenge, and my heart thrilled as

he bore down upon that mountain of flesh. The shock of the meeting shook the solid earth. Each animal humped his back, stiffened his neck, and then — oh, the shame and anguish of it! — Star crumpled up like paper, springing away just in time to escape the great curved horns that, backed by a good ton of beef, were directed at his exposed flank. Hannibal, Napoleon, Charles XII — no, the anguish of any one of these in his dark hour could not possibly have been greater than mine.

Later, horses replaced oxen on the farm; but they never displaced my love for Lion and Star. A sweating horse, like a sweating man, is an ill-smelling thing; but the breath of kine has inspired poets.

Running through this pagan joy of my childhood, this dear delight of living in a world in which even snakes were my playfellows (I see yard-long 'Old Nick' as he used to lie in the dust, darting out his red forked tongue in sheer delight as I gently stroked his rippling back), is something akin to a dark thread through a cloth of bright gold. It is the Puritan conscience. To my child's mind anything was right if it gave pleasure to any of God's creatures and wrong if it brought them pain. To me, God, as the people of the community thought of Him, was simply nonexistent. Even when I was a small boy my remarks to the different clergymen who took tea at our house were pronounced highly dangerous by those dignitaries.

VI

It was about this time that there occurred the most momentous happening of my young life. The schoolhouse, which also served for hall and meeting-house, stood at the edge of our pine grove, and there I attended school until I reached my teens.

In that schoolhouse there was only one room, and one teacher for all the pupils — some five years old, some twenty. I passed a good deal of my school time playing 'soldier.' The game was simple and harmless enough. In the grove we would gather a handful of pine twigs, each with its cluster of attached needles, and, pressing a cluster together, draw a knife across the tip, leaving the end square. Stood on end, the slightest breath would start these soldiers marching across the desk, now slow, now fast, to right, to left, or in a close formation that was calculated literally to overthrow the enemy. Usually these mock battles escaped the notice of the harassed teacher; but occasionally we would come to blows over the outcome of some disputed engagement, when we would be punished and our soldiers thrown into the stove.

I was eleven years old when the thing happened that was to mould all the remainder of my life. I was sitting in the back seat on the boys' side of the room, my bare feet dangling a good six inches above the floor, my breath skillfully directing an army against Abner's embattled hosts. The teacher was frail, flat-chested, with a sparse brown beard, chalk-white forehead, and pale blue eyes in whose puzzled depths lurked the vague shadow of defeat. I was busy with my soldiers, when gradually I was aware of his voice reading to a class of young people.

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. . . .'

Although it was June, warm and lovely, I felt the gooseflesh coming out all over me, and chills running up and down my spine. By the time he had finished I seemed to be freezing to death. I never finished the battle with my pine soldiers, and through the magic door which that voice opened for me I entered into the rich heritage of English poetry.

The architects of that schoolhouse (in imagination I see them coming together some evening after milking) were confronted with the difficulty of building a structure that from the outside would resemble a church, but in reality would be a schoolhouse.

When the wind blew, the gable end behind the teacher's desk would sway in and out a good six inches, and as time passed the plaster on it showed signs of loosening.

One winter we had for our teacher a crabbed old fellow who went on crutches. He would sit behind his high desk with his hat on (his head was bald and the cavernlike place drafty), and occasionally summon some larger boy up to his detestable presence for an application of a strap that he had borrowed from my father's harness. Abner was the first boy to discover the widening crack in the plaster, some thirty feet above our tormentor's head. Day after day we watched that crack with a fascination bordering on the hypnotic, and whenever the gable swayed in and out we were so well behaved that an occasional glint of suspicion narrowed the old tyrant's fishy eyes. That morning a stiff wind was blowing, sifting the newly fallen snow over the shiny crust with a hissing sound. Toward noon the wind increased to a gale that swooped fitfully round the pine grove from the northeast and landed upon the gable with a force that made it sway in and out like the flank of some heavily breathing beast. 'Old Fish-Eye' was sitting grimly behind his desk, in hat and overcoat, quite unconscious of his impending doom. With bated breath we watched a great slab of plaster tip out a few inches from the wall, and then return to its place as the gable buckled back. We waited with savage expectancy for the next onslaught of the wind.

Then the totally unexpected happened. The old tyrant got up from his chair, and, taking his crutches, hobbled down to the stove, already red-hot, to see for himself if any more wood could be poked into its cavernous maw. He was noisily replacing the cover when the crash came. A half ton of plaster swooped down from the gable, smashing the pedagogic chair and desk and a small globe that had taken me on many thrilling adventures through steaming tropical Africa and frigid Siberia. 'And he had n't been near the stove for a month!' growled Abner.

My first fistic encounter was also my last, and its effect upon my entire subsequent life has been, I suspect, profound. Since then the sight, and more especially the sound, of one person striking another in the face has always filled me with horror. I have seen men mutilated in accidents, shot to pieces in action, without being greatly disturbed; but at the sight of one man pommeling another's face I am quite unnerved. I have never attended a prize fight.

Among the long list of games which we played at that school was one which I suspect was unique. Along the edge of the swamp where the hermit thrushes nested grew withe-woods (botanical name quite unknown to me), long, slim, pea-green, and in the hands of an expert an instrument of exquisite torture. If two boys had a 'difference' not of sufficient gravity to be settled with the fists, they would proceed to the swamp, arm themselves each with the supplest and longest withe-wood that could be found, and then return to the green plot behind the schoolhouse, upon which no spying windows peered. The tournament at Ashby was never looked forward to more enthusiastically than was one of those gentle and joyous passages at arms in which withe-woods supplanted lances.

The opponents would advance into the open spot, about which were ringed

the boys of the school; each would remove his coat and waistcoat, often leaving only a thin cotton shirt over the body; one would raise his arms high over his head, and the other, after measuring the distance between them with a practised eye, would coil his withe-wood about the body of his adversary with all the skill and power behind his lithe young arm. If the withe-wood was a long one, it would encircle the body twice, the tip often slashing viciously through the shirt, and drawing blood. Six strokes was the limit, when the other fellow would take his turn, the two alternating until one lowered his arms and declined to endure further punishment. The sharp intake of breath among the spectators, the look of utter savagery upon the encircling faces, strongly suggest a certain dance I once saw among Malay head-hunters. After one of those scourgings I would be blue-black for days from armpits to hips.

Another game was a more exquisite form of torture. On either side of the schoolhouse yard was a high fence constructed of boards placed upright one against the other. Not quite solid, either; for a West Indian Negro who had strayed north among us occasionally gave an exhibition of prowess by rushing at the fence, leaping clear of the ground en route, and smashing a board with his head as he descended. For some reason he had spared the fence on the west side of the yard, and against this, on a good snowballing day, we would stand a certain beanstalk of a boy over six feet tall and weighing less than ninety pounds. Then the mob would arm itself with snowballs and proceed to outline the victim's body against the dark gray background of the fence. For a few moments the air was blurred with flying missiles, above the whiz of which came an occasional howl of pain from the unlucky wight who stood figuratively and literally with his back to the wall. Even on a cold winter's day I have seen him wet with sweat and limp with fright when the ordeal was over.

VII

My grandfather kept sheep, and in the flock one winter was an exceptionally large ram with great corrugated horns that in their backward sweep touched his massive shoulders. The sheep pen adjoined the barn floor, which ran corridor-like through the two-hundred-foot structure. By reaching over into the pen with a long stick, from the end of which dangled a tin pan, I discovered that 'Billy' could be provoked to a spirited charge. Then I had a bright idea. I tied a rope to a pan, climbed up on the end mow, and my brother let the bellicose Billy in upon the unobstructed and spacious floor. With a look in his eye that clearly signified a burning wish for more worlds to conquer, he quickly discovered the dangling pan, and charged it with a zeal worthy of a Don Quixote. The pan rang under the impact of the blow, and the sport was on. That any living thing could be as persistent and enduring as that ram passes belief. Sometimes we would play the game for a couple of hours, desisting only when we heard my grandfather's heavy tread approaching through the creaking snow.

By February we had Billy in the pink of condition. We made several attempts to induce him to exhibit his prowess upon grandfather; but, for some reason known only to sheep, he declined. Then came the golden opportunity. A fat little Irish butcher with a delightful brogue came one day to buy a pair of beef steers. His rosy face carried the proverbial wreath of smiles, and as he walked he pushed each short fat leg past his protruding

'bay window' as if making a determined effort to get ahead of it. Three good feet of the fluffiest of snow had recently fallen upon a crust stiff enough to carry a person's weight, and the jolly little man was proceeding from the barn to the house along the narrow path worn deep by grandfather's substantial feet.

With my brother just behind me on the lookout, I stood by the sheep-pen door, measuring with my eye the distance that would enable Billy to reach his maximum speed before connecting with the butcher, then opened the door and stood quickly aside. Billy, already scenting battle, stuck out his battering-ram of a head, blinked in the sudden sunshine, and then discovered the roly-poly Irishman as he waddled along the slippery path. With an air of spurning the vulgar earth beneath him, Billy touched that path only four times before he gained his objective. The butcher, as if in defiance of the law of gravity, suddenly rose, and, performing a curve like an exaggerated football shot from the toe of an expert punter, landed face downward in the snow and ploughed along under its disturbed surface for a couple of rods upon the glassy crust beneath.

The appearance of that Irishman when at last he emerged and gained his feet was fascinating. He so closely resembled some rotund and harmless snow man, such as we always made in the front yard out of the first snowfall, that the roar which at length issued from him came as a complete and shocking surprise. Recovering his breath, he swore so volcanically that the wonder is he held together. Grandfather, who stood on the steps of his back porch watching the latter part of the untoward performance, was so outraged by this outburst of unseemly language that he refused to let the offender have the steers.

Our nearest neighbor was a sardonic old fellow with a face like Voltaire's — as that gallant old Frenchman's Christian opponents conceived it to be. We children stood in deep fear of him, knowing the dreadful things he did. For had he not beaten a sow to death in her pen, stabbed to death with a pitchfork a heifer that kicked when he tried to milk her, and — most shocking of all — set a fox trap under a sweet-bough tree and caught Ann Poole in it when she ventured into his orchard after apples?

One afternoon my brother and I found a hen's nest in a clump of hardhack near the back of his barn. The eggs were deeply stained, and sloshed when we shook them. Why not plaster the old sinner's woodshed door with them? It would serve him right! In high glee we gathered those eggs, three dozen strong, into our straw hats, and, slipping up to the woodshed, peppered the door until it looked plague-infested from top to bottom. Suddenly the door opened, and we fled.

That night is 'one of the most memorable in history,' so far as I am concerned. My mother led the two of us supperless to bed, spanked us with a large and astonishingly capable hand, and then requested us to kneel and say our prayers. My tow-headed brother prayed as best he could between gulps, and climbed sobbing into bed; but I flatly declined either to pray or to cry; declared, in short, that 'it served the old devil right,' for which gem of truth I received another spanking more vigorous than the first.

Only on one other occasion during my childhood did that dangerous spirit take possession of me. It was on a Sunday morning, and my mother had told me for the third time to change my underclothing. While climbing the back stairs, I made some defiant remark, when my father, livid with sud-

den rage, sprang after me, and, dragging me out into the back kitchen, flogged me until I could n't stand. A few weeks before I had bought an old gun (paid for with muskrat pelts and cider apples gleaned from under the sodden leaves in the fence corners), and this I loaded, firmly resolved to shoot my father before the day was done; but as the flame of my anger died down, I wept bitterly, unburdening my outraged soul to my dog.

My mother, before her marriage, was called the most beautiful woman in the county from which she came. Tall, straight, with coal-black hair, white skin, and frank French eyes that measured one at a glance, she was by nature a joyous pagan with a passion for the out-of-doors and a divine instinct for making any plant grow that she entrusted to mother earth. Born into the Catholic faith, she was caught in the deadly Puritan net, from which she never escaped. I can see her yet sitting by the window searching the Bible for the sin against the Holy Ghost, which she feared she had committed. In the dead of night she would rise, get the great family tome, and continue the search, and, when she had fastened upon some verse which she regarded as proof of her eternal damnation, summon my father to corroborate her decision. How well I remember his patient, harassed face as he strove to persuade her to return to bed.

From her bedroom window my mother could see the graveyard. In the farthest corner was a long row of tall white tombstones, marking the graves of several generations of B——s, whose house was a half mile up the road. One night she woke my father and pointed to a light moving across the fields from the B—— house toward the graveyard. It entered, and, proceeding to the corner in which the B——s were buried, vanished. In a few days, quite unexpectedly, another B—— died, and was buried beside his kinsfolk. Finally my mother came to watch for those lights with a fearful fascination, always rousing my father to bear witness to the incredible thing. The light would appear shortly after midnight, and was always followed by another death in the ill-fated B—— family. If my very sane father had only smiled at my mother's hallucination the story would not have impressed me so deeply; but to his death he declared that he also saw the lights. I should like to see the alleged facts placed before the Society for Psychical Research and hear its 'hard-boiled' explanation.

VIII

Occasionally an evangelist would come down from Boston during the winter months and hold revival meetings in the schoolhouse. On one of these occasions my father, who years before had backslid, returned to the fold, and the next morning astonished us children by bowing his head — I can see the part in my mother's raven-black hair as she bowed hers also — and saying grace. After that, grace was said before each meal until we children grew up and through sheer indifference silenced what is to me now the only really sacred religious rite connected with my childhood.

The next winter a velvet-tongued evangelist appeared who was truly a high-grade artist. He did not rant and roar; he had a much more effective method of bringing sinners to repentance. He simply played the melodeon and sang over and over in his sugary voice emotional hymns that have mesmerized countless thousands of guileless folk.

I was entering upon adolescence, and the emotional appeal of this smooth gentleman found me fertile soil. The

meetings had been in full swing for a couple of weeks, and I was growing vaguely afraid of that sugary voice; but I entered the schoolhouse that evening as usual and sat in the back seats with 'the gang.' As the music went on and on I felt something tugging at me, drawing me forward; but I gripped the desk and resisted, until I saw a hard-drinking old horse trader in front of me begin to weep, and, swept forward on vocal billows of rejoicing, gain the anxious seat.

Before I knew what had happened, I found myself beside him, and the next moment a soft, seductive hand was on my shoulder and the sugary voice was in my ear. I went home with my head as high in the clouds as if I had been smoking opium, and all night, until the break of a cold January dawn, I said over and over, over and over: 'I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved!' When I awoke later in the morning and looked out into the pitiless winter sunshine, I half expected that the bitter weather would have no further power over me; but when I came to dress, my toes and fingers stung as usual, and when I arrived downstairs the wood box had to be filled. In a few days I had recovered from my emotional spree, and I never indulged in another.

My baptism ended my formal religious experience until I stood at the grave of my mother, when my convulsive weeping was mistaken by the officiating clergyman for 'repentance.' God rest his obtuse soul! Only in some old European cathedral, and that rarely, has the spirit of formal Christianity returned to me.

Once, years later, on my return to my native land, I attended a Wednesday night prayer meeting as in my boyhood days. As the fathers, markedly aged during the years of my wanderings, knelt one by one and asked fervently for the same old impossible things they had asked for in my childhood, my eyes in roaming about the familiar place rested upon a print of the crucified Christ hanging upon the wall. The gaunt body was raised against an utterly barren background, and as I looked at it the futility of altruistic goodness swept over me. Then, as if by a magician's wand, I saw poor humanity through His eyes, and suddenly loved Him. Quietly I got up and slipped out into the night. The sky was clear, and the stars in their fathomless black gulfs were sweeping on, just as they swept on when the first glimmer of questioning intelligence first beheld them; just as they will sweep on when the last baffled interrogator turns his face helplessly up to them. What was I — the man on the cross — all life — in the face of that cold and heartless immensity? As the unthinkable æons wore on, even those stars would be utterly annihilated and return into the void, only to reappear in new worlds — over and over and over. Against such a spectacle those old men praying to their own collective shadow seemed less than nothing.

But what about that morning in my childhood when those same stars leaned down, and, communing with me, filled my soul with unutterable joy? What about the ageless chorus of the frogs beyond the orchard, and the prayer of the hermit thrush? Is science leading man into a deadly morass from which there is no escape so long as he worships at her shrine, and will he continue to dwindle until all his glorious spiritual heritage is lost, leaving only a highly intellectualized animal, well ordered, passionless, with no further capacity for either a heaven or a hell?

Or will man eventually rise triumphant above a depersonalized universe, and reconstruct another spiritual kingdom nobler and more spacious than that which science has destroyed?

THE RESCUE

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

I

MR. SMUDGE, second mate of the steamship *Wallowoo*, stood on the starboard wing of the bridge and peered nervously ahead into the smother of mist and driving sleet. He had never been at home upon the sea. In dirty weather, when the vessel was tumbling about in the turmoil of the confused waves, fear would lie heavy within him like ballast in a cranky vessel, and there was no knowing when it would shift, to send him floundering into the depths of despair. He had tried to overcome it; had endeavored always to show a brave face to his shipmates, who reveled in danger and laughed boisterously when the green seas swept across the deck. He knew, for it is part of the code with which all mariners become imbued by their vocation and environment, that fear, though entertained, must never be shown. A timorous sign or action, in the frequent contingencies that are experienced, might mean the total destruction of a vessel, and the lives of some members of the crew.

Peer as he might into the murk ahead, he could not see more than a few hundred yards, and the visibility seemed to be narrowing all the while. From the forward well the deep, sonorous voice of the mate could be heard giving orders to the men, who were squaring up the decks before the full fury of the gale should be encountered. The glare of the steaming lights fell on the wet oilskins of the sailormen stowing the mooring lines on number one hatch, and it was disconcerting, annoying, for the reflections darted about like myriad fireflies, until at times it seemed as if the timid light from a fisherman's lantern were popping up under the bow. But there was no impact, no staggering of the vessel to the accompaniment of splintering timbers. Mr. Smudge would be reassured, when a dollop of spindrift would rise high into the air to hang perpendicularly like a jeweled gauze ahead of the lights before driving down the wind upon the bridge to make him uneasy again.

The whiff of a cigar fell upon his nostrils, and the Captain was on the bridge beside him. He pulled himself together and looked around.

'It's a tough night to be going to sea, sir,' he remarked cheerfully, for he was happy in the thought that the responsibility had reverted to the other.

Captain Slocum took the cigar from his mouth without taking his gaze from ahead, snorted contemptuously, and spat a curve vigorously in the wind.

'What the hell else do you expect at this time of the year? A woman's wind with the linen and frills hanging out to dry? This'll toughen some of you young fellows up. You need it!'

Captain Slocum was not usually cantankerous and irascible. But he had also been thinking that it was a tough night on which to put to sea — though not on account of the weather, for it was whispered that he could not digest his food or relish his liquor unless it

was swished about in his innards by the lurching and heaving of his vessel at the height of a gale. A week-end at home had seemed a possibility until the owners had ordered extra gangs of stevedores on board to whip the cargo out so that the vessel could sail on Saturday afternoon. The disappointment was enough to upset the equanimity of a saint, far more that of a sailor. Now, instead of having a comfortable night on shore, he would have to stay on deck — at any rate, until the sleet and dirt had cleared away.

'The *Deeperoo* should make Sunday this trip,' Mr. Smudge began again. 'She'll be coming up in a fair wind.'

'It'll be thicker than pea soup to the south'ard of the Cape, I'm thinking,' Captain Slocum stated. 'And she's loaded deep with sugar from Cuba. If Barnes has any sense, he'll forget Sunday and heave his vessel to until the gale blows out, for she'll be dirty if running. But he's a young fellow — one of those home birds — smart, they say, but kind of light in the upper works. But I guess they're all alike nowadays.'

Mr. Smudge took the implication as a personal snub, so walked over to the lee wing of the bridge, muttering something about 'an old relic' when out of earshot of the Captain. He would be on watch until midnight, and come on deck again at 4 A.M., for the third mate had been left behind in Boston; so he might as well be as comfortable as possible, away from the eye of the 'Old Man.' It was just his luck to lose the week-end. As he saw it now, he should have taken leave when it was offered to him, instead of turning it over to the third mate. A shiver passed through him as the shrieking wind struck at his face through an aperture between the weather cloth and the sheltering cab, and the pin pricks of sleet stabbed wickedly at his cheeks. A gale of wind with the night still young, he thought, and the third mate would be sitting snug with his girl at the movies. A 'helluva life' the sea!

But there was no time for self-pity. The demands of the storm were urgent, inexorable. A brute of a sea had leaped out of the murk to pounce upon the bluff bow, to stagger the vessel with tremors of agony, then to break across the forward well in a welter of foam that gurgled through the winches and between the hatches, showing pale, nauseous-green teeth in the frenzy of its advance. He could hear the mate yell a warning to his men, and, peering through the window of the cab, he saw the oilskin-clad figures clinging to the bulwark stanchions and winch ends while the surging water strove to break their hold and carry them, helpless and screaming like land birds on the bosom of a hurricane wind, into the leaping water out alee. A shiver passed through him again and he pressed more closely into the shelter of the cab, as if to find from its protection a staff of strength on which to lean. He gazed through the darkness toward the weather cab, and realized, from the glow of a cigar, that the Captain was coming across the reeling bridge toward him.

'Get down below on to the forward well and give the mate a hand.'

Mr. Smudge heard the order, but did not move. It was as if an icy hand had laid its weight upon his heart, then squeezed and squeezed until an unmitigable numbness came upon his limbs.

'Get a move on! What in hell's the matter with you?' Captain Slocum shouted, and looked keenly at his subordinate.

It was on the tip of Mr. Smudge's tongue to retort that it was his place to be on the bridge, but he immediately perceived the futility of such an answer. And anyway, in that moment, a sub-

conscious urge to obey the order came to him. Duty! It was his duty to obey. He was paid to risk his life when the occasion demanded. Without realizing this, almost against his will, he swung to action with alacrity.

'Nothing, sir. Aye, aye, sir.'

It was as if another voice spoke within him — a voice belonging to the self he often wished that he could be. A surge of enthusiasm, of fearlessness, swept over him as he steadied himself against the lurching of the vessel, then slid, on the slithery planks, toward the ladder that led down to the lower deck. Alone in the sodden gloominess that huddled under the deck head on the lee of the forward house, he hesitated, with one hand holding the oilskins close about him and the other firmly clutching the storm rail on the bulkhead. The clap-clap of the carpenter's hammer knocking the wedges home into their cleats on the forward hatches told him that most of the work had been done; that, in a little while, the vessel would be snugged down and the sailormen put on their regular watches.

II

In the lee he hesitated, for the wind, screeching round the corner of the house, was frightsome, and almost tore him away from the security of the bulkhead when he attempted to gain the top of the ladder that led to the forward well. If he had been brought up in sail there would have been no terror in the wild ravings of the storm; no hesitation when he felt the weight of the wind upon him; no fear clutching at his heart like cobwebs in the dark recesses of a dilapidated barn. He would have become inured to them all in the thrill of a vessel wind-driven and in the knowledge, which would permeate to the root of his being, that he was a vital part of the vessel on which he sailed. In a steam vessel he had no chance, for never does the spit of smoke and cinders, or the pounding of an engine in a laboring hull of steel, lift a man out of himself. It is as if the mechanical contrivances of man know their superiority and want to remain aloof to flaunt that knowledge in the faces of their makers. Mr. Smudge would have given anything he possessed to be like the sailormen working fearlessly to make the vessel secure against the furies of the gale. But it was a hard fight — like that of a helpless vessel buffeted in the vortex of a hurricane.

'Smudge! Mr. Smudge!' Captain Slocum bawled.

Mr. Smudge bent his head against the force of the wind and made for the ladder. His foot was on the top step, when a man coming up bumped into him. He loosed his grasp of the rail. The wind caught him off balance and sent him flat against the lee bulwarks, where he clung breathless and scared. Men hurried past, hastened on their way by the hurricane gusts that flew around the corner of the forward house. The beam of a flash light cut the darkness.

'What's the matter?' shouted the mate.

'I — I was coming to give you a hand,' Mr. Smudge replied, spluttering, 'when I tripped over the steam-pipe casing.'

'She's all squared up now!' the mate shouted boisterously. 'Am going up to report and to see if the Old Man has a drink in the bottle. It's bloody wet down on the well deck, and I'm going to turn in.'

A sense of relief came to Mr. Smudge as he followed the mate up the ladder to the bridge. The night would be quiet now until after the Cape had been cleared — and the mate would be on deck. He sighed happily.

'Is that you, Mr. Smudge?' Captain

Slocum inquired when the bridge had been made.

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Go along to the wireless cabin. A weather report has just come in.'

Mr. Smudge turned away reluctantly, for there was a chance that the Old Man would give him a peg when the mate had one. Set a fellow up on a dirty night. But he heard them talking, and knew that it was useless to wait.

'It looks like dirty weather ahead,' the wireless operator remarked, swinging back easily in his chair when the vessel pitched. 'I don't envy you on a night like this. How's it outside? Tough?'

Mr. Smudge gazed superciliously down at him.

'Oh, it's not so bad,' he said. 'Could be a lot worse. What else do you expect in the winter months?'

He would let the operators know that the deck department were made of sterner stuff than they; there was no discomfort in the cabin. Yet when he felt the sting of the driving sleet on his face he wished that he could have lingered a while longer — to kill the minutes that still remained of his watch. He dwelt on the thought as he struggled from shelter to shelter, from storm rail to stanchion, toward the bridge.

Captain Slocum took the weather report from him.

'Keep a sharp lookout,' he ordered, and gave a grunt of disgust as he walked across the bridge toward the wheelhouse. The chart-room light switched on, which blinded Mr. Smudge for a second, so that he hid his eyes in the belly of the weather cloth. When he looked up, the curtains of the ports had been drawn, but a swish of spindrift caught him unawares and covered his face with streaming water.

'There seems to be a light right ahead!'

The voice of the lookout man close to his ear startled him. He jerked to attention and endeavored to focus his smarting eyes in the direction indicated.

'W-w-where?' he shouted.

'Just over the jack staff — it is n't very clear. There it is again!'

Mr. Smudge saw it also — or thought he did.

'Hard aport!' he yelled to the man at the wheel.

He heard the grinding of the packing in the glands as the wheel was put hard over; but the vessel seemed to be holding to her course — the light kept ahead.

'Is she swinging?' he shouted, almost frantic.

'She's gone off two points — and still swinging, sir,' the man at the wheel answered.

The light in the chart room went out, the door opened, and Captain Slocum hurried on to the bridge.

'What do you see?' he asked anxiously.

Mr. Smudge was not sure now that he had seen anything.

'There was something that looked like a light almost right ahead,' he answered, paused, then shouted, 'There it is again!'

Captain Slocum laughed easily.

'Bring her back to her course,' he ordered. 'It's the reflection of the forward mast headlight on the top of the jack staff. Tell the mate to give the truck a lick of black paint when the weather clears up. The reflection has been bothering us for months. On a night like this it is better to be safe than sorry — you did right to put her off her course.'

Until the Captain spoke Mr. Smudge was not sure that he had been right. His order to the man at the wheel had been involuntary. Instead of praise he had expected a reprimand, for the murk

of doubt had not cleared away from his head where it had settled in the emergency.

But Captain Slocum was speaking.

'It is going to be dirty before morning. The southeast storm warnings are up between the Delaware capes and Eastport, Maine. I am glad the old tub is loaded deep, for we'd be in a tight hole if light, with the cape lying shut in to leeward.'

He spun a yarn of a dirty night on the coast that made the watch pass quickly for Mr. Smudge. At eight bells the mate came on to the bridge to relieve him. Mr. Smudge gave him the course, wrote up the log, and went below to his cabin.

III

He was aroused almost as soon as he had fallen asleep, it seemed, by the mate drawing back the curtain over the doorway with a tinkle of brass rings and banging on the bulkhead with his fist.

'Show a leg there, mister,' he shouted.

Mr. Smudge switched on the light and looked at his watch. It was after four o'clock. The man must have forgotten to call him at one bell. Well, he had sneaked an extra fifteen minutes of sleep, though he felt as if he had never been in his bunk. Watch and watch was no damned good anyway. You always felt on awaking as if you had been drawn through a sewer. The sight of the mate's ruddy, windbeaten face and the water glistening on his oilskins sent a shiver through him as he swung his legs over the bunk board.

'Get a hustle on,' the mate cautioned. 'The *Deeperoo* is in trouble, and the Old Man is jumpy and cackling like a wet hen. It looks now as if there was going to be some real sailorizing for you to do.'

He grinned maliciously, dropped the curtain into its place, and went along the alleyway to the deck. The outside door shut with a bang.

Mr. Smudge wished that he had not gone in such a hurry. The parting thrust was disturbing. 'Sailorizing' could mean so many things — and, again, it might mean nothing. His hands fumbled nervously with the buttons on his clothing as he hurried into them. He had better keep on the right side of the Old Man, for if there was dirty work to be done it would be given to the mate least in favor.

A biting cold wind swirled about him as he picked his way along the deck. He swore when he barked his right shin against a small bunker hatch that blended into the blackness of the morning. If the third mate had been on board he would be going to his bunk instead of on to the bridge on watch. Some fellows had all the luck. He could not help thinking of the third mate lying snug in a bed on shore.

Captain Slocum was standing in the weather corner of the bridge smoking a cigar as if he had not changed his position throughout the night. Eight hours of watching! Mr. Smudge was not sure now that he wanted to attain the pinnacle of his earlier ambitions and become a master mariner. He knew there was a catch in the life at sea, but he had not perceived it until now.

There was a rip-snorting gale blowing that clawed at his oilskins and sou'wester when he came out of the lee of the chart room and groped his way toward the glow of the cigar. Spray was flying in a constant stream down the wind and driving, with the roll of kettledrums, against the weather cloth and deck houses. The vessel was butting the seas, staggering, trembling, recovering, and flooding herself over the forecastle head. The surging of the

green water on the forward well came through the storm noises like the rasp of a saw. The realization came to Mr. Smudge that the vessel was being driven, with all the power behind her engines, into the teeth of the gale.

'Good morning, sir,' he shouted.

'Morning, mister,' Captain Slocum replied curtly. 'Bloody awful morning, if you ask me.'

Neither of them spoke again for some time. The mate had gone below before Mr. Smudge had arrived on the bridge, so that he had no further news of the *Deeperoo*. And he was anxious — terribly anxious.

Captain Slocum must have read his thoughts. He said: —

'I got an S O S from the *Deeperoo* two hours ago. She's lost her rudder and is lying in the trough, drifting toward the shoals. Her number two hatch has been stove in, which is bad. We'll reach her by daylight, and stand by to take off the crew in case she falls over on her beam ends before the arrival of the tug. One has been dispatched from New York. The coast-guard cutters are all away on deep-sea jobs.'

'Stand by to take off the crew.' Captain Slocum spoke as if he were bound on a picnic! He would n't have to go out in the lifeboat, thought Mr. Smudge. To him would fall the easy end of the job — to stand on the bridge and give orders. And on arrival at port he would gather in all the awards for what had been successfully accomplished. One could be calm under these circumstances! But it would be the mate's duty to go out in the lifeboat! Or would it be his?

He turned toward the Captain.

'The mate of the *Leatherby* did a good job, sir, when he went after the crew of the schooner dismasted in the gale last week. Did you read about it in the papers?'

That was a subtle idea, he thought — give the old man a precedent to guide him.

Captain Slocum grunted, but did not speak.

A feeling of apprehension began to settle over Mr. Smudge. In the cold gray hours that heralded the day he died many times, swept to his death by ugly combers that curled and roared over a frail wooden craft that went forth on an errand of mercy. So deep was the fear within him that he resolved to refuse to go should he be ordered away in charge of the lifeboat.

The dawn came slowly, for the light was smothered by the murkiness that pressed close upon the sea and by the clouds that had no shape but hung above the vessel as if too heavy to take their proper altitude in the sky. The wind had eased slightly with the coming of the day. The downward rush of the barometer had stopped. The change that was imminent would bring a stronger wind.

'We should pick her up any time now,' Captain Slocum remarked when he came from the chart room, where he had been laying off some wireless bearings after six bells. 'She's making water fast, and Barnes wants me to take off his crew. Her boats have been washed away. Just got a message.'

'He must have kept running when he should have been hove to,' Mr. Smudge remarked.

Captain Slocum looked at him intently.

'Mind your own damned business!' he snorted.

'But you said —'

'Never mind what I said; do as I tell you!'

Mr. Smudge realized immediately that he had gone and put his foot in it, and possibly his entire body as well. And the Old Man had suggested the action himself.

'Get all hands on deck,' Captain Slocum ordered. 'And tell the mate to clear away the starboard lifeboat ready for lowering. You will need four or five lengths of two-and-a-half-inch line, to pull the men from the water in case you cannot get alongside.'

IV

The Old Man had decided! Mr. Smudge knew, as he hastened along the lower deck to carry out the orders, that now was the time to take a firm stand; to make it clear to the Old Man that he would refuse to take charge of a lifeboat should one be lowered into the jaws of the gale. There was still a chance that such an action would be unnecessary. He decided to wait until the condition of the *Deeperoo* could be definitely ascertained. Not only would he be jeopardizing his position, but he would look such a fool, if he refused a duty that might not be delegated to him. With the coming of daylight the weather had not seemed so bad. The sea was still streaked with wind dogs; the wind still howled through the shrouds. But perhaps the rescue would be accomplished in the lull that would precede the change. He decided to wait.

He had returned to the bridge, after passing the orders to the mate, when the *Deeperoo* was sighted. She was lying so far over on her beam ends and falling so heavily into the troughs of the seas that, at first, there were times when it seemed as if she had gone for good. Then she would heave up on to the crest of a wave, to be smothered by the spume as the wind-hounded combers raced, pinnacled, and broke over her. It seemed incredible that a living person could find a shelter on that half-tide rock of straining steel. Yet when the *Wallowoo* hove to to windward there was seen the flutter of a white sheet from the gratings over the forward end of the fiddley. Her wireless had long since ceased to function; her boats were gone; the tatters of a tarpaulin flapped into the air above the topsides like naked brown arms beseeching help; from her fore truck flew the remnants of a hoist of flags.

The crew of the *Wallowoo* lined the lee rail. Some of them smoked, while others commented on the prospects of a salvage job. 'Good money if we could tow her into port,' the bos'n remarked. 'But only hard graft and a bloody dousing if we go after the crew.'

'Muster the men on the bridge deck in the lee of the fiddley,' Captain Slocum said to the mate after he had surveyed the helpless craft through the long glass.

In a few minutes the mate reported the men mustered below.

'Stay up here, mister,' Captain Slocum ordered. 'I'll be back in a second.'

He went down the ladder, walked slowly along the deck, and stopped, with his back to the bulwark rail, when he was abreast of his crew. For a moment or two he looked from one to the other, all along the line, while the fine spray, carried on the swirling wind, flung like a mist upon them.

'Men,' he began quietly, 'I want a boat's crew. The *Deeperoo* cannot last much longer. It will be dangerous work, hard work, and you may all lose your lives. I want volunteers. Step forward, the men who are willing to take a chance.'

The men looked at each other. One stepped forward — another — another — and twelve sailormen stood ready to answer the call.

'All right, men,' Captain Slocum shouted. 'That's enough.'

He turned to the second mate.

'Pick your crew, Mr. Smudge. Eight men is all you need.'

He swung toward the men again.

'Best luck to you, my lads. I'll aid you all I can.'

Mr. Smudge was speechless. Captain Slocum was on the bridge before he could open his mouth to refuse. He made a step as if to go after him, then hesitated. The eyes of the men were upon him. He must not waver — he must not; to hell with the duty! He took a step toward the bridge.

'Pick me, sir!'

Mr. Smudge looked round, and saw a little runt of a fellow with an eager fire in his eyes.

'All right, Smith! You come along! And you, Woodcock. Lamps, Brown, Jerry, Donkey. You'd better remain on board to lower us away, Bos'n. You, Dan — Jorgensen.'

In the wink of an eye he had a crew.

The mate came toward him.

'The Old Man wants to give you some advice. I'll make everything ready.'

Mr. Smudge went on to the bridge. On the way he had thrown off his oilskins and sou'wester, and he stood before the Captain bareheaded and eager. Within him there raged a turmoil of conflicting emotions, but, in the flattery of the crew's trust, fear was dulled. In later years he whispered to himself that, for one moment or one hour in his life, he was able to forget himself. And for that he was forever thankful. He listened attentively to the advice of the Captain, and perceived that it was advice that was given, and not orders. It thrilled him.

'Do the job yourself, Smudge, in your own way,' Captain Slocum concluded. 'Good luck!'

'Thank you, sir,' he heard himself mutter as they shook hands.

The lifeboat had been lowered from the boat deck, and was held, boused in against the bridge-deck stanchions to keep it from being smashed against the side as the vessel rolled, when he stepped on board. A tremor of fear passed through him when his eyes caught sight of the swirling water gurgling under the lee. The oil which the engineers had pumped overboard to smooth the ragged edges from the whitecaps gave a ghastly appearance to the surface of the sea. Like blood from a wound mingling with a disinfectant, he thought.

'Clear away!' Captain Slocum shouted peremptorily.

'Ready there?' inquired the mate.

Mr. Smudge pulled himself together.

'All ready, sir,' he shouted. 'Lower away!'

The bousing lines were cast off. The falls grunted over the sheaves. The water, great smooth swells, heaved up to grasp the boat.

'Stand by to cut the painter, Lamps! Stand by the releasing gear, Jerry!' Mr. Smudge shouted as he took into his hands the sweep with which to steer the boat.

'Get the lee oars out! Have the others handy.'

Men jumped to stations. The pulleys sang. A wave kissed the bottom of the boat — kissed it gently and went past. Mr. Smudge watched anxiously as the boat swung out on its tackles. A wave leaped up!

'Let go!'

A swing of the releasing lever, and the lower tackle blocks swung free. The lifeboat took the water with a splash.

'Cut her adrift!'

A slash of the axe! The painter parted with a twang, and the first danger had been cleared. Mr. Smudge lay heavily on the sweep to head the lifeboat away to leeward before the indraught should draw her to destruction against the rolling hull of the vessel. The men bent on their oars, lay back, and, before they had settled

to their task, the lifeboat was out of the lee and speeding before the heft of the storm. Seas leaped at them, broke, and covered them with spray. But the boat was lively, buoyant, and took no heavy water. Lamps began to sing a chantey.

V

Mr. Smudge thought that it was not so bad after all. But he changed his mind when he saw the waves breaking over the heavily listed hull ahead. There was no oil on the water to smooth their landing; there were no men ready to aid them. It was like being driven against the cliffs — with the seething waters eager to engulf their craft.

Nearer and nearer they drew.

Mr. Smudge kept the boat heading for the stern of the helpless hull. He knew that he must keep as near as possible — yet not too near.

He could hear the water breaking now — see the foam reaching far on all sides. He was glad that his men had their backs turned to it all. There was no sign of life on the vessel. She could not be more than fifty feet away. The boat was flying down on her. He had her in too close. She would not clear.

A wave caught the boat on its crest and sent it forward at a great speed.

'Look out!' he yelled, and lay heavily on the sweep. 'Pull like hell!'

The lifeboat was abreast of the stern — lifted to the level of the poop on a sea. He pulled on the sweep. The lifeboat passed to safety, and the men 'lay to' on their oars about thirty feet to leeward of the wreck.

Mr. Smudge breathed easily as he surveyed the decks. Men were clinging to the storm rails in the lee of the deck houses. The breaking waves were tumbling over her and falling in an avalanche into the sea.

'Give way easily,' he ordered.

When about twenty feet separated the lifeboat from the vessel he told them to stop rowing and keep the boat head to leeward in readiness to pull away should the suction draw them too close. He stood up and cupped his hands to his mouth.

'You'll have to jump into the sea!' he shouted. 'We'll float lines with toggles attached. Make for them, and we'll pull you on board. Not too many at a time — but hurry, for there's a shift of wind coming!'

The lines were floated. Men jumped — disappeared beneath the water, to bob up near the toggles. It was hot work hauling the men on board and attending to the oars. The rescued lent a hand, but with the additional weight the lifeboat floated lifelessly on the water.

A deluge of rain came as the captain was hauled out of the sea. He was haggard and worn, and did not speak. Instead he nodded to Mr. Smudge, who beamed back at him.

'We were just in time, sir!' he shouted.

It had all seemed so easy.

A long blast on the whistle of the *Wallowoo* brought him back to the work in hand. He looked around, and saw a flag being jerked up and down on the foremast. He also saw a black squall banking up to the westward. The sky was hardening — a dark line lay on the horizon.

'Give way together!' he shouted. 'There's a shift coming!'

The wind fell light as the men laid back on their oars. A cool breath came away. A warning!

'Double-bank the oars!' he yelled, sculling with the sweep to aid the speed of the boat.

Captain Slocum had taken the *Wallowoo* to leeward of the *Deeperoo* after the lifeboat had left. She was now in position, waiting to receive them on board.

Mr. Smudge could see the squall advancing. The sea had become confused.

'More weight on the oars!' he screamed.

VI

He had worked the lifeboat alongside the *Wallowoo* before the squall broke. More than half of the rescued had clambered, or been hauled, to safety. The wind blew in fierce gusts, driving the rain into his face. The lifeboat was flung heavily against the hull. The blow jarred her — split the planking. He could see the water seeping in and hear it swishing about ominously. The men were clutching at the lines. They were dangling in space. The west wind had swung the *Wallowoo* across the sea, and the waves were leaping upon him. The painter, by which the lifeboat was held, tautened with a twang, but did not part! Only a few men were left.

'Blast your souls!' he screamed. 'Jump, or we'll all be drowned!'

A line flung by a sailorman on deck hit him on the face. He grabbed it blindly and held on. The boat was rising violently. It brought up with a jerk that sent him tumbling. He heard the painter part — heard the warning cries of the men on deck. But he could not help himself. The boat fell from under him. The water went over his head, rushed past, and carried him with it. The line in his hands tightened with a jerk. He grit his teeth and held on like a drowning man to a straw. He came out of the water and swung like a pendulum into the bosom of the succeeding wave. His back flopped against the hull, and he felt himself being hauled up hand over hand.

But at that moment he did not care what was happening to him. A great weariness had come over him. If he could only die, what a relief it would be! He was afraid of the safety that might hold such another experience — and he was afraid to let go of the line.

'Take him along to the saloon,' he heard Captain Slocum say as from a great distance.

They were carrying him along the deck. A blast of warm air that carried the odor of food nauseated him. If they would only leave him on deck!

He struggled weakly, and they set him on his feet. He leaned wearily against the cross bunker hatch and slowly opened his eyes.

'Here! Drink this, mister,' Captain Slocum said. 'It will steady you.'

A glass of whiskey was held out. He took it in his hand, but when he raised it to his lips the smell was too rank, and only increased the twanging of his nerves, which seemed to be playing a tune within his head.

'You'd better go and turn in, mister,' Captain Slocum said. 'Never mind about your watch. I'll use the officers of the *Deeperoo*. Here, steward! Give Mister Smudge a hand to get his wet clothing off and into his bunk.'

'Thank you, sir,' he heard himself saying.

'Thank me, be damned! You're a hero, mister,' Captain Slocum shouted. 'And there's fifty men on board here that know it.'

The men cheered as he went along the deck to his cabin. He did not raise his eyes to them. If he did, they would see him as he really was, he thought.

The Captain had called him a hero. He wanted to laugh, but the weariness was overpowering.

A hero! He played with the thought as the wet clothing slipped to the deck and he tumbled into bed. The light was switched out and the door banged shut as the steward went away.

A hero! Perhaps after all there were other men such as he. He yawned wearily, snuggled under the blankets on his bunk, and was soon fast asleep.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

Upon the outskirts of the city of Naples lies the tomb of Virgil. The body of the great poet was laid there nineteen years before the beginning of the Christian Era, and during all the tumultuous centuries which followed he was never entirely forgotten. The Italians, with the indestructible monuments of Rome constantly under their eyes, could never entirely forget that her greatness had been a physical reality, and in their minds no name was more closely associated than his with the grandeur which he had celebrated.

His fame had, indeed, undergone strange transmogrifications. Few to whom his name was still vaguely familiar had any idea of the character of his works, and fewer still had read them. He must, they thought, have been a mighty magician — like Aristotle. He had, so legend asserted, created a marvelous brazen fly, and from him Reynard the Fox had learned certain valuable secrets. Even as we approach the period with which we are concerned, a period during which he was again read as a poet, we see that certain fantastic notions still prevailed. For had he not, it was asked, definitely revealed the divine character of his inspiration by clearly predicting in one of his *Eclogues* the coming of Christ, and did not even students of profane literature agree that his deepest significance lay, not in the vain fables which he recounted, but in the allegorical meanings which were hid within them?

Virgil was, in short, a symbol of intellectual greatness which each age had interpreted in terms it could understand, and though the time had come again when certain newly refined ears caught his sweet melody, they were frightened by the perception of delights which had no relation to that plan of salvation which, so the Church insisted, should be the sole concern of man.

Here undoubtedly was the voice of the world, hints of that human culture which had no relation to the only culture tolerated by a harsh God, and timidly men sought to deny that it contained any principle inimical to the philosophy which they accepted. But more and more his voice was heard. Ideas of fame and glory, aspirations toward tenderness and beauty, began to attach themselves to his name. He was the great poet in a sense unknown to the grim ages just past, and his fame was a glimmer from some civilization which had begun to seem once more desirable.

This Virgil had lain some thirteen centuries in his tomb when a young Italian in his ardent twenties stood meditating at night beside it. His

[1] There are many doubtful points in the biography of Boccaccio. In this study I have always adopted the one of several possibilities which seemed to me the most probable, without stopping to debate the question. The best recent treatments of the life as a whole are Edward Hutton's *Giovanni Boccaccio* and Henri Hauvette's *Boccace*. To both of these I am much indebted. — Author

father was one of those Italian merchants who were establishing the solid bourgeois prosperity upon which the culture of the Renaissance was to be founded, and he himself was, without exactly knowing it, a typical representative of the new man. He had been accustomed from boyhood to cities more stately and more comfortable than any known in the Western world outside of Italy; he had been at a court whose fashion and sophistication made it infinitely removed from the semi-barbarous state of society which still dominated the rest of Europe; and though he had applied himself somewhat to study, he was, by nature and experience, worldly. As he stood in a ferment to which love added its perplexities, his mind turned to that 'sweet poesy' which since childhood had delighted him, and the soul of Virgil spoke across the centuries.

> Contemplating that tomb and meditating for a long time with suspended soul both upon him whom the tomb enclosed and the fame of those bones, he began suddenly to accuse and to lament the fate which had violently constrained him to devote himself to trade, which he hated. From this he was seized with a sudden love of the Pierian Muses, and returning to the house he broke with all merchants and gave himself ardently to the study of poetry; in which, in a short space of time, his noble intelligence and his ardent desires being joined, he became admirably proficient.

Such at least is the account given of the conversion of Giovanni Boccaccio by his contemporary and earliest biographer, Filippo Villani, who wrote it down in his *Le vite d'uomini illustri fiorentini* six or seven years after Giovanni had died.

One may, indeed, suspect a touch of poetry in this account itself, but if poetry is there it is poetry of that sort which reveals the deepest truth, for if it is not literal fact it is at least significant allegory. The world of things human, not the world of things divine, was the one which Boccaccio longed to feel and to sing; he was compelled to reach back across many intervening centuries to touch hands with men who had dropped the thread which he was to try to pick up, and it was at the ashes of Virgil that he would light his own torch.

Two other men, Dante Alighieri and Francesco Petrarca, shared with him the literary fame of his century. Succeeding ages have studied both more assiduously than they have studied him, but he was, nevertheless, more completely than either of the others a representative of a new kind of culture.

From whatever the other two wrote concerning life as their contemporaries lived it, certain lines went out to points of reference outside that life. In Dante they went out to great principles, fixed in eternity, by which all human events must be judged; in Petrarch they went out to the customs and the opinions of the ancient world; but in Boccaccio the world of sense and experience was, for the first time since the classical age, complete in itself. Life as he and his fellows lived it needed nothing which it did not itself furnish to establish its values. Even if God had never existed and the Romans had never lived, Florence and Naples contained delight enough and meaning enough to form the subject of art. He took time, not eternity, for his province, and experience as his only guide and judge.

II

It is not certain whether Paris, Florence, or the little town of Certaldo gave Boccaccio birth, but he was born in the year 1313, and born, significantly enough, from a temporary union between his father and a Parisian woman

whom the former had met in the course of a mercantile journey and whom he shortly after abandoned. Giovanni, as a matter of course, received an elementary education, and, as a matter of course also, was apprenticed to another eminent merchant in order that he might learn the trade of his father; but before he had even learned what poetry was he had made little rhymes of his own, and he spoke bitterly in later life of the six years which he had wasted in trade.

His father, anxious to see him established in some lucrative profession, suggested the study of the canon law, but the affairs of the Church interested him as little as those of trade and the only result was the loss of another six years. He had, however, managed to make that study serve as an excuse for taking up his residence in the gay city of Naples, and it is there that the real story of his life begins.

Naples under the rule of King Robert was not a city to which either a merchant or a scholar would entrust his son without misgiving, for the refinement and freedom of its manners might well be expected to corrupt both the prudent industry of the one and the moral gravity of the other. Robert, like so many of the petty rulers of the Renaissance, was suspected of having mounted the throne over the murdered body of his brother, but he was a liberal and capable ruler, and his ideals were the new ideals of refinement and beauty which were rapidly undermining the whole mediæval world. Under his rule Naples had become the centre of fashion in Italy at a time when Italy was leading the world in the achievement of that bodily comfort which makes fashion possible. Poets and scholars were honored there, but the day was already passing when poetry and scholarship were affairs of the cloister or inevitably connected with an austere piety. At Naples the days were given to *fêtes champêtres*, the nights to splendid entertainment and amorous intrigue; there, in short, had already been founded that paradoxical society, nominally Christian but in all its acts fundamentally pagan, which was to rule Italy for two centuries and gradually reach the depths of hypocritical corruption which made it possible for a Borgia to sit upon the papal throne and hold his orgies in the Vatican itself.

We do not know at what age Boccaccio first saw the resplendent city, but he seems to have been taken there as a child, and he has left us an account — how fanciful we do not know — under the guise of an allegory which describes his first sight of the new streets and which tells how his heart beat with delight when he met 'a most beautiful girl, in aspect gracious and fair, dressed all in garments of green which befitted her age and recalled the ancient dress of the city,' who welcomed him to it with a kiss. In any event, the memory of the city seems to have remained in his mind as that of a sort of earthly paradise, and he was glad of any excuse — trade or the common law — which would enable him to become one of its citizens. In Naples he instinctively recognized his own spiritual home, and it in turn developed in him the joyous aspects of his nature.

Hitherto he had been compelled to listen to merchants 'skillful only in putting money into coffers' maintaining that poetry was not lucrative, when 'they ought to have blushed to attack celestial things which they do not comprehend and should have confined themselves to crawling among things which the baseness of their spirits makes them barely able to understand.' Here, on the other hand,

poetry was valued at its true worth, as the sole means by which a man's memory might be carried down to future ages, and here too was a daily life which afforded a perpetual gratification to his wakened and eager senses.

Boccaccio's sensuality — of which more must later be said — was of a sweet and gentle sort. Nothing merely coarse or ugly delighted it, and it was marked by none of the ferocity which so often accompanied the sensuality of the Italian; but young and fresh though it was, it had seldom any admixture of anything not essentially sensual. He loved fields and flowers because he was exquisitely sensitive to the beauty of form and color and not at all because he saw in them anything of a mystical beauty too deep for tears; and so also he loved women for the grace and beauty of their bodies and not at all because love was, as his master Dante thought, the lowest rung in the ladder which leads up to God. For such a nature, Naples, with its sunny days spent with beautiful women in the fields and its soft nights spent with these same ladies in brilliant assemblages, was a very paradise.

III

It is hardly necessary to say that in such an atmosphere Boccaccio fell in love. Indeed, he did so more than once, and he has left us the literary names of two ladies, Pampinea the 'white dove' and Abrotonia 'the blackbird,' who played the Rosaline to his Romeo. But the lady who remained for him throughout his youth the symbol of love was she who has come down to us under the name of Fiammetta, or the 'little flame.' The first of his books was written, he tells us, at her command, and in all but one of the other works of imagination which he wrote in the vulgar tongue she plays the rôle of a sensual Beatrice.

Doubtless the element of literary convention plays a part in all this. Petrarch with his Laura as well as Dante with his Beatrice had made it obligatory upon any poet to exalt a queen of his heart, and if Boccaccio had experienced no enduring passion it would have behooved him to invent one. But Fiammetta was a woman of flesh and blood whom Boccaccio had, in the flesh, embraced. Try as he would, in describing his love, to refine it away into that pale and decorous shadow which the convention of courtly poetry demanded, it remains substantial and real. In the person of Fiammetta one may recognize, not the inspirer of an ideal passion, but the woman who first called out and satisfied the most ardent desires of which he was capable and who therefore remained in his mind as the symbol of that substantial sort of love which it was his particular function to celebrate.

This Fiammetta has been almost certainly identified with one Maria, the illegitimate daughter of King Robert, but practically all that we know of her comes from Boccaccio himself, who wove some version of their love affair into more than one of his works. His stories are not in all respects consistent with one another, and all are embroidered with fancy. It is easy to see him forming a legend on the model afforded by the story of Dante and Beatrice, and far less aware than later readers have been of how different the meanings of the two stories were; but all that he tells us of her is significant both of the literary conventions of his day and of the way in which he was preparing himself for his greatest achievement by discovering how inappropriate these conventions were for the expression of what was most important and valid in himself.

On a beautiful spring morning, Saturday the Vigil of Easter, he had gone with a fashionable company to the ten o'clock Mass in the Franciscan Church of San Lorenzo. Gay as the court of Naples was, intellectual skepticism was no important part of the life there, and Boccaccio was no more inclined than his companions to question the authority of the Church or to neglect its ceremonies. On this particular occasion he noted in himself the sweetness of the melody which the choir was singing and he listened to the holy Mass being celebrated by a priest, 'successor to him who first girt himself humbly with a cord, exalting poverty and adopting it.'

For the moment at least he was living spiritually in that mediæval world of which Francis was the finest flower, and he felt himself touched by its sober poetry.

Yet at that very instant the Renaissance entered. Suddenly he became aware of the presence of a beautiful young woman, and in an instant there rushed in upon him the whole complex of ideas and desires of which a beautiful woman is the symbol. At the vision he forgot both the humble Francis and the pale God whom Francis served. The prayers which he had addressed to them had been half the result of habit, — the voice of his forefathers, not of himself, — but now a prayer gushed forth to the god who was really his.

'O Love,' he cried, 'most noble lord whose strength not even the gods were able to resist, I thank thee for setting happiness before my eyes: already my cold heart, feeling the softness of thy rays, begins to warm itself. Therefore I, who for a long time have fled frightened from thy mother, now pray thee to enter with thy deity into my heart. No longer is it possible for me either to fly from you or to desire to fly, but humbly and devotedly I surrender myself to thy will.'

Of this lady who now made him the worshiper he had doubtless long wished to be he has left no description which will differentiate her from the subject of countless poems in the tradition of courtly love. She was, he says, tall and slender. Her hair, 'so blond that the world holds nothing like it,' shaded a white forehead of noble width, beneath which were the curves of two black and most slender eyebrows, two roguish eyes, and cheeks 'of no other color than milk.' Yet this very absence of particularity is significant in the history of one who was already in love with love, and when Boccaccio saw Fiammetta he felt all of the emotions he was supposed to feel.

'No sooner had I seen her than my heart began to tremble so violently that I felt it through every pulse, and not knowing why nor perceiving what had happened, I began to say, "Alas, what is this?"' But when he saw that she, aware of his gaze, hid her face with a veil, he moved from his place to another from which he could still see her, and, probably not wholly aware of the irony, he feasted his eyes upon her beauty while the priest sang the office 'full of sweet melody.' Once she looked at him, and when the service was over he joined his companions at the church door and saw her pass out.

Next day — it was Easter — he went again to the church, and was rewarded by a sight more beautiful than before. She was shining with gold, made beautiful, he says, 'by both nature and art,' and when he saw her he remembered the little girl, dressed, like her, in green, who had welcomed him to the city of Naples and who had later appeared to him in a dream. 'This,' he said to himself, 'is she who was ordained to rule my mind, and

who was promised me for lady in my dreams.'

IV

Now when Dante, whose story of the beginning of his 'New Life' here doubtless colored strongly Boccaccio's experience, first saw Beatrice he went away and meditated. He talked with her only once, and he made no effort to cultivate in the flesh even a friendship with her who was the symbol of his desire and his salvation. The theologized love which he celebrated was detached wholly from love in the earthly sense, and he had no idea of compromising the value of Beatrice as a symbol by any knowledge of Beatrice as a woman. Boccaccio, on the other hand, however much he might admire Dante and however much he might fancy their experiences similar, was by no means capable of understanding such odd behavior in a lover. The experience which he had just received was no mere unadorned lust of the flesh, for it was the inspiration of a thousand beautiful fancies and poetic ideas, but neither was it an affair of the mind alone. He could meditate beside the tomb of Virgil, but he could be a practical gallant as well, — doubtless, even, had been one before, — and so it was toward practical steps that he turned his attention.

Fiammetta was married. Some youth nearer her own station in life than the humble student who had glimpsed her at her devotions had already taken her from the convent where she had been bred and established her as one of the reigning beauties of Naples.

Well might Boccaccio lament, as he tells us that he did, the social gulf which separated them, and not without excuse were the moments of despair which alternated with youthful hope. But if this difficulty was great, it was, fortunately for him, the greatest which he had to face, since the technical virtue of Fiammetta was more easily assailable than the pride of her position. She was known to have had lovers before now, and she would be committing no very startling infraction of the code of Naples if she should have them again.

In those days love, springing into a new luxurious growth, had not yet been assimilated by society, and it was essentially a lawless thing. The mediæval Church, with its utter distrust of the flesh, had looked with suspicion upon ardent passion even in marriage, and the new sense of its worth had grown up as a thing apart, an affair of poets and courtiers, not of moralists or theologians. It had its code, — both Boccaccio and Fiammetta had heard it expounded during the sessions of that Court of Love which constituted one of the amusements of Naples, — but that code had no relation to the code of the Church. Ovid's *Art of Love* was an important part of its canonical scriptures, and Ovid was no great respecter of the matrimonial institution. Decorum required that love should be secret, but the ladies of Italy had accepted the Spartan conception of virtue — it was necessary only that one should not be found out.

It was, then, no difficult matter for Boccaccio to make the acquaintance of his lady. He encountered her at a fashionable gathering, — in the parlor of a convent! — and, the talk turning upon the romances of love which ladies read in their hours of idleness, Boccaccio spoke of the ancient tale of Flore and Blanchefleur, and Fiammetta, turning to him, bade him write down for her such a romance as that. 'Hearing,' he says, 'the sweetness of the words which came from that gracious mouth and remembering that never

once till this day had that noble lady asked anything of me, I took her prayer for a command and saw therein hope for my desires.' For us the result was some seven hundred pages of youthfully elaborate prose; for him it was the first step in his serious literary career and a new claim upon the attention of his lady.

V

Here, as everywhere, the story of Boccaccio is confused, but from now on the love affair which was to remain for him the most emotionally significant event of his life, and which was to furnish the centre of the experience out of which he formed his art, developed with great rapidity. At first Fiammetta would have none of him and he was cast into despair, but soon he became an accepted member of her band, and in the ambiguous, half-formal rôle of *cavalier servente* he spent his days and nights either in gay society or in inditing amorous verse. Whatever pretense he may have kept up before this to a study of the canon law was now abandoned. But to Boccaccio in the full tide of his romantic awakening the sage reproofs of those who reproached him with wasting his time did no more than reveal their groveling souls, and speaking of Love he could triumphantly reply: —

> Oh, how many are the good things that proceed from him! Who moved Virgil? Who Ovid? Who else but he inspired both them and the other poets who have established their eternal fame in sacred verses which would never have come to our ears had it not been for him? What shall we say of his virtue? What indeed if not that he had power to give such sweetness to the harp of Orpheus that he called with that sound the surrounding forest, that he made the running streams pause, and the fierce lions and all the other animals come with the timid deer into his presence; that likewise he quieted the infernal furies and gave sweet repose to sorrowing shades; and besides all that, that it availed to recover his lost wife.
>
> Therefore Love is not the slayer of honor, as you say, nor the cause of indecent perplexity, nor the provoker of vices, nor the donor of empty anxiety, nor the unworthy occupier of other people's freedom; therefore with all skill and all effort ought everyone who is not his servant strive and endeavor to win the grace of so gracious a lord, and to become his servant quickly, because it is through him that we become virtuous. That which is pleasing to the gods and to the strongest men should be pleasing to you also; follow him, love him, serve him, and may such a lord live always in our souls.

One day when a company had repaired to a wood he found himself alone with Fiammetta, and she gave him such proof of her favor that he knew that the time had come when he might hope for more than a mere tolerance of his love. But he knew also the depths of her coquetry, and that he must appear to seize what he would have. Bribing her maid in the absence of the husband, he made his way to her chamber and there, while she accepted his presence but seemed to reject his further advances, he poured out the eloquence of his love; and when that was not enough he, not unwillingly, played out the comedy to its last extravagance. Drawing a dagger from his belt, he exclaimed: 'I come as an ardent lover to obtain relief for my burning desires; thou alone canst assuage them, or tell me to die; surely I will only leave thee satisfied or dead. Not that I seek to gratify my passion by violence or to compel any to raise cruel hands against me; but if thou art deaf to my entreaties, with my dagger I shall pierce my heart.' Not even Fiammetta could demand gallant rhetoric more extreme or more accomplished than that, and now for the first

time she yielded to her enraptured lover.

Even though space allowed, the modesty of English would scarcely permit to be translated here the passages in which Boccaccio describes this meeting, and yet only by reading them can one quite grasp the state of his soul. For him, if not for Fiammetta, the gallant game had grown earnest, and he reached the height of sensual experience. Untouched by mystical solemnity, it was nevertheless enriched and intensified by the whole complex of ideas with which his love of poetry connected it. It was the great secular sacrament, and in it he was experiencing for himself that which was the subject of the great poets whom he had studied. All the fresh, full ardor of his nature found itself here for the first time satisfied, and he had not yet learned the meaning of satiety. He could conceive of no felicity beyond this and he could not perceive in it any lack. As long as even the memory of it remained vivid it was bound to seem the most significant of human experiences, something beside which all creeds and doctrines were pale.

But, if Boccaccio was thus essentially naïve, Fiammetta was an experienced coquette. Love was no new thing to her, and she gave herself with no illusions like this. For some months, for a year perhaps, their felicity endured, but at the end of that time Boccaccio could hide from himself no longer the fact that their union was not what he had supposed. Fiammetta had passed on to other delights and he was expelled from the only paradise which it is given to a nature like his to know.

Doubtless he had thought little of the future, but the future was now before him. Some sort of calamity overtook his father, with whom he had quarreled, but upon whom he had nevertheless depended. Sometime after the close of the affair with Fiammetta, Boccaccio was called upon to leave even the scene of his happiness and betake himself once more to the grim city of Florence, which had always seemed to him so cold and so ignoble. In Naples he had lived poetry; here at best he could only write it.

VI

Such was the *donnée* of experience with which Boccaccio began his literary labors, and, commonplace as it may seem in its superficial aspect, it was sufficient to furnish him with as many problems as his genius could, in its whole lifetime, solve. The whole of his passionate youth had been thrown into that experience, and the thoughts and feelings which it generated were the realest things that he ever knew. No art and no philosophy which did not recognize and interpret what he had there lived through could ever, until the coming of middle age had quieted his passions, have any validity for him.

He had given himself to an experience in the course of which his consciousness had reached the intensest level of which it was capable, and it was the quality of that experience which he must somehow communicate. Innocently sensual as a faun, and quite as ignorant of the fact that the tortures of the flesh are no less real than its ecstasies, he had surrendered himself to love only to awake and find how bitter an awakening can be. And his tragedy was not one which could resolve itself in any traditional way.

What he felt was not the sense of sin which theology would have taught him to expect and for which it could offer its remedies. His suffering led him toward no renunciation of the flesh,

for the flesh was still for him, potentially at least, the source of all beauty. A natural man in a natural world, he had been deprived of the thing which made that world most delightful, and though his tragedy was purely secular it was immeasurably poignant for all that. He knew that love, considered merely as a natural phenomenon, was great and powerful, but he had no fit vehicle for the expression of the intensity of emotion which he had felt.

Dante, the only one of his contemporaries who had written passionately of passion, had been able to do so only by identifying it with God and the universe. And that, according to current modes of thought, was the only way in which it could be done. Moreover, the half of Boccaccio which was scholar and critic recognized the supremacy of Dante and of Petrarch. In his humility he never dared to imagine any lack in either of them, and yet in neither could he find anything which corresponded to his own experience, for neither had ever been capable of anything at once so intense and so purely human. The passion which the tepid Petrarch could never have understood Dante had reserved for God and ambition, and if any other poet of his time had given himself so utterly to a purely human passion, that poet had not been able to communicate his experience. There were ways in which what passed for the love of God could be expressed, and there was a courtly convention which, under the guise of allegory or through the use of classical mythology, one might use to elaborate gallant conceits; but there was no contemporary literature of passion as intense and yet as unadorned as his needed to be. It was not the Platonized love of Dante which had been visited upon him any more than it was the mere literary convention of Petrarch, but instead the implacable Aphrodite whose might the pagans had felt and whose power Boccaccio was now constrained to admit. He had to confess and to consolidate a worldliness, passionate and yet wholly naturalistic, which had grown up in the Italian courts without ever having found literary expression, and he was not yet capable of creating a new literary style which should imply, as it must, a new sort of acceptance of the natural universe.

Nor did Boccaccio, in any of his youthful works, succeed in approaching his subject matter except through the devious ways which the tradition of allegory suggested. Sometimes he imitates the allegory of Dante, and sometimes he and Fiammetta are transmogrified into huntsmen and nymphs. They inhabit, not Naples of the fourteenth century, but some vague classic Arcadia, and they speak, not the language of their passion, but a poetic jargon pieced together out of the showy scraps of a rhetoric which is tawdry and faded. Boccaccio was feeling with intensity and vigor, but he was interpreting his emotions in terms not genuinely appropriate to the quality of his experience.

Neither the *Filocolo* — which he undertook, it will be remembered, at Fiammetta's bidding and which he was years in completing — nor either of the other two works, the heroic *Filostrato* and the epic *Teseide*, which he wrote while still at Naples, carried him far upon his way. Concerned as each of them is with an old story, and, as far as he could make each, conventional in feeling, none represents a real struggle with his problem, and not until, returned sadly to Florence, he embarks upon his *Ameto* does he come to grips with it.

Written partly in prose and partly in verse, the form of this piece is that

of the pastoral, and its theme is love. Ameto, a semi-savage youth who subsists upon the spoils of the chase and who may be taken, perhaps, as a symbol of the animal in man, happens one day to come suddenly upon Lia, a divinely beautiful nymph, and he is seized with the, to him, unknown passion of love. Through its miraculous influence he becomes aware of his own rudeness and, inspired by a new vision of human refinement and feeling, he persuades Lia to accompany him in the hunt. Winter, however, separates them, and it is not until spring has come again that he finds her with a company of nymphs and shepherds in the neighborhood of a temple. Each of the nymphs in turn now tells the story of her life and love, and by each the soul of Ameto is ravished still further. While he listens with his ears, his eyes devour the charms of each nymph in turn; and, picturing to himself in no very delicate terms the delight of possessing one of them, he is all but lost in a sensual ecstasy, when suddenly the goddess of true love descends in her own person and reveals herself, no less to the surprise of the reader than to the surprise of Ameto, as the queen of a quite Christian heaven. Briefly she rebukes his sensual misconceptions; she bids him accept all that he has seen as symbolical, and the pastoral comes to an abrupt close with a hymn to the Trinity. Looking back, we perceive that the company of nymphs, in spite of the wholly gallant character of their adventures, really represent a collection of the chief abstract virtues and that the whole composition is a grotesquely unsuccessful allegory.

In this preposterous mélange one may easily discover certain significant features both in the feeling and in the expression. But more significant yet is the theme upon which the *Ameto* begins. Later, in one of the most famous and perfect tales of the *Decameron*, he returned to it with perfected art, yet even here instinct led him to the meaning of that Renaissance of which he was a significant part, for love was at once the beginning and the symbol of that secular culture whose value it was his function to affirm, and, in spite of the inappropriate tag with which the *Ameto* is concluded, it is this which he is inarticulately struggling to assert.

(*To be continued*)

TEACHER OR FACTORY HAND?

A Scholastic Meditation

I HAVE heard my physician say that seeing more than two patients every hour works unfairness both to her and to her patient. Is there any judge who believes he best serves the state when he holds simultaneous investigations of thirty-five different persons every hour? What minister attempts to aid and comfort the same number in platoons? Let me give the schedule of my average day this term.

At 8.45 I meet a little regiment of thirty-five. From 9.30 to 11.00, I sometimes have to keep quiet one hundred and fifty restless souls (a third of a crowded study hall), one fourth of whom know how to study; at other times I have to do clerical work connected with my 'home' room or recitation classes or fill out cards and circulars sent by the school board. Occasionally I rejoice when I can correct a few themes in that time. From 11.00 until 2.50 (Thursdays and Fridays generally until 3.30), with forty minutes out for lunch, there sit before me for instruction four more classes of thirty-five to forty pupils each. For my second class, seniors, I have to bridge a three and a half years' gap — the first class were freshmen. The third class, which follows five minutes after the last senior has left the room, requires another change of attitude — they have been in high school three terms. The same presentation will do for the fourth class, but the last class necessitates a jump back to treatment for seniors.

The doctor tries to effect a physical and mental readjustment back to health; the judge attempts to place the asocial person in harmonious agreement with the rest of society; the religious leader instills faith in right living. As a teacher, I am responsible for the health of students in my five recitation classes as well as for that in my 'home' class of fifty-four. Not only should my method of conducting recitations aid each of the one hundred and seventy-five students under my care to become peaceable citizens, but it is my job to foster leaders among them. As a teacher of adolescents, I must encourage moral responsibility. Mind you, all this is outside the objectives of my subject. As an English teacher, I must teach one hundred and seventy-five pupils — different ones every six months — to use the English tongue correctly in writing and speaking; I must inculcate unswerving application to the doing of the daily task, no matter how monotonous it may seem; I must teach how to extract meanings from difficult passages; I must achieve articulateness and initiative on the part of my pupils; it is my task to encourage those with distinct literary ability to do original work; I must foster in all a love for great books, so that sublime and moving truths may create a yearning to live useful and beautiful lives.

How do I spend my day after three o'clock? Instead of taking needed exercise, I must sit at least once a week in a crowded lecture hall. My

board of education has just passed a law requiring me to show evidence from some institution of higher learning of thirty hours of successfully passed work every year if I wish my annual salary increases. One correspondence course may be submitted in fifteen years. Study groups, travel, and reading innumerable books from which I get much more stimulation are not, in the opinion of my board of education, either educational or broadening. Two to three hours' travel to the big city universities, an hour's lecture, and one afternoon is gone. Two Mondays of every month after school hours are spent in long faculty meetings, and twice every term there are the lengthy, if interesting, meetings of the English Teachers' Association. On other days I plan and read for three different grades of English, each grade taking four types of work — literature, oral work, composition, and grammar. Planning for three grades for one half term took me, this semester, the best part of two weeks. A forced absence from school during the first two weeks of the semester because of a broken leg gave me the necessary leisure; I am not always so lucky. When I am not attending regular or special meetings, or planning work, there are one hundred and seventy-five papers I must correct every two weeks — they should come every week. Sometimes they are a page long, sometimes much longer. If I were a machine for spelling, sentence construction, punctuation, ability to follow assignment adequately, and originality, I could read and correct a page-long composition every three minutes. Being no Robot, I take considerably longer than 525 minutes for 175 themes.

Then, too, since extra-curricular activities loom large in modern educational objectives, I must bear my share of the burden without any reduction of teaching hours or other duties. That share is management of the debating team. I expect to spend every Saturday morning and much time during the week helping these four youngsters to learn to collect and organize material, to say nothing of teaching them effective delivery. To keep in sympathetic touch with my students' minds, I have to read books my students delight in, and reading books on education and psychology is necessary professionally. To keep from senile decay and to retain remnants of the faculty to appreciate the æsthetic, I must wedge in the reading of worth-while new books and an occasional classic. Not much time for repairing my clothes, — my salary does not admit of a lady's maid, — for most necessary meetings with my friends, attending theatres, museums, and so forth, is there?

When I compare my lot with that of the three other professions dealing with close contact between person and person, I do not write to induce my superior officers to reorganize the schools on a private-tutor basis; however delightful that might be, such an arrangement I know is out of the question. I write for the layman and superior officers who forget that teachers deal with moving material just as do doctors, lawyers, and ministers; not with cans of peas, or reams of paper, or figures on a balance sheet that can be shifted with impunity. I write specifically for those who are responsible in my city for increasing the already heavy load of English teachers from twenty teaching hours a week to twenty-five, from four classes to five, and in many schools of the city to six. I write for the school executive who forgets the nerve tension on one mind of the simultaneous workings of thirty-five to forty minds, for the man or woman who regards a school as an

example in division, with the teaching staff as a fixed divisor and the pupils an ever-increasing dividend.

The injustice to me as a teacher dwindles to insignificance when I think of how the child is cheated. Large classes and too many teaching periods a week prevent the personal interview so necessary to doctors, lawyers, and clergymen. It is only by accident that I learn of tragic difficulties under which pupils struggle. A chance smile in the hall opens Martha's floodgates: she has to spend all her hours at home taking care of her sick mother. Camille is just one in a sea of faces until she writes on a short daily test, her third failure, 'I need your help in *Ivanhoe*.' Frank is, after six months, only rather a diffident, intelligent youngster, until one day, when pressed to try out for debating, he says with an old man's tragedy in his black eyes, 'You know I have n't got the personality.' They are my nightmares, these Marthas, and Franks, and Camilles. Because of the increase in size and number of my classes, I am forced to decrease the number of themes from each pupil. I have learned more about teaching and pupils' problems from students' themes to me than from any professor of pedagogy.

I want to help and encourage every youngster that sits in my classroom. I feel that I was meant to teach adolescent boys and girls; my present enjoyment of teaching, even under great difficulties, ought to prove that. I agree with prominent educators in Washington and in Albany when they preach creative teaching and individual instruction. But the board of education in the largest and richest city in the United States has another picture of me. They think of me as in a factory, a very noisy factory, where I am minding 175–250 bobbins to see that they all turn with the same speed. But I am a poor factory hand. Very often a bobbin breaks or the thread that is being wound gets tangled. I quickly discard the broken and the tangled spools so as not to disturb the even whir of the other bobbins. But, because my foreman almost always sees my bobbins running smoothly, he thinks I am an efficient worker: he does n't know what a cheat and a liar I am.

And the dreadful fear that comes to me is that perhaps some day I may agree with him.

APRIL

Sweet spring, which in the gentle heart dost burn,
Thou giv'st to men more joy than is their due.
Now it is April, and the birds return,
And every field is spread with verdure new.
And, each in its known hue,
The firstling garlands of the woodland shy
Have strewn the withered groves with their delight.
The cornel and the shad tree, high and white,
Like troops of dancers on the hillside fly.
For now that tide is nigh
When, hoarse with tumult in the clamorous plain,
The wild voice of the stream wakes all night long,
And, day by day, the waters' rustling song
Sounds in the swollen pastures, steeped with rain.
April, thy sweet domain
Is filled with wakefulness in every part.
The brooding farmer, restless with the year,
Hath eyed his plough with newly quickened heart.
Daily, birds come; the first weak moths appear;
And, to the hillside near,
The sun at evening lingers to depart.

John Finley, Jr.

PROVERBS CONSIDERED

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

A PROVERB, says the Oxford Dictionary, is 'a short pithy saying in common and recognized use; a concise sentence, often metaphorical or alliterative in form, which is held to express some truth ascertained by experience or observation and familiar to all; an adage, a wise saw.' This definition has the fullness and clarity which we invariably find in the Oxford Dictionary, though it might be extended to include rhyme. 'A cat may look at a king' is both metaphorical and alliterative, but 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' and 'He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing' are examples of a widely represented type.

Mankind likes to have its wisdom presented in potted form. Every civilized language is rich in proverbs, the same elementary lessons being common to all, 'though expressed,' as I have said in the Preface to my Etymological Dictionary, 'in a notation which varies according to national history, tradition, pursuits and characteristics.' Collections of proverbs are among the earliest literary records of ancient races, and explorers find rudimentary examples in the folklore of the least cultivated tribes. Sometimes the difference between two languages is slight: for example, to 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' corresponds the German 'Ein Sperling in der Hand ist besser als zehn auf dem Dache'; but French says, 'Un tiens vaut mieux que deux tu l'auras.' The 'bird and bush' saying is also an example of the way in which proverbs gradually settle down from numerous variants into one accepted cast-iron form. Its Greek equivalent is found in Theocritus. The first recorded English example (fifteenth century) is 'A birde in hond is better than thre in the wode,' the current form not being established till 1581. The difference between Aristotle's 'One swallow does not make a spring' and the English form of the proverb is obviously one of climate.

The fascination which this mode of teaching has for mankind is shown by the number of synonyms, or approximate synonyms, for 'proverb' which the language possesses. I doubt whether any other form of verbal composition has anything like the same number of names. The Anglo-Saxons, following their usual practice, rendered the Latin *proverbium* by the native compound *biword*, still surviving as 'byword,' with a sense which preserves what is one of the most characteristic features of the proverb — namely, its condemnatory, minatory, cautionary character. The great majority of proverbs are less concerned with 'do' than with 'don't.' As a rule they tend to inculcate that somewhat puritanical self-righteous kind of philosophy which the more epicurean philosopher derides. Lamb dissects several of them in his *Popular Fallacies*. Sharing Voltaire's opinion of 'le superflu, chose très nécessaire,' he makes short work of 'Enough is as good as a feast': 'Not a man, woman, or child, in ten miles round Guildhall, who really

believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism, a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things.'

The first record of the word 'proverb' in the Oxford Dictionary is from Robert of Brunne (1303) and refers to the Proverbs of Solomon. As early as Wyclif we find the reproachful element in the word, the implication that a proverb is the record of a disaster: 'Israel shal be into prouerbe and into fable, to alle puplis' (1 Kings ix. 7), where Coverdale has 'a byworde and fabell' and the Authorized Version 'a proverb and a byword.' This use of 'fable,' with which compare French 'Être la fable [*or* la fable et la risée] du monde,' is naturally linked with that of 'proverb' and 'byword,' for the most dramatic proverbs are really condensed fables, or short lessons expressed by metaphor, hardly to be distinguished from the parable and the allegory. 'Don't count your chickens before they're hatched' is an obvious example, from the fable of the optimistic market woman. It has often been pointed out that many proverbs have opposites: for example, 'Look before you leap' is contradicted by 'Nothing venture, nothing have'; 'Look after the pence and the pounds will look after themselves' by 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' It would seem that the optimist and the pessimist have struggled for the mastery, but, on the whole, the moral is 'Safety first.'

The other native name for proverb is 'saw,' literally 'saying' (cognate with the Norse *saga*). It is used in the title of a Middle English collection of about the middle of the thirteenth century, called the *Proverbs of King Alfred*. We still speak of an 'old saw' and, after Shakespeare, of 'wise saws and modern instances' (*As You Like It*, ii. 7). The sixteenth century eagerly adopted the Latin 'adage,' though Shakespeare uses it only twice and 'proverb' about twenty times. The popularity of the word was no doubt due to the *Adagia* of Erasmus, with examples from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. This work was first published in 1500, and much of the author's life was spent in revising and enlarging it, a curious testimony to the attraction which this form of literature had for the greatest minds of the age. To Erasmus also is probably due the adoption by French and English of the almost synonymous 'apophthegm.' 'Aphorism,' introduced at about the same date, was originally the statement of some physical law, as in the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates. It would be possible, but profitless, to try to distinguish by definition these various labels for what the latest writer on the subject calls 'a crystallized summary of popular wisdom or fancy.'

II

Proverbial expressions may be roughly divided into two classes, the sententious quotation and the traditional metaphor. When we say that 'Procrastination is the thief of time' we are simply quoting, from Young's *Night Thoughts*, a line which, by its natural effectiveness, has become a received maxim. 'Coming events cast their shadows before' is from Campbell's 'Lochiel's Warning.' This type is somewhat rare, generally traceable to its origin, and sometimes to be attributed, so far as evidence goes, to a comparatively obscure writer. It is naturally not possible to say how far the author has altered or remodeled a proverb already current. The fact that 'circumstances alter cases' must have occurred to many people before its formal statement by Judge Haliburton ('Sam Slick'). 'Imitation is the sincerest of

flattery' is one of the (apparently original) aphorisms in C. C. Colton's *Lacon* (1820). 'It's a long lane that has no turning,' from Foote's *Trip to Calais* (1776) is a variation on 'It's a long run that never turns' (1670). 'Discretion is the better part of valour' is Shakespeare misquoted (1 *Henry IV*, v. 4). 'Every bullet has its billet' was, according to John Wesley, William III's version of a belief expressed by Gascoigne (1575) in the words 'Every bullet hath a lighting place.' 'None but the brave deserves the fair' is from Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, but long before Dryden's time Old French said, 'Jamais couard n'eut belle amie.'

Abraham Lincoln is credited with saying, 'It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.' 'Handsome is that handsome does' owes its wording to Goldsmith (*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. 1), the earliest of the older variants being 'Goodly is he that goodly dooth' (1580). In 'Hell is paved with good intentions' Dr. Johnson stereotyped a saying familiar to the sixteenth century. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' is Sterne's rendering of the familiar French proverb, 'À brebis tondue, Dieu mesure le vent,' which George Herbert (1640) had translated, 'To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.' John Howard Payne's famous song (1823) fixed forever, in the words 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,' a proverb already found in Heywood (1546). In the quite mendacious 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' the nineteenth-century song writer, Thomas Haynes Bayly, attempted to refute the prehistoric truth, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' 'Every cloud has a silver lining' is a mystery. It has certainly been familiar orally to three or four generations, but apparently first attained print in Gilbert's *Mikado!* It is obviously inspired by Milton: —

> Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
> (*Comus*, ll. 221–222),

lines which were familiar to Mr. Harold Skimpole (*Bleak House*, ch. 18). 'Accidents will happen' is recorded from the eighteenth century, but Mr. Micawber is responsible for the addition 'in the best regulated families' (*David Copperfield*, ch. 38).

The true proverb is a condensed allegory. Though it may have literary record as far back as the Greeks, and may even be traceable in Hebrew and Sanskrit, it is rather the spontaneous product of human experience than the expression of the meditations of any individual sage. In its final form it is, in the words of Lord John Russell, 'the wit of one man, the wisdom of many.' 'Beauty is only skin deep' (though, as the American humorist says, that is deep enough for most of us), recorded for 1606, does not seem to me one of the true breed. Nor does 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' though it is found in Greek and Hebrew. These are moral maxims after the manner of Solomon, shallow and literal, while the true proverb should suggest a little drama and express its meaning by metaphor.

There is, in fact, a whole series of gradations between the natural proverb and the copy-book maxim. An example of the latter is 'Knowledge is power,' apparently first formulated, in Latin, by Bacon. The morals of familiar fables have often become proverbial, but the perfect proverb should itself be the recognizable germ of a possible fable, susceptible of many variants; above all it should call up a picture. Examples of the perfect type are 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Still waters run deep,' 'It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest,' 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating,' in our use of which we are com-

monly thinking of things altogether remote from stones, gold, water, birds, and pudding. These are expressions of homespun wisdom suggested by naïve observation of the external world and current among the common people for centuries before being reduced to writing. Ovid wrote 'Exitus acta probat' (*Heroides*, ii. 85) and in a Middle English romance of Alexander we read: —

> Hit is y-writein, every thyng
> Himseolf shewith in tastyng.

The transformation by a later age to 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating' is the result of communal conviction, not of individual selection. It is the conversion of the abstract into the concrete, the restriction of the general to the particular, the reduction of 'everything' to 'pudding.'

Finally, the proverb may be said to have completely established itself when an allusion to it is readily understood without explanation, as when we call a man a 'rolling stone,' a 'willing horse,' a 'dog in the manger,' a 'creaking gate,' a 'new broom,' or a 'beggar on horseback,' or speak of 'crying wolf,' 'paying the piper,' 'edged tools,' the 'last straw,' or a 'stitch in time.' It would seem also that any saying, however modern, has a right to be called a proverb when it is constantly quoted or parodied. Mr. Bumble's expressed opinion that 'the law is a ass' is of curiously wide application. Tennyson's 'Kind hearts are more than coronets' has recently inspired Mr. Guedalla to head an article on an inquest, 'Kind hearts are more than coroners.' Mr. Guedalla is, of course, the great master in this field. The most recent of accepted maxims suggests to him the reflection that, in matters of business, 'Gentlemen prefer Monds,' but his finest effort seems to me his description of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald 'twanging his heartstrings' in his Sentimental Journey through the United States and Canada (October 1929).

III

It would be interesting to trace the use made of our proverbs by Chaucer. So far as I have noticed, he quotes with some frequency sayings which were evidently in popular use, but his version often varies considerably from that now current. 'Mordre wol out' (B. 1766) differs from the modern version only in spelling. 'Hit is not al gold that glareth' (*House of Fame*, i. 272) uses a verb in a sense now obsolete. The gist of 'Wonder last but nine night nevere in toune' (*Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 588) is contained in our 'nine days' wonder.' The proverb about 'glass houses' and 'stones' is first booked by George Herbert (1640). Chaucer's early equivalent is clumsier: —

> . . . Who that hath an heed of verre,
> Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!
> (*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 867)

'Till May is out, ne'er cast a clout' appears to be comparatively modern, the earliest record being 1732, but worded rather differently. The sense is, however, in Chaucer: —

> After greet heet cometh colde;
> No man caste his pilche [cloak] away!

These lines come from one of Chaucer's two deliberate attempts at proverb writing. The other, with its

> Whoso mochel wol embrace
> Litel therof he shal distreyne,

is equivalent to the French 'Qui trop embrasse mal étreint' or our 'Grasp all, lose all,' a favorite maxim of which a variant is found as early as Layamon (*circa* 1205): —

> For the mon is muchel sot [foolish]
> The nimeth [taketh] to him seolven
> Mare thonne he mayen walden [can manage].

More easily recognizable is

> Therfore bihoveth him a ful long spoon
> That shal ete with a feend. (Chaucer, F. 602)

Enough of Chaucer, though I have only scratched the surface. Shakespeare often refers to proverbs, and is apparently the 'only begetter' of several; for example: 'Conscience does make cowards of us all' (*Hamlet*, iii. 1), 'Brevity is the soul of wit' (*Hamlet*, ii. 2), or the usually misquoted 'The better part of valour is discretion' (1 *Henry IV*, v. 4). He is also our earliest authority for 'Give the devil his due,' though, as the context shows, it was already in use: 'Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due' (1 *Henry IV*, i. 2). He uses 'adage' twice only: in 3 *Henry VI*, i. 4, in reference to the familiar 'beggar on horseback,' while the other example is the 'poor cat i' the adage' of *Macbeth*, i. 7, 'letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"' an allusion to the very ancient saying of the cat that would eat fish, but would not wet her feet, which, if not obsolete, is at any rate unfamiliar to a modern ear.

An immense number of proverbs at one time in common use are quite certainly and definitely dead. A good example is 'The parrot must have an almond' (Skelton); compare with this 'The parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab' (Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2). It is not found after the seventeenth century, but appears to live again in the recent English slang, 'A little bit of sugar for the bird.' Another is 'Cat will after kind,' which occurs in the *Proverbs of Alfred*, 'For ofte museth [mouseth] the kat after hire moder.' It is used by Touchstone as a rhyme to Rosalind (*As You Like It*, iii. 2), but is not found after the eighteenth century.

In others one of the essential words has changed. Chaucer has 'I wot best wher wringeth me my sho' (E. 1553) and 'wring' prevails up to Dryden, the substitution of 'pinch' first appearing in Urquhart's *Rabelais* (1653). 'Spilt milk' as a symbol of the irreparable was 'shed milk' until the eighteenth century. A curious transformation is seen in the metaphor to 'bury the hatchet.' From about 1300 a cessation of hostilities was described as 'hanging up the hatchet.' It was not till the end of the eighteenth century that acquaintance with the Red Indian rite of 'burying the tomahawk' resulted in a blend of the two expressions.

Sometimes an old proverb is completely superseded. Langland, Chaucer, and Caxton refer to the 'beguiler' being 'beguiled,' and *Wily Beguiled* is the title of an old play dating from 1606; but by the end of the seventeenth century 'the biter bit' had become the recognized form.

IV

There is a great deal of literature on proverbs, from the so-called *Proverbs of Alfred* down to the present day. Of the earlier collections those of Heywood (1546) and Ray (1670) are the best known, the former probably inspired by the *Adagia* of Erasmus, Englished by Taverner in 1539. Heywood is the dullest of hacks. Nothing could be more depressing than the wretched doggerel in which he strings his proverbs together, the occasion for this outpouring being a query from a young friend contemplating matrimony and hesitating between a rich widow and a penniless maid. He seems, however, to have dragged in almost every well-established proverb in the language, along with many that are now quite unfamiliar and were perhaps never really current. In collections of this kind, the compiler is tempted to regard as a proverb anything of the nature of a compari-

son or allusion; for example, such expressions as 'The fat is in the fire,' 'At my fingers' ends,' 'A sleeveless errand,' 'A day after the fair,' 'To sit upon thorns,' and dozens more included by Heywood are rather figures of speech than proverbs. He also gives us some similes of the 'drunk as a lord' type.

Ray follows the same practice, classifying his sayings in a rather irritating way under subjects — county sayings (these mostly from Fuller's *Worthies*), 'joculatory proverbs,' 'proverbs that are intire sentences,' 'proverbial phrases and forms of speech that are not intire sentences,' and so on. He includes even more dirty sayings than Heywood, but, being a scholar and a gentleman, he apologizes for them: 'The useful notions which many ill-worded proverbs do impart may, I think, compensate us for their homely terms; though I could wish the contrivers of them had put their sense into more decent and cleanly language.' He also gives the foreign equivalents or supposed foreign originals of many sayings, his 'French' (or that of his proof reader) being of the type made familiar to us by our contemporary best sellers. A large proportion of the sayings he books were certainly never in popular use. He makes many edifying comments: in the section on 'Proverbial Similies' (*sic*) we find 'As drunk as a beggar,' with the remark, 'This proverb begins now to be disused, and instead of it people are ready to say, As drunk as a lord; so much hath that vice (the more is the pity) prevailed among the nobility and gentry of late years.' Or again, 'As false as a Scot' — 'I hope that nation generally deserves not such an imputation; and could wish that we Englishmen were less partial to ourselves and censorious of our neighbours.' The edition here quoted is the third.

The most recent collection, and one that will supersede all others, is Mr. G. L. Apperson's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases* (Dent, London, 1929). The compiler has embodied all that is worth salving from his predecessors, but his work, taken as a whole, is compiled from original sources — from the reading and rereading for many years of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott, the publications of the Early English Text Society, and other societies which print early documents, and, in fact, of all that part of English literature which may be called racy of the soil. I do not, however, notice any references to Hakluyt, Purchas, or Captain John Smith, where he would, I am convinced, have found earlier records of some nautical sayings, such as 'Ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' for which his earliest authority is Scott. Only after reducing his vast material to order has he supplemented it by occasional quotations from the Oxford Dictionary. Each proverb is carefully documented, with exactly dated references for its variations and use from the earliest recorded occurrence down to the present day. The order is the rational alphabetical, the place of each proverb being determined by its key word, while cross references are copious and helpful. Occasionally a Greek or Latin original is quoted, but considerations of space have prevented him from following Ray's example of giving Continental equivalents.

It seems pretty evident that a certain number of proverbs booked fairly late are simple translations from French; for instance, 'The game is not worth the candle' looks like a literal rendering of the much earlier 'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'; 'He laughs best that laughs last' is first found in Vanbrugh (1706) and is referred to by Scott (*Peveril of the Peak*, ch. 38) as a French proverb ('Rira bien qui rira le dernier'). For 'A burnt child dreads the fire' the

seventeenth century sometimes said, 'The scalded cat fears cold water,' closely translated from 'Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.' Other languages have made hardly any contribution. In Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* (1612–20) are many sayings translated from Spanish, perhaps the most sententious of European languages. Some of these had a sort of literary currency for a century, but were probably never received into popular speech.

A curious phenomenon is the very late appearance of many saws which have all the atmosphere of extreme antiquity. The actual documentary record of these elements of language is, of course, largely a matter of accident, and investigators are occasionally unlucky in missing useful sources. 'A bull in a china-shop' is first booked in Smedley's *Frank Fairleigh* (1850), 'Right as rain' for 1894 (I remember it in use long before), and 'Two is company, three is none' for 1871. The 'thin end of the wedge,' which one would be inclined to attribute conjecturally to Archimedes, appears from the Oxford Dictionary to be no older than the nineteenth century. 'Nothing succeeds like success' is attributed to Sir Stafford Northcote, afterward Lord Iddesleigh (+1887), the colleague of Beaconsfield. In my Etymological Dictionary I have given it, on the strength of an Oxford Dictionary quotation for 1868, to Sir Arthur Helps. To wash one's dirty linen in public is a modern metaphor for a practice lately reprobated by an Irish journalist in the eloquent words, 'This washing of dirty linen by those who govern only tends to undermine the Ship of State in a country which has so lately passed through the fires of sedition.'

A special section of the subject is furnished by the vast amount of proverbial lore associated with names of counties, towns, and villages, and usually reflecting local patriotism or prejudice. The collections of Fuller and Ray are very rich in these sayings, now usually inexplicable, such as the Essex saying, 'Braintree for the pure, Barking for the poor, Coggeshall for the jeering town, Kelvedon for the lady of easy virtue,' quoted by Ray. Sometimes a stupid pun is intended; for example, to 'go to Bedfordshire' — that is, to bed — is recorded *circa* 1600. The disobedient were warned that they would be 'sent to Birchin Lane' (in the City of London) and would 'come home by Weeping Cross' (a hamlet in Staffordshire), and the improvident were told that they were 'on the highway to Needham' (in Norfolk). Equally dull and obscure are the allusions to numerous unknown people whose memory is perpetuated in 'As drunk as David's sow,' 'As queer as Dick's hatband, that went nine times round and would not meet at last,' or 'As Clayton clawed the pudding, when he ate bag and all.' Sometimes in these phrases also an elementary pun can be detected: to 'send by John Long the carrier' is to send by a slow and circuitous route.

Mr. Apperson's *Dictionary of Proverbs* should be in every academic library and on the shelves of everyone who is interested in the history of the language. One may perhaps regret that the compiler has not supplied more explanations, such as the tennis origin of 'From pillar to post' or the fantastic transformation involved in 'To take heart of grace.' Perhaps his abstention is the result of nausea evoked by the 'anecdotic' explanations to be found in Brewer and other early compilers and repeated without examination by later copyists. For this kind of compilation has often been carried out by the unqualified and has resulted in what can only be called impudent bookmaking.

I have before me a volume called a *Desk-book of Idioms and Idiomatic*

Phrases, from which I learn, *inter alia*, that 'jimber the kibber' is 'the fastening of a lantern to a horse's neck and checking one of its legs so as to make the light swing as a ship's light, a practice of wreckers to allure ships to shore,' and that '"haeremai," literally "Come hither," is a phrase of welcome adopted in New Zealand from the speech of the aborigines.' Along with such familiar English idioms as the above we find the elucidation of more obscure problems — for example, that a 'fly' is 'a two-winged dipterous [does that make four wings?] insect common in dwelling-houses,' that a 'silly ass' is 'a person given to idiotic blundering,' and that '"Glad to see you back" is said on a return from a journey or voyage.' After this we are not surprised to learn that 'anon.' is an abbreviation of 'anonymous,' and is not to be mistaken for a man's name, that a 'husband' is 'one who is house-bound,' and that the Middle English 'Heo is ful itowen' means 'He is full of strife,' and not, as philologists have hitherto supposed, 'She is foully trained.' I must apologize for quoting all this foolery, but the accident of the two books reaching me together made a comparison inevitable.

V

The phrase maker still flourishes and contributes periodically to the language. 'Acid test' and 'The world must be made safe for democracy' are both recent additions. The comic song and the comic paper sometimes throw off lucky phrases that may almost be called proverbial, such as 'The only pebble on the beach' or 'The curate's egg'; but it does not seem likely that we shall ever coin new proverbs. 'A man's liver is his carburettor' is suggested by a contemporary writer as the kind of maxim which might replace the old, useless proverbs; but the suggestion seems to lack conviction. True proverbs, as distinguished from sententious phrases, belong to the direct observation and simple life of a primitive age. Not only do we fail to increase the supply, but we allow the original store to fall out of use. 'Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon,' of which I have quoted Chaucer's version, would have needed no explanation a generation ago. In fact, its use by Joseph Chamberlain once gave grave offense to a foreign power. The other day I tried it, first on a gathering of exceptionally clever young women, none of whom had ever heard it, and then on a gathering of learned philologists, some of whom were in the same sad case.

It is true that nothing can be more exasperating than the constant recurrence of proverbial *clichés*, though one can endure with patience the slow speech of the old-fashioned rustic, with his regular parenthesis, 'As the saying is.' Yet it remains true that this pithy lore, which belongs to the very kernel of the language, saturates the literary texture of the giants most deeply rooted in their native soil — Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott. Shakespeare, especially, not only absorbed the sententious wisdom of the ages, but gave it forth again in a contribution to English phraseology so tremendous that no one has ever dared to try and measure it. Contemporary literature shuns such allusions. We may except Mr. Bernard Shaw, but he is no longer young, and, moreover, is one of the half-dozen or so writers who still carry on the great tradition of good English. I have recently had the curiosity to read, from this point of view, a quite modern novel by a quite modern young lady, the type of book described in the flowery 'blurbiage' of the publisher as 'written with a daring and frankness that might shock a reader not cognizant of its high and pure purpose,' and from cover to cover I only detected

one fragment of proverbial lore, a solitary allusion to the 'last straw.'

The same kind of anæmia (in spite of the fashionable and frequent 'bloody') afflicts our spoken language. The speech of the old, especially the country-bred, is still full of meat, but that of the young townsman is a very thin brew, with a kind of cheap cinema slang as its chief ingredient. Lord Chesterfield, who was of opinion that a national proverb was not becoming to the conversation of a man of breeding, may sleep peacefully in his grave. It is true that, in his day, the use of conversational clichés seems to have been almost a mania. Swift derided the practice in his *Polite Conversation* (1738). A comparison between his malignant cleverness and Heywood's dreary monotony is a comparison between the genius and the hack. Mr. James Branch Cabell would appear to like popular truisms as little as the Dean: 'She now spoke of more and yet more evil matters such as were very well adapted to incite Gerald to brutality. She spoke of the battle of life, and of the feast of reason, and of the irony of fate, and of the lap of luxury. She talked of the writing on the wall, and of the scroll of fame, and of the lexicon of youth, and of the cloud that had a silver lining. She touched upon the two seas, of troubles, and of upturned faces. She discussed the durance that was vile, and the hours that were wee and sma', and the consummation that was devoutly to be wished for, and the light that was dim and religious, and the heat which was not humidity. She indicated the balm in Gilead, the place in the sun, and the safety in numbers. She afterwards gave succinctly the recipes for making a mountain out of a molehill, a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and a virtue out of a necessity. For no evil phrase of any sort was hidden from the wisdom of Evaine' (*Something about Eve*).

CLIMATE AND HUMAN HISTORY

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

Of late years a determined attempt has been made to rewrite history in economic terms. But this does not go deep enough. Man's thought and social life are built on his economic life; but this, in its turn, rests on biological foundations. Climate and geology between them decide where the raw materials of human industry are to be found, where manufactures can be established; and climate decides where the main springs of human energy shall be released. Changes of climate cause migrations, and migrations bring about not only wars, but the fertilizing intermingling of ideas necessary for rapid advance in civilization.

Disease and hygiene play as important a part; half the population of the world is permanently below par on account of animal parasites such as

the hookworm and the microscopic malaria germ; and disease may bring about the rise or fall of empires. Nor has selection ever ceased its rigorous activity. To pass from one mode of life to another is not a simple affair for a people; a settled agricultural life demands a very different temperament from hunting, and the hereditary make-up of the race must be altered if a people is to pass successfully from one to the other. Most migrations, too, are selective; to take but one example, the Puritans who first colonized Massachusetts did not bring with them a random sample of the genes responsible for the qualities of the English people. But selection is altered and reduced. The better care of the young and the elaboration of social life allow all sorts of variations, which otherwise would be snuffed out, to survive and often to play an important part in progress. Knowledge for knowledge's sake is out of place in a primitive hunting tribe.

When the world's climatic belts are sharply marked (as they are to-day, in contrast to epochs like the late Eocene, when climate was much more uniform), the temperate zones, flanked poleward by the subarctic and the arctic, are separated from the tropics by two dry belts, along which all the world's great deserts are strung. The only zones where vegetation is abundant and man can easily flourish are the temperate and the tropical. But the temperate has another advantage. It contains the belt of cyclonic storms — in other words, of rapid and frequent changes of weather. And this type of climate, as Ellsworth Huntington has shown, is the one most stimulating to human energy and achievement.

We are still so ignorant of the earliest steps in the evolution of man from his simian ancestors that ideas as to the influence of climate on this phase of his history are highly speculative. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that the progressive desiccation of the world that took place in the late Tertiary Era helped to drive our ancestors down from the trees and out into the plains. We know that the Himalayas were elevated at this time; and it has been plausibly suggested that man originated to the north of them. For, as the land here grew drier, the forests shrank southward, where they were met by the impassable mountain barrier, and disappeared from Central Asia. Their anthropoid inhabitants were therefore forced either to disappear too or to become adapted to the new conditions, growing more terrestrial and more carnivorous. However this may be, men of a sort were undoubtedly in existence before the beginning of the Ice Age, half a million years ago. But until we shall have found new traces of Eolithic and Lower Paleolithic man in other parts of the world than Europe (which was doubtless a mere outlier of human development) we shall not be able to piece together the fascinating story of the influence of the different advances and retreats of the ice, or the slow progress of Old Stone Age man. We must content ourselves with the last chapter only.

When the ice of the Glacial Period was still in the early stages of its last retreat, the storm belt must have lain over North Africa, making what is now the Sahara green and fertile. It was through Africa and perhaps eventually from Southern Asia that Europe received its modern men, perhaps about 20,000 B.C. (Until about 4000 B.C. our dating must be regarded as provisional only; for the most part the chronology of Peake and Fleure, in their series, *The Corridors of Time*, is here followed.)

Gradually, as the ice withdrew

northward, the belts of climate followed it up. The Sahara began to come within the limits of the dry belt. To-day, in certain parts of the Sahara, crocodiles and certain fresh-water fish exist in scattered oases. But these oases are isolated, without possible connections with other bodies of water. The water beasts that inhabit them are living in the sparse remnants of the well-watered, and indeed probably swampy, expanse of verdure that once spread over the Great Desert. This drying of the Sahara must have sent wave after wave of migrating men out of it, both northward and southward.

II

Meanwhile the zone of greatest fertility and greatest human vigor came all along the Mediterranean, through Mesopotamia and across to Turkestan. This again set great movements afoot. The Magdalenians, last of the Old Stone Age men, pushed northward with the forests in the wake of the retreating game of the treeless plains; till eventually, hemmed in between forest and sea, they were forced to lead a wretched existence as gatherers of shellfish and berries on the Baltic coast. The descendants of the other Stone Age peoples, who had remained behind in North Africa and Spain, evolved what is called the Caspian culture; later they too trekked northward and eventually fetched up in Western Asia.

As the open plains shrank before the advance of the forests, big game grew scarce, and men turned to other sources of food. They became food gatherers as well as hunters, eating nuts and berries and wild grain. This must have seemed a misfortune to those early hunters. But it was the spur to progress, for from food gathering to food growing, to real agriculture, was a natural step. It seems to have been somewhere before 5000 B.C., in the Near East, that the art of agriculture was discovered. Legend has it that Isis, the great goddess, found corn on Mount Hermon in Syria, and gave it to her sacred son. The legend may well contain two kernels of truth. It is probable that women rather than men first hit on the idea of planting grain, for the men's work would still be afield, hunting; and it is probable that it was discovered somewhere in Syria or its near neighborhood. By 5000 B.C. grain growing had spread round from Palestine to Mesopotamia, and permanent settlements had come into being. The polish gained by stone implements used for hoeing probably gave men the idea of deliberately polishing their tools; if so, agriculture was the cause of the change to the Neolithic Culture. In any case, agriculture and polished neolithic stone implements appear at about the same time.

The arts of pottery and weaving were in all probability discovered about the same time as that of grain growing, and the first permanent houses were built. Domestic animals followed soon after; domestication seems first to have been learned by hunters, but the art spread rapidly and was extended and improved by the settled agriculturists. Metal working was not long behind, though for centuries only copper and gold were employed — copper for use and gold solely for ornament.

The Glacial Period did not die steadily away; it left the earth in a series of spasms or oscillations, a time of rapid retreat being followed by a standstill or even an advance of the ice, brought about, it would seem, by an elevation of the land. For a century or so about 4500 B.C., there was such an elevation. This seems to have had

two interesting consequences. For one thing, the increased snowfall round the Mesopotamian basin gave rise to such violent spring floods, year after year, that some towns were abandoned, and the memory of the disastrous time has been preserved, it seems, in the story of Noah's flood and the corresponding Mesopotamian legends. But more important was its effect on Egypt. In the centuries before this time, the Nile Valley seems to have been marshy and largely uninhabitable; the elevation must have drained it. And the long ribbon of marvelously fertile land thus provided for the use of man tempted in the agriculturists of neighboring countries. This, it appears, was the real beginning of the civilization of Egypt; but, once started on its career, its geographical position was such that it soon outstripped its rivals.

Thus, largely as a result of the pressure of changing climate on early man, hunting gave place to agriculture. Well before 4000 B.C. what we may call the Archaic Civilization, based on corn and a settled life, — with houses and pottery, woven fabrics and metal work, in addition, — was fully established, from Egypt round by Syria to the Tigris and Euphrates. This corner of the globe was predestined to be the cradle of the modern world — by its climate, by its great rivers, by the fact of its being the original home of wheat, by its being a natural meeting place for different streams of culture brought by different migrations of men, east and west as well as north and south.

Before 4000 B.C. there had been added to the achievements of settled man the art of writing, the framing of a calendar, irrigation, the wheel, and the making of fermented liquor. Through the whole of the next millennium this remarkable civilization was free to develop its own potentialities. It was a time of depression of land, a moist time over the steppes and the Arabian peninsula, and so a time when the nomad inhabitants of these regions could thrive and multiply in their own homes, not driven by drought to irrupt into the lands of their richer neighbors. To what height the Mesopotamian civilization reached is attested by the marvelous workmanship of the objects from Ur of the Chaldees, which date from about 3500 B.C. The organization of the State under a priest-king, even the welding of empires a million strong, stone architecture, the arch, written codes of law, seagoing ships — these were some of the achievements of this millennium.

But the available land in this corner of the world was being filled up by the natural increase of population; and this filling up coincided with a new elevation of the land and a new period of drought. Between them, the two caused such a movement in the world of man that the Archaic Culture, though made to totter in its original home, was forced to spread its influence far and wide over Europe, Africa, and Asia.

III

The new millennium dawned favorably enough. Egyptian civilization, borne along on its own momentum, reached new successes. Beautiful temples of stone, and the Pyramids, with their astounding exactitude and colossal size, date from its earliest centuries. Mathematics and astronomy take their rise; the State is run by a regular bureaucracy. A little later, in Mesopotamia, King Sargon comes on the scene, the first of the great conquerors to build an empire with armies.

For armies were another new invention. The primitive hunters had

doubtless fought, but it had probably never been organized fighting; and the early food gatherers and cultivators seem to have been peaceable on the whole. There was assuredly never any Golden Age of Peace, as Perry and other enthusiasts imagine, but the early ages of human life were probably on the whole peaceful, because deliberate and organized warfare was not necessary and did not pay. War began as settled man quarreled over his property and his privileges. The idea of war soon spread to the less civilized peoples who fringed the settled lands; and it became possible for these peoples to practise war efficiently because they had passed from the state of hunters to that of nomads, disciplined herdsmen, and horsemen. The horse must have been domesticated on the steppes somewhere before 3000 B.C. A little later, drought began, and the nomads, lacking food at home, poured down on the settled lands with their horses. These were as terrible an innovation in warfare then as were the tanks in the wars of our own day some 4500 years later; and both Egypt and Mesopotamia were overrun and their civilization put in peril.

Meanwhile the pressure of population, of climatic changes, of invasions in the rear, forced the grain growers out in all directions. Not till about 3000 B.C. did any settle on the continent of Europe; but well before the close of the succeeding millennium they had spread over its greater part, to Thrace, to Germany, to Belgium, to France. And the push was felt by sea as well as by land. The whole Mediterranean became a great trade-lake, and the Ægean sailors had reached the Atlantic at latest by 2200 B.C. At the same time a great wave of migration spread eastward, and a new culture reached Northern India and right across to China, which thus seems to have received the first rude germs of her culture. It is possible that the American continent also received its first dose of civilization during this period, by a migration over the landbridge where now are the Behring Straits.

The maritime expansion continued into the next millennium, and so did the dry climate, which was especially marked in Northwestern Europe. Sea trade reached Ireland and Scandinavia. Ireland attained a very high level of culture, which was probably only made possible by this dry and bracing climate, before the excessive moisture of later centuries damped the energies of her inhabitants.

About 1800 B.C. there was again a change. The climate became gradually moister and cooler. From about 1200 B.C. to 200 A.D. there was a new cycle of wet and cold, reaching its maximum about 400 B.C. and then gradually falling off, to pass over to drought about 500 A.D. The belt of storm tracks again passed through the Mediterranean, giving opportunity for the rise of Babylonia and Assyria, Canaan and Phœnicia, of latter-day Crete and Egypt, of Mycenæ and Troy, Greece, Carthage, and Rome. North Africa was then the granary of the world. The Mediterranean was the focus of human energy, and, since the nomads could live comfortably on their steppes while the wet time continued, could pursue its destiny little troubled by barbarian invasions.

But the change of climate was disastrous to the northern lands. On them, cold and wet descended; the peat bogs spread; the forests died off as the swampy moors extended. There was a marked falling off of culture in Ireland and Scandinavia; and the worst cold spell, in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., has apparently left its permanent trace in the northern legend of the Twilight of the Gods, which

pictures a disastrous world bound in the grip of snow and ice.

After this, the classical Mediterranean civilization began to fail. Jones, some twenty-five years ago, suggested in a remarkable book that the downfall of Greece was due to malaria imported from Africa. Now that we know that a progressive desiccation was in progress at the time, the idea gains in probability. The rivers, drying up to a series of pools in summer, would afford countless new breeding places for the larvæ of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Malaria probably contributed to the downfall of Rome as well; but since Italy has more rainfall than Greece, the malaria-spreading change would have struck her later. But in addition the yield of agriculture in the Mediterranean began to grow less; and about the same time the first of a new series of barbarian invasions poured in.

For the period from 500 to 1000 A.D. was definitely a dry one. This it seems to have been which in the South drove the Huns and Goths to the limits of Europe, and stimulated the expansion of Islam from drought-stricken Arabia. But it brought new life to the swampy North. The culture of Ireland revived. In Scandinavia this was the great age of the Vikings, the Norsemen. As toward its close it grew less dry, the wet began to rob the Vikings of their livelihood and their lands as surely as the drought had robbed the steppe dwellers of theirs; and they poured forth in a burst of migration which took them across the Atlantic, and eventually, in the guise of Normans, as far as Sicily.

IV

In the New World too the climatic changes were similar and had the same general effects, notably upon the story of the remarkable Maya civilization of Yucatan. The huge monuments of the Mayas are now buried in dense tropical jungle, which no primitive people could hope to keep at bay. After the first flourishing period of the Mayas, civilization retreated for centuries from Yucatan, but recolonized its northern part for a short time about 1000 A.D. The two flourishing periods of Maya history correspond with what we have called cold, wet periods. But these were wet only in regions at a certain distance from the poles. During these times, the storm tracks shifted farther toward the equator; and accordingly the dry belts between temperate and tropical were shifted equatorward too. To-day, Yucatan lies just south of where the northern dry zone passes over into the tropical. When the temperate rainy zone shifted south, the margin of the dry zone also was forced southward over Yucatan, the forest melted, and the Mayas could build an empire there.

In the temperate zones, after the short wet period of the eleventh century, there followed a series of minor and drier fluctuations. There was one cold spell in the thirteenth century. There was another in the first half of the seventeenth, in which the tradition of the 'old-fashioned' severe winter probably takes its origin (though doubtless perpetuated by the common failing of age to decry the present in favor of the past). Since then there has not been any great change. True, there have been shiftings of sea currents, such as that which brought the herrings to the Baltic, or that which sent the cod away from the coast of Brittany; but there have been no marked movements of the storm belt.

This long string of conclusions is drawn from the most diverse sources — from the deposits in northern peat bogs, from the old shore lines of the

Caspian, from the salt lakes of Central Asia, from the now waterless cities, such as Palmyra, that once lay on great trade routes, from legend and historical record. But they find a wonderful corroboration within the trunks of the big trees of the western United States. Rain is the limiting factor of the tree's summer growth, and so the size of the growth ring in its wood preserves for us the record of the season. By measuring the growth rings of over two thousand big trees, Douglass has given us a curve of climate which corresponds with remarkable accuracy with what we have deduced from other sources. Some of these trees date back four thousand years. In their trunks we can read of the dry periods which spread civilization over the world but spelled the ruin of the first Archaic Culture; of the 'classical' rainfall maximum, as Brooks calls it, which allowed Greece and Rome and Yucatan to achieve their destiny; of the new drought which brought the barbarians into the Holy City and raised the Norsemen to their first height of activity. And they record for us the final settling of the fertilizing, energy-giving belt of cyclonic weather in its present place, a thousand miles and more northward of its old position.

Thus climatic belts have not shifted seriously for almost a thousand years. What will happen to civilization when they move again we can hardly foresee; but we cannot suppose that shifting climate will respect our modern balance of power, any more than it spared the civilizations of Mesopotamia. Climate is inexorable.

V

The question of the effects of climate and other natural phenomena on human history is not all speculative. We can see some of its very practical ramifications in the problems of cattle, soil, and grasslands. Here the chemistry of soils enters in as well as climate, but the two are not without relation.

From time to time, in different parts of the world, cattle exhibit perverted appetites. They take to chewing bones, and will sometimes even devour the carcasses of other cattle that have died. These abnormal instincts are invariably the prelude to grave disorders. In typical cases the bones grow soft, the joints become swollen, the animals get thin and feeble and move stiffly and awkwardly; their hoofs grow abnormally long; sterility and abortion are common. Milch cows and young growing beasts are invariably the most seriously affected; and imported modern breeds suffer worse than the poorer native types. Sheep may be affected in the same sort of way; and horses too, though more rarely.

These outbreaks, which may inflict severe losses, may only recur every few years; or they may continue unabated for long periods. In every case they are confined to particular regions. In such a region, even in years when there is no actual disease, the animals are generally below par. Their fertility is very low; there is much infant mortality among the calves; growth is slow and stunted; milk yield is subnormal.

Much search has been made for the causes of this state of affairs. Bacteria have been blamed, and other parasites, and poisonous plants. But all these were gradually eliminated. It became more and more evident that the cause was some deficiency in the beasts' food; and since the food they eat draws all its supplies (save carbon and oxygen from the inexhaustible air) from the soil, the deficiency must ultimately lie in the soil.

Chemical analysis has confirmed this verdict. The cause of this poor performance and actual loss, specially grave in dry countries like Africa and Australia, is a deficiency of one or more of the elements supplied to plants from the mineral salts of the soil. The commonest deficiency is that of phosphorus or of calcium — or of both at once. Since both are necessary ingredients of bone, a shortage of either will prevent proper bone growth. Both are also necessary for the universal processes of metabolism in the body; and if the supply falls short of the vital minimum needed for tissue life, the tissues draw on the reserves held in the skeleton. The mineral framework of the bones is redissolved to be used up by the living cells, hungry for the missing elements, and the skeleton grows weak and soft. The milk too grows poor in calcium and phosphorus, the calf has to go short of them, and, as he is a rapidly growing organism, feels the lack even more acutely than his parents.

The depraved appetite for carcasses and bones is a last resort for getting back some of the missing elements into the system. It is, however, often disastrous, for many animals thus eat disease-producing bacteria in the decaying bones, and develop serious illness from this cause; and even if they avoid poisoning, the mineral shortage eventually becomes so acute that the animal sickens and dies. In other cases, mere stunting is the chief result. In the Falkland Islands, for example, whose pastures are very short of calcium, an ox will hardly reach five hundred pounds in weight, and the offspring of good breeds of horses grow up no bigger than ponies.

The symptoms vary a good deal from place to place, largely according as the defect is a defect mainly of phosphorus, — perhaps the commonest condition, — or of calcium, or of both. But they all agree in taking origin in a lack of necessary bone-building elements.

Here and there, though much more rarely, the cattle farmer attempts to ply his trade on areas where there is a shortage of other mineral constituents. When the missing element is iron, as in parts of Kenya and New Zealand, the animals suffer from a progressive anæmia; they grow thinner and thinner, and finally lose control of their limbs. In certain parts of the plain region of the United States and Canada, on the other hand, iodine is the defaulter, and farm animals (like the human population) suffer from the swelling of the thyroid known as goitre, with all the attendant symptoms of low chemical activity and stunted growth. In some areas, the lack of iodine is so pronounced that the young pigs lose all their hair and hardly any of them survive.

VI

The shortages, as we have said, are primarily due to a deficiency native to the soil. It is surprising but true that there are great stretches of country which from the outset are unsuitable (without special treatment) for stock raising on any large scale, because the ground simply does not have enough of one or another chemical element. Countries composed of igneous rock often have a shortage of calcium. In much of the west of Scotland, where the soil is poor in calcium and phosphorus and the pastures have long been depleted by grazing without any return in the shape of artificial manure, the sheep are frequently afflicted with disease, there is a high rate of mortality among growing lambs, and the carrying capacity of the land is falling. Iodine is generally low in limestone districts, or where, as in parts of North America,

the great meltings that followed the Ice Age have leached it out of the soil.

Phosphorus is the trickiest of all these elements. It is the one which usually is nearest to the border line, and there are very big tracts of phosphorus-poor soil. In addition, drought apparently makes it harder for plants to get phosphorus out of the ground, so that an arid climate will turn a soil that elsewhere would be adequate into a phosphorus-deficient one.

Why, then, are these regions of the earth's surface not bare of wild animals? And how is it that man can generally thrive where his cattle sicken? The answer is that the demands are a matter of degree. No region is entirely without any of the essential elements. In nature, a balance is soon struck. The country supports what it can support. If animals fall sick, they are speedily eliminated; as soon as overmultiplication of any grazing animal brings down the supply of any element per individual to the danger point, migration relieves the pressure. Man, on the other hand, attempts more intensive operations. He wants the land to carry the maximum amount of stock, and to carry it all the time. Furthermore, different animals make very different demands on the mineral resources of the soil. It is the quick-growing beast which suffers, because it has to lay by a large quantity of calcium and phosphorus in its skeleton, of iron in its blood, of iodine in its thyroid, all in a short time; while the slower-growing kinds escape — just as in man a degree of shortage of vitamins which is almost without effect on grown men and women may produce serious rickets in growing children.

Now cattle are in any case quick-growing animals. A human infant takes six months to double his weight after birth; a calf, in spite of his much greater size, takes only about a month and a half. And in domestic breeds of cattle man has intensified this quick growth, since his prime aim is the biggest possible return of meat in the shortest possible time. Besides, he breeds for milk-yielding capacities so enlarged as to be almost unnatural. Whereas, for instance, in the natural state cows at one lactation produce two or three hundred gallons of milk, we ask the best modern breeds to give us up to a thousand gallons. The native cattle of Nigeria have their first calf at about six years; a well-fed cow of a modern breed has hers at three. In beef breeds, the rate of putting on flesh has been doubled. In all these ways, domesticated cattle have been deliberately bred to make more demands upon the soil than other beasts, and the better they are as cattle, the more demands they must make. Accordingly, when good European bulls have been used to grade up native cattle in India or Africa, the result has frequently been merely that the sickness and mortality due to mineral deficiencies have leaped up.

Man the stock breeder has thus been putting new and unprecedented demands upon the mineral resources of the world's soil. But that is not all. He has also been depleting those resources without making any return. As Dr. Orr says in his recent book, *Minerals in Pastures:* 'Accompanying the visible movement of milk and beef, there is a slow invisible flow of fertility. Every cargo of beef or milk products, every ship ton of bones, leaves the exporting country so much the poorer.' For, in nature, animals die where they live, and the constituents of their bodies are returned to their native soil. But man changes all that. He ships off the bodies of his animals or the products of those bodies to distant countries, and in every exported pound of meat or cheese or bone

meal so much phosphorus and so much calcium and iron and magnesium have been extracted from the soil and removed from the country's shores. Richardson calculates that since 1870 the export of animals from Victoria alone has taken out of its soil the equivalent of two million tons of superphosphates.

As we are now beginning to see, man's difficulties about grassland and the products of grassland are not merely due to local and natural deficiencies. They are due too to deficiencies of his own making, and these artificial deficiencies are cumulative and world-wide. In old days, the cattle of mineral-deficient areas would make periodic journeys to salt licks, where the instinctive cravings for the elements they lacked would save them from disease and death. It is interesting to find the same instinctive cravings in man. In some parts of Africa, where mineral deficiency is serious, the black children spend their pennies, not on sweets, but on lumps of unpurified salt, imported from distant salt pans and full of all the elements for which their systems are crying out. To-day, fencing has often made the cattle's annual 'cure' impossible. In one part of Kenya, for instance, the settling of the country happened to put an important salt lick on to land allocated to whites, to the great detriment of the native cattle, which either could not get at their necessary supply of minerals, or strayed and trespassed in search of it, and were lost to their owners. Economic restrictions may have the same effect. In the old days of the heavy French tax on salt, you could tell without a map when you crossed the boundary in the Jura from France to Switzerland by looking at the cattle. The French cows looked poorly, the Swiss beasts fine and healthy.

The next step was the discovery that the amount of mineral which would prevent disease in a pasture was not enough to give the best results. By adding more, up to a definitely ascertainable point, sheep and cattle could be made to grow faster, to yield more milk, and especially to be more fertile.

Thus what began as a study of local cattle diseases has turned into a problem of the soil chemistry of grasslands. The problem is one of first-rate importance. Cereals may be the staff of life; but the products of grass are more varied. Grass gives us not only meat, but also wool, leather, milk, butter, cheese, and various valuable by-products from bones and hides and horns. The value of the products of grass consumed annually in Britain alone is over £400,000,000, and the quantity of this which is imported makes nearly a quarter of the country's total imports. And some countries, like New Zealand, live almost wholly by grass.

VII

The question at issue becomes the question of the future of the world's grass. We have spent an enormous amount of energy on improving wheat and maize, and have hardly given a thought to grass; but there is little doubt that by proper attention to the ecology and genetics of grasses we could double the output of the world's pastures.

For one thing, proper dosing with mineral salts helps the growth of plants which make greater demands on the soil, and so takes the ecological succession a stage further to a richer herbage. In dry areas it often helps also by conserving more moisture in the soil. Then there are strange and subtle interrelations between grass and the beasts that eat it. Their trampling

and their browsing alter conditions for the herbage. Too little grazing may allow scrub or moor to invade the pasture; too much may impoverish the sward. Such problems are especially prominent in new countries — in New Zealand, for instance, there seem to have been no indigenous grazing creatures, save possibly the giant flightless bird, the moa; yet to-day 94 per cent of the country's exports are the products of grass-eating animals. Here, to clear scrubland for sheep, not only must the scrub be cut and rooted up and burned, but cattle must be introduced to keep the bracken and brush from winning back the land they have lost. As Dr. Stapledon says, 'Cattle, no matter how prices rule, are essential to the reclamation and maintenance of scrublands. They are implements as necessary to the wool grower on hilly, scrubby country as the plough to the producer of wheat on the plains.' Trampling, too, prevents the grass from getting coarse and rough. The amount of grazing a pasture will stand depends a good deal on climate. If grassland (as in so much of Europe and New Zealand) is not the natural climax of plant life, but is only a 'sub-climax,' which would go on to a richer type of vegetation, such as forest, if left to itself, then it will stand very heavy grazing. If, however, the climate is so dry that grass of sorts is the natural climax, it has fewer reserves, so to speak, and heavy grazing may seriously damage it.

But the amount of grazing will also depend on the kinds of grasses there are to be grazed. In New Zealand the native vegetation, unused to being nibbled down to the ground, succumbs to this new treatment. A judicious mixture of the right grasses and clovers from all over the world (only we must remember that what is right for one place may be very wrong for another!) is rapidly raising the productive power of grass. This will soon get to a limit; but then the geneticist can step in and continue the process by deliberately breeding richer and more resistant pasture plants. A beginning has been made with this at places like the Grass Research Station at Aberystwyth, and the results already obtained, together with the comfortable knowledge of what has been actually achieved with wheat, warrant great hopes for the future.

We could easily double the productive power of the world's grasslands by deliberately working for types of beast that make greater demands on the grass, and types of grass that make greater demands on the soil. We have only got to make sure that we can continue to provide the soil with the necessary chemical ingredients. But to achieve this result we need the services, not only of the farmer and the scientific agriculturist, but of the plant and animal geneticist, the soil chemist, the systematic botanist, and the ecologist; nature cannot be improved upon without the amassing of a deal of knowledge and the expenditure of a deal of pains.

SHOOFLY

BY PERNET PATTERSON

I

THE newcomer at Bench 14 seemed gradually to lose his drawn tenseness as the temperature of the old tobacco-stemming room climbed toward a normal eighty-five. The stark expression of his ashen-brown face softened somewhat; his slim hands eased into a smoother stripping of the oily black and tan leaves from their fibrous stems.

At last he paused, and with a tired sigh let his slender figure relax. Slumped on the hard wooden stool, he seemed to invite the humid warmth to creep into his very bones. Almost hungrily he sniffed the air — pungent, rank, with the smell of hot steamed tobacco and three hundred black sweating bodies.

As if with sensuous delight he let his gaze drift down the long whitewashed room with its row after row of great tables and its lines of rocking bodies on either side. Drab men dotted in the colorful lines of women and children! All shades of skin from light cream to blue-black! All colors of the spectrum in headkerchief and dress — some so intense in their vividness of bold yellows and reds that they slashed the sombre spots like molten iron in a black night! Bright heads ceaselessly nodding, like brilliant exotic birds, picking restlessly among their duller neighbors!

A look of peace stole over his face. ''T is all des' de same — as ever,' his wide lips murmured.

A voice broke into his thoughts with a note of contempt. 'You sho' ain' seasoned to stemmin', is you, boy?' offered the slant-eyed yellow girl on his right. 'You'll starve runtier'n you is, at dat bench!' and she snickered.

Indifferently he glanced into her bold pretty face beneath the red bandanna that but partly hid her wavy hair. With a taunting grin she looked up from under her long-fringed lids.

'Don' le' da' Lula wor'y you, boy,' consoled the friendly voice of Big Sarah, the fat black woman at his left. Filling her cheek with a fresh brush of snuff, she adjusted the cloth binding the tobacco poultice to her forehead, and continued, with a chuckle, 'She'll pester anything — in pants.'

On the breath of the amiable voice there had come to the man the old sociable odor of rum. When had he got even a whiff of rum? Nearly two years! Up North you never smelt it — never got any of the good old factory smells.

'Ne'r you min',' his rather high voice replied in weary tolerance, his eyes coming back to the girl. 'I'll eat — an' drink, too — 'fo' long.'

Lula giggled and darted him another look. His bleak gaze traveled from her little ear, with its bright gold hoop, to the rise of her plump bare throat, then, with a flicker of life, over the swell of her round breast, carelessly half exposed by the open sleazy blue waist. He gave her a brief tired smile, then went at his work again.

Presently the man's attention was suddenly drawn to an altercation across

the table from him. A small, bullet-headed black boy, enveloped almost to his chin in a high-bibbed tick apron, was making vigorous passes at the little brown girl in checkered apron and paper cap next him. With a vindictive squeal she seized the small fist and began furiously to belabor it with the heel of her hand.

But without warning, at the girl's right, there appeared a long hickory, and with a 'You, Gen'lwade! You, Queenie!' a buxom black arm flashed twice. A click on the bullet head, a swish through the paper cap, melted the engagement like magic.

Shamed under the subdued raillery from the bench, Gen'lwade gave but a tearful, furtive glance at the newcomer. The man was not laughing; there was a look even of sympathy in his eyes.

Queenie was gingerly feeling her skull under the scant plaits of pigtails, tightly braided with white cord and stretched fore and aft in rows.

'Hit take Sis' Pokey to handle 'em!' chortled Big Sarah. 'Ev'body gotta step roun' wid 'at 'oman, mon.'

The newcomer's eyes were taking in the Junoesque black figure of Pokey. A shade of interest crept into them as he appraised her meticulous neatness. Even her checkered apron, with its crisp little blue frill that rose high over the deep bosom, was immaculate. Her headcloth, bound tight above the wide black brow, was snow-white; the starched, gray-figured calico dress was unrumpled. To the graceful movements of her tall, full body, a necklace of silver dimes jangled musically around the column of her bare throat. But the man's expression of interest soon settled back into a bleak concentration on his work.

After a while Lula rose, and, yawning wide, stretched her lithe figure indolently. Slouching over to the window for her snuffbox, her eyes lighted on a dilapidated yellow suitcase and a worn guitar leaning against the wall. Impudently she picked up the discolored instrument, and, like a mischievous monkey, gave the strings a twang, and put her ear to the opening. She started to thrum it again, but Captain Nat, the foreman, banged a warning club on the steam pipes. Turning the guitar around as a monkey would a nut, she suddenly peered intently. In the flourishing scroll letters of the itinerant card writer, she slowly spelled out the word 'Shoofly.' Grinning, she looked up. The newcomer was anxiously shaking his head at her. With a *moue* she put back the guitar, and glided to her bench.

Apprehensively the man queried, 'Did you set it up — out de way?'

But, ignoring the question, she asked teasingly, in a tone all could hear, 'Is dat yo' name — Shoofly?' And she giggled.

The man's rather poetic brown face beneath the high fuzzy pompadour grew stern. 'Dat's what dey calls me,' he answered with dignity.

But, with a note of excitement, Lula persisted: 'Kin you play dat box, boy? Dance music?'

'Sure,' he answered, matter-of-fact.

Then she pestered him to play for her at dinner hour, to come around at night to play, but Shoofly said he was too tired — maybe next week. He was glad when the hoarse whistle roared out the dinner hour.

Amid the sudden clamor and friendly confusion, Shoofly deliberately rose, and with a tired sigh adjusted his red-striped shirt. Slowly he shuffled toward his coat on the wall.

Even in the splayed remnants of suède-top patent leathers, despite the badly frayed trousers, his slender figure carried a certain air of trimness. Lula's covert gaze followed him till he was sucked into the laughing, pushing

stream of bodies flowing down the wide steps to the yard.

In a far corner of the yard, beyond the tantalizing fumes of the basket women's big kettles of Brunswick stew and turnip salad, he crammed a three-cent pone of hot corn bread into his mouth, swallowing in great gulps that nearly choked him.

II

During the early afternoon Lula vainly tried to engage Shoofly in conversation. At last she gave way to his unresponsiveness, and began to hum in a low voice. No one was singing, scarce another even humming in the long room. Monday, black Monday, was n't a day for singing. It was too far away from Saturday — from money, rum, and rest — for the birth of any urge to sing, except in the most calloused and heedless.

When Lula's droning words struck Shoofly's ear, his movements slowed; a faint smile lightened his face. He had n't heard that song since he left Petersburg. It sounded like home — and Richmond was home, compared to the cold, unfriendly mining hills of Pennsylvania. A glow stole over him. He felt an urge to join Lula's careless humming: —

'Sniff my coke an' I drink my gin—
Doctor say it kill me, but did n't say when—
Hey, hey! Honey, take a whiff on me-e-e. . . .'

His grinning eyes gave Lula a look of complete understanding.

Raising his glance, he found Pokey frowning heavily at the yellow girl. With a sniff of utter disgust, she looked away, her bold chin in the air. Shoofly chuckled inwardly; Christians had no truck with that song — on any day. Only the far-gone sinners, those in the Devil's very pocket, sung it at all — it was much worse than playing a guitar.

Not till near quitting time did Shoofly speak. Then he asked Big Sarah in a low voice where he could find the 'Lender.'

'You mean de "Strainer"? He de Lump Room boss. But dodge *'im*, boy! He'll strain yo' flush f'om yo' blood — a dollah Sat'day fo' fif'y cent to-day.'

Shoofly only gave an admonishing 'Sh-h-h!'

When Lula came back from the woman's dressing corner after the whistle, Shoofly was rearranging a large, glass-studded horseshoe pin in the remnants of his red tie. Her eyes flickered over him. In spite of his down-at-the-heel appearance there was a decided jauntiness about him in his tight-waisted coat and rakishly cocked fedora.

Switching in beside him, the big earrings glittering to the toss of her head, she asked sarcastically, 'Well, Mis'er Shoofly, what you goin' do wid all 'at money you made to-day?'

His eyes traveled over her rounded figure in its untidy but modish sky-blue dress, and her run-down high-heeled slippers. He liked wavy hair in a girl — and style — and quick talk.

'Go roll yo' hoop, gal!' he grinned. 'Ef you ain' in jail by Sat'day you 'll see a bench fa'r bu'n up,' and he cocked his worn fedora more rakishly.

She gave a clear ringing laugh; her eyes brightened. Then they laughed in chorus as they parted.

III

By Wednesday a smoother brownness had chased away most of Shoofly's ashy look; his eyes were alive. His body swayed, his fingers flew in the endless snap-strip-strip. The pungent rancidness of the room came to him more sweetly than ever.

As the morning heat climbed, Pokey began to hum softly in a rich contralto.

Shoofly appraised her again. Yes, she just spelled neatness — and good cooking. Of course she was black, but Lawd, what a woman! And in spite of a bossy look her face was kind of pretty, too. Of course yellow girls were prettier, more fun, but . . .

The long room was filled with a droning, like the buzz of lazy bees. But there was no real singing. It was still too far away from Saturday. Thoughts of approaching delights were yet too nebulous; and much trouble could come before Saturday.

As soon as he had finished his dinner of hot stew and corn bread, he galloped back up to the warm room and stretched himself lazily on his bench. Through half-closed eyes he watched the two children in their absorbed attempts to fashion tobacco dolls.

Stealthily Shoofly sat up. Gen'lwade's doll vanished; the little Negro looked furtively away. Shoofly smiled. 'Le' me see,' he said casually, and began to select soft strips of different shades. 'I use could make a right good 'bacca doll.'

Under his supple fingers, a little short-waisted woman began to take form. Gen'lwade sucked in his breath audibly, his bulging black forehead pushed closer to Shoofly's hands. With the folding of a bright leaf-scrap about the neck of the diminutive figure, Queenie gave an 'Unh!' of ecstatic delight.

During the evolution of the doll, Shoofly made conversation. Were they the only children of Miss Pokey? Where was their father?

'Pa dead,' replied Gen'lwade abstractedly, his eyes glued to the doll. But, as if suddenly realizing a raconteur's golden chance, his voice quickened. 'An' de Bur'l S'ciety set 'im a stone — big as *dat!*' and he spread his arms apart their full length. 'An' he lef' us de house an' 'suance money — I dunno how much — boxful, I reckon,' he added impulsively, pointing to the big tobacco box.

'Ai-i-yi-e!' exclaimed Shoofly. 'Ain' dat somepin'!' Then he asked thoughtfully, 'Des' 'zactly what is yo' name, son?'

'Gen'lwade,' answered the boy surprisedly.

'Dat all yo' name?'

'Naw, *suh!*' exploded the little darky. 'I got *long* name — longer'n anybody in de worl', I spec',' he continued pridefully. 'Granny name us a'ter big fo'ks —'

'What is yo' long name?' Shoofly smiled encouragingly.

'Brig'dier — Gen'al — Wade — Hampton — Price!' the little voice rolled out as unctuously as that of a silk-stockinged butler announcing a prince of the realm.

'I 'clar to Gawd!' gasped Shoofly, impressed in spite of himself. 'Dat *is* a name, mon!' and he looked searchingly at the diminutive bearer of such a breath-taking title.

Then, waxing to his subject, Gen'lwade began, 'An' Ma —' but, seeing Queenie open her mouth too, he hurried his pronouncement. So it was in high chorus that they fervidly shouted: 'Pokey-*hontas* — *Virginia* — *Ran*dolph — Price!'

But before Shoofly could voice his wonderment a black hand gave two resounding cuffs almost as one. 'What you holle'n *my* name 'bout fo'? You gone crazy?' came an angry, embarrassed voice.

'No harm, Miss Pokey! No harm!' placated Shoofly, with his blandest smile. 'De chillun des' tellin' me yo'll's names. An' quality names dey is, too, ma'am,' he added with complete admiration.

Mollified, she let him inch on to Queenie's stool and engage her in conversation. But her replies were digni-

fiedly aloof — rather the air of a grand dame to a stranger of uncertain lineage. Before the starting whistle, however, Pokey was smiling, her big hand toying demurely with her coin necklace.

Till quitting time Shoofly's head seethed with contradictory plans, but they were all frustrated by the necessity of another visit to the Strainer. When he finally came out, everyone had gone.

IV

Thursday found Shoofly's fingers moving as if touched by some Merlin's wand. Stripped to undershirt, a fancy paper cap cocked aslant over his pompadour, he had drifted into that semi-trancelike state of the master stemmer.

Instinctively the entire bench had speeded up. Lula cut an admiring eye at him, but he was lost to his surroundings.

Gen'lwade, with the duplicate of Shoofly's cap cocked at identically the rakish angle of his friend's, beamed across the table. '*Ha-h-h*, mon! Mis'er Shoo' was layin' de bench!'

The room grew hotter; the air closer, more rancid. White teeth glistened. Thursday was truly here! The harmonious drone of ten-score voices gradually swelled to the roll of a far-off muted organ.

Suddenly the humming sank to a low, moaning undernote.

'He-s-h! Singer Moses — linin' out!'

Softly, surely, a smooth barytone rose; and, like the chime of faultless bells, three hundred voices joined; and gently climbed; and soared: —

'When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.'

Then, as if at the beat of some invisible baton, the deep, ringing bass of Black Tom and the clear, rich tones of Pokey's contralto led the men and the women in antiphonous refrain: —

'It is well . . . it is well,
With my soul . . . with my soul . . .'

And then that spectral baton seemed to sweep the ecstatic chorus into a crashing thunder of harmony — like some wondrous vast organ played by an inspired hand: —

'It is well, it is well with my so-u-l-l.'

The room trembled with resonance. Captain Nat's flesh crawled, his old eyes dimmed.

Shoofly's bench mates looked slyly at him. Many other eyes rolled toward his bench. For, high and clear in the harmony, there had soared a natural lyric tenor with notes as limpid, as effortless, as flute tones.

When the last of his golden notes sustained the cadence far into a long minor, a deep quavering sigh breathed from the room. Lawd, *Lawd!* A sweet singer had sho' come! The deep blast of the dinner whistle jarred them irritably.

Shoofly reclined on his bench at dinner hour, musing. Pokey strolled up, the eagerness in her eyes belying her casual approach. He gave her a keen glance, then smiled widely at her compliments. Never had she heard a songster carry a better note! Her church needed just such a high singer; she would like to take him down to meet the deacons. . . .

Shoofly shook his head. 'Not yet, thankee, ma'am! I'se all jammed up in dis-here town. Ain' got no reg'lar boa'din' place, an' sech. Maybe later, ma'am, when I gits sorta settled.'

A somewhat frustrated look came over Pokey's countenance, but with seeming indifference she drifted down the aisle to a fellow church member. Shoofly's thoughtful gaze followed her.

He did n't want to get jammed up with church. The very thought portended system, regulations. True, he had fitful cravings for religious service — but three, four times a week? No, not unless absolutely necessary.

Lula came and sat slyly down beside him. Softly she asked, 'Call yo'se'f some kinda songster, don' you, Shoo'?'

Not raising his head from his arm, he answered carelessly, 'Des' like I some kinda stemmer.'

Lula giggled. Presently she asked unconcernedly, 'What you doin' wid yo'se'f to-night?'

Shoofly took ample time to stretch. 'I dunno — 'zactly,' he yawned. 'I got so many triggers set.' The girl smiled broadly into his face. Suddenly they both burst into laughter.

Somehow, at quitting time, he found himself drifting up the street with Lula.

V

Through Friday's singing Shoofly's emotional tenor lifted the room to inspired heights. An aura of ecstasy crept down even to the prize room on the first floor. When gusts of passionate harmony swept through an open door or elevator shaft, the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the lump sticks, the wailing signal cries, would break with silence. The great half-naked pressmen would stop, poised, eyes glistening. 'But ain't dem stemmin' niggers car'y'n it to-day!'

Late that afternoon Pokey followed Shoofly to the hydrant. 'Why n't you stroll up wid us dis evenin'?' she suggested in a casual tone.

Shoofly's eyes glistened exultantly, but he answered with equal unconcern, 'Dat's right — I might.'

Lula was surprised to find Shoofly gone when she came tardily back after dressing. With a sniff and a toss of her head, she slouched lazily out.

Shoofly talked engagingly to Pokey as he strolled beside her. Soon he took her big arm. The children skipped in the rear. Queenie's splay feet, in a pair of her mother's old high-buttoned shoes that hung from her thin legs like pipes from reed stems, flapped pigeonwings behind her mother's Christian back. Gen'lwade's black feet, bare yet into the late autumn, vainly tried to imitate Queenie's nimble steps.

Presently, in disgust, he gave up the attempt; and, raising the tail of the faded red sweater that reached almost to his knees, fished a jew's-harp from the voluminous depths of the man's knickerbockers that dangled unbuckled about his thin ankles. Springing the peak of his cap straight up from his knobby forehead, he pondered a moment. Then, smiling, he set the harp between his white teeth, and with a hissing twang broke into the old reel, 'Shoo! fly, don't bother me!'

Shoofly wheeled, his eyes shining. 'Whar you learn my chune, Gen'l?' he asked excitedly. 'You kin play it, too!' he conceded, nodding with half-shut eyes.

At the touch of this accolade, Gen'lwade's big eyes threatened to pop. With renewed effort, he hissed, and sucked, and twanged frenziedly.

Pokey was fidgeting uncomfortably. 'I don' 'low him play sinner song,' she objected, frowning the sinning harp into silence. But Shoofly, recapturing her arm, laughingly made light of the thought. It was n't a bad sinner song; besides, Gen'lwade was so little it did n't much matter to the Lord.

After a long pause, Pokey indifferently asked, 'S'pose you got yo' boa'din' place — by now?'

Shoofly's eyes gleamed. 'Dat I ain't!' he exclaimed disconsolately. 'Look like I can' git no place to suit me — I so 'tic'la'.' Then he queried, with a note of suspense, 'You know a'y 'spectable place?'

Pokey eyed him with a tinge of lingering doubt. Again she appraised his clean new shirt, his frayed but jaunty figure. Her face softened; she almost simpered. 'I don' know, 'less, maybe, *we* takes you in de spar' room. . . .'

Shoofly sucked in his breath. He could n't clinch the bargain too quickly. He did n't know of a more handsome-acting lady he'd rather board with, he said. Besides, a soft-handed gal ought to have a man around, to split wood and the like. And could n't they have big evenings together — singing and playing?

Pokey's eyes had an excited look, but she remarked demurely that good Christians could n't have guitar-playing around — that is, not much of it.

Shoofly chuckled, and squeezed her arm the tighter.

VI

That Pokey's clean little house, with its spotless kitchen and snow-white beds, was a thing beyond even his most sanguine dreams, Shoofly inwardly told the world. From the shining pans and bright-red-oilclothed table of the kitchen to the gilt-framed chromo of her deceased spouse in the spare room, he appraised it. Luck *had* turned! Carefully he extracted a worn rabbit's foot from his hip pocket, and reverently kissed it — three times.

And at supper in the warm kitchen, with Gen'lwade beaming across the table, and Queenie flitting about with plates of hot, flaky biscuit and succulent browned catfish, Shoofly stealthily touched the rabbit's foot again — three times, with his second finger. Luck had to be kept warm, nursed.

While Pokey ironed Gen'lwade's white shirt for church, Shoofly, with his feet in a chair, lazily strummed chords on his beloved guitar. Suddenly, as if with irrepressible sentience, the guitar burst out joyfully, and Shoofly sang: —

'Shoo! fly, don' bother me! Shoo! fly, don' bother me!
Shoo! fly, don' bother me! I belong to Company G.
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a mornin' star,
I feel, I feel, I feel, my troubles gone afar.
Shoo! fly, don' bother me — hear de music on m' knee!'

Despite Pokey's protest of 'Now, Mis'er Shoo'! Mis'er Shoo'! You know you can' be playin' sinner music roun' me,' there was a quickened glint in her eye. Gen'lwade's eyes shone, too, as he squeezed his jew's-harp tightly, hopefully.

Shoofly argued. A little music, a little fun, was allowed by God even to high Christians. Did n't the preachers read that King David played on a harp — yes, even danced? What more could she ask? With a confident grin, he swung into an old ballad about a ship that never returned.

But at the completion of her ironing Pokey called soberly, 'Pull up yo' cheers, chillun, an' le's sing a hymn.' In a semicircle about the stove, they sang softly to Pokey's low, throaty lead: —

'Chillun, ain't you glad, done lef' de house er Pharaoh?
Chillun, ain't you glad, you done got away? . . .'

Far past the children's bedtime, with equal fervor, with the same mounting rapture, did sinners and Christian sing.

By the mere act of listening to sinner songs and music, however, — despite the leavening of hymns, — Pokey gave tacit consent to a sin that soon became a custom. Before many nights, Gen'lwade was freely hissing and twanging to Shoofly's guitar, while Queenie swayed in her chair and cross-shuffled her big shoes. Even so, the three sinners thoroughly enjoyed the nightly hymns into which Pokey invariably led them.

VII

With the passage of Shoofly's warm, well-fed days, and the coming of a scrubbed, neatly mended look to a rounder, sleeker Shoofly, Lula seemed to melt under his attractions. She began openly by intimate look and gesture to imply a right to familiarities. Often she cut her slant eyes at Pokey, and smiled knowingly. With the ultimate corroboration of the insinuating rumors that Shoofly was really Sis' Pokey's regular boarder, the yellow girl became even bolder.

That Shoofly was immeasurably embarrassed by the girl's attitude was sensed with gusto by his bench mates. Not only did their suggestive looks and whispers embarrass him, but they spurred on a fast-growing, ominous disquietude at home.

Walking with Lula in the other end of the ward one night, he warned her: 'Ef you don' stop dat fool actin' in comp'ny, gal, I goin' drop you like a hot 'tater. You shan' jam me no tighter — you hear?' But Lula only giggled.

And she was worse, more irritating, the next day. At a particularly overt familiarity near quitting time, Shoofly's patience broke. With a snarl, he slapped her hand aside, and sprung from his stool. Nor did he return till the whistle blew.

After the children had gone to bed that night, Pokey set Shoofly with an incisive eye. 'Nigger,' she said, leaning her powerful figure toward him, 'who you think you is — King Solomon?'

'Pokey!' Shoofly gasped. 'What de matter, Sug'?'

'Don' Suga' me, you narrer weasel.'

'But, Sug'!' Shoofly eased from his chair.

'Hesh!' her voice grew harshly hysterical, as she arose, one hand held behind her, her big body trembling.

Shoofly took a step backward.

'Whar yo' money Sat'days?' She advanced, shaking her finger at him. 'An' what dat squint-eyed slut doin' droopin' over you?'

Here some perverse imp tempted Shoofly beyond himself. 'How you keep 'lasses f'om drawin' flies?' he began — but never finished. A stick of stovewood flashed. Shoofly ducked. The stick shivered the door panel above his head. In a split second he was out of the door — sprinting for the alley.

The house was dark and quiet when Shoofly crept in at midnight.

Next morning, approaching the factory, Pokey gave him a cold warning: 'Des' le' me see you blink a eye at dat wench — des' oncet!' And she gave him such a vitriolic glare that he felt chills fly up his back.

When, at the whistle, Lula saw Shoofly change places with Queenie, she gave him a contemptuous sneer.

VIII

While looking idly out of the window at dinner a few days later, Pokey suddenly started. When Shoofly's familiar figure gave his woman companion a playful push, and they both bent double with laughter, Pokey nodded her head grimly. A girl standing beside her smiled insinuatingly in her face.

Shoofly found Pokey's stool vacant when he came back. She had left word with the children that important business down town demanded her attention.

He joined the singing that afternoon with more abandon than for days past. His repartee took on the old keenness. He seemed to be suddenly freed from some burden, some inhibition. To the children's surprise he exchanged banters even with Lula. 'Unc' Shoo' is sho' a case when he cuts loose!' Gen'lwade's worshipful gaze seldom left his friend's

face. This was a day! What matter if their boxes did run short!

On their way home they played soldiers, Shoofly in the van, giving commands. On the bottom of his dinner pail, Gen'lwade thumped and rattled in drum time. Boldly they sang in martial fervor, 'Shoo! fly, don' bother me! I belong to Company G.'

But, once at home, the marchers' exuberance immediately sank to an uneasy depression under the air of cold, aloof solemnity emanating from Pokey. Supper was wordless, oppressive. The children in bed, Pokey sat over the stove, silently brooding.

Suddenly she fixed Shoofly with a look that made him squirm and drop his eyes. 'Nigger,' she announced, in a portentous voice, just like a judge on the bench, he thought, 'you an' me gwina git mar'ied!'

'What!' shrilled Shoofly, shooting from his chair. '*Me?* Naw, suh! *Naw, suh!*' He began to back away, shaking his head and waving his hands negatively. But abruptly he paused, as if seized by a sudden thought, and switched to a wheedling tone: 'Why, Pokey, *Sug*', what done come over you?' He gave a hollow deprecative cackle. 'Why, *you* know, Sug', I ain' no mar'yin' man.'

'*Ain't* you?' said Pokey imperturbably, keeping him fixed with her cold eye. 'But I'se a mar'yin' 'oman,' she continued flatly. 'Ain' no fact'ry nigger livin' kin laugh at me. I eider gwina be Miz Shoofly Rand'l dis day week — or de mo'ners gwina set roun' yo' box.'

'Now, Pokey,' Shoofly cajoled in sugary tones, 'le's you an' me talk dis over quiet-like, honey'; and he resumed his chair with affected assurance. Long he argued, wheedled, and beseeched — even claimed to have already a wife 'up No'th.'

'Don' keer,' she said relentlessly. 'You gwina have 'nother one nex' Chuesday,' and, drawing a folded document from her bosom, she slapped it menacingly: 'Here de paper — an' dar de chu'ch,' pointing over her shoulder with her thumb.

Shoofly sucked in a long, quivering breath. A hunted look came to his eyes, as they were hypnotically drawn to the document. Hesitantly his fingers advanced; gingerly he drew it to him.

'What dis?' he suddenly exclaimed, hope springing to his eyes, as, following his tremulous forefinger, he slowly spelled out: 'Pow-ha-tan S. Randel. Who dis "Pow-ha-tan"?'

'Dat's *you*, nigger!' explained Pokey, with a decided note of pride.

'Naw, *na-a-w!* Huccome?'

''T is you, dough,' Pokey insisted in an inevitable matter-of-fact tone. 'You think I gwine let de license man write down fool name like "Shoofly"? Naw!' And, snatching the license from Shoofly's flaccid fingers, she strolled calmly to bed.

Midnight found Shoofly hunched over the dead stove, his face buried in his hands. At intervals he emitted a sepulchral groan.

IX

After a depressing breakfast, Pokey coldly stated she was too poorly to go to work. Shoofly shot her a questioning glance. Dejectedly the silent trio straggled out of the alley in the chilly half-light.

Shoofly spoke scarce a word during the forenoon. At dinner hour Lula finally enticed him from his bench. Lounging against the wall in a far corner, she teased and pecked at him.

Suddenly, without warning, something seemed to explode against Shoofly's jaw. His slender body went spinning across the floor. With almost the same sweep of her powerful arm,

Pokey's big fist crashed the yellow girl's head against the wall. Then, surprisingly quick, she sprang, and, clutching the dazed girl's hair, struck again. Red-eyed, mouthing unintelligibly, she drove one deliberate blow after another relentlessly to the girl's face. . . .

When four men finally pulled Pokey away, the girl's body slumped to the floor. 'Oh, Lawdy! Look — she done kill 'er! Gawd-a-mighty! Pokey done kill Lula!' rang the shrieks of the women. The children, diving under the benches, added their shrill screams. Above the pandemonium, Pokey's maniacal screech soared: 'Tu'n me lo-o-se! I cut 'er heart! I drink 'er blood!'

Desperately they threw her across a bench and held her there — inside a jostling circle of hysterical, jabbering Negroes. Every second their hysteria mounted. One woman shoved another too vigorously. With an insane screech the latter struck. Others, frenzied with mounting passion, threw themselves into the mêlée. A man shouted warningly, 'Look out! Look out — she got a razor!' Someone adroitly kicked the razor from the woman's hand. . . .

Before the ambulance and patrol wagon had arrived, a dozen white men from other departments were circulating through the room, herding the stemmers to their seats with gentle pushes and calm, pacifying voices. Lula lay on an old coat, her eyes blinking dazedly. Others with sore heads and bruises were hiding their hurts as best they might, fearful of being pointed out to the police. Shoofly crawled from under a bench, holding his jaw.

When the policemen's hands touched Pokey, she let out shriek after shriek. With insane strength she fought the three big men. The benches grew uneasy again. Quickly the policemen hustled Pokey through the door. As they disappeared, Gen'lwade gave a long, quavering wail: 'O-o-h-h! O-o-h! De 'licemens got 'er!' and buried his face in his arms. Shoofly tried in a dazed way to comfort him. But Queenie, her paper cap gone, her pigtails awry, was sobbing prayers.

It was all too much for Shoofly. Dazedly collecting their buckets and coats, he herded the two sobbing children to the door.

The dreary supper of cold corn bread and molasses over, the three drooped in silence before the stove, their eyes never raising. Gen'lwade and Queenie alternately snuffled. Shoofly sniffed occasionally — between low moans.

Presently he felt a touch on his knee. Gen'lwade's dim eyes looked up. 'Unc' Shoo',' he whispered, 'will dey — hang — Ma?'

Shoofly pretended to laugh. Of course not! That Lula was n't hurt bad. Don't worry — they'd just fine Pokey, and turn her loose to-morrow. And he gave Gen'lwade's frail shoulders an affectedly cheerful slap.

X

During the makeshift breakfast, Shoofly glanced frequently at the ashen faces of the children. Even he himself had forgotten to wash. Last night's tears showed in dark streaks down Gen'lwade's cheeks; and his nose was running. The white binding strings of Queenie's pigtails were hanging loose in utter abandon. Her big shoes were not buttoned.

Giving a deep sigh, Shoofly rose and went into Pokey's room. Breaking the flimsy lock on her trunk, he rummaged till he found a small roll of bills, knotted in an old stocking. He pondered a moment, then carefully counted out fifteen dollars — ten for the fine and four-fifty for costs, he reckoned.

Cautioning Queenie not to leave the house with the fire going, he drearily shuffled out of the back gate, on the way to court.

The courtroom was packed with sweating black bodies. Crowding, eager-eyed Negroes jammed even the big doors. Shoofly had almost to fight his way to the front. Standing on his toes, he could barely see the heads of the prisoners through the bars of the bull pen. Once he thought he glimpsed the drawn face of Pokey.

The docket was heavy; there had been much fighting for midweek. Old Judge Whitfield was even more irascible than usual. Those confounded factory niggers needed something to jar them back into a respect for the law — besides, he was going to the country shooting at one o'clock.

Shoofly's eyes became haggard as he listened to the petulant voice falling inexorably: 'Thirty days. . . . Sixty days. . . . Grand Jury. . . .' His uneasiness grew into desperate fear. Spasmodically his moist hand clutched the crumpled wad of bills. Sweat trickled down his face unheeded. When the big officer led Pokey inside the rail, Shoofly was seized with a shivering. He would scarcely have recognized the disheveled, drooping figure as his neat, proud Pokey.

Dazedly he saw Lula, with her head bandaged and face swollen, half supported in front of the bench by Mamie Lee, her friend.

As through a closed door, the judge's voice came dimly to him. Before he thought the case hardly begun, there suddenly struck his ear, like the sharp clang of a bell: 'Thirty days! Next case! Move along, sergeant!'

Were his eyes fooling him? They were leading Pokey *back?* His throat seemed to close. With a moaning cry he sprang to Pokey's side, but the big guard's elbow sent him reeling into the crowd. When he collected himself, Pokey was gone.

XI

Shoofly's world had suddenly grown unutterably cold and gray. The atmosphere of the unkept house chilled him. The scrappy meals, the tousled beds, and the piles of dirty dishes clouded him with black memories. Pokey's room made him shiver — it felt like a room of death. The bleak, tiptoeing attitude of the children reminded him of a death house, too. And he thought of Pokey almost as dead — his clean, spruce Pokey in that filthy jail. He was glad in the mornings to get out into the chill December air.

Saturday afternoon, on their way home, Shoofly bought Gen'lwade a new jew's-harp and Queenie a ten-cent finger ring. For himself he purchased a guitar string and a packet of cheroots. Then, hesitating, he invested another dime in a bag of peppermint drops. The sun did seem brighter as they trudged homeward.

When they entered the back gate they were surprised to see smoke coming from the chimney. On the narrow back porch were a yellow suitcase and a guitar. Shoofly halted, rigid as if frozen. The children's eyes opened wide. Slowly Shoofly cracked the door, but a woman's cold voice admonished: 'Stay outta here, nigger! Yo' junk is on de po'ch.' Then, more kindly: 'Come in, chillun! I see yo' ma to-day. I gwina take keer yo'll twell she gits out.'

None of the three figures at the door had moved. Shoofly gazed at the woman as if she had spoken in a foreign language. 'But — Pokey ain' say —' his dry lips began.

'Dat's des' what she do say.' And, pulling in the children, she slammed the door in Shoofly's face.

XII

Through black Monday, across the table from the children's new guardian, who had usurped his stool, Shoofly stemmed like one ridden by fever. Dimly he thought in hopeless circles; but he did know he never wanted to see Lula again. She was the cause of all his trouble — Pokey's trouble. The world of Richmond was growing too full of complications, too black. He could n't stand it. He'd leave; go home. That was it — *home!* He'd work — save every cent. But that Lula? She'd be back soon! Suddenly he remembered the small stemming room on the floor below — where the Western tobacco was handled. He'd transfer to down there!

Shoofly's days in the strange room were in most part hazy ones. But with the coming of Thursday, when the roll of the old spirituals drifted down to him, his thoughts quickened. How he would like to lie back on that 'Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham!' Inwardly he carried the long minors for them. Lawd, how that room could sing! The little room tried to sing, too, but they only irritated Shoofly.

He wondered if his voice was missed upstairs. And Pokey's. Lawd, what a note she could carry — and when she got back he'd be gone! Lawd! Lawd! How life did jam him!

Bowed dejectedly over his bench after dinner, bleak-eyed, unseeing, Shoofly was aroused by an excited little voice: 'Unc' Shoo'!'

He startled up. 'Dat you, Gen'l? How you, son?'

'Sh-h-h,' the boy cautioned. Standing on tiptoe, he whispered in Shoofly's ear, 'She back!'

Shoofly started as if struck. Grabbing the thin shoulders, he looked unbelievingly into the boy's face. 'Not — Pokey?' he gasped.

Gen'lwade nodded vigorously, and panted: 'Cap'n Nat wen' down — see de jedge — got 'er out.' Then his whisper broke into a high falsetto: 'An' dat Lula — done lef'!'

Breathlessly Shoofly ventured, 'Did Pokey ax — 'bout me?'

The bullet head shook negatively, the white eyes wavered. 'Don' tell I been here,' he cautioned, and bolted for the door.

Shoofly stared hungrily after him, his mouth open, excitement blazing from his eyes.

XIII

In vain did Shoofly hang about the big room and pass obtrusively up and down the aisles. To no avail did he try to catch Pokey's eye — just one glance. Like a blind woman she looked through him. Once he waited by the yard gate and ventured a smiling 'Good evenin'!' as she passed out with the children, but only their young voices responded. Despite cold rebuffs, however, the new spark burned strong within him. All women had their breaking point — just bend them long enough. Anyway, Petersburg was now a place very, very far away.

But, as the days climbed fast toward Christmas, Shoofly grew desperate. Messages sent through friendly women, through the children, brought no answer. He spent all his savings on a new shirt and hat and necktie, and had his suit pressed — even invested in a bottle of scented hair oil. Once he got close enough for her to smell the scent when he took off his hat to her. The children sniffed delightedly; but Pokey was not only blind — she had lost all sense of smell.

Sitting alone one night in the dim, greasy Elite Restaurant, absent-mindedly strumming his guitar, Shoofly awoke to an argument between the proprietress and a country nigger. No

indeed! Two dollars was more than any possum in the world was worth — she did n't care if it *was* three days to Christmas.

Suddenly Shoofly's eyes shone with a peculiar, intense light. He half-started from his chair, paused; then edged closer to the countryman.

The woman offered a dollar — no more. With a haughty sniff, the man started for the door, but Shoofly arrested him with a touch. Beckoning, he led the way to the table where the guitar lay.

After ten minutes of gesticulation and low-voiced, impassioned eulogy of the instrument, Shoofly, at a nod from the man, suddenly grabbed the bag; and the man slung the guitar cord over his shoulder and went thrumming out. Shoofly stood poised, as if about to call him back. Then he wet his parted lips, and with a deep sigh sank into the chair.

The following forenoon Shoofly strolled carelessly down the big room. Finally catching Gen'lwade's eye, he made a stealthy signal. Puzzled, the little boy followed him. From the depths of a dark closet in a storage room Shoofly dragged forth a ladened sack, and whispered long and earnestly to the boy. Gen'lwade's eyes opened wider and wider. Gurgles came from his throat. Feverishly he reached for the bag, and, bent under its weight, staggered upstairs.

Shoofly's stool became a griddle that grew hotter and hotter. At dinner he hurriedly swallowed his corn bread and dashed back to the bench. Fidgeting, his eyes on the door, he sat and waited. But no word came. Subconsciously he saw Cap'n Nat put his newspaper aside, preparatory to the whistle. Shaking his head in despair, Shoofly slumped dejectedly and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he was startled by a frenzied clutch at his arm. Wheeling, he looked into the excited eyes of Gen'lwade. The boy was hysterically half-dancing, his black face aglow.

'Ma say — come supper!' he gasped. 'She gone — cook possum!'

For a short moment Shoofly sat rigid; then with a whoop he sprang up, and, smothering Gen'lwade against him, whirled the little darky in a jumping dance.

'Wait! Wait! Unc' Shoo'!' the muffled voice protested. ''Fo' I fo'git: she say — de law-paper — hit still waitin'!'

The whistle blew. Gen'lwade broke frantically away and skipped for the door.

Shoofly sank to his seat. Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy! 'At ol' law-paper? What was one ol' paper? Besides, what white man's paper could keep a nigger's foot from the road — if the foot itched bad enough?

Before the stemmers in the little room had got well settled, a clear ecstatic tenor lifted, and the benches swung in joyously: —

'Sinnah at de river, river mighty wide,
But you gotta cross dat river,
To git on de other si-ede.
Ah done got over, done got over,
Done got over, done got over,
Done got over at las'.'

NIGHT FEAR

This walled-in cube of candlelight
Is all my world — the rest is night;
I know where stand, on every hand,
Gigantic tree-shapes out of sight;
I saw them fade when, shade by shade,
The night grew thicker in their land,
Till at a match my candle burned,
And windows into mirrors turned.

A moth can put this world to shame:
I live as lives my candle flame;
These walls I see, which comfort me,
These windows where, as in a dream,
A shadow sits searching his wits,
Would all go out, and I should be
Disbodied, and my fear a spark
Of life upon the godless dark.

In stillness, now, of other things,
I hear the soft flutter of wings!

Frank Kendon

MALDEN—IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

An extraordinary succession of events occurred in a cemetery a few miles from Boston in the month of November, 1929. Scenes which have been witnessed in every age and in many lands were repeated about the grave of a simple and obscure Catholic priest who had been buried sixty years before. In some manner the word had gone abroad that miracles of healing were wrought at the tomb of Father Power. The occasional visitors who had tarried for prayer at that grave almost overnight were multiplied a thousandfold. Like a great crusading host, assembling for some sacred enterprise, there came from every direction the strong and the well bringing their sick of divers diseases, the lame, the halt, and the blind, those with withered limbs, the palsied, and the crippled. Healings were affirmed to have taken place almost every day of the great outpouring. Many accepted these cures as obvious manifestations of the power of God. Others ascribed them to a revival of the will invigorating the discouraged. Some refused to believe that any genuine cures had been effected.

Was the world looking upon a new manifestation of divine grace? Could all that happened be regarded merely as a fresh ebullition of hysteria? Would mob psychology account for the cures and newspaper headlines for the presence of the mobs? What action would the Catholic Church take in the face of this phenomenal episode, or would it take no action at all? These questions occupied the public mind for weeks during and following the inundation of the cemetery in Malden by a half-million pilgrims.

The monument above the grave of Father Power was a simple table tomb, a marble slab supported two feet above the ground by six carved pedestals, said to have been erected by the children of the Holy Redeemer Church in East Boston, and bearing this inscription:—

Rev. Patrick J. Power

Born Oct. 20, 1844 Died Dec. 8, 1869

O Bone Jesu, sacerdos et victima,
Sacerdotem in terra Patritium vocasti,
Per manus ejus teipsum aliis tribuisti,
Victima in coelis aeterne fruatur.

The Latin lines have been rendered into English by a Catholic scholar thus: 'O good Jesus, priest and victim, to be a priest on earth Thou didst call Patrick, and through his hands Thou gavest Thyself to others; as a victim in Heaven may he have eternal joy.'

Of Father Power but little is known. Born at Bantry in County Cork and left an orphan while yet a child, an older brother brought him to the United States; and in East Boston, across an arm of the inner harbor from the business centre of the city, he lived as a boy and served at the altar of the Holy Redeemer Church, whose pastor, Father James Fitton, manifested much interest in the children of his parish and singled out this Irish lad for special attention. Having spent some years in study in

the local schools, he was sent to a seminary in Quebec. The old record in the Laval University Library describes him as 'an American come here because of the War of Secession.' The students made extended notes of their lectures, and the two 'books' on chemistry, mathematics, astronomy, and other subjects, which constitute almost the only documentary survivals of Father Power, are probably based on these classroom memoranda. He came back over the border for the study of theology at St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, New York, and, as a young man of unusual ability, he subsequently was sent for about a year to the University of Louvain in Belgium.

An ordination card, happily found, corrects the date commonly assigned for his entrance into the priesthood. The record of the card is: 'In Memory / of / Sept. 7th, 1867, / (Eve of the Feast of the Nativity) / of the B.V.M. / whereon / Rev. Patrick J. Power / Received the Holy Orders of Priesthood / in the Cathedral Chapel of the Holy Cross / Boston, Mass,' with a prayer following. The young priest was assigned to a parish at Chicopee near Springfield, where he fell ill, presumably of pneumonia. He is described variously as living thereafter in East Boston, with a brother in Brookline, and with relatives in Cambridge. He is said to have been the first priest to be buried in the then new Holy Cross Cemetery. One small old-fashioned photograph is locked away in the safe of the pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Malden. The cemetery is within the bounds of his parish, and the Reverend Patrick H. Walsh serves the chapel therein as well as the church.

A few books inscribed by Father Power have been found, and a search of the files of the Boston *Pilot*, long famous as a Catholic weekly newspaper, has revealed an obituary poem to his memory, initialed 'M.E.B.,' and probably written by the Reverend Michael E. Barry, of Springfield. The verses describe the young priest as 'manly and true, of sympathetic nature, pure, refined, childlike and gentle in every act,' and as one who passed away 'with golden honors clustering around.' Tradition agrees with this interpretation, characterizing him as mild in manner, devout in conduct, fond of learning, and in love with his creed and his Church. And of Father Patrick J. Power hardly anything as yet has been discovered besides what here is set down.

Yet sixty years after his death many hundreds of pilgrims were spending whole nights in prayer about his tomb, and tens of thousands were coming to the cemetery between dawn and dark to kneel above his grave. Father Walsh, on October 27, 1929, the Sunday preceding All Saints' Day, referred, casually as it seemed, to stories he had heard at various times about wonders wrought by prayer at the grave of Father Power, and to the probability that many saints must be buried in such a cemetery as Holy Cross; he included also a request for authentic information about any cures that might have been obtained there. The allusions in this sermon were repeated throughout the parish, stories of the far past were recalled, the special veneration with which for many years the grave of Father Power had been regarded was intensified. Presently new cures were reported. The newspapers 'printed the news.' Constantly increasing numbers of sick persons and their friends visited the table tomb, there to perform their devotions.

II

Just what might lie behind the references in the sermon is almost as hard to ascertain as are the details of the life

of the young priest. The most reasonable explanation that comes to hand is that the basin or chalice carved in the flat slab above the grave resembles a holy-water font, and that persons passing dipped their fingers in the rain water therein collected and 'blessed themselves,' as they might have done upon entering a church. On the authority of a priest, in conversation with the writer, it may be said that the first reported cure was accomplished at the grave about a third of a century ago. A spike had been driven into a man's leg, a friend in wrenching it away tore the flesh, gangrene set in, and the wound appeared incurable. A sister anointed the limb with water from the chalice above the grave. There were several applications. Slowly, not instantaneously, the leg healed. Said the priest: 'He told me it was like magic. That was his word — "magic."'

In the course of thirty years or more a few other cures were associated with the tomb. A deaf boy was made to hear. Reverent Catholics passing the cemetery would cross themselves with the name of Father Power upon their lips. The superintendent of the cemetery, who happens to be a brother of Cardinal O'Connell, has said: 'I know that for years there has been a certain amount of talk, in restricted quarters, about this grave.' But there was no established practice of pilgrimage thereto for prayer. This is the perspective to be kept in mind when considering the excitement of the last two months of 1929.

The request of the parish priest for information made the grave and the cures a subject of general comment throughout the neighborhood. One or more new cures were reported. One by one the Boston newspapers printed display stories about the wonder-working grave. Then the tidal sweep began. By scores one day, by hundreds the next, and by thousands on the third day, in swiftly mounting numbers the multitudes came. As the crowds multiplied, the newspapers increased the size of their headlines. Nor storm nor cold could daunt the earnest and eager pilgrims. Watchers who spent hours at the graveside, and officers who kept order where easily there might have been a mêlée, expressed wonder that the stream of sick and suffering seemed never to slacken. From one point of view it was all ballyhoo, whooped up by a sensational press. From another it was an awe-inspiring manifestation of man's invincible faith in the supernatural. To all discriminating observers it was a curious commingling of much that is fine and of some things that are mean in human nature. Profiteers hurried to the cemetery gates with their wares quite as they had done centuries before in Jerusalem. But within the big iron gates there was little to see that did not command respect and sympathy.

Spellbound one watched. Hour by hour one stood, trying to count, striving to ascertain the nature of the ailments of those kneeling in the mud and stretching themselves flat upon the stone, always acutely conscious of the misery he witnessed and of the intensity of hope that brought these thousands here. The first day of large crowds was November 3; the last, November 24. The total number of visitors, accepting the lowest day-by-day figures in the newspapers, was 847,000. These numbers were estimates. Nobody knows what a correct count would reveal. But these estimates in the main were derived from police officers and reporters accustomed to crowds. There were many duplications, for some persons came to the grave day after day. Reduce the grand total to a half million and yet what a mighty marvel remains. Cures were announced on every day

but two, possibly on all but one. The names as publicly published may be reckoned variously from 109 to 119. Most of the cures were said to be complete, some admittedly were partial. A tabulation shows that nineteen persons were reported to have abandoned crutches, canes, braces for legs or arms, and body casts; that twenty-four other 'cripples' were 'cured' or 'helped'; that nine received their sight of whom half had been 'blind' entirely, five the ability to speak and one to hear, and that the paralytics numbered thirteen. Half the cures were wrought upon children or relatively young persons.

III

It would be impossible to exaggerate the extraordinary character of the scenes at that grave. We visit the cemetery on one of the 'big days.' Every trolley car is packed to suffocation. Every street is crowded with slow-moving automobiles. The cars carry the number plates of all the New England states, and of a score of states beyond the Hudson, with many from Canada and a few even from distant California and Florida. One day eleven busloads come from Springfield, with seventy cripples among them. Any car containing an invalid seeking help is allowed to pass the gates and to drive to a point near the grave.

There are said now to be 150,000 owners of lots in this city of the dead, and 140,000 burials have taken place there. Situated in the angle made by two of the boundary lines of Malden, a city of 60,000, and adjacent to the populous cities of Revere and Everett, the cemetery witnesses many funerals every week. It is seen at its worst in November. The trees are bare, the grass is brown, the earth is sodden. No snow hides the ugliness of the scene. Most of the monuments are plain, of little artistic effect. A path to the chapel ascends to the right from the main entrance.

The police organize the queue on the highway to the left. Step by step they slowly shuffle along. A few pause for prayer before the Celtic cross which commemorates the priests of the Boston diocese. The line bends to the right and presently enters a roped lane. After a half hour, an hour, of patient progress, one enters the area within the barrier of timber and ropes which surrounds the grave.

Now the line divides, half passing the stone slab on each side. Policemen direct their movements. Over and over again, with the effect of a ritualistic chant, they repeat their admonitions: 'Please keep moving. Please don't kneel. Others are waiting. Touch the stone and go to the chapel for prayer. Please move on.' The stone is smeared with earth. Three baskets fill rapidly with offerings of money, flowers, beads, devotional pictures. (The baskets were put in place after visitors had begun to cast these tokens of faith and gratitude upon the grave.) The officers assist the infirm to kneel and give them time for their devotions. The grave passed, the line forms anew for a jerky movement toward the chapel. Hundreds wait long in the open plot before the door and then make their way slowly up one side aisle, across before the altar, and down the opposite aisle. They pause for genuflexion or for brief prayer, and to light the candles in the metal stands. Occasionally a cripple is carried forward. The seats are filled all day by those at their devotions. A little heap of crutches lies before the altar.

We return to the grave and watch from outside the barrier. In silent wonder we look upon that unending pageant of sorrow. It is pathetic, harrowing. It is solemn, it is pitiful, and it is inspiring. Have all the hospitals of

Greater Boston sent their patients here? The handful of spectators smile in sympathy with the hope written on the faces of some of these pilgrims. Thirty, forty men and women shamble through the enclosure every minute, and every few minutes some person drops moaning upon the grave. Nobody passes without making the sign of the cross. Every man removes his hat. Some in whispers, others in voices half audible, mumble their prayers.

The deaf, the dumb, and the blind, the crippled and the paralyzed, mental defectives and the victims of accidents, appear hour after hour from dawn until far after sunset. Children with wondering gaze lie on the stone while their friends rub their limbs with sand and anoint their faces with water from bottles which have been rolled across the slab. A sobbing old woman is carried from her car by two stalwart officers to a seat at the foot of the grave. A young woman whose eyes look vacantly upon the scene sits at the foot of the tomb while her companions rub her body with loam scooped from the path. A woman in a wheel chair tightly clasps her rosary while her friends remove her shoes and stockings. A man on his knees lifts a radiant face to the heavens and clearly utters a simple appeal. A lad, his face writhing in pain, casts himself flat across the stone. A woman stretches herself full length beside the grave and thus remains for minutes.

These things we saw. One incident, witnessed by scores, was described thus by a Catholic writer: 'A boy whose leg was perfectly stiff was lowered to the earth by the side of the grave. He uttered a sharp cry and soon was moving his leg freely at the knee joints, which his relatives said had been immovable for years. In the centre of a small group of excited people he was taken away, walking, though slowly and painfully, to the chapel.'

Throughout the day such incidents occur. Occasionally nervous tension finds relief in shrill shrieks. Most of the time we hear only the shuffling steps of the multitudes and the droning appeals of the officers. It is an overwhelming spectacle. The diseased of body and mind and their faithful friends, most of them bearing the marks of toil, of many bloods and blends, constitute enormously the majority of these pilgrims. A minority are frankly curious. If scoffers are present they hold their peace.

More poignant still are the scenes on the days of storm. Great throngs defy the pelting cold rain which softens the clay about the grave and drenches all who stop for prayer. In groups men and women huddle together above the stone. A mother rolls down the stockings of her lame child, packs moist clay about her legs, and hooks the stockings up again. A father plasters wet earth over his boy's hair. Men fill their pockets and women their pocketbooks with earth. Workmen bring wheelbarrow loads of sand and sprinkle it in spadefuls where the soil has been swept away. Several young men kneel in the fellowship of prayer in behalf of the cripple in their midst. Babies wrapped in shawls and blankets are placed on the stone. All day long the rain beats down and the wind blows keen, but the line never stops and the slow slushing of feet upon the gravel walks never ceases.

At night under the mellow light of a full moon the effects are weird and solemn, but the ugly aspects of the daytime are softened and refined. Several thousands come to the grave and more than a thousand remain in prayer within and about the chapel. The gravestone is covered with flickering candles. All movements are restrained. All voices are hushed. Emotional tension is high. The noise of an automobile

coming up the drive and the flashing of its lamps seem out of place, reminding the pilgrims of a world whose existence they had forgot. Presently a cripple on a stretcher is lifted from the car and carried to the grave. There he lies, his face turned to the sky, the candles producing curious shadow effects upon his features. In the early darkness a mother brings two crippled children and places them together upon the grave. At midnight hundreds of persons are quietly, almost stealthily, passing up the broad drive and into the roped path, stopping a moment at the grave and going on into the chapel. Halfway between midnight and morning four young men and four young women in evening dress kneel together about the tomb of Father Power.

Superintendent O'Connell receives hundreds of letters from distant places asking for a handful of earth, a vial of water, some object associated with the grave. He says: 'I could not comply with such requests. We cannot accept responsibility or even appear to give anything resembling authoritative endorsement to what is going on. It is a situation for which we are not responsible.'

Cardinal O'Connell twice visited the cemetery. Each time for an hour or more he observed with minute attention what was happening before his eyes. He would make no comment. 'I must remain silent,' he said. Most of the persons in the mighty throngs of those twenty-two days were relatively uneducated, but there were thousands who carried the marks of easy living and mental training. The mayor-elect of Boston brought his wife there on a Sunday evening amid a slashing rain, and the widow of a former governor of Massachusetts was another visitor with whose name the public is familiar.

IV

Have any actual cures been wrought at the grave of Father Power? What will be the position of the Catholic Church upon this remarkable demonstration?

The answer to the one question must be a matter of evidence, and much time must elapse before the evidence can be deemed complete. Several of the alleged cures were reported with circumstantial details in the press. Only one case has been investigated in a fairly complete but somewhat hurried manner. Respecting that case conclusions differ. A young woman of eighteen, who had been almost a year in hospital and had not walked for many months, described as suffering from a spinal deformity and pronounced incurable, on Armistice Day was carried to the tomb, wearing her accustomed plaster cast about her body. She prayed beside the tomb, then fainted upon the grass. She came back to consciousness with a 'strange feeling' in her back. She tried to walk. She did walk. In the sacristy at the chapel she abandoned her cast. Her doctor declared the change could not be called a hysteria cure. An X-ray examination revealed a normal spine.

Thus the public read her story in the papers. Several investigators with varying interests examined her record more extensively. Some of them report that the young woman when discharged from the hospital had acquired a habit of invalidism. Nothing was organically wrong with her, but she might never have walked. Hospital records contain the notation: 'Patient does not coöperate well.' The fusion of the spinal vertebræ which had been alleged to exist did not exist in fact. A report states that 'one place on one X-ray plate was a little cloudy.' Later plates showed a normal spine. She was discharged from

the hospital with instructions to walk. She did not obey. Instead, she retired to a wheel chair. A staff physician at the hospital says: 'She had a definite mental condition which prevented her from walking and other activities that undoubtedly were possible to her physical condition. It would seem that the mental stimulation occasioned by her visit to the tomb resulted in positive relief from the habit of invalidism. This relief I am entirely willing to ascribe to the strength of the girl's faith that she would be cured. Without the strong mental prompting that her faith and the visit gave her, it is quite possible that she might have gone on indefinitely as an invalid.'

The truth about this case, and about many of the other reported cures, can only be known after the most careful scrutiny of every shred of evidence and not until the record shall have been continued through many years of the future. Every inch of the frontier between the phenomena susceptible to natural explanation and the marvels for which apparently only the supernatural can account must be explored in this and the other more important cases of healings attributed to the miracle-working grave in Holy Cross Cemetery.

As to the 'mental stimulation' to which the physician referred in the case of this young woman there may be cited two readily accessible authorities. Dr. James J. Walsh, a teacher of physiological psychology, a scientist eminent in the Catholic Church, has accumulated a large quantity of data about what he calls 'the cures that fail.' In the heyday of their early popularity these 'cures' accomplished results so wonderful as to tempt even the most conservative of thinkers to feel that at last here was a real panacea for the ills of humanity. No matter though the 'cure' was proved after all to possess no actual potency, most of the persons 'cured' refused to relapse to their former condition. Humanity is so constituted that half the ills of mankind are of such a nature that they will not be cured until some very impressive motive, either from religion or from science, real or supposed, is brought to bear to change the mental attitude. Many paralytics suffer only from hysterical paralysis. If once a victim of many such troubles makes up his mind to get better, he gets better, unless he has an incurable disease. Says Dr. Walsh: 'Anything, absolutely anything, that presents a possible hook on which to hang a faith will "cure" people from ills of all sorts. . . . All that the "cure" needs to do in order to make them well is to change their attitude of mind toward their condition. . . . They may have had pains and aches, they may have walked lame for years, they may have been unable to hold their hands to their heads, they have been "paralyzed," utterly unable to walk, or palsied, walking and moving with difficulty — the "cures" will cure them, though the "cure" may be utterly trivial in itself.'

Dr. Walsh narrates the story of his visit to Knock in the west of Ireland, where he found a town in decay and a convent unfinished, although the fame of the cures effected at the little church years before had gone round the world. The great pile of crutches was still there, but such apparatus is 'the most fallacious evidence in the world of wonder-working healing.' At Lourdes the histories of patients are taken quite as carefully as in any hospital. But Dr. Walsh recalls how Dr. Boisserie laughed about the 'cures' of neurotic affections of various kinds, as neurotic cripplings, which constantly appeared at the clinic. But, he adds, it was 'quite different with the "cures" of lupus and other visible or easily demonstrable forms of tuberculosis which constitute consider-

ably more than half the "cures" that take place at Lourdes.' In spite of these 'very objective evidences,' the Church never has given 'formal approbation' to Lourdes and has left its members 'free to believe in them, or to reject them, any and all of them, according to their estimate of the value of the testimony in support of them.'

It must be remembered, of course, that Dr. Walsh in no wise denies the possibility of miracle. He says: 'It is perfectly possible that there may be favorable interference with disease from another world than this. One would be less than a Christian not to believe this.'

The other line of approach is that of the scientists who have devoted time and thought to the study of the physiology of the emotions. They produce evidence to show that the emotions are dynamic, generating energy in the body. Faith releases such energy in helpful ways, fear produces opposite results. For more than thirty years Dr. Walter B. Cannon, of the Harvard Medical School, has been investigating such subjects as the influence of emotional states on bodily functions. He has said that 'any high degree of excitation in the central nervous system, whether felt as anger, terror, pain, anxiety, joy, grief, or deep disgust, may rouse the sympathetic system to activity, and affect in a stereotyped fashion the functions of organs which that system innervates.' He bases his views on prolonged experimentation and relates them with careful restraint. But in the paper he read before the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1928 he included many most suggestive remarks. For instance: 'An escape . . . from the vagueness and mysticism of the psychological healers can be found, I am convinced, in an understanding of the physiological processes which accompany profound emotional experience.' He concludes a series of illustrations with this statement: 'There are effects wrought on the organs innervated by the sympathetic nervous system — glands both of external and internal secretion and parts supplied with smooth muscle — that are just as real as are the effects produced when the biceps is used to lift a weight. A remarkable difference lies in the level of the nervous control of these two effects. . . . Whereas the biceps is under "voluntary" control, the viscera are not under that control, but are influenced favorably or unfavorably by processes associated with feelings or emotions.'

V

It may reasonably be assumed that the Catholic Church will proceed in the presence of the phenomena at Malden as always it has proceeded in the presence of such phenomena. A Catholic editor states the matter in one crisp sentence: 'The official attitude of the Church is one of systematic agnosticism.' Father Power himself in one of his manuscript volumes of notes wrote 'A Thesis on the Possibility of Miracles.' At the close of his discussion he said: 'In order that a miracle be known with certainty, a threefold truth should be known. That is, the historical truth of the miracle — whether the event said to be miraculous really took place. Second, the philosophical truth of the miracle — that is, whether this work or fact was above the order of all created sensible nature. Was there no occult law or force of nature that could bring about this event? Third, the theological truth of the miracle — that is, whether this sensible work . . . was really done by God, or that some creature at the command of God is at least the moral cause of it.'

That statement probably intimates what will be the course of the Church

with the wonders at Malden. There will be extensive investigation of what has occurred. If the results shall verify the desirability of a complete investigation, an inquiry will be formally conducted which will explore every detail of these 'cures,' the antecedent history of the patient, the medical record if any, the change that may have been wrought, the subsequent condition of the person. The investigators almost invariably appear reluctant to accept a supernatural interpretation of such events. They interrogate the physician as to the possibility of a natural explanation for what seems a marvelous transformation. The words of all witnesses are taken down with scrupulous care. The volume of testimony usually is enormous. In the Malden case all the facts of the life of Father Power will be sought out and communicants will be asked to search for documents bearing his name. His character must be verified and the purity of his doctrinal teaching established. The preliminaries of this enormous undertaking are now under way. It may be years before the task is completed. The processes of beatification and canonization belong exclusively to Rome, and the results of the investigation now initiated will be sent to the higher tribunals if such action is believed to be justified.

Meantime the site of the grave of Father Power has been changed, and the body now rests in an enclosed space before the chapel. The removal might be attributed entirely to the fact that the original grave was so near other tombs as to expose them to damage from large bodies of pilgrims. The decision of Cardinal O'Connell to close the gates of the cemetery was in strict accord with the law of the Church. If the public demonstrations had been allowed to continue, the authorities at Rome could not have considered the case. The shutting of the gates really was the first step in the *Processus Informativus* now under way.

Catholic dignitaries many times have said that no better expression in general terms of their position in the presence of such outbursts of popular fervor can be found than that contained in a famous passage of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of Cardinal Newman: —

> Now as to miracles. Catholics believe that they happen in any age of the Church, though not for the same purposes, in the same number, or with the same evidence as in apostolic times. . . . Since generally they are granted to faith and prayer, therefore in a country in which faith and prayer abound they will be more likely to occur than where and when faith and prayer are not; so that their occurrence is irregular. And further, as faith and prayer obtain miracles, so still more commonly do they gain from above the ordinary interventions of Providence; and, as it is often very difficult to distinguish between a providence and a miracle, and there will be more providences than miracles, hence it will happen that many occurrences will be called miraculous which, strictly speaking, are not such, and not more than providential 'graces.'
>
> Persons who believe all this in accordance with Catholic teaching, as I did and do, they, on the report of a miracle, will of necessity, the necessity of good logic, be led to say first, 'It may be,' and secondly, 'But I must have good evidence in order to believe it.' It may be, because miracles take place in all ages; it must be clearly proved, because after all it may be only a providential mercy, or an exaggeration, or a mistake, or an imposture. . . .

NEW STIMULI FOR OLD

BY PAUL MAZUR

I

DURING the three weeks from October 24 to November 13 the New York Stock Market crashed from great heights and took with it the speculative profits and a large slice of the capital of millions of men and women, including thousands of bankers and professional traders. In a space of twenty days the market values of listed securities dropped more than forty-five billions of dollars. Never before in such a short period of time had there been such a precipitous and calamitous depreciation in the assumed value of paper fortunes.

With the memory of those disastrous days still vivid, it is much easier to picture what might have been than to anticipate what will be. The past is clear enough; but the future is obscured by clouds of uncertainty. On the one hand, an atmosphere tinged with 'blue' makes enthusiasm impossible; and on the other, a deep faith in the resilience of America makes permanent pessimism unacceptable as a working philosophy. So clear are the factors of yesterday that should have been anticipated that it seems almost juvenile not to be able to discern what to-morrow has to offer — yet the most ardent wooing does not give any assurance that we have won the secrets of the future.

It is reasonably certain, however, that even without a serious stock market crash in November 1929 there would have been a substantial recession in the business of 1930. The feverish intensity of industrial and commercial activities during the first six or nine months of 1929 seemed out of line with the possibilities of a continuous economic programme. Whereas there are no theoretical limits to production and consumption, there are definite time limits to them, and demand, generally speaking, cannot be increased 20 or 30 per cent within a twelve months' period without the probability of a maladjustment ensuing.

The automotive industry, the nation's greatest enterprise, had reached a pitch of activity in the first part of 1929 that could have been followed only by a sluggish period. In the past the industry had produced at a speed which consumption did not justify, and as a whole it failed to adjust its programme to a proper interpretation of the absorption power of the world. Since, however, the necessity of a readjustment was apparent as far back as 1928, there must have been extenuating circumstances to justify the production schedules of 1929; and the probable reason for overproduction was the surprising recovery of Ford and the natural desire of other manufacturers to retain the sales volumes they had built up during his temporary withdrawal from the market. But even if the craft as a whole had recognized the impossibility of advancing production schedules from the four million, six hundred thousand figure of 1928 to the five million, six hundred thousand total of 1929, it is doubtful whether in a capitalistic and individualistic system like our own many manufacturers would

have assumed the responsibility of eliminating the dangers of maladjustment by reducing schedules. Then, too, it is an unfortunate fact that, in spite of the progress made by American industry in the substitution of a merchandising philosophy for unregulated mass production, there is still much uncritical devotion to the latter, and expertness in anticipating probable public demand is largely lacking.

The radio industry also gave promise of a serious reaction for the year 1930. The number of competitors had grown tremendously during 1929, and the power and productive ability of many plants had been actively developed during the year. The plans for the fall season were based upon the hope of obtaining large increases over the corresponding period of the preceding year. Six weeks previous to the market debacle, the expectations of the industry were threatening to fall short of fulfillment. The popularity of the radio had suffered; there were no political campaigns to stimulate sales. No startlingly new mechanical improvements had developed, and the product had now to depend more upon replacement than the purchase of initial equipment for its distribution. Overproduction became an assured fact; and 1930 was likely to show, especially in the first months, a marked recession.

The building trade was likewise unpromising, although in this case the factors were not quite so clear as in the case of radio and automobiles. Scarcity of capital seemed to be an immediate cause of the very bad situation of the builders. Underlying that condition, however, was another that had exerted an adverse influence on the industry for months before the stringency of capital caused activities to drop precipitously. The post-war building programme had reached a point of relative stabilization, and the great change which had caused Americans to develop suburban rather than urban districts for dwelling purposes had likewise reached a point of reasonable stability.

Finally, the foreign trade of America had been tapering off for some time before November. The circumstances responsible for this phenomenon involve many of the most confusing and comprehensive elements of international economics. For the moment it may suffice to point out that there were three constituents chiefly responsible for the loss of a part of America's export market. The inability of Europe to export its goods in sufficient quantities to America made the importation of American goods an unwise policy for Europeans. The recovery of Europe made importation less necessary; this was particularly evident in the importation of American foodstuffs during the fall of 1929, when high prices of American cereals, combined with bumper crops in Europe, reduced the exodus of wheat and other grains from American ports. And finally, the marked decrease in European financing which took place in 1929, particularly in the latter half of the year, removed European credit, the annual creation of which had been the basis of Europe's ability to maintain large portions of its purchases of American goods for the past fifteen years. This situation was markedly aggravated by the export of European capital to the American money markets. With the rise in call rates and the absence of safe opportunities in Europe, free capital from the old continent came pell-mell into the call market or into the boiling security markets of the United States. The withdrawal of this capital from Europe weakened her ability to finance her own domestic projects and simultaneously reduced the wealth which she could use for the purchase of American goods. So real was the effect of the financial

situation upon American exports that the second half of 1929 actually began to show marked decreases.

Even if the influence exerted by last November's break in security prices could have been entirely eliminated, the export trade situation would have been likely to exercise an adverse influence on American business throughout at least the major portion of 1930.

II

Whereas, of course, automobiles, radios, building, and exports comprise by no means all of American business, they represent a substantial factor in the nation's trade, and the securities of these industries were among the leaders in interest and activity upon the exchanges. With somewhat of a recession in business an assured fact, the stock market crash hurled itself upon an industrial structure whose supports were already weakened.

In this story there is a fundamental certainty. It is that in 1929 an era of American business came to a close, not merely as a result of an unheard-of cataclysm which might or might not have taken place, but as the natural consequence of an exhaustion of possibilities. It would seem that most of the signs pointed to a definite recession of business in 1930. In almost every one of the nation's key activities, a point of stabilization had been reached. Almost every business discovered that its leap into apparently infinite sales possibilities was handicapped by a ball and chain of whose existence few people had been actively aware.

The old decade has closed. A new decade begins, and it is time to wonder whether the old channels of development still have vitality for new records of achievement such as the progressive needs of economic life demand from every epoch.

Economic stimuli of some kind are essential to advancing material welfare. At whatever expectation of a larger horizon for American trade we arrive, we must first have distinguished the basis for such an economic impetus and discerned the catalytic agents of tomorrow. Looking back to the relatively golden economic ten years just ended, it is not difficult to discover the elements that caused them to reach the high-water marks of industrial prosperity. From these perhaps it may be possible to glean some hints as to the forces that may stimulate the next decade to even greater activity and raise a stabilized industrial programme to a new and higher level.

Many factors contributed to the development of American prosperity in the decade just closed, and a full description of the rôle they played is neither advisable nor necessary. Those, however, which were new as well as potent and which truly altered the conditions of business activity — those, in brief, which were genuine stimuli for the American economic organism — may be reviewed with an eye to their potentiality for the future.

A first consideration in any story of the years 1920 to 1930 must be the war, for as a result of the war and the post-war deflation there was in the treasuries of the United States nearly one half of the gold supply of the world. It was this hoard of nearly five billions of dollars that constituted the foundation for the credit structure of industry and commerce.

Money by itself can, of course, supply no spontaneous impetus to business, but as a vehicle of trade development it is essential, and its lack is a serious handicap. With wealth and capital plentiful, American industry proceeded to develop a mechanism that produced unprecedented results.

Perhaps the most important complex

of elements lay in a patently idyllic development that saw many thousands of Americans take to the outskirts of cities and establish their homes on lots where only several months before weeds and sprinklings of flowers had grown. During the decade an extraordinary revolution in the dwelling habits of the American people took place. To a substantial degree the people of the United States changed from urbanites to suburbanites. The environs of most of the cities of the nation changed from open country to realty developments, and building received an impetus that measured itself in billions and kept the suppliers and workers actively engaged in profitable endeavor.

It is not necessary to try to discover the psychological factors which stimulated this change in American habits. It is relatively simple, however, to see that three purely industrial elements contributed tremendously to the change. Realty organizations with their persistently aggressive and persuasive methods added not a little to the development; available capital and credit made the financing of new homes reasonably easy; finally, but most important, the expansion of the automotive trade, with the consequent reduction of prices on automobiles, made possible a convenient and rapid means of transportation to places of business or employment and to shopping centres. The automobile was an ideal means of eliminating physical isolation and establishing the necessary lines of communication for the gregarious group that wanted to get away from city atmosphere and at the same time have it near enough to enjoy at will.

The automobile, having contributed markedly to the development of the building trade, received in turn advantages from the changed habits of living upon which the construction boom was founded. The automobile changed from a luxury to a necessity, and the decade reflected the result in an increase in the rate of production from about two million to over four million cars annually. But even the suburb and the automobile were only links of a concatenation of forces that acted with incredible speed and impact upon America.

Style, technical improvements, and the deferred-payment plan were the major stimulants of economic growth. This was not the first time they had been introduced, but it was in 1920–1930 that the intensity of their development became of the utmost significance.

The emphasis on style that characterized American life made the owner of a car a prospective purchaser of a new model long before the usefulness of the old was at an end; and the possibility of buying cars on the installment plan made purchasers of many people who could not have bought out of capital but who were willing to buy out of income. But the development of style and installment buying embraced more than the automotive industry. The application of style to necessities as well as luxuries fitted in with the speed of living and the desire for change characteristic of the decade; and so the markets which would have been saturated in no great time, had utility been the sole foundation for sales, were rapidly re-created.

Consumer financing performed the miracle of advancing to each year a purchasing power that depended for its actual creation upon a subsequent year. During the past ten years installment selling was applied to an immense range of goods. Automobiles, houses, radios, refrigerators, furniture, even clothing, were sold upon the deferred-payment plan. From a figure of about one billion dollars of installment sales, the total mounted to over five billions; and the addition of these four billions to the purchasing power of the

American people was obviously a tremendous stimulant to industry.

Nor were installment sales of goods limited to the domestic areas of the States. Even exports were financed on long-time credits. Capital was contributed to Europe with a lavish hand, and this, combined with aggressiveness on the part of American industry, established the past decade as a period of unprecedented export figures. By 1929 the total reached about five and one-quarter billions, representing a surplus over imports of nearly a billion.

III

Those were fantastic figures of trade, both domestic and international, that graced the income statement of American industry during its golden age of commercial activity. Prosperity was undoubtedly spotty, and the social progress that accompanied business activity may have been of doubtful quality; but the purely quantitative aspect of the country's business formed unquestionably an astonishing record.

With increasing markets there went hand in hand relatively high wages and highly developed standards of living. By an annual advertising campaign whose budget was over one billion dollars, the American public was taught to desire. And, since wage levels remained reasonably high and continuity of employment was assured in many industries, a purchasing power that enabled the enlarging desires to be fulfilled was available in steadily increasing amounts.

Industry, precluded from lowering wages, sought to circumvent increasing production costs through intensification of the mechanization of the manufacturing process. Unit costs declined, the productivity of each worker was increased, the percentage of workers decreased, and the ranks of distribution were augmented from the ranks of production. The emphasis was shifting to distribution, and more and more people became engaged in selling what a steadily decreasing number of individuals were making. One of the results, indeed, was an increase in selling costs that discounted in part the economies of manufacturing; but at the same time there was no question that these expenses made possible the extraordinary schedules of mass production.

Students of science and the laboratory doffed their academic gowns, rolled up their sleeves, and became integral members of industry. New methods and new products were born of the formula and the test tube and were dangled before the eyes of a public avidly desirous of the latest thing in the latest field of consumption. *Supplantive competition*, as it has been aptly called, undoubtedly destroyed capital and created maladjustments within established industries, but it also brought new demands into being, built new plants and machinery, and in other ways as well stimulated industry during the entire decade. This was no period for jaded palates, closed ears, and indifferent eyes. Giants arose full-fledged and large of bulk, like so many infantile Gargantuas. A radio industry was born and grew to immense proportions within a few years. Electrical refrigeration made great strides, and in its progress pasted the label of obsolescence upon the time-honored ice wagon. Labor-saving devices within the home made women's occupations easier and business better. In retrospect, the decade of 1920 to 1929 was startlingly dynamic, even to the point of being fantastic. If ever there was justification for Henry Adams's theory of the acceleration of historical tendencies, it was now. History seemed to be following the course of an object falling in space; its speed grew steadily greater.

IV

What the next ten years hold for us is a natural question. Will the present situation represent only an unpleasant gap between a past and future of feverish industrial development and activity? Or will the years just closed remain for a long time a beautiful dream of what used to be? It would be easy, and perhaps correct, to rely upon the ingenuity and progressiveness of American industry for a future that will hold only greater accomplishments and more complete prosperity than ever. But unfortunately, if this becomes a blind faith, there is a grave possibility of its leading us to overlook many pitfalls that can delay and may even divert our proper destiny.

Recovery to the previous levels of activity is to be expected. But industry requires for its stability new and expanding markets; and if men and nations are to progress, past records are not sufficient. It is here that the problem of the future lies, for in the specific elements that were so vital to the prosperity of the past decade it is not possible to discern many trustworthy signs of substantial additional development.

To anticipate a stabilized schedule of about four million cars is a matter of reasonable expectancy. Cars are mortal. Seven years represents the full period of economic usefulness for a modern automobile. With nearly twenty-three million pleasure cars registered in the country, the annual replacement market alone should approach within a few years over three millions, and beyond this figure some demand within the nation should come from increased population and new users.

The probability, however, of an addition of three million units to the annual production of automobiles — as occurred in the past ten years — seems anything but likely for the next decade. Increasing population can bring only a slow accretion to the annual sales volume of the automotive trade, and the number of new users offers no dramatic possibilities because of the large percentage of the population which already possesses automobiles. In theory, every one of the thirty million families of the nation can own an automobile, and it is not altogether impossible that eventually they will. But before this comes about, tremendous changes and developments in the economic system will have taken place. To expect any huge increase in the number of new automobile owners is, therefore, to hope for too much. Even now many owners have stretched their resources to purchase an automobile; and, with all the desire in the world to retain what is already in their possession, some of them will probably have to surrender their cars.

The building trade, too, offers prospects of only limited recovery. The increasing needs of the people and of industry are sound bases upon which to build the expectation of a continuous construction programme in America, but there would be no justification in anticipating a recurrence of the feverish activity of the major portion of the past decade. No war gap, as in 1920, remains to be filled, and the tremendous social revolution which took people out of the city has reached a point of relative stability. Undoubtedly there will be a continuation of suburban growth, but in the form of normal evolution rather than such a dramatic and intensive development as that just past.

Nor do those new industries that have shone sufficiently in the light of industrial experience to cast a shadow of their possibilities into the future seem to be as rich in potentiality as they were. Radio is still in its infancy and will experience great development;

but the industry has already gone far enough to indicate that its future, too, will be one of more orthodox development than has hitherto been the case. Television alone offers tremendous possibilities of revolutionary expansion within the radio industry, but television will probably not be an active commercial influence for another five years.

Even less can be said with certainty about the other development that began to draw to itself a flock of industrial and speculative neophytes. Toward the close of the last decade aviation appeared upon the industrial horizon as one of the great economic stimuli of the future, and in a country made air-conscious by the dramatic exploits of pioneers the future was discounted with astounding suddenness. There is, of course, no reason to doubt the prospects of the aviation industry, but there is every reason for believing that its real development is still some years removed. It is certain that the opportunities of the next five years will be limited by the experimental problems inherent in the youthful and revolutionary character of the industry.

Style will undoubtedly continue to play an essential part in the activities of business, but style too has covered such a wide range already that its intensification does not offer the same possibilities of sales stimulus that it did. Exploitation of style there will be, but it will represent intensification rather than the tremendous revolution in selling methods that marked the past.

And as for the use of the deferred-payment plan, while it is certain that it will continue on its road of development, it gives no evidence of growing as rapidly in the next ten years as it did in the past decade. So many industries for which it has proved valuable have taken full advantage of its possibilities that the field has passed the point of extensive cultivation and has entered the stage of intensification, with the inevitable consequence of diminishing return. Capital essential for the plan will probably be adequate, but there is very little likelihood of such a plethora of funds as in the past ten years.

V

All told, then, even if there is no justification for the assumption of constantly diminishing consumption in the home market, it is possible to see that from most of the stimuli of the past decade comparatively moderate progress and rehabilitation alone can be expected. Little assurance of a period of prosperity that can equal or overshadow that of 1920–1930 is to be found in the characteristic incentives of the past.

But new stimuli may take the place of the old, and behind the industrial future of America stretches the sociological background of a people with inexhaustible needs and desires. They represent unlimited markets, and offer the basis for active sales cultivation as rapidly as purchasing power can be created and distributed. The American public is still on this side of the horizon of its probable demands; and actually its purchasing power is still the greatest in the world.

Some new possibilities fortunately give significant promise of realization within the coming decade. Railroad electrification offers an economic stimulus to trade of no small proportions. The probable extension of electrification to half of the nation's communities and homes now without electric service will involve billions of dollars and should serve as a vehicle of prosperity for the power companies and the suppliers of electrical appliances. But even these possibilities in their totals, staggering as they can

become, are hardly likely to bulk sufficiently large in the practically unmeasurable needs of the American nation to ensure the continuance of the past rate of development.

Additional stimuli must be found to swell the ranks and add their impetus to the vehicle of American business and material welfare. Of other new industries, little can be said. Like everything that is beyond, they have their lure, and speculation on their possibilities may be indulged in freely. Everything, of course, is possible in the great unknown, but in the immediate time to come there must be something tangible upon which to base expectations, and of this there is as yet little sign.

Other fields and vistas, nevertheless, are not entirely out of the question, and very real possibilities exist in the farming and the export activities of America. The farm problem of the United States has been acute for some years, although it may very well be that in essence it is not as serious as the agricultural interests would paint it. On the other hand, the economics of the farm situation are so obviously unfavorable that the problem cannot be as easily dismissed as it is by industrial and banking interests of the East. There is in a country like the United States a serious maladjustment between the benefits of protection for its industry and the burden of free trade for its agriculture; and the problem is not yet solved. If, however, a solution should come, it ought undoubtedly to reflect itself not only in the improved conditions of the farmers but also in a greater home market and a more prosperous nation in general.

But even the promise of an adjustment in this complicated and politically harassed situation pales before the spectacle that unrolls itself as America looks abroad and sees market after market lying peacefully before it, like some bounteous South Sea island awaiting the coming of the man who will pluck its fruits. More important than all other promises of the next era of America's enterprise, more capable of wise direction, more easily withered at the root if left to haphazard or opportunistic or traditional methods, is the export trade. It was noted that during the past decade the exports of American industry were among the important reasons for its prosperous condition. And it is no other than this development of American world trade that presents one of the greatest instruments for future progress; although it contains also one of the greatest problems any nation can face in the protection of the past records of industrial activity.

The world is now only at the threshold of industrial and commercial expansion. The industrial revolution that started some hundred and fifty years ago is but moments old in the history of mankind. Only a small portion of the earth's circumference has felt the effect of modernization, and human beings have on the whole advanced but little beyond the satisfaction of the bare necessities of life. The possibilities of new markets, new industries, new needs and desires, become overwhelming if even the slightest increase in the demands of all men and women can be effected. America is almost a solitary oasis in a desert of life lived largely on a primitive plane of consumption. The standards of material well-being of America are unequaled, and for the most part unemulated. The consumer markets of only Western Europe as yet have shown appreciable areas of cultivation, and even here there has been much barren land. But as history marches on, the hinterland of consumption must be gradually thrown back and new territory opened up for civilized wants. History has

exhibited this tendency for many centuries, and history moving on the wheels of modern transportation facilities and on the wires and waves of new means of communication has been speeding up perceptibly.

New districts will be laid open; old districts will be modernized; economic missionaries will be untiring and efficient in their efforts. The volume of world trade, fifty years from now, can make insignificant the figures of to-day that seem so Gargantuan. A treasure-trove of unheard-of proportions lies in the far-flung areas to the north and south, to the east and west. Asia, Africa, South America, are only at their dawning in industrial and commercial possibilities.

To Europe and America belongs the trade development of the world. For these two continents is the opportunity available; within them are the experience, the knowledge, and the instruments of proper exploitation. During ten years America has stood pre-eminent. In some ways America is the better equipped for the future. In others, unless she adopts a realistic attitude toward her international financial relation and her trade policies, like the tariff, she is likely to find herself at a tremendous disadvantage.

The American advantages are real. Success in the past ten years, the competitive advantage which comes from a marvelously perfected industrial mechanism, plentiful capital for the creation of credits and loans, present an apparently impregnable base for the future development of world trade.

The European disadvantages are equally real. A lack of capital, a war hiatus during which the foreign markets were lost, industrial methods still unequal to those of America, and internal disturbances have combined to impose serious handicaps on Europe in her bid for foreign trade.

Nevertheless, the future gives no assurance that the positions of the two rivals may not be altered or even reversed. American credit will be available, but as American gold is likely to show no great increase, the credit instrument that existed in the past is not likely to be stronger in the future; and as vigor comes back to the tired and wasted body of Europe, American financial superiority is bound to surrender its disproportionate strength. Eventually, too, gold must lose its present importance as the basis of currency and credit. The supply will be inadequate for the growing demands of trade and barter, and the mechanism of banking and credit, with all its progressiveness, does not promise increased flexibility and speed sufficient to multiply the effectiveness of gold for trade requirements. Some day a new device will appear; although until then the huge reserves of gold possessed by the United States will afford a potential advantage of real value to America. Gold by itself, however, is only an instrument, and its ownership can be advantageous only if its use is effective. The position of the United States in world trade is dependent upon many factors besides gold, and can easily benefit or suffer from them.

Since it is true that international trade is of such importance, it is essential for Americans to understand clearly the factors that underlie it, and to formulate a foreign economic policy accordingly. Chance alone offers no safe plan of procedure. It is obvious also that the figment of American isolation must be destroyed and that knowledge and common sense must replace opportunism and political logrolling. For although in world trade lies America's strongest foundation for future prosperity, only complete understanding and intelligent direction of international economic relationships will assure to America continued industrial success.

OUR INTEREST IN THE REPARATION PROBLEM

BY E. L. BOGART

I

THE Young Plan for the 'complete and final settlement of the reparation problem' was adopted last June, arrangements have been made for setting up the Bank for International Settlements at Basel, and the chancelleries of Europe are figuring their budgets anew in view of the altered schedules of reparation payments agreed to by Germany. From all of these conferences and agreements the United States has officially kept aloof, and with one small exception — the reduction of our claims against Germany by 10 per cent — has professed indifference as to the outcome. Is it true that 'we have nothing to do with abroad,' as Stanley Matthews of Ohio once stated in the United States Senate, or are our interests so inextricably intermingled with those of Europe that the settlement achieved at Paris inevitably affects our financial and economic future?

As to the official attitude of the United States Government there can be no question. When the Treaty of Versailles was formed, we declined to accept any share in the reparations which were exacted from Germany, asking only the reimbursement of the expenses of the American army of occupation and the payment of private claims of American citizens against Germany. When subsequently suggestions began to be made that we should accept German reparation bonds in lieu of the debts owed this Government by our allies, the official position of the United States was at once made clear. As early as June 26, 1920, D. F. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury, stated in a memorandum to Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador: —

> It has at all times been the view of the United States Treasury that questions regarding the indebtedness of the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the United States Government and the funding of such indebtedness had no relation either to questions concerning the war loans of the United States and of the United Kingdom to other governments or to questions regarding the reparation payments of the Central Empires of Europe. These views were expressed to the representative of the British Treasury constantly during the period when the United States Government was making loans to the Government of the United Kingdom, and since that time in Washington, in Paris, and in London.

Later in the same year, on November 5, President Wilson stated the same views in a letter to Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain: —

> The United States fails to perceive the logic in a suggestion in effect either that the United States shall pay part of Germany's reparation obligation or that it shall make a gratuity to the Allied governments to induce them to fix such obligation at an amount within Germany's capacity to pay. This Government has endeavored heretofore in a most friendly spirit to make it clear that it cannot consent to connect the reparation question with that of intergovernmental indebtedness.

Two years later Congress gave legislative sanction to this view by the creation of the World War Foreign Debt Commission. In the act of February 9, 1922, a provision was incorporated which forbade the substitution of German reparation bonds for the debts owed us by our allies. Section 3 of the act read as follows: —

> That this act shall not be construed to authorize the exchange of bonds or other obligations of any foreign government for those of any other foreign government, or cancellation of any part of such indebtedness except through payment thereof.

Within the next five years the Commission succeeded in making debt-funding agreements with all of our allies except France. An agreement was drawn up by Mr. Mellon acting for the United States and M. Bérenger acting for France, but the latter country did not ratify it until July 1929. It seemed as though the American debt-funding act closed the door to the cancellation of the Allied debts, or to the reduction of German reparations below the point at which we had fixed our claims — namely, a total of $11,522,354,000 principal, with $10,621,000,000 of interest for the sixty-two years through which the debts are to be paid, making a grand total of over $22,000,000,000.

Faced by the necessity of settling her indebtedness to the United States Government, Great Britain lost no time in suggesting to her Gallic neighbor the propriety of a prompt settlement of the French debt owed to Great Britain. On August 1, 1922, the Earl of Balfour sent to the French Ambassador in London a communication which contained the following significant statement: —

> But while His Majesty's Government are thus regretfully constrained to request the French Government to make arrangements for dealing to the best of their ability with Anglo-French loans, they desire to explain that the amount of interest and repayment for which they ask depends not so much on what France and other Allies owe to Great Britain as on what Great Britain has to pay America. The policy favored by His Majesty is, as I have already observed, that of surrendering their share of German reparation, and writing off, through one great transaction, the whole body of Interallied indebtedness. But if this be found impossible of accomplishment, we wish it to be understood that we do not in any event desire to make a profit out of any less satisfactory arrangement. In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors, and while we do not ask for more, all will admit that we can hardly be content with less. . . . So deeply are they convinced of the economic injury inflicted on the world by the existing state of things that this country would be prepared (subject to just claims of other parts of the Empire) to abandon all further right to German reparation and all claims to repayment by Allies, provided that this renunciation formed part of a general plan by which this great problem could be dealt with as a whole and find a satisfactory solution.

The Balfour Note — 'possibly the most important single document in the history of the Interallied debts' — indicated the British willingness to wipe the world slate clean of all indebtedness, if the other nations would agree. By such an arrangement Germany would have profited enormously; Great Britain and the other European nations which were at the same time debtors and creditors would have suffered more or less according as their hope of reparations exceeded the amounts they owed; while the United States, which was solely creditor, would have 'held the bag.' The United States Government refused to be moved by this suggestion, but instead went ahead with the policy of making

funding agreements with each of the Allies whose demand notes it held. Nothing therefore came of the Balfour Note at the time, the British Government itself concluded a funding agreement with the United States on June 18, 1923, and the other nations slowly but steadily followed suit.

II

In the negotiations for the funding of the debts, the United States developed the principle of 'capacity to pay,' and although the World War Foreign Debt Commission steadfastly refused to link the debt payments with the sums received from Germany, it was evident that in estimating capacity the Commission was not unmindful of the reparation payments. France indeed insisted upon a 'safeguard clause' which should relieve her of payment of her debt to us in case Germany defaulted, but this the United States refused to concede. When France finally ratified the funding agreement in July 1929, after waiting over three years since it was drawn up, she made the rather futile gesture of stating this demand in an accompanying resolution.

Great Britain likewise refused to incorporate such a safeguard clause in the British-French funding agreement of July 12, 1926, although the accompanying notes which were exchanged by the two governments admitted the principle that France can pay only to the extent that she is paid by her debtors, and shall have the right to demand a reconsideration of the agreement in the event of total or serious default in the reparation paid by Germany. It was further agreed that, should the British Government receive more from war debts and reparations than it was obligated to pay the United States, it would remit an equivalent part of the debt owed it by France and other debtor nations.

Although by the Balfour Note and the provisions of the French and other funding agreements Great Britain assumed a generous rôle and placed the blame for the payment of the Inter-allied debts upon the United States, in one respect she showed herself more canny than our own World War Foreign Debt Commission. She uniformly asked for heavier payments from her debtors in the early years of the funding agreements, while we began with small payments in the early years and by an ascending scale reached the heaviest ones toward the end of the period of payment. Thus, although Italy's debt to Great Britain was funded at $1,346,000,000 and that to the United States at $2,407,000,000, in the first five years Great Britain would receive $87,000,000 and the United States $25,000,000, while in the second five years the payments would be $97,000,000 and $50,000,000, respectively. With regard to the French agreements Mr. Winston Churchill made the following statement to the House of Commons on July 13, 1926: —

> Although the French debt to the United States compared with the French debt to Britain is as eight to five [£827,000,000 to £557,000,000], payments will be made to Great Britain and the United States as follows: in the first five years the United States will receive £32,000,000 and Great Britain £42,500,000. In the first ten years the United States will receive £94,000,000 and Great Britain £105,000,000. It is only after the ten years that the United States agreement pulls up.

The real reason for this policy of extracting as much as possible from the debtor Allies in as short a space of time as possible was frankly avowed by Mr. Churchill in this same speech. It was because he did not believe that the payments would last very long,

and consequently he attached little importance to the later payments. Let him speak once again: —

> I quite agree, and I make no secret of it to this Committee, that we attach greater importance to getting substantial payments in the earlier years than we do to having written up on the tablets of the future some enormous payments to be handed over to our grandchildren. . . . [If] you take the view that perhaps in ten or fifteen or twenty years you will have a revision, and a review of the whole of those relations arising out of the Great War, then in fifteen years we shall have done better than the Americans.

III

Such was the situation when the breakdown in German reparation payments, as provided for by the Treaty of Versailles and the Spa and London agreements, necessitated a reconsideration of the ability of Germany to pay. It was then that the European creditor nations, despairing of solving the problem by the use of political methods or of military force, provided for the appointment of a committee of experts to devise a plan for handling reparations. The United States Government refused to take part officially in these negotiations and remained consistently aloof. Our practical interest in reparations was, however, abundantly evidenced by the actual presence of qualified American citizens at all important reparation commissions, and their active participation in some.

The United States was represented unofficially on the original Reparation Commission successively by Albert Rathbone, Roland W. Boyden, and James A. Logan, as 'observers.' It was Secretary Hughes who first suggested, in 1922, the calling of a committee of experts to examine Germany's ability to pay reparations, and it was another American, Charles G. Dawes, who acted as chairman of this committee when it was appointed in 1924. The resulting experts' plan has ever since been popularly known as the Dawes Plan. Two Americans — Owen D. Young and S. Parker Gilbert — successively acted as Agent General for Reparations Payments, virtually administering the plan. The aid of these men was indispensable in solving the reparation problem, not merely because of their personal ability, but even more because of the vital interest of the United States in the problem. Official denial on our part cannot conceal the real connection in the budgets of the debtor Allies between reparations and the carrying out of the funding agreements which they have made with us. Although there is no legal connection between reparations and war debts, they are both part of the larger problem of the final financial liquidation of the war, and as such cannot in fact be dissociated.

The Dawes Plan went into effect in September 1924, and achieved admirable results in providing an opportunity to study the practical workings of reparation payments and in ensuring a political moratorium during which the problem could be envisaged in its economic aspects. It must be confessed that the effects of reparation payments have been obscured by foreign loans to Germany, most of them from the United States. Not only did this country subscribe over half of the initial, so-called Dawes, loan of $200,000,000 in 1924, but during the five years of the operation of the experts' plan we lent to Germany all told about $1,500,000,000. Without American capital and personnel the success of this plan would have been doubtful. It was, however, confessedly only a temporary expedient, and was unsatisfactory in several respects, for it left undetermined the vital point of Ger-

many's total liabilities and subjected that country to irksome and humiliating foreign control. As early as December 1927, Mr. Gilbert, in his Report of the Agent General for Reparations Payments, took the initiative in suggesting the desirability of reaching a permanent settlement of the reparations problem.

This suggestion was followed, and at a meeting in Geneva on September 16, 1928, representatives of the six nations most vitally interested in reparations agreed to appoint a new committee of experts to provide a 'complete and definite settlement of the reparation problem.' The United States once more refused to take part officially in this settlement, but raised no objection to the participation of American experts. Accordingly Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan were selected, with T. W. Lamont and T. N. Perkins as alternates. An American was again made chairman of the committee, and the plan has come to be known as the Young Plan by reason of that fact.

The tact and ability of the American delegates undoubtedly contributed much to the working out and final adoption of the settlement. The Young Plan was adopted on June 7, 1929, but the United States Government lost no time in declaring that it was in no way involved in the collection or receipt of reparations. The very nerve centre of the Young Plan is the Bank for International Settlements, which is said to have been suggested by Mr. Morgan and is to be organized by the central banks of the countries interested. But on May 16, 1929, Secretary of State Stimson announced that the Federal Reserve System would have no connection with the Bank.

While we look with interest and sympathy on the efforts being made by the committee of experts to suggest a solution for the settlement of the vexing question of German reparation, this Government does not desire to have any American official, directly or indirectly, participate in the collection of German reparation through the agency of this bank or otherwise.

Ever since the war the American Government has consistently taken this position. It has never accepted membership on the Reparation Commission. It has declined to join the Allied Powers in the confiscation of sequestered German property and the application of that property to its war claims.

The comparatively small sums it received under the Dawes Plan are applied solely to the Mixed Claims Commission in fulfillment of an agreement with Germany and to the repayment of expenses of the American army of occupation in Coblenz.

It does not now wish to take any step which would indicate a reversal of that attitude, and for that reason will not permit any officials of the Reserve System either themselves to serve or to select American representatives as members of the proposed international bank.

It would seem that this statement made the position of the Government sufficiently clear, but on June 18, after the adoption of the Young Plan, President Hoover felt it necessary to insist again that the reparation problem was a purely European affair with which the United States Government had, and could have, no official connection.

Our Government is not a party to that agreement and therefore would not be a signatory to it. There is no occasion to submit the agreement to Congress. The only point for Congressional action is an authority to the Administration to reduce Germany's treaty obligations in respect to the comparatively minor items of army occupation costs and mixed claims.

This policy of aloofness had been foreseen by the framers of the Young Plan, and provision was made for election to the board of directors of the

Bank for International Settlements of two fellow nationals (Americans), if for any reason the governor of any of the central banks should be unable to participate officially. It is certain, therefore, that this country will be unofficially but effectively represented. Indeed, it would be nothing short of calamitous if we were not so represented, for the international payments to the United States on account of war debts are second only to the German reparations in magnitude and in their consequent effect on foreign exchange and international trade. Moreover the United States, with Great Britain, is one of the principal capital markets of the world, and the handling of foreign loans from this country by the same agency which effects the transfer of reparation payments, and probably of payments on account of war debts, to this country would immensely simplify the problem and relieve the strain.

Refusal to identify our Federal Reserve System with the Bank for International Settlements does not mean that we shall decline to receive payments from this bank on international account. Some one of the great international banking houses of this country, possibly J. P. Morgan and Company, will undoubtedly represent the United States unofficially on the directorate of the Bank. The necessary liaison will then have been secured although our official skirts will be clear.

IV

It is not necessary to describe in detail the arrangements effected by the Young Plan for the payment of reparations by Germany, since we are here interested only in the question as to how it affects the United States. Whatever may be the attitude of our Government, a study of the plan shows that the experts discovered a very close and real connection between reparations and war debts, and kept the Allied payments to the United States in their minds at every stage of their deliberations. In fact they succeeded in tying them together so definitely that the Young Plan is destined to have a profound effect upon the future of our funding agreements. A statement of the main provisions of the plan will make this evident.

In the first place, a clear distinction is made between the German payments for the first thirty-seven years and those for the last twenty-two years. The principle of the Balfour Note was revived, and applied to all the nations. These say, in effect, that they would be satisfied with the sums paid by Germany in thirty-seven years, but, since they are forced by the funding agreements with the United States to continue their payments to this country, they are regretfully compelled to ask Germany to carry on the reparation payments for an equal length of time. It would seem as if the experts, having an eye on the rapidity with which the public debt of the United States was being paid off, had concluded that our domestic debt would be completely expunged in some thirty years. At that time they might hope for a revision or cancellation of the Allied debts, since to continue payment further would be to liquidate a United States domestic debt already wiped out. They seem to have felt fairly confident in prognosticating thirty-seven years as the likely limit in the life of intergovernmental indebtedness.

But the experts were not content to leave the matter entirely to fate and the good will of the American people. They saw clearly that the sums to be paid in the future will depend in large measure on the policy of the United States Government, and they therefore

arranged the debt payments so as to put the greatest possible pressure upon this country to cancel war debts in time. This plan — or plot, as some think it — is contained in a Concurrent Memorandum which was signed by all the members of the committee except those from the United States, but was not, for obvious reasons, made a part of the experts' plan. This is an agreement between the four chief creditor countries and Germany that 'any relief which any creditor Power may effectively receive, in respect of its net outward payments on account of war debts,' shall be applied to reduce Germany's reparation payments. During the first thirty-seven years Germany is to benefit to the extent of two thirds of such net relief, and during the last twenty-two years by the whole of it. The Memorandum contains a list of what are diplomatically called 'out-payments,' which correspond with the sums due the United States under the funding agreements. A comparison of the reparation payments by Germany with the out-payments of the Allies shows that during the first thirty-seven years the former cover reparations and war debts, but, during the last twenty-two years, war debts only. In other words, the whole onus of enforcing, not merely war-debt payments by the Allies, but also reparation payments by Germany, at least after the first thirty-seven years, is thus shifted to the shoulders of the United States. To the demands from revisionists in the United States and debt cancellationists in Europe will ultimately be added the pressure of 65,000,000 Germans for further reduction of Interallied debts owing this country.

Will the Government of the United States be able to continue to maintain its attitude of official aloofness in the face of these new developments, or has it been manœuvred into an untenable position? From the beginning our policy has consistently rested upon a refusal to admit any connection between war debts and reparation; the first, we said, was an American problem, and the second a European. The Allies, on the other hand, and now Germany also, have insisted that all international trade and finance constituted an indivisible whole, and that it was impossible to separate financial transactions of the magnitude of the intergovernmental debt and reparation payments from each other. Legally, the position of the United States was unassailable; economically, it was untenable and unsound. And now in the Concurrent Memorandum, and to a lesser degree in the Young Plan itself, the two series of payments have been definitely tied together, and their inevitable and inescapable relationship given official sanction. Never were the stakes greater in any international game of diplomacy, and it remains to be seen whether the latest play of the debtor nations is merely a bluff or whether American statesmanship has finally been defeated. On the whole, the logic of time and of economics is on the side of the signers of the Concurrent Memorandum. Whatever our political attitude may be, the United States cannot be, and for many years has not been, a financial and economic isolationist.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE NOTEBOOK OF M. RAVEL

I DID not have the pleasure of knowing M. Ravel in the days when he was still struggling with the first principles of the English language. Like everyone else, of course, I had heard of him, and had smiled at his difficulties with the idiosyncrasies of our tongue, as reported in the newspapers of the time. You will recall, for example, his remarks in excited and broken English concerning the absurdities of the word 'fast.' A horse was fast when he was tied to a hitching post. The same animal was also fast under exactly diametric circumstances — when he was running away. A woman was fast if she smoked cigarettes. A color was fast if it did n't fade. To fast was to go without food. Et cetera. What a language!

To-day, M. Ravel speaks English with only the faintest of French accents, but what he has to say is always salted with Gallic gestures and mannerisms. The other evening, after listening with polite incredulity to an account of my own present difficulties with the French language, he shrugged his shoulders.

'Perhaps. But when you have mastered it, you will understand. Like everything that is French, our language is always logical, you see. But this English! Ah! I know it; but I do not understand it.'

'Logical' is the last adjective I should use in describing the French language. But I had no chance to say so.

'Listen!' said M. Ravel. 'Last winter I had a very bad cold. A friend said to me, "Jules, your voice is very husky." Husky? As an adjective I did not know the word. As a noun it is an Eskimo. What does this mean, my voice is husky? I consulted my dictionary. "Husky," adjective. . . . Ah! To be sure! "Powerful, strong, burly." Like an Eskimo. Logical enough. Very neat! . . . Then, to myself, I frown suddenly. Husky? It is my voice my friend was speaking of. And that — most positively — is not husky! It is not strong. It is not powerful. With my cold, it is so weak I can hardly use it. Is this some American humor my friend employs? I look in the dictionary again. Ah! I discover a second meaning: "dry, harsh, hoarse." So! I see what my friend means. He says my voice is husky. He means my voice is hoarse.'

M. Ravel shook his head.

'But what a language! To have a word that means "strong" and to use it to describe a voice that is weak! Husky! It should be the voice of a man who roars like a bull. But no! In English one cannot reason out like that what one should say. One must hear first and then remember word for word. You see? For instance: to look at them, — to analyze their component parts, I mean, — "shameful" should be the antonym of "shameless." Should it not? But no; it is not.'

I opened my mouth.

'Wait!' he said. 'I shall finish the attack and then you shall launch the defense — if you will.

'I remember reading a description of a view from a mountain top — in English. Very prettily written. But it started by saying that from where the man stood he could overlook the whole

valley. At that time I was even less able with English than I am now. I knew but one meaning for "overlook." You overlook something you forget to pack up — your opera hat, perhaps. Or you ignore something. You don't realize it is there. That is "to overlook." But here was a man overlooking a whole valley! There it was, spread out at his feet; and yet he overlooked it! Or rather, he was saying that from where he stood he *could* overlook it. In other words, as I thought, he said he could ignore it. I was baffled. Why should he want to ignore it? What advantage to him? The thing was pointless. To the dictionary I went. "To overlook." . . . Ah! I learn something. Something extraordinary. Overlook! It means to see, to see something from a point of vantage — or it means not to see the thing at all.

'Again I say, my friend, what a language! To see or not to see! And how is one to know which is meant?'

The ensuing silence was momentary.

'Once more. We Latins tell you Anglo-Saxons that you are too stiff. Sometimes you acknowledge the accusation. You say: "Yes, yes; it is true. We do not unbend enough." Unbend? What is that? You mean you do not *bend* enough, since you are too stiff. But you say, "We do not *unbend* enough." And yet when a man is stiff and firm you also say he is unbending. What an idiom!'

'Look here, Jules,' I managed to interpose at last. 'Have you been collecting these — these paradoxes?'

'I have a notebook full of them. I will give you another one, the word "temper." What a baffling word that is! You must admit it. The Lord "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." He softens the wind, *n'est-ce pas?* But "to temper" means to harden, does it not? When you harden steel, your idiom says that you temper it.'

His speech grew more rapid, his gestures more abandoned.

'And what is the difference between "to loosen" and "to unloosen"? Will you tell me that? To fasten and to unfasten; to pack and to unpack; to do and to undo — all those are logical. But to loosen and to unloosen — can you explain? They mean one and the same, do they not? And yet they should be opposites, the one destructive of the other.'

'I — well —'

But he had rushed on.

'There are other words like those two, "loosen" and "unloosen." "Un-" is a prefix of negation; yet when you remove the husk from an ear of corn I find that — according to the dictionary — it is quite correct to say either that you husk the corn or that you unhusk it. Surely the latter is the logical way! To husk an ear of corn should mean to put the husk on. To take off the husk should be to unhusk it. Yet in the common idiom "to husk" means what should be "to unhusk." Only a fool or a foreigner would say "unhusk."'

His eyes flashed. 'It strikes me that here it is you, the native, who is the fool!'

The next instant he was all apology.

'Ah, my friend! Forgive me! I do not mean it as it sounds. It is impertinent of me to talk like this!'

'Impertinent? Why no, Jules, not at all. It's all very interesting to me, and quite to the point.'

Then I grinned.

'To the point! In other words, Jules, quite pertinent. There, put that in your notebook. "In-" is a negative prefix, and yet very often the most pertinent remark a man could make *is* the most impertinent.'

My broad smile brought no echo to his face. Instead, he looked now so suddenly and completely unhappy that I hastened to add: —

'Don't mistake me, Jules. You have n't offended me at all. I've enjoyed every word you've said. Of course the English idiom is full of absurdities.'

His gloom deepened.

'And I have no doubt,' I lied in further haste, 'that if ever I do really master your language I shall find that it, on the contrary, is as logical as mathematics.'

Still he did not smile. I became aware that something extraordinary had happened to him. His face was like the face of a boy whose favorite toy has just snapped in two.

'What's the matter, Jules?'

He seemed to hear my voice from afar. He turned his curiously luminous eyes upon me.

'Pertinent! Impertinent!' he said at last. 'I never thought of *them* before.' He spoke slowly. 'It is very strange. I am confounded. Perhaps — perhaps it is not so illogical — the English — after all.'

'No, Jules?'

He shook his head.

'No. You see, it — it is the same thing in French. We have those two words also.'

The diamond of the desert

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard, who had just emerged from a handsome copy of *The Talisman*, was again approaching that delightful oasis wherein bubbles the bright spring known to the Arabs as the Diamond of the Desert. He was, as usual, heavily armored, and bestrode a noble steed.

On this occasion he felt a slight uneasiness. Where was the Saracen? He was not wont to be late; yet no glimpse of his well-known green caftan could yet be seen.

Though unprepared to deal with this emergency, Sir Kenneth kept on his way. As he drew near the cluster of palm trees, a sound of hoarse singing arose therefrom: —

'I wanna go home, I wanna go home,
I don't wanna go to the trenches no more.'

'An intruder!' said the knight to himself, with justifiable anger. Dismounting, he made his way toward the source of these strange sounds.

Presently he perceived, sitting on the grass, a stocky unshaven young man in a close garb the color of earth. He wore upon his head a shallow, basin-like helmet, tilted over one eye. He suspended his song as Sir Kenneth approached.

'Who art thou, stranger?' shouted the Leopard Knight. 'How dost thou presume to desecrate with thy uncouth presence this place of rest and refuge? And where is Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain?'

'That guy? He's gone,' said the young man. 'I told him he was a fake, and he could go' — he mentioned a destination with the idea of which he appeared to be obsessed, as, later, he uttered its name at short intervals in an entirely irrelevant manner.

'I do not altogether understand thy language, discourteous pilgrim, if pilgrim thou art,' said the Leopard Knight, 'though it seems to bear some resemblance to my own.'

'Your own! Nobody speaks that now. Life is too short,' said the rude young man. 'Don't you call me a pilgrim. I'm a crusader — or I was in the beginning; but that was a long time ago.' He grinned sardonically. 'Look here, let me get it over to you that you're a fake, as well as What's-His-Name of the Mountain, and can just fade out. You and all your Cœur-de-Lion crowd are old models, Tin Lizzies, see? You've done a lot of harm in your time. I came here to tell you so. Can't stay. There's a string of pub-

lishers in line waiting for me; and some chaps from the book clubs, too.' Glancing at his wrist watch, he rose to his feet.

Sir Kenneth gasped. 'Art thou an emanation of these desert regions?' he asked. 'Hast thou an earthly being and a name?'

'My buddies call me Baby,' said the young man. 'You can bet I'm real, and that's what you are not and never were. So, as I said before —'

'Let us sit down,' said the knight in a choking voice, 'and drink of the water of this crystal spring, and endeavor to understand each other.'

'Water!' grunted the young man. But he seated himself upon the turf, as Sir Kenneth had suggested, and lighted a cigarette. . . .

In the conference which followed, Sir Baby, as the Leopard Knight with scrupulous courtesy persisted in calling him, curtly set forth the actualities of modern warfare. Sir Kenneth, who had removed his helmet and bathed his brow, listened politely, and stared a little stupidly.

'I cannot imagine,' said he, 'what might be the result of the conditions thou hast described. They may explain thy somewhat repellent manner. But to thy demand that I retire forever, — nay, thou needest not again specify the place of exile, — and that this pleasant oasis be removed from the face of the earth by newly invented explosives, I must return a firm refusal.'

'You and your gang,' insisted the surly young man, 'have spread a false notion of this business of fighting and killing that's as bad as poison gas. You don't like my ways. Well, I won't change 'em. The folks that keep the home fires burning, and sit beside 'em all nice and comfortable reading books, may as well know what war's really like. They'd never learn that out of the choice sets of Complete Works, with illustrations and gilt tops. There ain't no such animal as the True Romance. Blood is real and mud is real and brutality is real; but as for Glory and Chivalry and The-Stern-Joy-That-Warriors-Feel — pah!'

Sir Kenneth considered him curiously. 'Sir Baby,' said he, 'maugre thy boldness, I conceive that thou thyself dost not altogether smack of reality.'

'What! *Me* not real! GREAT SCOTT!' The young man, touched in his tenderest point by this insinuation, was so startled that he unconsciously reverted to the innocent ejaculation of his boyhood.

His cry of injury produced unexpected results. A sturdy figure, hitherto unseen, advanced from an adjacent group of palms. The newcomer was a man of middle age, dressed as a substantial country gentleman of the early nineteenth century. He wore a green coat and a large black neckcloth, and resembled a Raeburn portrait. He limped slightly, and leaned on a stout stick.

Exchanging a look of recognition with Sir Kenneth, he addressed himself directly to the young man in khaki.

'I understand you to invoke me, sir,' said he, 'and I therefore think no shame to present myself. I have heard something of your dispute. Would you accept the mediation of an elder? I come to you from a sphere where the life of man is looked upon with a larger and calmer vision; and the word "reality," which seems to trouble you, has there a somewhat wider significance. Why disturb yourselves about it? Shakespeare has said that the best, in your kind, are but shadows. — I apprehend, sir, that you exist to enlighten your readers in regard to certain painful facts; and it is indeed a worthy object. Not but that there's a decency to be observed —' He looked doubtful.

'It *was n't* observed,' said the young man.

The Unknown sighed. 'Eh, this fighting, I'm told, has gotten to be a bitter business, and 't is laid upon us to put an end to 't, once and for all. You have a grand mission, man, and I wish you joy of it.'

'Small joy,' said the young man grimly. 'It 's no pleasure to me.'

'And, of course, not exactly what you may call a pleasure to others,' said the Unknown, nodding his high silvered head. 'Have you ever reflected, lad, what you will do when your mission is accomplished — when the world is converted to peace? I doubt but ye'll be unemployed.'

'At present,' said Sir Kenneth with a melancholy smile, 'that is my own position. Ivanhoe and I are sleeping down cellar under a bookshop; we spend the day in old gentlemen's libraries and secondary schools. He might join us: but it would not be agreeable to me — nor, methinks, to Wilfred.'

'It is not an immediate crisis, as far as he is concerned,' said the Unknown shrewdly. 'But you perceive that all this comes about because men are not now seeking pleasure, but rather a certain sad knowledge. By and by they will have supped full with horrors; and then no reader will wish to visit those ugly regions of the past. But there will remain all the pleasances of romance, in which the soul may wander — green oases in the glare of life, springs of refreshment pure as this irrepressible Diamond of the Desert. Ah, let them never be destroyed by any new-fangled contrivance of the Devil!'

The young man in khaki uttered his favorite expletive, shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back. When he reached the world of so-called reality, he found the publishers still awaiting him, as he had foreseen.

Letters of Introduction

Excepting in those rare cases when the person who gives me a letter of introduction is rude enough to seal it, I make a regular practice of reading the letter before presenting it. The morality of such an act is unquestionably low; its practical value, on the other hand, is almost as unquestionably high. There are times, indeed, when such a reading is an indispensable precautionary measure. The necessity of caution in these matters was profoundly impressed upon me early in my experience with such letters. It was at the end of my term as a student at Oxford; before going down I was desirous of selling what remained of my Ford, and this fact was generally known among the other Americans. One morning in the front hall of my 'digs' I met two fellow countrymen who seemed to be inquiring for me. It appeared that they had just come to England for the summer. They extended a note on which I recognized the handwriting of one of the Rhodes scholars of my year. It read: —

H. —

Here are two suckers for the Ford. Try thirty pounds.

D.

I sold them the car, but I felt that the thirty pounds was not the only profit I gained from the transaction, and since becoming a foreign correspondent I have come to regard this as perhaps the most important incident in my education.

There is really everything to be said for reading such letters, even when they are less pointed than that Oxford one. To begin with, it is wise to know what one is being introduced *as*, especially if a tendency to be a Jack-of-all-trades has been somewhat pronounced in one's immediate past. For

example, think of the rapid inner adjustment which must be effected if the person to whom you have been introduced looks sternly at you and says, 'I understand that your previous work has dealt primarily with statistical research,' when what you wanted to talk to him about was certain aspects of foreign literature.

The purpose of letters of introduction is after all to facilitate a first meeting. It is consequently necessary to inspect them in order to see whether they are so written as to fulfill their end. Take the all-too-common kind that reads somewhat as follows: —

DEAR N. —

This is to introduce to you my dear friend H. Blank, who is going to spend the next three weeks in Berlin. I am delighted to have the opportunity of bringing you two together, for I am sure you will find it a pleasure to know each other.

As ever,

B.

Now there is no real reason why N. should stare at me with the doubtful offishness that such a letter patently demands. If B. is fundamentally a nice person, why is it not better to drop the letter into the wastebasket and write N., saying that B. has given me a letter, which I unfortunately seem to have misplaced, but could he perhaps find time to have lunch with me on Thursday? Then we can meet like human beings, with at least fifty-fifty chances of congeniality.

When in foreign lands, I have found it wise to be sure that a letter really reaches its destination. I recently had a letter to an important Herr Geheimrat in a German city. I sent it and was asked to confirm the appointment given me in writing. I promptly mailed a note, and appeared, bright and expectant, the second morning after. The concierge took my name. Three quarters of an hour passed, during the last twenty minutes of which I carried on a struggle between my personal dignity and my desire for the information which the Herr Geheimrat could give me. Finally I went back to the concierge to tell him I was leaving. There on his desk I saw my note, unopened. I inquired. Aha, was that mine? he asked with a gleam of triumph. '*Ich habe ihm nicht abgeliefert* — I have not delivered it because there was insufficient postage.' And then I discovered that in the dark of the pension the maid had given me a five-pfennig stamp instead of an eight.

On the whole, it seems to me that the modern method of long-distance introductions compares unfavorably with that of the past. When the Florentine merchant slipped a ring from his finger and placed it upon yours, one of two things happened. Either the ring contained poison and you died, or the ring embodied all of the intangibles of the situation from which you came, and you entered into the life of the city to which you journeyed fully and without explanations. The written word is not nearly as adequate as the ring for achieving either of these ends. If its purpose is to poison you, death by interview is certainly a more long-drawn-out and public agony than the swift pang and subsequent oblivion of Borgian days. And if its purpose is to create an understanding between you and the person to whom you go, its incompleteness is equally pronounced.

Under the ring system you clattered in on horseback, asked the question which the owner of the ring directed you to ask, or delivered the message you brought, and were gone. Everything was assumed in order to expedite the essential. The letter system, on the contrary, assures a preliminary fifteen minutes of utter tediousness for everyone concerned. If you are meeting as

friend to friend, it is necessary to compare notes on the circumstances under which each of you met Tommy; if you are meeting as representatives of firms, you must feel each other out by studiously discussing the irrelevancies of the market. At least a quarter of an hour must go by before you can say, 'Well, the point on which I hoped you could tell me something is this.' We who talk of the directness of modern methods might do well to reflect upon this waste.

The mediæval ring seems to me better in every respect than the modern letter; compare the two even from the standpoint of one who gathers introductions without presenting them — who would not rather have a collection of signets than one of autographs? Yet I would not have us revert too far to the methods of antiquity. I have recently heard of the Assyrian system of long-distance introductions, which seems to have been the most highly developed of all, but which appears to me to contain obvious dangers. The Assyrians had little cylinders cut out of semiprecious stones. Each of these was strung on a stout string; the merchant selected one and sent you with it to his friend, just as his Italian successor sent you with the ring. But the cylinder had this peculiarity — the inscriptions cut into its surface served not only to identify the merchant, but to describe you by means of a private code. Now this may have been desirable from the standpoint of the sender, but what of the bearer of such missives? If that had been my Assyrian calling, what would have become of my rule to read twice before presenting? I can picture myself sitting in the desert under the single available palm, turning the cylinder round and round, and trying to decipher whether the figure describing me was the sun shining brightly on one segment of the polished surface or the four-legged animal with an arrow in its heart on the other. In the face of such implications, the modern situation becomes suddenly bearable.

'WHAN THAT APRILLE—'

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote
The shyne hath washen off of eyther boote,
And maken of my hat a sory wrekke,
While smalen droppes sliden down my nekke,
I walk the straet with right a mery chere,
Nor greve at skies of swiche a dull manere,
By-cause in yelow slicker fetisly
Biseyde me walketh yonge Cicely!

I look into hir eyen greye as glas,
And bump ageyn the sondry folk that pas;
I seigh hir mouth ful smale and softe and reed,
And al my brains are ginglen in my heed!
Al-thogh the harder droppes now biginne,
And to my skin, I trow, have soken inne,
Me thinketh nowher wolde I sooner be,
Than goon benythe the rain with Cicely!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is hard to imagine a human being more utterly beyond mortal aid than **Kathryne Mary Frick**, who in her sixth year was stricken by a devastating malady which left her blind, deaf, speechless, and lame. During the two years that followed, the use of her legs gradually returned, but her journey from darkness into light did not begin until, as a pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, she was placed under a special teacher who, deaf herself, was a graduate of the Institution. The story of Kathryne's training defies the impossible as Helen Keller's did before her, but the essential miracle of Kathryne's life was her teacher, Miss Foley, whose patience and understanding were of the highest order. Miss Whitman, who followed Miss Foley and who unhappily is no longer living, carried her pupil still further along her arduous road. This installment of Kathryne's story deals with the first desperate efforts to reach her in her living grave. We print here a letter from Miss Foley.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I offer the following in answer to your inquiry as to how much hope I felt in the beginning, and what I regarded as the turning point in Kathryne's education.

When I caught my first glimpse of Kathryne on June 2, 1909, I was surprised at once by the friendliness and ease with which she greeted me, and after observing her for a while a load seemed lifted from the task I was about to undertake. Instead of the dull, sullen, spoilt, problem child I had expected to see, I found a sprightly, happy one, full of curiosity and eager to (as she then expressed in gestures) 'I you go away, way to book house. I learn push pencil up down on paper' — which was her way of telling me that she would go far away to school with me and learn how to write.

However, there were times during her first few days under instruction when I had my doubts about her being anything more than just another deaf problem. What I consider the first turning point in Kathryne's education came after she had been in school about three weeks, when she spelled her first word, 'bun,' with meaning, the incident concerning which is explained in her manuscript. The grasping of the noun concept, thus demonstrated, caused my hopes to run high, for I knew that she had grasped the key to the deaf child's greatest problem — language. My hopes were further strengthened a few days later when she spelled 'run' with meaning, showing that she had grasped the verb concept as well.

The next turning point came two years later when Miss Mabel P. Whitman was giving Kathryne a one-hour speech lesson daily. After Kathryne had taken several oral lessons she seemed to have discovered all at once that it would be possible for her to learn to say orally every word that she could spell or write. After that her progress in education was very rapid.

I was delighted to hear the good news from Kathryne and thank you for taking such interest in her.

JULIA A. FOLEY

Mrs. Mabel Barbee Lee has had many years' experience in the guidance of young women in a coeducational college before taking up her work as assistant dean at Radcliffe. **Frans August Larson** is still a duke in Mongolia. **Moorfield Storey**, for a generation leader of the Boston Bar, became, soon after his graduation from Harvard University, secretary to Senator Sumner, an experience which shaped both his character and his life. **Bradford K. Daniels** tells the singular story of his early years. He still lives in the Far West. **George H. Grant** is captain of a United Fruit liner plying between Boston and Central America. **Joseph Wood Krutch**, critic of the drama and of life, has served as an assistant professor at Columbia and as dramatic editor of the *Nation*. He is now on a lecture tour in the West. His paper on Boccaccio is the first in a projected series on the great story tellers, not merely essays in criticism, but rather designed to give the reader real understanding of man, book, and circumstance alike. Δ The author of 'Teacher or Factory Hand?' is a grade teacher who has given thought as well as effort to her profession. **John Finley, Jr.**, poet and Platonist, is the son of that John

Finley sometime president of the College of the City of New York, and now presiding over the editorial page of the *New York Times*.

Ernest Weekley is a professor of French in an English university, and, for pure love of it, a lexicographer and curious inquirer into the origins of language. **Julian Huxley** is professor of physics in the University of London. **Pernet Patterson** grew up on a plantation and has known and appreciated the colored race all his life long. **Frank Kendon** is a British poet. **F. Lauriston Bullard** is the chief editorial writer of the *Boston Herald*, the excellence of whose work has been recognized by a Pulitzer award. **Paul Mazur** is a partner in the New York firm of Lehman Brothers. His interesting paper will form a chapter in his new book, *America Looks Abroad*, which the Viking Press will publish shortly after the appearance of the April *Atlantic*. This is a volume we strongly commend to our readers. **Professor E. L. Bogart** is an economist of reputation now serving as a visiting professor at Berkeley, California.

Perhaps criticism of the poet Shelley has always suffered from maturity. We remember his genius and forget what a boy he was. Read this consideration by a youth of twenty-one.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Atlantic, —

It was with keen interest that I read 'Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet' which you published recently, and I was of course amazed at their childlike tone and found it difficult to reconcile the frank sincerity of Shelley with his thoughtless, selfish behavior. Then, towards the end of the article, after completely forgiving Shelley and wondering how to interpret Harriet's contradictory nature, I read the sentence, 'She was twenty-one when she died.' Somehow, I had forgotten this important fact — forgotten the youth of both of them — in reading about the monstrous problems that weighed upon their inadequate shoulders. With a jolt I realized that I myself am only just of age. Then it occurred to me that in other generations so much more was expected of youth than nowadays. How perfectly ridiculous that Shelley's atheism was taken seriously! What a stupid father he must have had! I remember delighting in radical thoughts at the age of eighteen. Who does n't? With the slightest flattering discouragement I would have gone Bolshevistic. Instead I was given — and am still being given — a fair chance to come to my senses. To pay any attention to the philosophy of a boy in his teens, even though he be Percy Bysshe Shelley, seems absurd. Nor is it likely that a more understanding father, money and care of his health, and avoiding the misalliance with Harriet would have lessened his genius.

I recall three lucky escapes I have made from youthful blunders — thanks to my parents, who have wisely eased me out of one misstep after another. Twice I have announced to them that I was in love. And both times, since marriage was out of the question, they were humorous enough to prevent me from being the bally idiot I really am. The most important thing in life I have always believed (except when I am in love and unaccountable) is financial independence. And it is my greatest wish to attain that through the work that I most enjoy and have dreamed of doing as long as I can remember. But sometimes I have to be protected from myself.

Harriet is criticized for not being a capable mother. What girl in her teens ever can be? And what boy in his early twenties wants to meet the landlord at the end of the month? It is ridiculous to judge Harriet or Shelley at all. Her lack of perspective tallies with lack in years. She might even have thrown off the yoke of her sister at twenty-five. The tragedy is that such a mentally and spiritually immature person was mature enough physically to have two children; that her life, which in its way was as worth living as Shelley's, was so utterly ruined; and that he could get himself into so much mischief. His very attitude towards his children is that of a boy playing at being a father. But, unfortunately, those children were not teddy bears.

Yet even to-day we youngsters are often allowed to make a muddle of our perfectly good lives. I know many instances of boys and girls who have unwittingly dragged themselves too soon down to earth — all their ambitions thwarted. Apparently the only thing to do is to lock us up. I, for one, need a padded cell.

S. B. Armes

Among *Atlantic* readers potential lexicographers are legion. We inquired of them a month or so ago the source of 'hunky-dory.' Up went three hands in the class voicing the correctness of this reply by Mrs. Gertrude Fisher Harding, of San Diego, California.

Dear Atlantic, —

Answering the query about 'all hunky-dory': In the Japanese language a *dori* is a

street. Honko-dori (or Hunko-dori) is the street in Yokohama that leads to the harbor. In bygone days, sailors (English-speaking, let us say) when in port were apt to imbibe too much *sake*. Their friends would see them as far as Honko-dori, after which they could find their way to the ship, for it lay straight before them. Thus we have come to say 'all hunky-dory' when everything is all right.

I do not find a picture of Honko-dori among my postcards, but enclose one of Motomachi-dori, Kobe.

To the kindness of Mrs. Henry C. Hawkins, of Claremont, New Hampshire, we owe a brief collection of sayings and who said them, of which the following are pleasant items.

It was Thomas Morton who queried long ago, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Washington Irving gives us 'the Almighty Dollar.'

'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,' said Nathaniel Lee in 1692.

Shakespeare is, of course, at the peak of the phrase-makers, but, as every oldster knows, Edward Young has a great place in every book of quotations. To him we owe 'Death loves a shining mark,' 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed,' and he taught Goldsmith a famous phrase by his own 'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'

It is amusing to realize that, while 'putting your foot in it' is not a very elegant mode of expression, it touches a fine point of law. In Hindustan when a title to land is disputed, so legend says, two holes are dug in the ground and used to encase the limbs of two lawyers. They are then allowed to talk as lawyers will, — to their hearts' content, — and the one first fatigued loses his client's case. Whether this report be strictly accurate or not, the obvious superiority of the method to the dilatory practices we are accustomed to justifies its appearance here.

Two words more and we are done. Miss Elizabeth F. Percy, of Lynchburg, Virginia, gives us a local version of the 'bitter end.'

Dear Atlantic, —

A young school-teacher in our town some years ago was explaining to her class the meaning of 'bitter end.'

'Now, won't someone give a sentence with "bitter end" in it, that I may see if you really understand the meaning?'

A little hand shot up and an eager little voice startled the schoolroom: 'The dog chased the cat under the porch, and bit her end!'

And finally this: —

'Withens,' Lake Bank
Littleborough, England

Dear Atlantic, —

Accurdin' to what we Lanky fowks say, Dick's 'atband wur quare because it went reaund nahnteen tahms and then wouldna tee. Tha' might tell thi contributor that.

An ne'th'en, mesther editor, let me say a ward ur two abaht thi magazine — th' *Atlantic Monthly*. Dun ya know, a felly eaut i' Californy who's a friend o' a friend o' mahn buys it first, and afther he's read it, he sends it ovver to England fur ma friend to read, and when *he's* read it, he gis it me, and when aw've read it, aw gis it him back, and then he sends it off to a chap in Cardiff. An' what happens to it arter that, aw dunnot know. It's *ma* monthly tonic, and aw only wish aw could say it wur published i' England — aw'd feel that preaud on it then. We'n nowt like it here.

Wilfrid F. Hemingway

To the widow of LeRoy L. Hight we owe his charming footnote to the bibliography of Stevenson.

Stevensoniana — An Item

At eight o'clock on the morning of March 21, 1918, began a battle greater than any which had been recorded from the beginning of wars among men. At that hour the Battle of Picardy began to flame and thunder along a fifty-mile front. More than half a million Germans stormed the Allies, and on the Sunday morning when the dispatches under grim headlines spread the news through the frightened world, there were few who did not fear that dire catastrophe was at hand. We were told of destructive force so great as to leave our minds overwhelmed when we tried to comprehend it. We were told of cannon innumerable, more than had ever been assembled since the world began, roaring continuously along all that fifty miles; and, worst of all, we were told that the British line had broken at La Fère.

The names of many places, strange to most of us, had flashed before us from the time of the assassination at Sarajevo, and we had spelled, tried to pronounce them, searched for them on our maps, and forgotten them; but this La Fère had a familiar sound. Somehow it entered our minds as one claiming a renewal of old favor and friendship; and to those who remembered the earlier meeting, this was the reward: —

Once upon a time the *Cigarette* went off the slip at the Antwerp Docks 'with a splash and a bubble of small breaking water,' and the *Arethusa* went after her. Then began that delectable

voyage which has been followed in the imagination of countless lovers of the best in books — through the meadows of the Sambre, where the white-faced cattle came to the banks of the river to see the strange progress, down the Oise, and through the Golden Valley, on to where the voyage ended, a little short of the place where the voyagers could have heard the surf roaring for the river on the sands of Havre.

And on this delightful *Inland Voyage* they passed through La Fère, just at the beginning of the Golden Valley, and of this part of his journey here is what the gods gave Stevenson to write, years before the cannon thundered their overture to the Battle of Picardy: —

'The artillery were practising at La Fère; and soon the cannon of heaven joined in that loud play. Two continents of cloud met and exchanged salvos overhead; while all round the horizon we could see sunshine and clear air upon the hills. What with the guns and the thunder, the herds were all frighted in the Golden Valley. We could see them tossing their heads, and running to and fro in timorous indecision; and when they had made up their minds, and the donkey followed the horse, and the cow was after the donkey, we could hear their hoofs thundering abroad over the meadows. It had a martial sound, like cavalry charges. And altogether, as far as the ears are concerned, we had a very rousing battle piece performed for our amusement.'

Did the gods know, when they helped to fashion the words he wrote, that here at La Fère, in years to come, the great guns were to thunder in real war, and here his sturdy compatriots, fighting fiercely, were to yield before a force too great to withstand? And knowing this, toying with the secrets of Destiny, did these whimsical gods make him an unconscious prophet?

Here is a poser! The Northern Pacific Railway has just acquired the largest locomotive extant: 'A thundering Mammoth! Massive bulk looming above the rails. Huge knots of steel "muscles" bulging upon a mighty frame. Almost half an ordinary city block long, 16 feet, 4 inches high, this Leviathan makes the average large locomotive alongside look like a very "little brother."' Consider this lyrical description and then say, kind reader, whether the giant is a 'he' or a 'she.' That is the question officially asked of us. Perhaps you can guess our answer.

If there is any infraction of the prohibition law in publishing the following, we request the authorities to investigate the writer rather than the publisher.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is gratifying that 'The Last of the Squires' should have elicited so much interest, for I hold that these memorials of a fine past are valuable and may even be made useful to-day.

The expression of ignorance as to the exact method of producing metheglin has brought out many informative contributions from widespread places in the United States and also from the City of Mexico and 'Istambul.' Some of these are rather delightful examples of seventeenth-century English. You may care to print them on this account at least, as well as for the valuable information they convey.

Metheglyn

First gather a bushel of Sweetbriar Leaves and a bushel of Thyme, half a bushel of Rosemary and a peck of Bay Leaves. Seathe all these (being well washed) in a furnace of Fair Water, and let them noil the space of an hour, or better, and then pour out all the Water and Herbs into a vat, and let it stand till it be but milk warm; and then strain the Water from the Herbs and take to every six gallons of Water one gallon the finest Honey and put into the boorn (that is the wort of the boiled liquor) and labour it together half an hour; then let it stand two days stirring it twice or thrice each day. Then take the liquor and boil it anew; and when it doth seethe, skim it as long as there remaineth any dross. When it is clear, put it into the vat as before and there let it be cooled.

You must then have in readiness a kind of new Ale or Beer which, as soon as you have emptied, suddenly whelm it upside down, and then set it up again, and presently put in the Metheglyn and let it stand three days aworking. And then turn it up in barrels, tying at every top hole (by a pack thread) a little bag of beaten Cloves and Mace, to the value of an ounce. It must stand half a year before it be drunk. (*Worthies of England*, by Thomas Fuller, 1662)

Metheglyn

Take one measure of Honey, and three measures of fair Water, and set them over so soft a fyre that you can endure to lade and break the Honey with your hands. When the Honey be quite dissolved, teste it with an Hens Egge and if the Liquor be strong enough to bear the Egge the breadth of a Groat, it is strong enough; if not put more Honey to it, till it be so strong.

Then take Sweet-bryar, Eye-bright, Cowslip, Tansy, Rosemary, Wild-Thyme, Summer-savory, Horehound, Clown's all-heal, Marjoram, Maidenhair and Mouse-ear, or such herbs as please you, of each a pretty lot; and such spices as

Cloves, Mace, Ginger, Peppercorns, Nutmeg, Cinnamon, of each a burthen, but of Ginger the most, which must be tyed up all together in a bundle.

When you have put these things together, let them be hanged over a quick fyre till they boyle a walm or two and are clearly and well skimmed.

Then take it from the fyre and put it presently into some clean cobers till next morning, when you may put in some barm, or ale-yeast, and let it work together before you stop it up. If you tun it thus it will make it ready the sooner to drink. (*The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Opened*, 1669)

To Make American Honey Wine

Put a quantity of the comb, from which honey has been drained, in a tub, and add a barrel of cider, immediately from the press; this mixture stir, and leave for one night. It is then strained before fermentation; and honey added, until the specific gravity of the liquor is sufficient to bear an egg. It is then put into a barrel; and after the fermentation is commenced, the cask is filled every day, for three or four days, that the froth may work out of the bung-hole. When the fermentation moderates, put the bung in loosely, lest stopping it tight might cause the cask to burst. At the end of five or six weeks, the liquor is to be drawn off into a tub, and the whites of eight eggs, well beaten up, with a pint of clean sand, are to be put into it; then add a gallon of cider spirit, and after mixing the whole together, return it into the cask, which is to be well cleaned, bunged tight, and placed in a proper situation for racking off, when fine. In the month of April following, draw it off into kegs, for use; and it will be equal to almost any foreign wine. (MacKenzie's *Five Thousand Receipts*, 1829)

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

And speaking of Mr. Cram's delightful paper, the following gloss is worth printing.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The song quoted by Mr. Cram on page 84 of the January *Atlantic* was sung in Ontario sixty years ago by a minister who came direct from Ulster to Canada. There were variations: —

Oh, I have a master and I am his man
(Galloping dreary done),
He'll get a wife as soon as he can,
With his hailey-gailey, gamborailey,
Higgling, niggling, galloping galloway
Draggletail, dreary done.

The last line ran

And now I think better I'd better go sleep.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Commenting on A. W. Smith's pleasant story, 'A Bountiful Providence,' Miss Aileen Templeton has this confirming anecdote.

CARRIGLEA, RIVERSIDE, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here is a true story of how Little Sisters of the Poor accept heaven-sent gifts, but the scene is laid nearer home than Bombay, for in Chicago there are Little Sisters of the Poor too. In Chicago, last year, the winter was an old-fashioned one, and when Chicago goes old-fashioned, it goes old-fashioned. One way-below-zero day a doctor, very snug in a brand-new overcoat, leaving the house, bethought him of his two last winters' overcoats still hanging in his closet, and said he, 'Bess, would you see that the Little Sisters get those two old coats of mine for the old men? It is too cold to keep overcoats idle.'

His college-girl daughter was just starting out in her sports model for her first morning class. Her way lay by the door of the Little Sisters of the Poor, so in with Beth went the two coats instanter. Now Beth knew from experience that the Little Sisters have many thanks for gifts for their poor old men, and she was in a hurry (perhaps she had a date as well as a class waiting). Anyway, this was Beth's method of delivering the coats. She deposited them in the vestibule, rang the bell, and showed a pair of twinkling high heels to the door. Even the car had disappeared around the corner on two wheels before the Little Sister in charge of the door could open it. But, though no visible hand had rung, she found lying at her feet an answer to prayer — warm overcoats.

Did the Little Sister think, gayly, 'It is not snowing snow to-day, just warm overcoats'? She did not. She thought, 'Two good overcoats, and no donor!' — and she telephoned the police. The police came and took charge of the coats. Wise in the ways of tailors, they found the doctor's name in a pocket. And in the telephone book they found his name and number. 'Had Dr. —— missed two of his overcoats?' an official voice inquired. The doctor's wife, wise in the ways of Beth, deducted the true tale of the coats; but, said a thoughtful official voice, was she sure that the doctor meant those two good overcoats? On being reassured that it had been the doctor's own thought to give those very two overcoats to the Little Sisters, the incident was closed. And two tall old men blessed their height that day.

So I wish Sister Veronica, truer to type, had sought out Crown Sergeant O'Neill herself. The end of the story could have been the same. Not for worlds would I deprive Sister Veronica of Mr. Gaunt's letter. It is priceless.

To quiet the alarm occasioned by the publication of a paper on the doubtful issue of the war between insects and man, we print the following note which we have recently received from the Methodist Episcopal Mission, Sibu, Sarawak, Borneo.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Rajah has just given us a large concession between the Binatang and Serekei rivers for planting pepper and we will plant a lot next year. Cocoanuts and oil palms are also being planted. But the thing I am most interested in now is 'tuba.' It is a native root that makes the best insecticide in the world. It is instant death to any bug, beetle, fly, or worm, but it is perfectly safe to handle. America needs tons of it and there is no limit to the amount we can raise. It will win the war for America. Tell Professor James E. Boyle (see his article, 'Insects and Men,' October *Atlantic Monthly*). I am now in correspondence with an American firm in Singapore to see if they will not try to put it on the market.

J. M. HOOVER

A recent Newtonianism has excited much comment. Here is an authoritative word upon it.

Uncle Sam's Post Office has been working nights in an effort to deliver the many communications, approving and otherwise, regarding my paper on Jerusalem in the February *Atlantic*. A few letters are from Jews who seem greatly offended at my question: 'What Jew is going to leave New York, where there are a hundred million of us [Christians] to prey upon?' There, apparently, they stopped, enraged, and did not finish the sentence, which reads, 'and only a handful of Scotch to be guarded against.' As yet I have not heard from any offended Scotchmen. It takes time for a joke to sink in. When I wrote, I had in mind the old saying, 'A Jew can get no foothold in Aberdeen.' I am sorry to have to explain this.

I shall not bother, at this late date, to enlarge on my opinion of the Jewish race. It is no secret. I have just as high a regard for a fine Jew as I have for a fine Christian, and no higher. One lady writes me to say that she prefers her Hebrew friends to her Christian friends. Well, this is a matter of taste, as the girl said when she kissed the cow.

Also, see 2 Kings v. 13.

A. EDWARD NEWTON

At the end of a long day we are considering not without sympathy the following proposal: —

I am prepared to write five magazine articles, the first two of which are diatribes on the imbecility of man; the next the solution of the universe, otherwise described as nature or actuality; and the last two are the applications of understanding.

As one might guess, the writer hails from Missouri.

THE SALLYPORT

This department aims to be strictly contemporaneous with each issue in which it appears, but in the pursuit of the most disinterested and lofty truth, the apt occasion must be accepted wherever it is found. Not long ago the *Atlantic* published in a single number two papers on censorship, and promised to publish more if suitable examples were received. This is what comes of living in Massachusetts!

No altogether satisfactory formal discussion reached us, but our daily correspondence shows that the subject has been active in the minds of our readers, and suggests that many of them at the same time resent censorship and feel a strong distaste for numerous current books — books not so much corrupting as cheap and pretentious. Usually the pretentiousness of the book is as nothing to that of the publisher and blurb writer. Publishing is the art of promoting the whirlwind and discouraging the still small voice.

The problem of applying such wholesome yet contradictory disapproval to a solution of the difficulties of censorship has yet to be surmounted. The 'limits of decency' are notoriously unsettled boundaries; they are as changeable as the Balkans. Wise things have been said on either side of the case, but it seems to me that the question which perhaps lies at the root of the whole matter has never been disentangled and made explicit.

Coleridge said of a man that his talk was like 'the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud.' Literature has its Newgate gutter, and not only in cheap, pretentious books, but in those great books that are veritable cities of the mind, capitals of human thought and experience. If it were not so, the problem of censorship would not exist. The hue and cry that has

pursued books, plays, mayors, and societies for suppressing vice would have been a hue and cry after nothing. And so in large part it has been. Books have been attacked in public and private, by district attorneys, religious sects, anonymous complainants, and bands of the 'unco' guid,' and for every offense, from mentioning abortion to speaking disrespectfully of Mrs. Eddy.

America's moral crusades might amuse and disgust the tolerant and detached observer of society, might arouse the partisans of ancient liberty. But few would be drawn into the brawl unless literature itself were in some measure at stake. Censurable qualities in minor books cannot be dissociated from the same qualities in major books. The great national literatures which boys and girls are sent to college to read contain plenty of the Newgate gutter. Think only of English literature. Yes, I distinctly see a dead dog floating down this page of Chaucer, while here is a notorious piece of garbage sailing past in the powerful but murky current of Swift's imagination. The Newgate gutter is very prevalent, and those who stand on its banks commanding the waves to recede are apt to find themselves unaccountably smirched about the clothing.

We should all like to rid our cities — and our minds — of their Newgate gutters. No man would enjoy knowing himself the object of Coleridge's epigram. Yet bowdlerizing is not in favor among mature minds. Why? Is it because we make an exception of literature, and do not really wish to rid it of its Newgate gutter? Is it that in books obscenity under certain conditions has a value of some kind?

I have not heard anyone so bold as to suggest this conclusion. Those who oppose censorship do not take this stand. Their attitude (perhaps for politic reasons) is defensive. If obscenity must appear in books, it must be allowed only on sufferance, and, so to speak, during good behavior. Yet does not this attitude proceed from insufficient courage and consistency? If the Newgate gutter is of no value, then let us remove it, root it out altogether, and no slightest loss will result. But we all know that a loss would result. The bowdlerizing of our books would be intolerable. Literature, great and small, would suffer immeasurably, and through its mutilation our lives also would suffer. Argal, the Newgate gutter has a value.

This conclusion will be shocking to some readers. I put it forward with a feeling of temerity, not knowing exactly where it will lead. Right to the Devil, I hear someone ominously exclaim. Well, I shall not be the first victim of a too consistent logic that he has entertained. And yet I think that anyone who truly knows and loves literature will acknowledge in his heart that what I have said is true. Those who feel a mysterious horror at the suggestion have not learned to read; they do not know what literature is really about. Great literature is composed for the most part of the great fictions that have entertained, enthralled, and refined mankind by presenting spectacles of the world and its figures — not fiction in our impoverished modern sense of the prose novel alone, but the great poetic and dramatic fictions as well. Anyone who has the slightest intuitive sense of what such a fiction is or how it is created will understand easily enough that it would be hard indeed to exclude all traces of the Newgate gutter. To do so would be in large measure to remove from literature both seriousness and moral depth. A great many people would be pleased by such a result, but for them literature does not in any real sense exist.

But what may the value of the Newgate gutter be? The question is difficult and I have no beliefs about it. I have a few thoughts, but reserve the right to think differently on sufficient cause.

It is a temptation to say that while the value of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' is absolute, the value of the obscene is relative. Its worth is to contribute to a general picture, to give a sense of the totality of human nature and experience. A few great works in which the major impression is one of darkness and repulsion may seem exceptions to this principle, yet even these works are not valued in the same way as we should value Keats's Ode. To read the Ode is to live for just so many moments on the plane of the ideal. A work of the sombre kind we are always contrasting, as we read it, with the better life we know or seek day by day, using it to sober and discipline our minds.

One kind of writing is an end; the other is an instrument.

Comic obscenity is also in part an exception, but it, too, has instrumental uses. It has purgative virtue, I think, quite as genuinely as pity and terror; it is a fine safety cock for the needful vulgarity without which we should not be human. Allied with the creative genius of Chaucer or Rabelais, it need not terrify the most exacting moral sense.

But the masters of this branch of literature are all dead, and their art, perhaps unfortunately, seems to belong to the past. The value of the obscene is more and more identifying itself with the value of the tragic. Cases of tragic obscenity, I have no doubt, can be readily cited from the classics. Consider these lines from King Lear. I do not mean that they raise any question of 'the limits of decency,' but merely that they make a recognizable dip into the censurable side of human nature. And it is deeply tragic that the aged Lear, 'every inch a king,' who in his right mind would never have so far forgotten dignity and social usage, has been driven to such a point of madness that he not only suffers hallucinations, but speaks those thoughts that ordinarily the mind itself would censor.

Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name, —
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet,
good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

In modern writers the association of the obscene with the tragic has become perhaps even more characteristic. In its buskin days, tragedy presented stories of the 'falls of princes,' the catastrophes of the great. Suffering of course is always in the mind, but the older tragedy was panoramic. It began with externals — the situation of the kingdom as the curtain goes up — and allowed the suffering in the minds of the characters to develop from the spectacle. Modern writers make a different approach. Tragedy depends less upon the worldly eminence of the *personæ;* the catastrophe now is social or psychological. At the same time, many modern writers begin at once with minds, or endeavor so to do, allowing the externals to develop from the 'stream of consciousness.' They have looked on the strange new dishes sent up from the psychological scullery, and have helped themselves freely. It is only natural that they have found it necessary to dip more deeply than King Lear into the side of nature that is generally considered subject to censorship.

This development may be a loss to the tragic spirit, but the loss is not total. Literature, looked at in the largest way, is a prolonged, indefatigable attempt to discern and report in imaginative vehicles the totality of man's experience. The Newgate gutter cannot be left out. And, as tragic drama is not painful, but (without loss of seriousness) enjoyable to the audience, so the obscene, when appropriately used by a master, is not merely disgusting, but is one of the modes whereby the imagination is disciplined to look on life with maturity and understanding. This is why literature is not and cannot of nature be corrupting.

What I have said does not necessarily mean that no place exists for the censor, or that genius may not be guilty of grievous and injurious mistakes. The problem of censorship is now and will always be to keep the police function of suppressing vicious pamphlets from extending to literature. It is because people do not really understand what reading is, what function books perform, it is because so few have ever truly known the experience of reading, that ignorant hands have been too often violently laid on mankind's intellectual treasure.

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THE ABANDONED ORCHARD

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

HUMBLY, but confidently, I assert that I am the woman who worked out the original curse on apples. Why Fate selected one so incompetent must remain a matter of pure conjecture. It is true that Eugene was forever painting Eves and Aphrodites, and that I did encourage him; though in my secret heart I felt that under such circumstances Adam might have been adamant, and Paris might have kept out of trouble. But I was only an accessory after the fact. It was not I who depreciated prize apples.

Previously inured to idleness and frivolity, suddenly I found myself a sorrow-dazed, impoverished, but importunate widow, who at once flung herself desperately into many fields of human endeavor. But always I knew that hidden in the wilds of a Mid-Western state a thoroughly abandoned young orchard of more than one hundred acres beckoned me with unsprayed arms, as yet empty of apples.

Resolutely I turned my face away. I had never lived in the country, and I was not drawn to apples. They have ever been, to me, a kind of spherical sweet potato, vastly inferior to that vegetable.

Besides the orchard, I possessed one hundred and sixty acres of rocks and rills and scrub oaks that bounded the orchard on the south, the remainder of the circuit being manned at every point by inimical farmers. That the farmers were inimical I knew from the story my father-in-law, who willed me this orchard, delighted to tell — of how when he had gone from the city to plant these idle fields in apple trees there had occurred a strike for higher wages among the planters and ploughers, and how one of the farmers had mounted a barrel and, addressing the other farmers, had said, 'No damned capitalist from the city can come down here and run this country.'

Unable to sell the abandoned orchard, I vibrated irregularly between teaching music and playing for the moving pictures, swinging from welfare work to searching out references for an alienist who was writing a book about epileptics. Small wages for this last, but pleasant work, and the invaluable discovery that without epileptics progress would have ceased long ago. How I hoped the epileptics knew it too! The alienist seemed to doubt it. Once I demonstrated at a pure-food show, and once for weeks I walked about smirking above the collars of evening coats in the French department of a great store.

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Gradually I became aware that I was not a cog fashioned to fit into the industrial machine. I proved expansively amiable in the wrong place, and overscrupulous at the wrong time. (The alienist said I had 'personality plus'; and I was no epileptic to win my way by sheer genius.) Though I gritted my teeth, worked faithfully, and never complained, jobs seemed to slip from under my tired feet; and often I felt sure that duller and less willing workers filled my place. Psychiatrists were beyond me.

If only one were wise enough to diagnose the state of a camel's spine before the last straw brings the beast down! For example, who would have dreamed that my roommate's ship of the commercial desert would collapse on Christmas Day, when we meant to be so happy?

For weeks we had skimped on our lunches, and walked the long way home from work, putting the money we saved into a little cloisonné jar on the dressing table. (How long ago it seemed since I had won it at bridge!) For we meant to see the greatest actor in the world on Christmas afternoon, and from respectable seats. What bliss! I remember how we made ourselves fine, careless of the falling snow — Bess in my furs, and I in her best black skirt, my own being frayed. How in airy pride we boarded a car from the Y. W. C. A. where we lived, and then found that the tickets had been mistakenly sold to us for the performance of the previous evening and the management would not accept them! How we trudged home through the snowy streets gay with holiday folk, and there in our lonely room at half-past three on Christmas Day Bess's camel died quietly of spinal complaint.

She made no effort to revive the unfortunate beast, but sat on the bed in my wet furs and pensively swung her little muddy feet. Presently, over the hall telephone, I heard her call a name I knew. As she packed her few belongings she said cheerfully: 'I'm leaving you my best stockings and my black skirt. I guess I'll never see you again. I kind of hate to leave you alone; but it's a nice apartment out by the park, and something to send home to mother and the kids. This matinée business finished me.' And when a car honked below: 'There's *my* car. Say, can't you visit somewhere long enough to get married? You'll never have a chance to meet a man you'd look at twice here. Good-bye. And don't you worry about me. No more perfect days like this for little Bess.' And I was left alone in the darkening room, with the Christmas snowdrift on the window ledge.

II

There may seem small connection between collapsed camels and abandoned young orchards. But straws show which way the wind blows; and the ultimate straw alighted on my own camel one rainy evening in the following August when I presented a letter of introduction to a well-known philanthropist. The letter was written by an old teacher of mine. How laudatory it was! And alas, how provenly undeserved! I had not presented it before because of a feeling of unworthiness. I never could live up to that letter. But I had accidentally bruised my right hand, and that meant no more playing for the pictures for a while. So I examined the soles of my shoes attentively, recklessly put on my best hat, borrowed an umbrella, and set out to walk to the stately home of the philanthropist. I had waited until dark, trusting to find the man at home. Ignorant of philanthropists, I guessed that their habits were not nocturnal.

The great man met me in the hall, and hurriedly scanned the letter from his lifelong friend.

'What have you been doing?' he snapped. 'And where are you living?'

I meekly replied that I lived at a branch of the Y. W. C. A. on a certain street.

'There is no legitimate branch in the city. The place has no right to the name. What have you been doing?'

Somehow this interview with my dear old teacher's friend did not open well. With a quaking heart I answered, 'Playing for the moving pictures.'

Alas, my prophetic soul! The philanthropist cried: 'Moving pictures! We mean to censor them or suppress them altogether. If you have been hanging around picture shows, I can do nothing for you.' And in the gentlest voice he called to a vision of young loveliness hesitant on the broad stairway, 'Helen, dear, come on down to dinner now.'

Meet punishment for interviewing a man — even a philanthropist — before his dinner. And I a widow who should have known better!

I trudged home through the chill rain, careless of puddles and passing motors. And somewhere along the way my camel sank under the last straw without a struggle. I was dully aware of his demise.

Too sick at heart for dinner, I sat at the window of the third-story room, clasping two unopened letters in listless hands. I had left them unread as I started so hopefully to the house of the philanthropist. I had small interest in letters. With all my soul I longed to throw myself across the bed and howl. Instead, I listened dully to my three roommates anathematizing someone who defended a locked bathroom across the hall, and drearily watched them make up their tired faces. Below me, in the rain, bent pedestrians hurried past, street cars clanged, and motor cars glided by like sleek black beetles.

Suddenly I knew that of all this world could offer me I most desired solitude. Oh, to be alone, if even for one hour! And it came to me that solitude is a luxury ever denied the poor in a city. A city — built on drudgery. What interest had Bess in the letters she copied? What creative interest could I ever find in work here? Weary labor for a few hours' leisure which I, at least, must ever be too exhausted and too misplaced to enjoy.

Thus, after not quite two years of original research, and no reliable data whatever, I judged the foundations of civilization and pronounced sentence. And even before I read my letters I had decided to go to the orchard and leave the city to its doom. Determinedly I arose and read the letters. One enclosed a check — the last payment on my piano, which I had long since despaired of receiving. The other was from the farmer near the orchard who acted as agent. He wrote that there was a small crop, but as the apples were unsprayed he could not sell to a buyer. What should he do?

The next morning I paid my bills and bowed coldly to the inevitable — oh, we knew each other well, the inevitable and I. Then after days of dreary travel I alighted at a little village near the orchard.

No doubt in these two years I should have prepared myself for expert work at the orchard or elsewhere. But I had been unable to pause. For the poor, to 'cultivate the pause' is often to end the symphony. Even considering my mental state at this time, it may seem preposterous that any penniless woman still at large should undertake the management and operation of a commercial orchard. But such an

undertaking was far from my mind. My idea was to lie in the summer sun under an orchard tree until I was perchance bitten by a snake, or until I passed on of malnutrition from eating nothing but apples. But I should die alone — alone!

III

At the village I glanced in distaste at the white cottages perched along the desolate railway, and entered a little eating house to get a cup of coffee. There I heard men speak of a sale in progress. I followed them down a lane, and with my remaining money I bought a horse, a cart, and a harness, a dressing table, and three milk cans. I had abjured the vanities of this world for all time and did not desire the dressing table; I had always been afraid of cows and certainly never contemplated using the milk cans. But the auctioneer insisted that I nodded my head when he looked at me, — no doubt it was shaking with apprehension, — so I loaded the cart and drove away in the general direction of the orchard. The entire village must have gazed after me in petrified astonishment; but the knowledge of rural communities and their terrifying interest and amazed scorn for a stranger came later.

The horse was a lady. Her name was Bird. She was very little, and very brown, and very old. I fear we were an ill-matched pair, for I was neither very little, nor yet very brown, nor very old. We ambled along flat country lanes in the lazy summer afternoon. The fence posts wore jaunty bonnets of ivy already showing here and there a scarlet leaf in the glistening green. Beyond them were painted fields of golden Spanish needles, and at intervals dreary unpainted houses. But late purple asters stared from the roadside, and tall sunflowers nodded a kindly greeting.

I found that Bird went very fast as long as she could, and then determinedly walked. Her owner had told me she would not bear a whip. Why, I should as soon have thought of whipping a dear old lady! For years Bird was to be my best friend, and sometimes my only one. Sometimes I was hungry that she might dine; and she rewarded me with such friendship as one does not always expect from humankind.

When, almost at sunset, we came to a rocky, wider road, I saw a dense forest which looked to me like a bear preserve. We turned north, and there was the orchard. A truly terrifying sight to an orchardist, it might have delighted the eye of a painter. Long vistas of wide-branching, unpruned trees, drawing ever closer and closer until they met toward the setting sun. Tall waving broom sedge of faintest rosy yellow, from a distance as soft to the eye as the down on a bird's breast. (I soon learned that the enchanting broom sedge was a farmer's pest, and that the neighbors were wont to say by way of comparison, 'As thick as the sage grass in the widder's orchard.') Above this billowing sea of sunlit gold the scarlet apples glinted in the sun's low light.

A pathless, beautiful wilderness, my abandoned orchard scarred the landscape with a horticultural crime. But, I reflected, *I* was not to blame for this orchard. I did not create and forsake it. It was wished on me. The sins of the father-in-law in the form of more than five thousand apple trees were visited upon me.

But then and there I must have accepted the burden of sin, for suddenly I decided to strike one blow for my orchard before I sought euthanasia under a tree. After all, to die properly

I must die on a hazy afternoon when for the last time the bee hums drowsily in my ears and the blue of the autumn sky glimmers slowly away.

Perhaps my kind of courage was but petrified fear, for when my spirit began to thaw a little with pity for my own orchard I looked about fearfully at the evening shadows and we drove on at a great pace.

At the next house I saw a woman in the yard gathering eggs and putting them in a huge basket. She came to the gate to greet me — a sweet-faced, soft-voiced German woman of middle age.

When I told her that I had come to take over the orchard, and asked her if she would keep me awhile, she seemed to hesitate, but agreed that I might stay the night. At supper the young son said, 'Folks around here say that yore agent has made enough money already offen yore place to start a store. I 'low he won't be any too glad you've come.' Judging from my own experience, I think this must have been pure rural jealousy, for with my undivided attention it was long before I could have started a grocery store with the proceeds of the orchard.

At last I climbed into a towering feather bed and slept until the chickens awoke me.

As I lay at sunrise reading my pocket edition of Epictetus to fortify my spirit against the terrors of the day, the German woman looked in and said, 'May I comb my hairs by your looking-glass?'

And as she brushed her 'hairs' — endearing expression! — into a shiny knob at the back of her neck she asked, 'You like to read?'

'Yes, very much. Do you?'

The tears came into her great gray eyes. 'So much. But my husband and my children think I waste my time to read. They are not pleased. I must work always. We have no papers or books.'

Had I any books for the woman in my trunk at the station of the little city nine miles to the north? I had bought my ticket to Clintonville, — though that is not the name, — but had stopped at the hamlet nearer the orchard. There were but three books in the trunk. The New Testament. The woman had that, of course. An anthology of modern poetry. Not that. Amiel's *Journal*. Impossible. Well, they would not permit the poor woman to read, anyway.

'I wish I could stay with you awhile,' I said.

She looked away. 'The agent — he might not like it. He has a vacant house by the orchard. He might let you live there. You ask him.'

At breakfast the woman's crippled husband told me that he and his son were driving to Clintonville and would fetch my trunk. I followed him to the barn, shadowy and sweet with new-mown hay, and there learned to harness Bird. The man sneezed; and when I gave the usual salutation in German he looked down and said slowly, '*Ach*, it is so long — so long time — since the politeness.'

When he looked up I fancied there were tears in his eyes. The daughter, who had remained sullen, watched me drive away with relief and amusement in her beady black eyes. The old culture of kindness and civility had died in an arid atmosphere of fear and poverty.

But her mother said: 'When we moved here we lived twelve years before the neighbors came to see us. They said we were Dutch. We paid off the mortgage, though — with chickens; long time we lived on corn bread and sorghum. They come now. But maybe they do not like us well.

Maybe it will be hard for you — the first years, maybe.'

IV

Solitude! I had found the right place. And I came to know that the coldness of a city can never equal the cruelty of a rural community, where every man is desperately afraid of his neighbor's opinion and shrinks in unfeigned horror from anything foreign to his customs and experience. Of course, not conscious cruelty, but, like all cruelty, a lack of imagination. But at the time such philosophy was beyond me, and I spent weary years in acquiring comfort therein.

The agent I found to be a keen-eyed, lank, likable farmer. He gazed at me quizzically when I told him I had come to take over the orchard, and suggested that instead I take the neighborhood school and 'board round.' When I gently refused, he agreed to let me move into his partly furnished house opposite the orchard, and declined any rent. Then he abandoned me to my fate, and I scarcely saw him for years.

Bird and I drove away, almost happily, to view our domain. The house was a faded white story-and-a-half building, very old. There was a wide hall, with a room on either side, one having a fireplace, and two attic rooms above. There were several broken beds, a chair, a table, some pots and pans, and even a few dishes on a shelf. The floors were beautiful. They were, I afterward found, of pecan. And the passing feet of half a century had lent them a wonderful patina. I longed for a broom and a mop. But the house must wait. I thirsted to set my feet in the orchard. Tying Bird to a roadside tree, I crept through the barbed-wire fence and swam through broom sedge as high as my head. Deep in the grass lay what seemed to me thousands of bushels of apples. A virgin crop, they gleamed scarlet and gold in the morning sun.

The agent had said: 'This hain't no fruit country. Everybody's home orchard has died on 'em. Yourn is the only big orchard in this county. But you can't sell a apple. They ships apples in. You see, yore apples ain't sprayed, and the buyers won't look at 'em.'

Very awkwardly I backed Bird against the fence and loaded the cart with fallen apples. Then we set out for the nearest village, four and one-half miles away. There I sold the apples for eighty cents the bushel, and bought a broom, a package of oatmeal, and some cans of milk. It was borne in upon me that I was to be not exactly popular in this community, and I doubted if a farmer would sell me milk.

At the house I found my huge familiar trunk, containing little but old party finery which I had not been able to wear. I had carried nothing with me but my violin and a hand bag. There was a good well at the door, so I swept and scrubbed, and attacked what seemed to me hundreds of spiders. They ran about in that sickening way, stopping suddenly so very still, as if with their little eyes they were contemptuously deciding where to bite. At last my pecan floors glistened, and I opened my trunk. Firmly throttling memories, I made curtains of full-skirted pink organdies and bedcovers of purple velvet gowns. The little cloisonné jar of tragic memory and my three books decorated the mantel.

The moon arose and took possession of my shining room. I ate my porridge by its light, for I had forgotten candles; then I lay upon my royal couch and invoked the spirit of solitude.

The spirit did not come. Instead, I

procured a stick and pounded all night at intervals, to frighten away the rats. Such huge rats! They scampered about and ran away with my shoes, and I never found the left one again. There was perhaps half a bushel of party slippers in the trunk, and I wore them all the autumn. Later, when the frost came and the little barefooted boys picked up fallen apples in the orchard, I shared with them, and it was a piteous but amusing sight to see high-heeled pink satin slippers peeping coyly from beneath ragged little overalls.

Ah, it was a poor country, and we were poor people.

V

The next day I drove to the village, carrying enough apples to purchase either a cat or a pistol. I preferred the cat, for I was at that time too desperate to fear anything but rats. No one would sell me a cat, so I bought a secondhand pistol. And though I had to lean against a tree and pull the trigger with both hands, after faithful practice in the depth of the orchard I once shot a rat, and always frightened the other rats away for a while.

It rained — a cold autumn drizzle. The old house leaked, and I moved my bed. Bird shivered under a tree, for there was no barn. One night, in desperation, I lighted a candle in the hall and escorted her through to the dining room. After that when it rained or was cold she lived there and took her meals from the mantel. The meals, I fear, consisted largely of apples.

I knew of no way to determine when the apples should be 'pulled.' But I needed money, and surely they should be ripe. So I looked about for someone to help me gather them. There were neighbors who I knew needed work, but each and every one refused to work for me. Perhaps they doubted if I could pay them. The women would have none of me. That hurt; and by that hurt I knew that I was alive.

Looking back, I see what an appalling object I must have been to these practical farmers and their sedate wives. These women, after the added labor of preparation had rubbed all the gilt from the gingerbread, made, perhaps, a long-coveted journey to village or city once in six months, — for there were few motor cars then among these poor people, — while almost every day they watched me, in what to them was city finery, singing or whistling blithely along the lanes with Bird. Then, too, I lived alone, and the sound of my fiddle in tuneless wails could be heard by any passer-by at any hour of the night or day. The wonder is that I was not mobbed. Though it was like lead on my heart that even the children were forbidden to come to my house, how could they know that I was bewildered and hurt? For life at this time had me beaten, and I whistled through the wood to keep up my courage.

One morning as I sat communing with Epictetus, and had almost attained sufficient stoicism to watch, smilingly, my apples rotting on the trees, a man appeared and asked for work. The Ancient Mariner himself would have seemed short, and plump, and blond beside him. He wore huge spectacles over the palest eyes I had ever seen. Above them grew a black stubble where every hair seemed sentiently stubborn. Delighted at finding someone who really desired to work for me, I engaged him at once, and no questions asked. He immediately set out to find a boarding place. At sunset he returned in a state bordering on

exhaustion. He reported that all refused to board him except a widow five miles to the west, who demanded two weeks' board in advance. Quite simply he added, 'You see, I have no money.' In the same way I replied that neither had I, but I had hopes.

I had. For I had driven to Clintonville and had there arranged for a small mortgage on my land — expecting, of course, to drive home with the money in my pocket. But not so. There seemed absurd delays. Later I found that I might have borrowed enough money to operate the orchard in a kind of way. But to me a mortgage spelled ruin. Too often on the stage or the screen I had seen a mortgage eject worthy old people from an ancestral home, or drive the star to the brink of suicide by the insistence of the villain. So I only asked for enough to build me a little dwelling at the orchard. And a very pleasant carpenter near by, who was a bachelor and could in a measure defy public opinion, agreed to build it for me, and have it finished by the next February! I placed the money in the bank and dared not touch it, trusting that the apples would pay any workers I might employ.

Stevens (so he told me his name was) did not seem at all alarmed about wages, and, since he was obviously worn out, I told him to take a bed in the attic and gave him a blue opera coat for a blanket.

The next morning I suggested that he catch a ride in a passing wagon to Clintonville and in some way compel half-a-dozen apple pickers to return with him. Late in the afternoon he drove in with two boys and four men in a wagon drawn by mules. The men went into camp on the beautiful little river that ran through my wood. They said they had camped there before. The two boys I kept in the attic with Stevens, but they took their meals in camp.

Stevens was rather apologetic about the crew. He said he almost despaired of finding anyone, and that three of these men were 'just off the rock pile.' The man who owned the team was a relative of one of the others, and the two boys were his sons. Indeed, they were tattered and torn and leery-eyed; but, I reflected unwisely, what had beauty of bearing or of character to do with picking apples?

Overjoyed at finding a willing worker, I had neglected to ask Stevens his qualifications, and soon discovered that, while I was never able to plumb his knowledge of geology or astronomy, — he was a practising poet also, — his knowledge of apples seemed as limited as my own. But the men liked him, and when he could withdraw his mind from the beauties of nature and the wonders of science he worked well. It became my duty to grapple him to reality and to throw out the 'sacred anchor' in time of a poetic storm. Later on he told me that he had come to the orchard to eat apples, having read that xerophagy and apples would rid one of a taste for intoxicants. I replied that there were plenty of apples. He answered that after the first meal with me he felt secure about the xerophagy, but that his eyes were weak and continual gazing on the broom sedge might bring on xanthocyanopia.

Perhaps it was the xerophagy that kept him so absent-minded. One morning, for example, when in the cold gray dawn I had prepared breakfast on the fireplace, I gave him the tray to take to the little table with its long white silk cloth in the hall, while I searched about for the other spoon. Returning, I found him at the east door facing the sunrise; but where was the breakfast? I reminded him that the

breakfast had disappeared and that the men were waiting in the orchard. At last I prepared a second breakfast, and as Stevens penitently seated himself, his eyes still fixed on the red dawn, he stretched one of his preternaturally long legs under the table and, peering down with his myopic eyes, said quietly, in his slow drawl: 'Why, that appears to be the previous breakfast. Odd, is n't it, that I should have placed it under the table?'

VI

Apple orcharding is a happy industry — at least, in the way we managed it. The hazy Indian-summer air, the lithe figures of the men swinging through the trees, — we had no ladders and picked in any convenient receptacle, — the joy of following the pickers with vine-wreathed hair and dispensing water from the cart. 'Sunburnt mirth . . . with beaded bubbles winking at the brim' of the tin cup.

I fancy derisive neighbors shared our mirth. For this was our method. We picked until noon, piling the apples in a great heap, usually selecting the spot for the beauty of the view. In the afternoon we sat in a circle and with much discussion and exchange of advice we piled the good apples at one side and the faulty ones at the other. Stevens used always to say, 'Now, boys, "for heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings."' And he beguiled the serene hours with tales from Shakespeare or the *Idylls of the King*. One of the men from 'the rock pile' — I never knew his crime — had been an evangelist for some obscure religious sect. He had a plaintive 'whispering barytone,' and when he led off in 'Rock of Ages,' and we all joined in, it was very lovely in the lonely orchard where the silken broom sedge whispered with us and the patient, reverent trees listened. There usually ensued a cessation of labor. Then, when the sky was gray and windswept, or the thunder muttered, we covered the apple piles deep with broom sedge and went to fish in Pleasant Run in my wood.

Gradually it dawned upon me that these uncouth, taciturn, lawbreaking men were my fellow creatures, each with his own ambitions, dreams, and heartaches. And I should like to trumpet it abroad that in all the years alone at my orchard — and I must have employed in those years hundreds of men like these — I never once overheard a profane or an indelicate word. True, in after years my checks were sometimes raised, and my apples were sometimes stolen. But the very men who stole from me would, if I were ill, tramp miles after a day's work to procure me some dainty, or would hunt until dark for a young squirrel for my broth.

It may be that in the city I had set my standard too high and was like to perish of the cold. Here, close to the forgiving earth, the flowers bloomed among the rank weeds of human nature. To this hour my mind goes back to those first absurd halcyon days with delight. Afterward I became 'a damned capitalist' in a small way, and then no more of serene companionship under the arching trees.

In all too short a time the trail of the serpent could be plainly discerned. The men needed their wages and the mortgage money had not come. Nor had I sold enough apples to pay them. With a silent prayer I sent the ex-evangelist and his son to a mining camp twenty miles away, their wagon loaded with my best apples, which they were to peddle. Two days, and they had not returned. I drove Bird to Clintonville, moved more by a

desire for action than by a reasonable hope of finding the evangelist. At dusk, quite by accident, I met the man. He was a little drunk, but he had not spent the apple money, and we all drove happily home.

I paid the men, and spent the remaining money for barrels. All the apples I had ever seen were in barrels or boxes. I felt that my apples were not perhaps worthy of boxes; and I had not the faintest idea of how to dispose even of barrels. Still, I meant to do the proper thing as an orchardist. In Clintonville, at a commission house, I bought barrels and looked about for a barreler. None was to be found; so I informed Stevens that he was destined to become a barreler. Stevens demurred. He pleaded piteously, 'Why, lady, I can't barrel. It takes a thing like a machine.' I drove again to the commission house and acquired a theoretical knowledge of barreling, and bought a wabbly old secondhand lever press; and after much secret practice by the light of the harvest moon in the depths of the orchard I introduced Stevens to the amused and hostile neighbors, who looked on from afar, as an expert barreler. Even then Stevens almost failed me. But I fixed a stern and hypnotic eye upon him, and when that barrel head went down into the chine it was a breathless but triumphant moment for us both. Poor Stevens, with his exasperating lopsided lever press, swore softly, and no doubt classically, under his breath, all the autumn.

There were too many apples for the local market, and not enough for a carload. That is, of the barreled ones. We sold the seconds rather well at the mines and to peddlers. Reluctantly I dismissed my friends the pickers, and hired from the city two wagons and teams. We hauled the barreled apples to Clintonville and stored them in a vacant building near the railway. We did not take the precaution of icing them. I had never seen ice about barrels in a grocery. One day Stevens reported that the apples were rotting. We drove every day to Clintonville and repacked. We dripped cider, we breathed cider, we reeked of cider. But we sold the discarded apples at a good price, and repacked the good ones. It grew cold. We drove with Bird the long nine miles home at night, often in the rain. Expecting to leave the orchard before cold weather, we had no fuel provided. Sometimes, arriving home at midnight, half frozen, we gathered weeds to start the fire in the fireplace. A blessed weed the natives called 'Jerusalem weed' would blaze instantly, and I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the Zionists since.

VII

About this time it was that Stevens took to drink — and I envied him the privilege. He went to a small hotel near the stored apples and began writing poems. His landlady told me that he terrorized the house with a pistol because the noise disturbed his writing. One day, quite chastened, he reappeared. I told him to cheer up — the apples were repacked, and I meant to go forth and sell the barrels or perish. He could ship them at my order.

I took a pretty little basket of samples, and in an adjacent state where apples did not flourish I sold them all, one hundred and twenty-three barrels, at five and even seven dollars the barrel. I have never been able to get such a good price since. It was on this trip that I began to establish a reputation among the farmers for being able to 'sell a book to a blind man.' I dug into the mysteries of

salesmanship unaided. The principles involved were startling. Once, in a city where apples much inferior to mine were selling at a good price, I could not sell a barrel. Discouraged, I spent some hours with Epictetus at a hotel, went forth and raised the price two dollars the barrel — and sold well.

At this time I could with difficulty distinguish one variety of apple from another. A canny grocer asked the difference between two of my samples. 'Oh,' I answered easily, 'the same variety. One just remained longer on the tree and colored.'

'You have a remarkable orchard,' he observed dryly, 'where a York Imperial can change to a Gano by remaining on the tree.' But he bought in high good humor. My delighted giggle sold them, perhaps.

Stevens left in December. He said that under ordinary circumstances he believed the cure would have worked, but from now on the apples of Hesperides were Dead Sea apples to him. He was faithful to the end, however, and as we drove to the village on the last wagon of culls he inscribed a poem 'To the Western Sky from the Orchard.'

I went for repairs to a friend in another state, to remain until February, when I meant to return to my own dwelling and prune five thousand trees — or thereabout.

The old house with the shining floors looked at me reproachfully as I closed the door forever; and I wept on Bird's brown shoulder as I said good-bye at the livery barn in Clintonville where I left her. But I whispered to her that there were no more mantels for her, but a nice manger in a new little barn in only six weeks.

As I cast a last look at my patient trees I was still honest enough to grin. For, seeking solitude and fleeing from injustice, I had made a little money on the drudgery of others. As for solitude, I had, instead, touched the electric cord that binds so close those who work together in manual labor — a primitive tie as strong as that which binds those who break bread together in the desert.

Alas, too, I had tasted a tiny sip of the heady draught of power. And even had I foreseen the hardships and absurd adventures awaiting me, I think I should have returned to my abandoned orchard.

(*To be continued*)

JUST THINK

BY SUSANNE K. LANGER

I

EUROPEANS are in the habit of thinking. The common man plays with doctrines of utilitarianism or internationalism, the philosopher with egos and absolutes, but everybody thinks about *something* that seems like the framework and justification of his world.

Americans, by and large, have given up the practice of thinking about the world; even socialism, the quickest and cheapest product of reflective thought, does not retain its philosophical flavor in this country, but becomes an amorphous symbol of discontent in general.

The intellectual difference is most striking between European and American youth. Adolescence is the natural time for the dawning of ideas, if any are going to dawn; it has often been remarked how much more mature are the French *élèves de lycée* and the German *Gymnasiasten* than American high-school students of corresponding age. They are idealists or monists or rationalists, theists or atheists, they profess a definite attitude toward the State and the universe. Our children have never heard of rationalism or monism, and their religious thought is a compromise between theology and common sense, rarely breaking with the faith of their fathers, and just as rarely accepting it literally or whole-heartedly — an ambiguous, pragmatic position that scarcely merits the name of 'thought.' This is apt to be maintained, in fossilized form, for a lifetime, because no upheavals of pure reason ever disturb it.

Why should our children bother their heads about theories and isms? We are perfectly happy without abstract philosophies; we are more comfortable and just as educated as our friends across the sea. Our manner of life is more rapid, varied, and efficient than theirs; that is because we don't 'make thoughts our aim,' don't draw fine distinctions or build systematic philosophies. We find that we can teach our children everything they need to know without resorting to isms and abstractions, that in fact we can teach them much more easily by omitting the useless theoretical concepts which academicians love.

The process of acquiring knowledge may, indeed, be carried on without any reference to abstract concepts. All the elementary human accomplishments — talking, writing, reckoning sums, memorizing alleged facts of history or of simple scientific causation — are more readily learned through association of words and images, especially images, than through the understanding of any theoretical import. Learning is essentially a process of integrating conditioned reflexes. In fact, the superior speed of association over systematic understanding is so striking that it has even been discovered by educational psychologists, who adopt the pedagogical rule: 'Teach by concrete instances, not abstract principles; illustrate rather than expound; always begin with practice, not theory.'

The results are astounding. Pupils learn arithmetic, English, geography, civics, chemistry, and a jumble of other subjects almost without effort. They know where cotton is grown, where coal is mined, how to find cubic areas, and how long it takes a man and a half to do the work of two; they can find the specific gravity of anything that does not melt too fast, and turn potatoes blue with iodine, if they are properly conditioned to remember that iodine is to be used, not mercurochrome. They can do algebra, too, though there is always a large proportion of students who hate it because it is abstract and silly. Those who like it enjoy the charades — the so-called 'examples' wherein the unknown is to be found.

The success of 'concrete' presentation has heightened our disrespect for abstractions. We are not even alarmed at a fact which is becoming increasingly evident — that most persons *cannot* handle them. But we do notice, with surprise, that Americans do not really like to think. They form opinions on all matters, not only those which they understand; but an opinion is simply a reaction of common sense or feeling, not a product of analysis and insight. Everybody has an opinion on prohibition, patriotism, fundamentalism, marriage; but very few people have a doctrine, or organized system of thought, about any of these matters. The average man does not turn social or religious problems over and over in his mind, seeking new interpretations, new conclusions; at best he may recognize a new argument in favor of his habitual contentions when he happens to run across one. No matter how enterprising and self-assured he may be in dealing with contracts, machines, statistics, stocks, or other familiar things, he is pathetically timid and helpless in handling general ideas, religious, ethical, or metaphysical. A mature and educated man will deliver himself of some tedious Sunday truism with the apologetic comment, 'That's the conclusion I've come to, in my simple way.' Intelligent persons who would not sign a lease or a warrant without precisely examining its terms accept their spiritual assets and obligations on whatever authority they can find. They know that they could not themselves analyze, let alone correct, the terms on which they stand with the world.

The reason for this condition is that we cannot think sufficiently to make sense out of the countless facts which we know about the world. Our schools give us neither technique nor practice in thinking — indeed, they are specially designed to eliminate any need of it. Our pedagogical ideal is anti-theoretical; we are interested only in the *results* of thought, — that is, in beliefs, — not in thought as a process. The results may be those of someone else's thought, and may be acquired without personal exertion. Thus, after a few generations of painless education, individual thinking is a lost art.

II

There are people who deplore the way the use of automobiles has reduced our bodily fitness and form; but no one is heard to complain that the history syllabus and the literary synopsis, the summary and the outline, are reducing our logical independence. Since it has become increasingly evident that the modern mind is overfed, unable to analyze and organize all it has acquired, we try to help its weakness by presenting just as much material in predigested form, neatly separated out, all waste removed, all transformations made — in lectures, books, and sermons designed to show the order and connectedness of facts.

We replace the ordering and summarizing powers of the mind by bigger and better summaries — stories of mankind, of philosophy, Europe, China, medicine, evolution. We believe our trouble lies in the fact that we have tried to see too many details. Thus we add to our phobia of abstractions a distrust of exact scholarship, but the wisdom our students acquire from orientation courses, surveys, and stories of this and that does not improve their attitude toward life. We have merely fed them big vague facts in place of little clear ones; people feel more educated for this imposing sort of knowledge, but not more able, self-contained, and balanced. In fact, they are apt to be upset if the universe suddenly looms too large, may lose their bearings through the very agencies that promised orientation. A bewildered mind can be helped only by being given instruments of thought — not bigger facts to think about.

Abstract concepts, which we despise so heartily, are the instruments of thought. Concepts are the framework of experience, the principles of understanding. Without them we could not think at all. A certain outfit of concepts, or general ideas, is acquired instinctively by every normal mind, and used unconsciously; this outfit is known as common sense and contains the categories of our everyday reason — place, time, thing, quality, likeness and difference, and so on. It is sufficient for all ordinary practical purposes. Common sense construes the world for us in a way so familiar that we do not realize it has been construed at all; if we are not reminded of the fact that we are using abstract concepts, we shall use these familiar ones unconsciously.

But for purposes of clearing up our ideas about remoter matters than those of the day's work, common sense is not sufficient. It presents some problems in too simple a form. There are certain questions which cannot be answered because they are based on misconceptions; sometimes the misconceptions are dictated by tradition, sometimes by common sense, but always they give rise to insoluble puzzles. Now, mental power is essentially the power to rearrange a problem, which has come to a deadlock, in such a way that it presents a different aspect and may be tackled from a new angle. That is the secret of original thinking. It involves understanding of the way the situation was misconceived — a very exact diagnosis of what was confused and wrong, not about the answer, but about the question.

For instance, a certain set of facts in the realm of physics cannot be explained; generations of physicists try to answer the question of how these facts could possibly exist when the laws of motion seem to make them impossible. Some deny the facts, some seek hidden agencies and fail to find any, or resort to other fantastic explanations — until Einstein, with his tremendous power of abstract analysis, asks whether the laws of motion which preclude these facts are themselves correctly conceived. That gives the problem a new slant. But it involves an upheaval in the realm of common-sense concepts, makes us aware of such abstractions as space, time, object, identity, which we had always assumed unconsciously. It requires new concepts, unusual ways of construing the whole universe — the 'things' and 'places' of common sense give way to a new picture, a different stage for the physical drama. And in this other picture the wicked facts cease from troubling; they have not received special explanation — their explanation is implied in the new system as a whole. They are no longer special problems.

We need not resort to Einstein for examples of questions whose very statement eludes our mental grasp; the philosophical muddles which beset almost everyone are perfect instances. Free will, the beginning of the world, the possibility of knowing truth, the existence of God — these are all problems that cannot be successfully handled in their common-sense mould. Yet they are not inherently mysterious; they merely require unusual conception, more careful and sometimes original statement, to become rational and negotiable.

The success of our 'concrete' and 'practical' learning process is due to the fact that it never requires conceptual readjustment, but casts all subjects — science and history, language, even mathematics — into the mould of simple fact. The ease with which our students learn is due to the skillful way in which they are taught, without ever leaving the confines of common sense — that is, without making the use of concepts a conscious matter at all. That is why they learn without mental strain, and without mental growth. It is also the reason why educated Americans do not think about ultimate problems of the world. The baffling problems of life and death, good and evil, require a mind trained for analyzing facts into general truths. That is the sort of training which our schools completely neglect to give us.

Our children are allowed to learn the most interesting things unphilosophically. Therefore they do not even realize that anything they learn is interesting. History remains an uninspiring jumble of facts as long as we cannot recognize its basic conceptions — time, change, human nature, chance, design. The discovery and mastery of such concepts should be a result of historic study, quite as much as factual knowledge. We consider all such notions beyond the grasp of the high-school student, but if they are, it is our own fault — we have not given him any familiarity with abstractions, any dexterity in manipulating concepts. He has learned history since the third or fourth grade, but he has not learned to think historically.

The same condition holds for science. Physics is a jumble of cause-and-effect phenomena. Boys are interested in some of its applications; but unless they are destined to become engineers or mechanics, they will forget their experiments (which really were not experiments, as the findings were all predicted in the textbook) when, or if, they outgrow the radio craze. Girls usually dislike physics. They may think household chemistry amusing or useful, until kitchen experience makes its results obvious anyway and the laboratory predictions a vague, useless memory. These boys and girls have learned science, but not to think scientifically. In fact, high-school graduates do not think in any way that sets them apart from the unschooled; they know more, but they do not think differently.

III

How could the school curriculum remedy this defect in our mental training? How could we prepare our children to handle the facts which their exaggerated education presents to them, and counterbalance the dead weight of their learning?

By nothing less than a new pedagogical principle: by teaching fewer facts, and presenting more ideas. This would require a reform of the curriculum, as many previous experiments have done, but above all it would involve a radical change in our pedagogical ideals. We should have to give up our horror of abstractions, and learn to respect theoretical insight;

instead of scoffing at all philosophy as 'a spectral dance of bloodless categories,' we should exercise ourselves and our pupils in making correct generalizations, in avoiding the common pitfalls of theoretical thought, and acquiring skill and ease in its proper application. Incidentally, this could be done only by teachers of some mental capacity. In Europe it is not unusual to find good books, works of research and scholarship, written by *professeurs de lycée* and *Gymnasiallehrer*. Original thinking is not the special privilege of college professors. Children in high school come in contact with teachers who profess a point of view, explore hypotheses, and thus reveal the fact that there are different ways of looking at the same thing, and that some facts are not yet known. Our children do not respond to our constant prodding, 'Find it out for yourself,' because they feel that we know the answer and withhold it merely for the sake of discipline. They do not realize that their answer, besides being right or wrong, might be interesting. And their unfamiliarity with all abstract ideas, with implication and logical possibilities, makes them despair of any analysis that has to be carried further than a step or two.

Most fields of high-school study could offer some opportunity for analytic thought; history, for instance, fairly bristles with general problems. What makes a fact historic? Where do historians get their information? How far back does history go? The main purpose of teaching history should be to make the student realize how many aspects of our present-day world, — peculiarities of the social order, the law, the government, our attitude toward women, toward religion, toward socialism, and so forth, — though they may seem arbitrary and odd in themselves, are perfectly comprehensible as products of our past. He should gradually be brought to see, rather than be told, why the study of history begins with Greece and Rome, not with Columbus.

Physics should make us aware, first of all, of a physical universe, the conception of natural law, the meaning of hypothesis, observation, induction. The fundamental physical facts should be discovered by real observation, not learned and then illustrated. Students should be taught to observe simple phenomena without being told what they are going to see. At least occasionally, in very obvious cases, they should begin by reporting their findings. These should first be noted as peculiarities of matter, then explained by the physical hypotheses. There should be emphasis on the relationship between original observation, hypothesis or constructive imagination, and experiment, or verification.

Algebra, of course, is the special training ground of the reason. At present it is a perfectly useless encumbrance to the average mind, which never even discovers why examples are called 'examples' and not 'puzzles.' The fact that an example is one possible illustration of a general form, that it illustrates relations rather than requires an answer, probably escapes the teacher as well as the pupil. The pupil is taught that a, b, and c are 'constants' and x, y, and z are 'variables'; all it means to him is that he must 'solve' for x, y, and z, and may carry a, b, and c over into the statement of his solution. Often enough the variables are called the 'unknowns.' But what we should really know about algebra is that it is the generalization of arithmetic, not that it reveals the numerical value of unknowns. If the student gains nothing else, at least he should acquire facility in thinking about *any number*, *any other number*, the ways of putting numbers together,

or *operations*, and the varieties of combinations which amount to the same thing, which are different descriptions of the same magnitude — *equations*. The teacher's chief aim should be to show the value of generalization; to illustrate $(a+b)^2=a^2+2ab+b^2$ by $(2+3)^2=4+12+9=5^2=25$. Students should learn to solve difficult problems in arithmetic by the quick use of algebraic formulæ; not only to find the numerical value of x's. The use of brackets — the fundamental technique of formal thinking — could profitably be carried over into scientific classification and literary analysis. Then algebra would really endow the mind with analytic power, incisiveness, and clear judgment.

When our boys and girls enter college, those at least who are enrolled at the better institutions have their first experience of general ideas, conflicting opinions, and rival doctrines. They hear for the first time about 'sources' and 'exploded hypotheses' and 'phenomena.' It is a serious indictment of our educational system that most of them are overwhelmed by the change of mental diet. Most colleges have found it necessary to debar the average freshman from philosophical courses altogether. His mind is absolutely unprepared. The freshman year is becoming more and more a sort of college-preparatory year, devoted to making up the deficiencies of the high-school training. A student who can pass all the entrance examinations, who has three times as much information about algebra, Latin, the Roman republic, and Macbeth as he is ever going to use or enjoy, is not mentally competent to do elementary college work.

High-school children have too flabby a diet — too many minced and predigested things that merely fill them up. That is why so many of them suffer from mental indigestion their first year at college when they are suddenly given more solid food — general ideas, 'queer' propositions, incongruous data that call for philosophical orientation. Their minds are as limited, stereotyped, and cautiously arranged as textbooks.

Now it may be that we should hesitate to put such explosive material as social, religious, or metaphysical ideas at the command of our young people, and that a psychoanalyst would even see in this our fear the reason why we tell them so assiduously that abstract concepts, the instruments of free thought, are useless and dull. General ideas, especially to a youthful mind that has just discovered them, are intoxicating; they are apt to lead to absurd actions and demands. In our American social structure, where youth is almost totally unrepressed, where parental dictatorship is decried and rarely practised, strong theoretical motives might prove destructive rather than helpful. It is quite conceivable that the reason why our young people are allowed so much freedom lies in the fact that they are relatively innocuous. Perhaps it would not be good for the world if we changed our educational ideal, and were prepared, as a nation, to take a philosophical attitude toward life. The question, 'Should children learn to think?' is more than a mere rhetorical question; we are in the habit of answering it loudly in the affirmative, but there remains a formidable argument for the negative side. For I sincerely believe that if we added to our energy and initiative the habit of theoretical thinking, we should be a dangerous people.

THE CEDARS OF NONSUCH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

EVERY time I come up from diving among the coral reefs I find I have an increased interest in botany. Under water I associate with an astonishing number of animals masquerading as plants: sea lilies, lichens, fungus, moss, grass, fruit trees, vines, blossoms, shrubs, ancient and weather-beaten trees — all are represented, and only by careful scrutiny is the animal character apparent. I come up and see the trees and lesser plants of Nonsuch swaying in the currents of air, I note their forms, colors, and patterns, and instinctively I watch for sudden unplantish movements. I look for a visiting insect to be seized and eaten; I wonder if the jellyfish which drops when ripe from the branch of its parent has no simile on land.

And then I think of the sundew trapping and devouring its prey, of the 'nervousness' of sensitive plants, of the capable defense of nettles, the sleeping postures of flowers, and the almost reasoned efforts of vines to attain light and water. There come to mind the terrible tragedies of trees choked to death by parasites; the time when a bamboo sprout carried my hat out of reach in three days, and the sad death of a carrot from alcoholism as portrayed by Sir Chandra Bose. The 'sleep' of plants must be a very light one, and stirred by many ambitious dreams.

The plants of Nonsuch Island have a compelling interest wholly lacking in those of a great tropical forest or in the Canadian woods. An army is a thing of no vital, absorbing interest, but a single soldier may hold our attention unwaveringly. In a jungle our concentration is distracted by the multiplicity of forms which cover every inch of ground and reach high up into the sky. On Nonsuch I could easily count the cedar trees and learn something of the individuality of each.

One trenchant difference between the pseudo-flora of undersea and the flora on shore is that currents seem to have no effect on the shape of the former. Branch coral, in fact, seems to lean a little *toward* any steady current of water, perhaps because it carries the only source of food. Sea plumes are eager, as children at table are eager — swaying slightly toward the door of the butler's pantry whence dessert is imminent. I am certain that no bend of abysmal branch or twist of animal blossom anywhere reveals the direction of the Gulf Stream.

Even on one of those rare Bermuda days when not a breath stirs and the sea is glassy, or when a northeast storm is raging, a single glance at the cedars before my laboratory and I could predict southerly and westerly winds for well-nigh the remaining three hundred and sixty-three days of the year!

The moulding power of the invisible is a theme which in force and effect is worthy of the best expression the human mind can give, and the thoughts I have about my leaning cedars are very wonderful ones. They stir and rise in my mind, they course down my arm

and hand, reach my pen point, and — dry there.

Nonsuch botany spreads over half the world, not only as immigrants and stowaways, but in the power of suggestion. Witness the cedars. I listen at night to the wind soughing through their branches, I sniff at a bunch of the dried, leafy twigs hung over my bed, and as the dawn comes up and snuffs out many stars, a planet or two, and St. David's light, the tossing of dark green foliage outside my door is the undulating of a magic emerald carpet, which, aided by the sound and scent, carries me mentally, sensually, and emotionally to the biting cold among the deodars of Garhwal.

A hundred feet from my doorway is a solid clump of cactus. I have not yet tried this, but I am sure that one day I shall sit down close to it in a driving rain, with the surf pounding full-voiced a few yards beyond and hurling spray over me with every breaker. And I am equally certain that contemplation of the strange, thorny pads will be all that will be necessary to obliterate sight, sound, and feel of a Bermuda gale, and substitute the hot dry breathlessness of a sandy desert. The mere mention of the illusion at this moment is fostered by the caroling of a Japanese robin in the distance, which recalls, for me, the first unbelievable notes of a canyon wren in a Mexican arroyo.

One memorable evening on Nonsuch my path was suddenly blocked by an odor — so abrupt, so intense, that it might well have been a tangible barrier, and out of the exhalation of a newborn cereus were conjured all the subconsciously recorded details of a Guiana jungle. Leaving all abstract sentiment, I sit down anywhere among the open vegetation of Nonsuch and am at home — head deep in a field of goldenrod.

II

I cannot keep away from the theme of the cedars, for their importance is dominant. Even Dr. Britton writes of the Bermuda juniper as 'one of the most interesting of all trees,' and if 'N. L.' himself thinks so, after his intimacy with alphas and omegas of plants, there is no doubt about it. If Bermuda were decedared it would enter the category of desert islands. Brangman, near us, is epitomized by the fact that not even a cedar grows upon it. In a land of immigrants, stowaways, and garden escapes, the cedar can boast of autochthonous origin, which is a nice, hot-potato-mouth way of saying it is an original inhabitant.

The first arrivals, who were also the first humans to be washed ashore from the outer reefs, found forests of cedars. From these the survivors of the wrecks of the *Bonaventura* and the *Sea Venture* were able to build ships strong enough to carry them to Newfoundland and to Virginia. Later settlers had excellent reason for denuding the island of these primitive giants, for at that time they had not learned the Bermuda method of building comfortable, everlasting houses by sawing out a cellar and piling it up. The intimate place of the cedar in human life is indicated by the perfect suitability of the fragrant, wine-colored wood for the fashioning of cradles, wedding chests, and coffins, to say nothing of ducking stools and gallows. As early as 1622 a law was passed to prevent complete deforestation; to-day one cherishes these trees like precious tapestries or netsukes.

There is no question of the native character of the Bermuda cedar; it is found growing wild nowhere else in the world. But a delicate question of its scientific name gives to think of the exciting laws of scientific nomenclature. One hundred and sixty years after

Henry May of the *Bonaventura* was saved by a cedar 'barke' which he and his shipmates built in Bermuda, Linnæus figured two cedars on the same page, the first of which he called *Juniperus barbadensis* and the second *bermudiana*, for self-evident reasons. There is cause now to think that both were specimens of the Bermuda cedar, in which case the good and true meaning of language must be sacrificed to give place to priority, which is the handmaiden of Einstein's place-time. Yet, though we laugh at calling the Bermuda cedar *barbadensis*, there is a sound basic idea in it — the necessity of uniformity in humanistic views of science.

But let us go back a little way, beyond Linnæus, beyond Henry May, before the ancestors of Bermudez ever were, and before the time of the first Bermuda cedar tree. To-day we know that the nearest related cedar is that of Cuba — nine hundred miles to the southeast. Day after day in April and May I watch newly arrived birds on Nonsuch which have made this distance in one flight. I put several cedar berries into our bird cage and they are snapped up at once. The following morning the hard seeds lie on the earth of the cage, stripped clean of flesh and ready for sprouting. The application of these various facts is only an extension of the fence lines of young cedars in upland New England pastures, unconsciously planted and aligned by roosting waxwings. And so, 'Dearly Beloved,' we have the probable story of how the juniper came to Bermuda.

III

On the north or sheltered slopes of Nonsuch the cedars grow high and symmetrically. They stretch their branches lazily up and outward, and their trunks have thickened steadily and grown straightly through the years. The sound of the surf comes faintly from the distance and now and then the howl of gales passes just overhead in company with low, scudding storm clouds. But these proud cedars have no fear of the elements. There is hardly a dead branch among them, and, like the winter coat of camels, their outside bark hangs loose and dangles undisturbed. We pass over the crest of the island and come to my particular trees, just in front of my door. They still have plenty of height and girth; I can easily walk about beneath their branches, but their tops are flattened and they lean rather heavily to the north and the east. Beyond them, farther down the slope, the cedars begin to crouch with humped shoulders, their backs turned toward the blasts, their fingers stretched ahead, dodging one another for light and air, but with stream lines lying in the paths of least resistance. And now we approach the very edge of the low ledge on whose farther side lies death to all the beings of land. Yet the phalanx of brave cedars does not falter. All soil has gone, there are only rugged rocks with cracks and crevices for roothold. The branches sweep the ground, bracing themselves here and there with knotty elbows. In size, trunks have become branches, branches twigs, yet all keep their character. Given the slightest shelter of a hollow and a cedar staggers to its knees, a replica of the pines of Fujiyama.

These cedars on their knees are the most interesting of all. They emerge from their natal crack in a great gnarly mass of indeterminate root-stem. Their trunk is in appearance a horizontal branch, conforming to the angle of the hill, yet clear of it. I rather imagine that the terrific rasping friction of merely resting upon the rocks would spell destruction within a few gales'

time. It would seem as if the eternal blasting power of the wind fairly blows the sap of life out of the windward branches, for most of these are dead, with occasional spurts of green springing from the heart of the straggling, bleached branch bones, the skeleton of long-past years. Sometimes perhaps the killing was quickly done — some devastating storm of many days' duration which kept air and twigs saturated with salt.

Beyond the asylums of the shell-hole hollows, down the cedars go on all fours again. Now the sea lavender and the oxeye and even the lowly tassel plant call them brother; a little farther waterward and they mingle with the prostrate stems of the seaside morning-glories, creeping upon their bellies, but still with every proud character of their race, their leaf-strung twigs no whit different from those waving fifty feet above the ground.

I like to go down to this front line of battle in a high wind and see the opposing forces in full action. Surely it must have been during a lull that a berry rolled or was carried into this far crevice. It sprouted and took root, and soon the first test came. Since then the pressure has been almost mathematically constant for the plant to adjust root and height so nicely to maintain its balance and hold. One day last week, from no especial stress of weather, one of the proud cedars of the north slope fell over, perhaps from its overconfident topheaviness. Its roots sprawled in mid-air, rather soft and of no great length. Here, where seventh waves spout spray over me as I sit, I use all my strength and pluck a cedarling from its crack. It is not a foot high and has twenty slender, leaf-scaled twigs. Its root is three times as thick as its superstructure, twice as long, and has five lateral rootlets, revealing as many side cracks. I go a few yards inland and replant the sturdy little cedar, giving it a most excellent crack and much tamped-down earth. Then, wholly without justice or logic, I pull up one of its brethren of similar size and cut through the rooty stem to find it started life about nine years ago.

In a little depression, in the sheltered lee of a giant brother, an infant cedar sprouted less than a year ago. There is none of the blue-green, close-scaled character of the older plants, but widespread, pale emerald, spinelike leaves, which show more in common with the creeping spurge on the rock beneath. Like the cedars of the northern slope, the infant thinks the whole world is an easy place to live in, and is only lulled by the roar of the storms. Doubtless it looks with scorn at its brethren overhead, bowing before the blasts. But when its pliant topmost twig reaches the level of the surrounding rocks, and a winter's gale flattens it like tissue, the roots will have to develop new strength, and the fancied security of the little plant must give place to the glory of lifelong combat. After long search I find the whole story on one small plant — smug juvenile confidence, adolescent surprise and quick preparedness, and finally the dense, close-scaled armor and adequate defense of maturity. For every cedar which has fought its way to success, thousands upon thousands must have sprouted, lived hopefully for a space, only to have their sap die down and cease, lifelessly to hold aloft futile, dead twigs, until at last these fell and returned to the stuff of which cedars are made.

IV

The berries on my laboratory trees are now, in August, ready to fall, much eaten by insects and long past their prime. Beyond, in Sprayland, close to the ocean, the crop of cedar berries has only

begun; they are either very small, just after flowering, or still greenish white with none of the purplish bloom of maturity. And the male trees are still powdered with the last billion grains of pollen dust. The tiny feminine cedars seem to win in the last test; at the sheer rim of ocean I find a pitiful offering of berries, perhaps four on the whole plant, fertilized in the very mist from the breakers, and maturing where they are reflected in the tide-pools. These heroic 'bitter-enders' can scatter their offspring nowhere but in the ocean itself — achieving victory under terrific obstacles, for a culmination only of defeat.

I climb back to the second line, where the kneeling cedars draw breath between storms. Prying up the stiff branches and scraping away some of the sandstone, I find ancient trunks sprouting from still older bases. One of these is a bole of unusually large size, one end of which was in some past year cut off rather unskillfully with an axe. I bare part of the circumference, the rest being hidden behind recently solidified sand. A fourteen-inch cedar on the north slope of Nonsuch had seventy-nine rings. This old, bleached, metal-hard trunk shows one hundred far from the heart.

My final count of two hundred and seventy-six is conservative, for I could not reach the very centre, nor was the chopping an event of the immediate past. I scratched on a smooth bit of sandstone the sum in subtraction, and got my initial date as 1653. In an attempt to cut off a splinter, my knife blade broke as cleanly as if I had tried to whittle a steel girder.

I looked over to Castle Island and realized that its old, ruined fort had been built forty years before my tree had taken root. But not until I returned to the laboratory and delved into Bermudian history could I fix on any single item of this year. In an old archive I found that in St. George's, three miles away to the northeast, on April 17, 1653, there took place the trial of John Middleton for witchcraft. The evidence of one Robert Priestly was as follows: —

> Who saith that on Fryday last, being the 15th of this instant, he being removeing Mr. Tucker's cattell in the evening in a peece of ground near to the house of John Middleton, he saw right oppositt agt the house, a Black creatuer lye soe upon the ground in the shape of a catt but farre Bigger, with eyes like fier, and a tayle near as long as a mans arme, And this examynate being some whitt daunted at the first sight, yet tooke courage & went upp close to yt to look on yt. he only saw it move the head, and drawne his knife with a resolution to stabb yt: as he lift up his hand and knife to strike at yt with all his force, he being a strong man, he found he had no power to strike it. Att which this examanate was so amazed and affrighted that his hayre stood up right on his head, and he departeing from yt looked backe, & sawe the said creatuer turn the heade and look wishfully after this examt, but he ran away & left yt: reporting the same to the servant in his house, with much feare. And further saith not.

After prolonged evidence and examination, the account of the trial concludes: —

> The Jury for the keeper of the Commonwealth of England doth present John Middleton of Sandys Tribe in the Somer Islands, Planter, for that he not having the feare of God before his eyes hath feloniously wickedly and abominably consulted and consented to and with the Devill to become a witch. As doth appear by severall signes and markes upon his Body, and that diabolicall sin of witchcraft hath put in practice now lately upon the Body or person of John Makaraton, a Skotsman of about the age of 50 years: and him hath vexed tormented and disquieted contrary to the peace of the Commonwealth of England and the dignity thereof.
>
> This Bill being put to the consideration

of the Grand Inquest was found *Billa vera* and for his further triall he put himselfe upon God and the Country, whereof a jury of 12 men sworne did find him guilty, and sentance of death was pronounced upon him, and he wase executed at Georges towne at the common place of execution the 9th day of May 1653.

Brother Middleton, when he saw there was no escape for himself, apparently decided to make it unpleasant for sundry persons for whom he did not care. For example, he testified against one Goody Christian Stevenson, who, although a kindly soul, always helping her neighbors in times of sickness and trouble, yet, because two small warts inside her mouth did not bleed when pricked, was convicted and hung eleven days after John Middleton.

So it was with such things as these that my cedar in early life was contemporary. And I marveled. And then I looked toward the northeast, my mind going many miles beyond St. George's to the land of America and to Tennessee; I remembered the arguments against the teaching of Evolution, and it occurred to me that this was only some four years ago — and I marveled again!

V

If the plants of Nonsuch could, like the morning stars, sing together, the chorus of Cedar and Sage and Goldenrod would arise from nine tenths of them, these three natives forming the major part of the trees, the shrubs and the weed-like annuals. Yet there are dozens of others all represented by a few plants. As I look over a list which we made out in early spring, I am impressed with the charm of the common names, something almost wholly lacking in fish. When we return from a fishing trip we have hamlets, hinds, gags, groupers, porgies, and breams — titles as uncouth and meaningless as their owners are graceful and beautiful. But sea lavender, seaside goldenrod, tassel plant, sea rocket, star-of-the-earth, mallow, rosy primrose, oleander, poor-man's-weatherglass — these are a delight to tell over, euphonious or meaningful, or both.

In spring Nonsuch is picked out with thousands of pink stars as the oleanders burst forth; later comes the rose red of hibiscus, and gradually, in the autumn months, a background of golden spires sets the island agleam. It is a pleasant alarm when a half-grown great blue heron rises with a sudden raucous outburst from the beach, or a young tropic bird squawks beneath your very feet, but to be surprised by a flower is an even keener joy. I recall, in a waste of gray and silver rocks, when a tiny brilliant face looked up at me, and I saw my first scarlet pimpernel. And after I had found others and had become used to them, I stumbled unexpectedly upon the rare blue race, and Nonsuch gained a new charm. Nothing becomes more monotonous, mile after mile through a car window, than endless wheat fields, and yet to us the finding of a single stalk of wheat growing on our island was a memorable event. It was very probably the only living wheat for a thousand miles. In the matter of plant surprises we need not wallow forever in sweet sentimentalism — the careless somnambulist on Nonsuch may encounter cactus or nettle, obliterating for the time being all charm of botany.

I have made a list of the plants of Nonsuch arranged according to distribution and probable method of arrival. The European and West Indian derivations are about equal, and from the latter region about as many must have reached Bermuda by floating as were carried by birds, while a much smaller number doubtless braved the

hundreds of miles of water by parachuting on the steady southwest winds.

An illustration of the distributing power of winged seeds came to notice close to my laboratory. A dense growth of green weeds sprang up early in the year on the site of an old garden, and in July blossomed and formed seed. It proved to be the hairy horseweed, and from this time on we seldom forgot the hairy horseweed, alias *Leptilon linifolium*. In coffee cups, aquaria, in deep-sea hauls from a mile down, between one's eyes and book, entangled in pen points — everywhere the tiny, pappus-winged seeds drifted their way, soundless and buoyant as diminutive balloons.

One of my last walks was through the cedar forest of the sheltered slope. The pounding of the surf was inaudible here, but a low, restless wind eddied down through the branches. I stood and listened, and heard a perfect reproduction of the sound of the waves as I should hear them beyond the crest. It was most strange to listen to this false echo among the trees, a sound as hollow and meaningless to these pampered cedars as the roaring of the ocean which we like to fancy lies in a seashell — equally, I am sorry to say, in a teacup.

When I come to choose a plant to carry back to my home, I shall creep far into one of the great caves which wind and water have etched into the heart of Nonsuch, and beneath a sunlit crevice I shall pick a root of maidenhair fern — one whose ancestor was carried (who knows how many years this side of the last glacial epoch) high in air, the atoms of spores whirling as they swept onward, billions of them dusting the troubled waters of mid-ocean, until this one alighted in safety. And alighted not only on land, but on some particular bit of soil suitable for germination and fruition. When next we are carried away with enthusiasm by some new feat of airplanes, let us not forget the Flight of the First Fern.

PSEUDO-REALISM

BY LATTA GRISWOLD

THERE has been a perennial debate as to the merits of Romanticism and Realism as contrasted schools of literature. Both have flourished at different periods, but Realism is now in the saddle.

The avowed purpose of Realism is its best defense: it professes to look facts in the face, to tell the truth dispassionately, and to find nothing alien to it that is human. It is a little odd to reflect nowadays that in their time Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot were regarded as Realists. Since their day Realism has gone a long way. To-day the school seems rapidly passing into the hands of what may be called the Pseudo-Realists, who state details, beautiful and ugly, good or bad, with such precision that they cease to convey an impression of reality and defeat what they claim is their purpose.

This Pseudo-Realism has had tre-

mendous impetus since the war. One of the marked social phenomena of the post-war period, too frequently commented upon to need proof, has been the weakening of traditional standards of morality, widespread indifference to former religious sanctions, and a resulting release from many social and religious inhibitions. Along with this has come a frankness of speech about these consequences not hitherto tolerated. Similar phenomena have occurred before, in the literature of the Renaissance after the wars of the Reformation and in the literature of the Restoration after the civil wars in England.

Changing moral standards are still matter for observation. Sound conclusions are as yet scarcely possible. With these moral values in general this paper is not concerned, but rather with the worth of this frankness of speech as it manifests itself in current literature. This changed attitude manifests itself in fiction and drama in three obvious ways: first, with regard to the relations of the sexes and to sexual intercourse as such, with subsidiary reference to birth control; second, with regard to homosexuality; and, third, with regard to expressions formerly held to be blasphemous or intolerably vulgar. The old taboos drove curiosity about sex almost entirely underground, and references to its specific phenomena were almost invariably indirect. They threw over homosexuality a veil of mystery and horror. They paid at least a spurious respect to Christian prejudices. Assuming that this modern frankness is a gain over the old hypocrisy, are there limits to its indulgence, not that official censors should set, but that sound criticism and good taste should determine? The former reticence grew out of religious and social conventions. If it be desirable to return to it in any degree, it should not be under pressure from censorship (a function as dangerous for the State to indulge as for the citizenship to tolerate), but only as religion, as social conventions, as sound criticism can persuade.

The novel and the drama are two popular forms of literature that immediately reflect changing manners and customs, and attention may be confined to them. The illustrations which may be taken to represent the Pseudo-Realism into which much current Realism has degenerated must be chosen arbitrarily, and represent a personal opinion. Under the first group of writers who discuss sexual relations between men and women pseudo-realistically would be included D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley, Eugene O'Neill, Carl Van Vechten, Percy Marks, Roland Firbank, and Ernest Hemingway, as represented by his recent 'best seller,' *Farewell to Arms*. From a few to a dozen plays of this type are usually running simultaneously on Broadway.

The aim of Realism is not merely to tell the truth, but to convey a sense of the truth. In the depiction of the consummation of passion between a man and a woman it aims to represent the frank giving of love or the yielding after resistance and temptation. It is simply a fact that the more detailed is such a depiction, particularly if it includes emphasis on physical gestures, the more the description is robbed of its passionate aspect and serves to awaken sensual impulses or arouse disgust in the reader. The more meticulous the detail, the more certain is this result.

Where in all fiction will be found more intense depictions of passion than in some of the novels of Thomas Hardy? And yet by what one could an unwholesome sensual impulse be stimu-

lated, or from what one should we shrink with disgust? A reviewer in the *New Republic* recently hailed D. H. Lawrence's latest (fortunately privately printed) novel as disclosing a new technique in the language of sex. The reviewer must have been very young, for it is precisely the technique employed by the garbage writers of whose work stray specimens fell under the eyes of youths thirty or forty years ago. It is an insult to intelligence to be told that this sex-obsessed novelist has discovered a new technique. He robs passion of its glamour and conveys an utterly false idea of what (it is to be hoped) he meant to depict.[1]

It would be an easy if somewhat invidious task to enumerate many recent tales hailed by the critics as masterpieces of realism, the which, were they not frank to the point of indecency, would scarcely have attracted comment. Many of these writers give the effect of a crowd of precocious small boys exchanging smutty stories in a haymow. Perhaps they should be spanked, but in any case the publishers who exploit them and the critics who applaud them ought to be profoundly ashamed of themselves. Their popularity tends to cheapen fiction and the drama, and will end in degrading it to the level of the gutter. In saying this a lofty moral tone is neither assumed nor implied. It is not to assert that adultery, promiscuity, or vice should find no place in fiction or the drama; but only to assert that if such themes are chosen they should be dealt with by a selective Realism that gives a true picture and successfully avoids pandering to the lower instincts of the reader.

Under the second group, few novels or plays published in England or America that discuss homosexual relations are objectionable, despite the silly advertisement given by the Boston censors to the works of Miss Radclyffe Hall. But to-day allusions to the subject are frequent, whereas formerly they were extremely rare. George Moore deals with the subject in one privately printed short story. D. H. Lawrence has suggestive hints, rather more objectionable than frank statements, in one of his novels. But as yet, owing doubtless to the widespread prejudice and misunderstanding of the subject, there has been little attempt to discuss it in fiction or the drama. Shakespeare's Sonnets and some of Walt Whitman's poems remain the classic expressions of Greek love in English. But translations of the novels of André Gide, who treats the subject romantically and defensively, have been published; so also have translations in expensive editions of the works of Proust, Delteil, and Rachilde, who, while denouncing homosexuality as a vice, yet depict it in some of its nastiest aspects. These facts are not without significance, though it is likely that popular prejudice will restrain a pseudo-realistic or even a genuine realistic treatment of this unhappy phenomenon for some time to come.

With regard to the third group of Pseudo-Realists, those who indulge in offensive profanity and intolerable vulgarity, it is to be said that for all their offensiveness they are far from depicting reality. To take a conspicuous instance, *The Front Page* was a gorgeous play, despite its profanity and vulgarity. But can anyone imagine that even Ben Hecht would dare to print the actual language used by such a rowdy crowd of reporters, crooks, and harlots as he brought together in that play? Most of us have heard at one time or another bits of conversation indulged in by rowdies. It makes the profanity and vulgarity of *The Front Page* seem colorless in contrast. Since

[1] Since this article was put into type Mr. Lawrence has died, but his work remains. — EDITOR

the playwright dared not be absolutely phonographic in this instance, why not be content with a genuinely realistic treatment that would suggest the atmosphere, indicate the nature of the dialogue, without going out of his way to insult the religious sensibilities of many possible playgoers and the good taste of as many more?

Dickens gave as realistic pictures of vice as our modern young men. *What Price Glory?* set the pace, and since then the stage and many novels have reeked with profanity, which, bad though it may be, yet wholly fails to be a phonographic record of actual conversation. Art must ever be selective, and simply to shock is not to achieve an artistic effect. Sometimes, one suspects, the writer is more concerned to shock than to be artistic. And yet, what now can shock us?

> I have supp'd full with horrors;
> Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
> Cannot once start me.

Since we do welcome the frankness of the present time as on the whole something better than the hypocritical reticence and culpable ignorance of a generation ago, perhaps we may hope that Pseudo-Realism is a temporary phenomenon, a by-product of what in the long run will prove a definite social gain. But the way to bring it about that Pseudo-Realism shal be only a temporary phenomenon certainly does not lie in any sort of censorship. All censorships that have been tried have proved stupid, prejudiced, unjust, and in the end futile. They violate personal liberties that are perhaps worth maintaining at the cost of bad manners, at the cost even of a little more promiscuous immorality. Nor does the remedy lie with the Church, except indirectly. The Roman Church has an Index of Prohibited Books, and it is not likely that one Roman Catholic in a thousand knows what books are on the Index. The Protestant habit, often indulged, of denouncing individual books from the pulpit but gives them a gratuitous advertisement. The Church can do no more than attempt to train its adherents in the principles of Christian morality, which should lead them to avoid immoral books or to find them distasteful if read.

But there are other agencies in the community besides the State and the Church. It is a disheartening spectacle to see great publishing houses, some with splendid traditions of long service to culture, pandering to the worst tastes of the day. It is disheartening to observe the critics, those self-appointed guides to the best in literature and art, pointing out the works of these unrestrained, undisciplined Pseudo-Realists as the fine flower of youthful genius. We can at least hope that reputable publishers will print only reputable books. We can at least expect that critics will not mislead the public into imagining that specimens of sheer pornography are works of art.

This protest is not so much against the fact that many of these novels and plays are immoral, as that they are untrue to reality. For, by fastening upon the crude details of the themes they depict, instead of presenting a picture of reality they give us a meretricious appearance of reality, so that their effect is not only morally but artistically bad.

GROPING IN THE DARK[1]

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I REMEMBER that it was the day after the candy episode that my teacher took me to Morris Hall, the Industrial Department of the Institution. There a man showed her several empty boxes of different sizes and shapes, such as my Uncle Charlie used to throw in a heap near his store and let ragged boys carry away for firewood. She selected a box, tucked it under her arm, and led me to the matron's office in Wissinoming Hall. In a big closet we found some denim, upholstery hair, a hammer, and brass tacks. Using the hair for padding, my teacher fitted the denim over the box and tacked it down a little. Then she put the hammer into my hand to show me how to tack the denim in place, but I refused, because I thought it was a boy's work. Had she not already mortified me enough by carrying an old wooden box unwrapped under her arm all the way from the Industrial Department? I thought the driveways leading from one department to another were streets and that the Industrial Department was a store. I imagined that many people must have seen us on the street without hats or gloves — my teacher carrying a box under one arm while she wiggled her fingers in my hand! I wondered if people put their hands over their lips and smiled at us.

After my teacher had finished covering the box, she procured some old envelopes from the superintendent's secretary and a belt pin from the matron; then, placing the envelopes on top of the cushioned box, she proceeded to stick the pin into the paper, showing me how I could feel each prick on the underside. At first I was interested, but as the proceeding did not mean anything to me, and I had no idea that it was leading to something more important, I soon grew impatient. I reasoned that what one did at my home had some purpose or meaning. If Mother set the table it was because we needed the dishes to eat from; if she swept the floor or washed and ironed, the reason was equally apparent. But sticking a pin into a paper was meaningless to me, and if I had had any language then I should have said, 'What nonsense! Why not get busy and do something? This is not even play.'

On Friday, June 4, I was taken to Wingohocking Hall by my teacher, who left me in the care of the assistant matron and departed for her home. Since the next day was Saturday there was no school, but my teacher came to see if I was pleased with my new abode. She found me installed in a big bedroom which I shared with my supervisor. We each had our own bed, bureau, washstand, and closet. My teacher spent the forenoon with me, watching me take my belongings out of my bag and arrange them unaided. She and my supervisor were amused to see how carefully I arranged everything. My teacher kept asking why I

[1] This authentic record of Kathryne Frick's triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech began in the April *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

put this here and that there. Her notes show some of my answers: —

Saturday, June 5. — Kathryne is in Wingohocking Hall now, and is delighted with her bedroom. All her belongings were sent to her this morning and she at once, without being told, proceeded, after she had been shown which articles in the room were for her use, to put everything away in a neat and orderly manner: her towels and washcloth on the towel rack; her soap in the soap dish; her toothbrush in the mug on the washstand beside her tooth powder; her night ribbons, clean towels, and washcloths in the washstand drawer; her best shoes and bedroom slippers in the washstand closet; her hair ribbons, ties, beads, bracelets, pins, handkerchiefs, and other trinkets in the top drawer of her bureau; her morning dresses and aprons in the next drawer; her afternoon dresses in the next lower, and her underclothes in the bottom drawer.

I asked her why she had placed them in that order and she replied in gestures that all the things in the top drawer were needed often; that the dresses and aprons in the next lower drawer were not important and that the dust made by opening and closing the top drawer often would not hurt them; that her good dresses and skirts were placed in the next drawer because she wanted to keep them very nice; and that her underclothes were placed in the bottom drawer because they did not stay in the drawer long enough at a time to get dusty. When arranging the top of the bureau, she put her hairbrush on it. I asked her why she did not put her toothbrush on the bureau, too. She put her hand over her mouth in a mocking way, and for a half-minute smiled and wiggled, then led me by the hand to the washstand to show me that the brush was of no use without water. To be sure that I understood, she had me touch the water pitcher. Then I offered to put the soap dish on the bureau. This was too much for her and she ran laughing to her supervisor with her hand over her mouth, while pointing a finger at me.

On Monday, my teacher took me to the room that had been assigned to us by the superintendent. It contained a long, low table and several chairs, and the stuffed box, the belt pin, and the old envelopes had preceded us, as well as the now familiar box of cubes and beads in their original mix-up. We seated ourselves at the table and bowed our heads in prayer for a minute. Then my teacher proceeded to show me how to draw lines on stiff paper, putting the paper on the stuffed box and drawing a line on it with an orange-wood stick, which I thought was a pencil. When the paper was turned over I could feel the lines. At first she drew long horizontal lines, then short ones.

I thought this was another queer streak of hers, and, taking the stick from her, I undertook to show her that no one wrote her way. I moved it up and down as I had felt people's hands moving when they were writing. Then, thinking I had done something very sensible, I turned the paper over, felt my writing, and, glowing over it, showed it to my teacher. She in turn felt my writing, then touched her eyes and head with my hand, at the same time shaking her head. This told me that neither her eyes nor her brain could make anything out of my scribbling. I was crestfallen for the moment, but she quickly seized the pedagogical opportunity thus offered and, placing the stick in my hand, guided my hand up and down on the paper. After examining what we had scribbled, she placed my fingers on her lips and the side of her nose, while she said 'Mama' as Father did when he said 'Mama' to me. We did not write 'Mama,' but 'mam,' because I objected to beginning at the right-hand side of the paper, and 'mam' in large Roman letters can be read backward and forward without changing the word. I was delighted, and we practised this for a long time.

Then my teacher showed me how I could write 'mam' unaided. To do this

she placed my middle finger and forefinger close together on the paper and ran the pencil around the tips to form 'M.' Then a little to the right she placed only the forefinger on the paper and drew a line around the tip, forming a sort of arch. Across this arch she drew a line, and told me that I had written 'A.' Then I repeated the 'M,' completing the word.

Still I had no idea about the use of letters and written words. I soon tired of trying to write 'mam' alone and stopped work. My teacher did not seem to mind, which set me wondering. Long afterward she told me that she never wanted me to work at anything when I found it tiresome, and that as soon as I was weary of doing anything she would change my work.

Putting aside the orange-wood stick, paper, and box, my teacher led me around the room, showing me different objects and touching me under the chin, which meant that I was to try to say the names of the things that I touched. This I could not do. Nevertheless, a short time every day was given to similar attempts. The object was to help me to recall, if I could, any spoken words I had known before I lost my speech. (My parents had already succeeded in helping me to recall the names of some of our relatives, though only a few could understand me.) Meanwhile my teacher kept wiggling her fingers in my hand. I learned later that she was spelling slowly the names of objects to me.

Next we tackled the box of cubes and beads. I hesitated for a moment about helping her, thinking it was useless, since she would only get them in disorder again; but, understanding from her gestures that she would not take me into the yard to run until the beads and cubes were attended to, I decided I might as well hurry and have the disagreeable task over. So I worked away and had nearly all of them on the string when Miss Bliss, the principal, came into the room. The beads were shown to her and she made much ado over my work, patting me on the head and shoulder while she nodded her head up and down in approbation. I felt proud because I had done something of which others approved.

It dawned on me that the principal had more authority than my teacher, because the principal was the mother of that house. I wondered where the father was and thought that perhaps he had gone to work. I wondered why the father in the other big house, Wissinoming Hall, did not work, but stayed at home all day. Recalling that his clothes seemed to me to be Sunday clothes, I supposed he was rich and did not have to work, but lived in the big house with the smooth marble floor in the hall like the one in the big house in Harrisburg where my father had taken me to see some men who shook hands with me and told him that they would send me away to school. I knew that the big house in Harrisburg was important, because Mother was so particular about everything when she dressed me to go there. I later learned it was the Capitol. I thought Governor Stuart was the father in that house, and I wondered where the mother was. The father in Wissinoming Hall seemed like the Governor to me, and I was proud of having spent my first week at the Institution in the house where the father did not have to work.

I have always been fond of work or action of any kind, so I am at a loss to know how I had acquired such snobbish ideas — surely not from my parents. Perhaps I had picked them up from other children before I became handicapped. Also I had not forgotten that money enables one to get almost everything desired — or, at least, all the necessities. This idea probably was

derived from the fact that my mother always had to take me with her when she went shopping and to market. My sense of smell and touch told me when things were beautiful or objectionable, and I was aware that people who were well-to-do generally had beautiful things.

Next, a big box of empty spools of all sizes and shapes was given to me, and with them two long strings to each of which was attached a bodkin. I was to put the largest spools on one string and the smallest on the other, putting only spools of one size and shape on each string and discarding all except the very large and very small spools. While I was working I was wondering if we should ever get the room in shape. I had taken a liking to my teacher when first we met, and had tried in my own mind to excuse her seeming disorderliness by thinking it was house-cleaning time. But why was she so late about it? Mother had finished house cleaning long before that. I was rejoicing over the thought that Mother was much smarter than other folks when my teacher interrupted me to say that I should be more careful in measuring the spools. I went over every spool that I had strung and found that I had made two mistakes. She told me that when I was in doubt about the size of a spool I should measure it by the first spool on the string.

All this was only one of the many steps in training my sense of touch, to enable me to take up the more exacting work of reading Braille. Few people realize the difficulties involved in teaching the blind. Many think that all that is necessary is to give the child a sheet of dotted print and in a short time he will learn to read. Such is not the case; much preliminary training of the sense of touch is required. The problem of training me was even greater than in the case of the average blind child, for a child sightless from infancy would, on reaching the age of nine years, have already fairly well-trained finger tips, and small dots would not present the difficulties to him that they did to me when I started out on my school career.

Not knowing the object in having me do so much measuring and weighing of things in my mind, I suggested to my teacher that she place the large spools on one side of the table and the small ones on the other side, showing her what I meant by putting a few large spools on the table on the right of me and a few small ones on the left. I touched my eyes, pointed to the spools, shook my head, then touched her eyes and nodded my head, while pointing to the spools, to tell her that I could not see them and she could and that it would hurry things along if she would do as I suggested. Not knowing that 'there is no royal road to learning,' I thought she was a very useless person, but I did the best I could with the spools and won her approval.

II

Weather permitting, we worked on the schoolhouse steps or in the yard, using our schoolroom more as a storehouse and museum, for I would not allow any of my work to be discarded; I wanted to save it all to show my parents. Each day my teacher brought something new for me to do, and I always looked forward joyously to it. She made for me drawing cards which, I have since learned, she invented for the blind, and which are now in general use in kindergarten classes. She cut a square, or some other geometric figure, in a piece of cardboard, then put a sheet of paper over some blotting paper and placed the cardboard with the design cut in it over the paper. After she had fastened the three together, she

gave me a pointed orange-wood stick and showed me how to run the stick around the inner edge of the pattern cut in the cardboard. On examining the sheet of paper which had been placed between the blotting pad and the cardboard, I could feel the outline of the design. With scissors I cut along the lines I had drawn, and then pasted the design in a blank book.

There was no end to the variety of ways my teacher had to keep me busy, all of which she called kindergarten work, but many of which she invented for me. While I was at work she was never idle, although she kept an eye on me all the time and pointed out any error that I made. After I had learned how to do a new thing I was kept practising it a few minutes every day until I had become expert in its performance. Soon our programme became so full that one thing after another had to be dropped as we took up something new. While supervising my work at things that did not need much attention, my teacher would prick holes in cards. I liked to keep my hands on hers to find out what she was doing, but after I discovered that she was just making holes in cardboard with a belt pin I thought it more profitable if not more amusing to be measuring and stringing spools or sorting out blocks. I did not know that I should have to deal with these pricked cards later on, or what pleasure I should derive from them.

For over a week my teacher kept up the wiggling of her fingers in my hand — not so persistently as she had the first few days, but enough to make me rebellious. During my second week at school she showed me how the other girls wiggled their fingers to spell, but still I did not understand and would have none of it. Besides, I did not want to be like girls who walked on the street on Sunday hatless and wearing aprons. Then, too, Mother and Father never wiggled their fingers.

You see, I had brought from home a pattern in my brain of how things should be done, and I expected everyone to conform to this pattern. My awakening came slowly, and not without many heart wrenches, for I had formed a crude little philosophy of my own, and who among us likes to have his cherished idols disturbed by something or someone whose motives he does not understand?

There were two or three girls at the Institution who were having their eyes treated and were not allowed to go to school. They spent their time walking around in the yard doing nothing. But my teacher never allowed anyone around her to remain idle long if she could possibly help it. Everyone must either work, play, read, sleep, or keep away from her. So she pressed these girls into service as soon as they came to stare at us. Calling one of them to her, she took the girl's hands in her own and had me place mine over both of theirs so that I should know what she was doing. Holding the girl's hands, she made the sign for 'box' and pushed the girl and me toward our box, which was on the doorstep a little distance away. The girl held my hand and led me to that everlasting old stuffed wooden box, which she picked up and carried to my teacher, who shook her head to show me that it was I who should have brought it. She patted the girl on the shoulder and gave me a little push, which I did not like, for I understood she was telling me that the girl was smart and I was not. When we repeated the act, I grabbed the box, hurried to my teacher, and received a well-earned pat.

After several repetitions, an orange was placed beside the box, and I was shown where both were. Then, summoning the other girls, my teacher told

us each individually, in signs, to get the orange. How we laughed when one girl brought back the box instead of the orange! Gradually other objects were placed on the doorstep near the box and I, fearing that the other girls had the advantage of me because they could see, complained. My teacher then blindfolded all of us. At last I was able to play the game with the other girls on an equal footing, and we had a glorious time.

After we had practised this game for a few days my teacher put a box and an orange on a small table in the yard, and on the box placed a card in which she had pricked a large Roman B and on the orange a similar card bearing the letter O. After I had examined the cards carefully, she took them in her hand and, standing at some distance from the table, gave me the O card and the B card and told me to place them on the orange and the box, respectively. I did not understand until the girls had gone through the act first. When I understood, my teacher stopped making signs and made O with her fingers, showing me that when she did this I was to bring her the O card. After we had a turn at this, my teacher showed me that when she held up the four fingers of her right hand with the thumb on the palm, she wanted the B card. I understood at once, and did my act so well that I was rewarded with an extra pat on the back.

Then a C card was placed on a small round cake, and afterward put with the two other cards. Since it is easy to make the letter C with the fingers and to read it, too, I was able to get C and give it to my teacher the first time she called for it, but not so with one of the other little girls. The first time she went for C she took a big bite out of the cake, pretending she could not find the card. She explained to my teacher that she did not know the cake from the box and orange until she had tasted it. I was shocked at the girl and shamed her by rubbing one of my fingers over the other toward her. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how she took the matter, and was surprised to find her shaking with laughter.

Soon the box, orange, and cake were removed and only the three cards were left on the table. Then my teacher called for the cards by making the letters with her fingers. We girls took turns at being teacher and made the letters with our fingers when calling for a card. In this way I was learning to read both Roman and manual letters, and also to make the letters with my fingers, the latter being called 'manual spelling.' Besides, I was beginning to see that the teacher's wiggling fingers meant something, and my attitude toward the wiggling and the box began to change.

We played this game for an hour or so every day, and at the end of three weeks, when my parents paid their first visit to the Institution, I was able to read six of the large Roman letters that were pricked on cards. I could also make the same letters with my fingers. I took great pride in showing my parents what I could do, and insisted that my father try to spell with his fingers. The result was that in the few hours he spent with me that day he learned to make several letters with his fingers. I was beside myself with joy at the thought of Father's being able to play this new game with me when I went home.

Nevertheless, I had yet to discover that by grouping the letters in certain ways words and sentences could be formed, and that by learning to read and understand these sentences a new world would be mine. Nor did my parents, at this time, know how much

skill and thought it required to bridge over the gulf that lay between the knowledge I had acquired from experience and the unknown realm of abstract knowledge. But my teacher tells me that Dr. Crouter, the superintendent, understood, and that he watched with great interest every attempt she made to enlighten me.

Some interested observers of my teacher's work, who did not foresee the results she hoped to reach, thought it was all wrong to teach me Roman letters before I took up Braille, and they did not hesitate to say so. They had met educated, sightless, hearing people who knew nothing of and had no use for Roman letters, so why waste time bothering me with them? To this my teacher tells me she made no reply, although she had a threefold purpose in mind in teaching me Roman letters. First, they served as an excellent means of training my sense of touch. Second, she wished to recall to my mind any knowledge I might have gained of printed letters before I became blind. Finally, she wished me to know the printed letters and later the written forms of letters so that I could understand people at home if they wrote on my arm or in the palm of my hand.

My teacher had confidence in her own plan, and as Dr. Crouter approved of what she was doing, she went right on with a clear conscience. She knew that to the casual observer there seemed to be simpler and decidedly easier ways of reaching me and accomplishing what was desired. For instance, why did not my teacher keep on spelling in my hand until I had awakened to the fact that a letter, no matter how made, 'is a mark or sign used to represent a sound of the human voice, or a conventional representation of one of the primary elements of speech'? The answer is in my teacher's notes: 'Spelling and any attempt at having you read or make dotted print were already causing you to become rebellious. To prevent you from forming a dislike for school work I had to invent other and more interesting ways.'

III

My teacher kept making slight changes in the alphabet game previously described. As soon as I had learned that I should put the B card on the box and the C card on the cake, and so on, when they were handed to me, the cards were shuffled and placed in a heap on the table and my teacher called for a certain card by making a letter with her fingers. My task was to select, unaided, a card from the table bearing a letter corresponding to the one she was making with her fingers. When I became adept in playing all the games I have mentioned, the cards were put away and I was required to give my teacher immediately any article on the table when she made the letter with which the name of the article began. The girls and I had great fun playing this game until a bun was added to the collection of objects with which we were playing. Before the bun was put with the other articles, I was told that it was a B article.

When it came my turn to play and my teacher called B, I hesitated for a second, because I knew that if I gave her the wrong article I should have to stop playing until the other girls had had their turns, and as I did so love to keep on the jump I did not want to lose my play so early in the game. With this in mind, I seized the box and bun and hurried to her with them, but to my surprise she did not take them. I put my hand on her face to see what was amiss and found her lips drawn in and pressed tightly together, while not a muscle of her face moved. This was

to let me know that it was a matter for me to think out before I could expect help from her. I waited for a second or two, but she remained sphinxlike, so I put the box and bun in my left hand and, making B with my right, touched the box and bun to show her that both were B. Then I touched her and threw my right hand out with a quick movement, palm turned up, signifying that she had taught me that 'box' and 'bun' were both B; how was I to know which B article she wanted? First she nodded and made B while holding up one finger, then shook her head while holding up two fingers, to tell me that the rule of the game called for only one article at a time. Then she showed me that BU was for 'bun' and plain B was for 'box.' I got the alphabet cards I had learned and showed her that there was no U among them. She very quickly got a U card, showed it to me, and placed it with the letters that I had learned. She repeated this act every time there was a call for a new letter, until there were no more letters to add to the stack of cards.

We resumed our playing, and when she called for BU, I promptly got the bun. Soon she took her luncheon from the closet, scraped a little butter off some bread, and put it on a piece of paper, which she placed beside the bun and the box. She let me taste the butter and told me that it was BU, but I showed her that the bun was BU; then she showed me an N card and told me that BUN called for the bun, BU for the butter, and B for the box. Now she added a book, telling me that it also was a B article. I indicated again that, when she made B, I should not know what she wanted. Then she spelled into my hand slowly: 'Bun, butter, box, book.' She had me repeat the spelling over and over until I had mastered these words.

My teacher has told me recently that some psychologists might not approve of the method she followed in associating first one letter, then two, and finally all the letters of a word with an object, instead of spelling the entire word to me at first and later breaking it up into its component parts, as is done in teaching children to read. She explained that she could not do that for several reasons. First, I did not have a concept of the meaning of written words. Second, it would have been too difficult for me to master all at once all the motions involved in forming one word. Finally, she wished to set me thinking, as she surely did when I encountered different words beginning with the same letter.

After I had learned a few words, my teacher showed me how, by moving letters from one place to another, I could spell several words with the same letters. Taking four cards, — two O cards, one D card, and one G card, — she showed me how to spell 'God,' 'good,' 'go,' and 'dog.' I was greatly interested, for I had now grasped the idea that everything has a written and spelled name as well as a spoken one. My parents had not allowed me to forget that everyone and everything has a spoken name, even though I could not pronounce it, but I was slow in awakening to the fact that combinations of letters make words and that sentences consist merely of a combination of words. Having once understood what my teacher was trying to have me discover, however, I was all eagerness to proceed and to learn, no matter what problem was given me.

I no longer thought that my teacher was odd. I was delighted to sit by her, or go around with her and have her place my hand on everything we could reach, while she spelled the names to me. After I knew the names of several objects and could spell them with ease, I was given a few verbs, such as 'go,'

'run,' 'walk,' 'fall,' 'eat.' When the verbs were spelled to me I acted them out, and when I spelled the verbs to my teacher or to the girls they would perform the acts indicated.

I did not spell any words of my own accord, however, until I had been in school nearly a month. The other pupils were going home then for their vacation and some change had taken place in the school hours; there was no recess. The first day my teacher and I kept on at our work as usual, since we were not to have a vacation. We were working in the shade out in the boys' yard, and I felt that we had been a longer time than usual at work without stopping to exercise and have a bite to eat. Every day the pupils were given buns at recess, and I always had one. I was feeling hungry, and my teacher made no attempt to stop work. Therefore I slipped away from her and ran to the schoolhouse steps to see if the sun had reached the point where it always was at 'bun time.'

Sure enough, the sun was creeping up the steps far ahead of where it should be at recess, so I went back to my teacher and dragged her, seemingly much against her will, to the steps, and showed her that the sun was far ahead of the 'bun' mark. She did not seem impressed. I led her around the yard looking for the chair on which the basket of buns was put every day, but there was no chair, no basket, nor were there any crumbs on the cement floor of the court, as I made sure by rubbing my foot around. In desperation, I dashed to my teacher and spelled 'bun' with my fingers.

This was the first word I had spelled voluntarily. My teacher clasped me in her arms and kissed me. Then she led me to the kitchen, and I felt her lips moving as if she were talking to someone. In a jiffy a woman brought me a big slice of bread and butter, and as she gave it to me she kissed me. I afterward learned that she was the housekeeper and did all the cooking for Wingohocking Hall. I thought her then — and do still — a very capable and important person, and all through my stay in Wingohocking Hall we were very good friends. She did not give any bread to my teacher, so I offered her some of mine, but she bowed and shook her head, which at that stage of my education meant, 'No, thank you.' I ate the big piece of bread all by myself, for I was just plain hungry.

Next day came recess time again without buns, so, remembering my experience of the day before, I promptly spelled 'bun' to my teacher when I discovered that there was no bun basket in the yard. For this I was again rewarded with a bread-and-butter sandwich, and my teacher told me, by spelling 'bun' and shaking her head while pointing to the bread, that it was not a bun, but 'bread.'

IV

I had learned at home to distinguish my uncle and grandparents by special signs made to me, therefore I found it easy to pick up signs used to designate the various pupils with whom I associated. My teacher was well aware that it was against the rules for the pupils to sign and spell, but she seemed to regard their signing to me as an exception to the rule. Knowing the pupils as I do now, I am of the opinion that much of their attention to me was an excuse to express themselves freely by signs.

My school hours were from a quarter to eight to half-past four, with half an hour at noon for my dinner. All my time was not spent in the schoolroom, for my teacher took me around, spelling to me all the time, and I never lost interest in what she did. As soon as

she was sure that I understood the use of letters, she led me to a girl whose sign I knew, placed her hand on the girl's chest, and spelled 'Who?' Then she held up one of my hands to indicate that I was to spell the girl's name. Of course I could not do this, so I answered by making the girl's sign. My teacher spelled 'No, no,' shaking her head, and then made M, which was the first letter of the name of the girl in question. The other girls in the yard stood watching me, as usual, and my teacher stayed with me until supper time, giving me the initial of each girl who happened to come near us, because I was so interested. Her method was always to strike while the iron was hot.

Some of the girls had the same initials. Remembering my experience with B and BU, and with 'bun' and 'butter,' I held up my teacher's hand until she had spelled all the letters that formed the names of the girls whose initials were the same. My teacher told the girls that any one of them who succeeded in teaching me how to spell her name correctly would be rewarded with some candy. Therefore my next few days were very busy. I enjoyed these days with the girls, because I imagined I was doing them a great favor by helping them win their prizes. I did not know that it was I who was being helped; it was all play to me. Here is an extract from my teacher's notes relating to this episode: —

June, 1909. — Kathryne is making much ado over her playmates. When going to them, she throws her head back, walks with a quick, short step, swaggers, and bends over them in a very patronizing way. To-day I asked her by imitating her why she had changed her manner of approaching the girls, and she replied in signs: 'I teach girls. Many girls no spell. Shame! Shame! No smart. G wrong, Q wrong' — which means that some of the girls could not make letters with their fingers and others made Q for G. This is a very common mistake with orally taught pupils when they spell. It is very evident that Kathryne is not troubled with any feeling of inferiority. I must be careful how I allow others to praise her or she will become arrogant and unmanageable by the time she reaches her teens. Where has she obtained this idea of superiority? If she is imitating any teacher's bearing, I hope I am not that one. She can now express herself fairly well in signs, considering the short time she has been associating with the deaf. I have taught her only three signs, — box, orange, bun, — and these three signs have been dropped by both Kathryne and me since the day I first substituted letters for the signs.

The day after my teacher had shown me how to substitute letters for the girls' signs, we met Dr. Crouter on the driveway, and while I was shaking hands with him she spelled 'Who?' to me. I promptly made C and placed it on my chin. The girls had told me that that was the way to make the sign for Dr. Crouter. While I was doing this she spelled into my hand, 'Dr. Crouter.' After he had passed she cautioned me about making a sign for the superintendent's name and told me always to spell 'Dr. Crouter' when speaking of him. I spread out my hands in front of me and shrugged my shoulders, which was my way of asking 'Why?' and 'What is the difference?' My teacher replied in gestures: 'Many little girls no hear, no talk, no write, no spell, no smart. Sign, yes; baby, yes. Little girl spell — smart, yes; good, yes. Little girl write — smart, yes.' All this made it clear to me that by spelling I should be considered smart, and by signing I should be classed with babies.

I shall never forget what an impression this short impromptu lecture made upon me. On returning to our schoolroom, I shut the door, drew two chairs up to the table, motioned to my teacher to be seated, and then walked around the room to make sure we were

alone. Seating myself beside my teacher, I placed my forefinger on my lips, which meant that she was not to mention what I had to say. She promised by nodding her head, and I proceeded to make C and place it on my chin, point to myself, and then knock on my forehead with the knuckles of my closed fist, while I shook my head slowly in a mournful way. All this meant, 'Does Dr. Crouter think that I am a dunce because I signed?' (Incidentally, the sign for 'dunce' was the first one I had learned from the other pupils, although how I happened to catch the meaning of this so quickly I am entirely unable to say.)

My teacher was all sympathy, and replied: 'No, no. He thinks you are bright and that you will soon learn to spell.' She did this by shaking her head and spelling first 'No, no' and then 'Dr. Crouter'; by patting her forehead with the fingers of her open hand, which meant 'know'; and finally by pointing to me as she tapped my forehead several times with her forefinger, which meant 'smart.' I was delighted. A great load had been lifted from my heart, for I wanted to find favor in the superintendent's eyes. Was he not the 'father' of this large beautiful place where I was? In my estimation then, and even more as time went on, he was a great man whose friendship and good will were well worth cultivating.

Having obtained a clear idea that signs, gestures, the alphabet, manual spelling, and writing could be used as a substitute for speech, there seemed at last to be a royal road to learning for me. But no; every step I took toward obtaining knowledge, even the writing of a simple sentence, though pleasant and very interesting, required steady, laborious work on the part of both my teacher and myself.

(A culminating chapter, 'Light at Last,' will appear in June)

SAVING NEW ENGLAND

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

Not only is it affirmed in the Harvard song that the Cambridge shadows are more soothing, the sunlight more dear, 'than descend on less privileged earth,' but Harvard is urged to remain the bearer of sweetness and light

Till the stock of the Puritan die.

Whether the fact that the Harvard Botanic Gardens, founded in memory of Asa Gray for the study of hardy herbaceous plants, are now abandoned and overgrown with weeds, while the new School of Business rises in four-million-dollar majesty across the Charles, indicates a certain debility in the stock of the Puritans, who can say? Certainly the Cambridge shades are less soothing than they used to be; in fact in many places they are now nonexistent. Many sections of less privileged earth grow better trees than

Cambridge. The famous elm beneath whose shade Washington is said (on somewhat doubtful evidence) to have taken command of the Continental army is no more. Its place is now occupied by a 'billy-cop.' Through ancient Brattle Street rolls, night and day, an endless procession of motor cars, cabs, trucks, and buses. Crossing Harvard Square is a nerve-racking adventure, and may well serve as a preliminary course in Harvard's new School of City Planning. The stock of the Puritan has to be pretty spry in Cambridge these days.

Paul Revere rode out beyond Cambridge to Lexington once, and on toward Concord. That highway is now a through-traffic artery which eventually becomes the famous Mohawk Trail. Most of its length it is a swiftly moving steel and rubber river between banks of 'hot-dog' kennels, fried-clam stands, filling stations, and other odoriferous and ugly reminders of this progressive age. On past Hawthorne's 'Wayside' and Emerson's white dwelling it sweeps, and you wonder what would have happened to Hawthorne's delicate nerves or Emerson's serenity had those artists been forced to work beside this roaring torrent. Through the heart of Concord it goes, right through the Mill Dam, trucks rumbling and rattling, buses honking and taking up two thirds of the road, pleasure cars by the thousand; and little old ladies of Concord, come down to the village to do some shopping, stand bewildered on the curb, wondering if they will ever get across. Then on it sweeps, to repeat the same performance in every town it passes through, till it reaches its grand climax on Whitcomb Summit. Here, after climbing up and up beside a tumbling brook, the highway comes out on top of Hoosac Mountain, and discloses that spectacular view to the west of Greylock, the deep hole which shelters North Adams, the collegiate towers of Williamstown, the tumbled ranges of the Green Mountains marching into the north. Here is the apex of the Mohawk Trail. Here is what thousands of the passengers in those whizzing cars have come to see — come from Boston, from Philadelphia, from Columbus, Ohio, from Weehawken and Pottstown. What do they see? Hot-dog stands, filling stations, tumble-down shacks, scrawled signs on every tree, tin tags, old newspapers, lunch boxes, orange skins. Such is the climax of the Mohawk Trail. The human serenity and charm of Cambridge and Concord on the one end, the natural serenity and beauty of the mountain top on the other, alike are gone.

However, that does n't stop New England from advertising itself. Even the Berkshires advertise. Fancy that! Internally and externally. Billboards in the most sightly landscapes proclaim the merits, not only of 'national products,' but also of local hotels; and pretty little park triangles at the forks of the roads sprout signs as thickly as Cadmus's crop of spears: 'Ye Waffle Shoppe,' 'Long Ago Tea Room,' 'Antiques' — and so on, and so forth. The Polly Prim Tea Room, by the way, was recently raided, and the proprietress fined for selling liquor! Up from the south comes a main highway, bringing trucks and tourists. It lays its ribbon of cement for two miles between the elms of Sheffield. Opposite the former homes of General Barnard (who gave his name to Barnard College) and the Reverend Orville Dewey, friend of Holmes and Hawthorne, an 'ex-pug' from New York was permitted to erect a filling station and hot-dog stand. On it goes to Great Barrington, where William Cullen Bryant acted as town clerk for five years, before he descended on New York to spend the rest of his life trying to make his New England

conscience prevail in New York journalism. Beyond Great Barrington it crosses a ridge of Monument Mountain, about which Bryant wrote a poem. The ridge is now crowned with a combined hot-dog stand, filling station, merry-go-round, and tourist camp. Then it enters the lovely main street of Stockbridge, where Jonathan Edwards wrote *The Freedom of the Will*, and where the inhabitants have some to this day, and presently reaches Lenox.

Lenox was once a collection of large and exquisitely groomed estates, spread over its wooded hills, and it maintained a haughty isolation. But trucks and tourists must be fed. Ye Log Cabin, Twin Maples, Joe's Place, and a dozen more line the highway on to Pittsfield, and the highway through the town and up the hill past the white church where Channing preached his last sermon is black with endless traffic. Under the circumstances, haughty isolation is difficult. Recently no less than six of the large estates were sold to a speculator from Palm Beach, who combined them into a fancy club.

The Berkshires have recently spent thirty or forty thousand dollars in advertising themselves; and of course the more they advertise — if the advertising brings tourists — the less desirable the Berkshires become as a resort to the kind of people who built them up in the first place and established their tradition and atmosphere.

All New England, in fact, is advertising itself. This is known as 'waking up.' Thrown into a considerable panic by the desertion of the textile industry, New England became acutely conscious of the fact that it had a summer-resort industry which the South could n't take away from it, and one which was enormously increased by the spread of the automobile. It kept the textile industry as long as it could find fresh supplies of cheap foreign labor. The stock of the Puritans had, of course, to pay dividends, even if the city of the Lawrences became 90 per cent alien, and the city of the Lowells nearly as much so. Nothing remained Puritan about those cities but their names — and the names of their absentee landlords. It is not at all improbable that New England will get a considerable amount of its textile industry back again when labor in the South becomes organized. But New England was too panicky to wait for that time to come. It saw the resort industry as something inalienably its own, and went Rotarian with a rush. Boost and advertise became the order of the day. Some states advertise with public funds, and maintain publicity offices at the capital. The railroads and steamship lines quite naturally help out. Various organizations of private individuals have been formed, also, to raise funds and advertise either New England as a whole or definite sections such as the Berkshires. The New England Conference, the largest and most active of these organizations, is devoted even more to increasing industrial prosperity than to swelling the number of tourists. It has also conducted a vigorous campaign to make New England 'air-minded' and to inspire towns to buy and equip landing fields. Most of them, fortunately, are n't yet used enough to make life hideous for the surrounding inhabitants.

Such a state as Maine, of course, has a great deal to offer the visitor. With its coast, its forests, its lakes and streams, and its lonely and beautiful mountains, all of which constitute its major wealth as resort attractions, it would be rather stupid if in this age of advertising it did not strive to make its attractions better known. But when a town like Revere, Massachusetts, comes into the lists, the thing becomes uproarious. Revere Beach is a splendid

crescent of sand taken over by the Metropolitan Park Commission, which cleared it free of all structures and built a boulevard at the top. But behind the boulevard is a vast collection of shacks, booths, roller coasters, and what not that make Coney Island by comparison resemble ancient Athens, and behind them is an unzoned and hideously unattractive town. To advertise such a place is worse than throwing money away, because it could only attract undesirables.

II

Zoning may be, as some think, merely a local treatment for deep-seated disease, but it does have decided advantages for the individual communities. Some twenty miles out of Boston is a pleasant and characteristically Yankee village, until recently unzoned. Off in the pine woods at one corner of the township is a pond. Suddenly a 'real-estate development' started up on the shore of this pond. The first shack erected, on a pocket-handkerchief lot, the assessors decided could n't be taxed for much more than a hundred dollars, or a return to the town of three dollars. Yet in the shack were several children, whom the town had to educate at a cost of about two hundred dollars per child. The Puritan pocket nerve is considerably more sensitive than the Puritan æsthetic faculties, — wherein the Puritans don't vary greatly from other people, to be sure, — and a zoning expert was summoned to save the village from progress. But in most places the effect of progress is not so directly registered in the town treasury, and nothing is done.

In Sudbury, Mr. Ford discovered that his ancient Wayside Inn was being shaken to pieces by the constant jar of heavy trucks lumbering past on the highway in front; nor was it possible, with the through road so near, and so full of Ford cars, to maintain the traditional peace and quiet of the Ford hostelry. So, at his own expense, he rebuilt a mile-long strip of the state road, taking it two hundred yards or more away from his dooryard. It probably cost him more than the Inn did, but it saved that lovely memorial of the old New England. A similar by-pass has recently been built by the State of Massachusetts behind the village of Deerfield. The elm shadows of Deerfield street to-day suggest even more privileged earth than Cambridge. And under them sit the ancient houses, proudly virgin of paint, doing their best to look exactly as they did in the eighteenth century. Some of them are occupied by an excellent boys' school, and many of the rest by the descendants of the original owners. There is nowhere in New England a village street which has better preserved its characteristic flavor, showing the visitor at a glance the system of town planning, the architectural taste, and the general community atmosphere which our Puritan ancestors developed. But Deerfield had the misfortune to be on a main through highway, and it was fast being shattered by the roll of traffic and invaded by the roadside abominations through traffic brings.

The new by-pass shortens the through route, and eliminates four curves, which was no doubt why the state built it. But the result has been to save Deerfield. Scarcely one car in twenty (and of course no trucks) now turn off the through route to drive through the village. Those who do turn off really want to see the old town. Those who do not evidently don't want to see anything. They just want to be on their way — which puts a somewhat new light on the motives of motor tourists, and suggests inevitably the course New England has got to follow if it wants to save itself.

Let us take one more example. The town of Petersham, lying on the north-and-south route between Athol and Worcester, Massachusetts, — that is, on one of the main connecting links between the two major east-west motor routes of the state, — is a charming and aristocratic old village, its main street running along the ridge of a hill between fine houses and then plunging down into a splendid forest, largely of virgin timber, owned by Harvard University. Through this forest the road winds between banks of ferns and cathedral columns of pine, to the town of Barre. The young man who suggested J. A. Mitchell's once-famous book, *Amos Judd*, lived in Petersham. John Fiske made it his summer home. It boasts a fine inn. And the old Barre road, winding through the forest, is one of its crowning attractions — a cool and lovely and spiritually refreshing drive which is a priceless asset. But, to their horror, not long ago the people of Petersham found the state highway engineers staking this road, planning to widen it, to eliminate the curves, to drive a modern motor highway straight through the ferns and forest, and of course to improve the road through the village — getting ready, in fact, to release directly through this lovely town and its beautiful surroundings the usual roaring steel river. It meant the doom of Petersham as a high-bred New England residential and resort village, and it meant the doom of the wild beauty of that forest drive.

The highway engineers were at least temporarily called off, and efforts are being made to see if the new traffic artery cannot be diverted around the town and the forest. Whether it will be — of course, it can be — remains to be seen. That will entirely depend on how far New England, as a whole, is awake to its own danger. The danger is that it will rapidly lose its individual aspect and flavor, and hence lose not only what brings to it the larger number of its summer visitors but what actually makes it a rather precious heritage to the nation. In its haste to increase its resort business and to provide well-surfaced roads to handle motor traffic, it has given scarcely a thought to the proper entertainment of the visitors, and no thought at all to the battering effect of motor traffic on its ancient villages and its fair landscapes.

III

The natural heritage bequeathed by New England was maintained almost intact through the nineteenth century, in spite of intense industrialization. Just outside of Lawrence, for instance, were Andover and North Andover, where the elm shadows indicated almost as privileged earth as Cambridge. The highway from Andover to Boston ran south through pine woods, and past old white farmhouses. The boys of Phillips Academy went chestnutting or squirrel hunting, which was no doubt a poor substitute for organized athletics, but gave some of them rather pleasant memories. Not only the proud seacoast cities like Salem and Newburyport and Portsmouth, but scores of smaller towns and even villages presented rows of houses adapted, to be sure, from English Georgian, but with a unique individuality and charm of their own. They faced on tree-hung streets, or often around a central 'common,' and usually the community centre was dominated by a white church with a Wren spire. Sometimes, even in very small villages, these churches were architecturally a delight, as in the hamlet of Hancock in New Hampshire. Frequently in the villages there were certain squire families who had erected fine dwellings amid their

neighbors in the early days of the Republic, or before, and in these houses their descendants continued to live. If you pass through Duxbury, Massachusetts, in the Old Colony, you will see four such houses, at each of the four corners of the main village crossroad. Each house is close to the narrow street, each is architecturally beautiful, each could have been built nowhere but in New England, and yet each is quite different from the other three. And each, we may add, is in danger, for at any moment, at the demand of motorists for wider highways to Cape Cod, the Commonwealth may jam a state road down Duxbury street, — so that the tourists can 'see Duxbury,' God help us! — and that road will not only shear off the picket fences and perhaps the very doorstones and porches of these houses, but it will render them all quite uninhabitable by the kind of people who now live in them and keep them in their ancient state, making them the focal point of the dignified charm which emanates from that Pilgrim village. (Not Puritan, mind you. In the Old Colony you must be careful of this distinction.)

Pilgrim or Puritan, New England unquestionably evolved an external civilization which was distinctive and delightful. Some hard doctrines may have been preached in the white meetinghouses, at any rate before they went Unitarian. But the meetinghouses were beautiful, they faced green commons of praiseworthy neatness, they looked across at houses gathered into a community which had grace and distinction, and which nestled into the enveloping landscape as happily as did the long-roofed farmhouses and big gray barns out on the country roads between. If anyone could show that Puritan repressions and intolerances were the result of such gracious town planning and seemly living conditions, or that scrapping them in favor of hot-dog stands, filling stations, and public camps would produce a spiritual awakening among New Englanders, resulting in several new Emersons, a Thoreau or two, and a couple of Hawthornes, then even we dyed-in-the-wool Yankees would cheerfully bid them good-bye. But nothing of the kind is possible. Scrapping them produces, in every community which has not already been spoiled by forces beyond its control, merely a dulling of civic pride and æsthetic sensibility, and an unpleasant sharpening of the instinct for immediate and personal gain.

One of those questionnaires of which college professors are so enamored was recently conducted by an academic Yankee among several hundred summer tourists who had motored into New England from as far away as Ohio. He sought to discover why they came. Much to his surprise, and to the distress of some of those who had prepared New England's advertising copy, he discovered that 'historic interest' had influenced them almost none at all. Few had come primarily for sports, either. First of all, they had come, so they declared, to see an attractive country; and their secondary impulse was to travel where they were assured of good food. They sought the scenery of New England and desired a well-kept inn or boarding house at the end of each day's journey. This indicates plainly enough that if New England is to maintain its resort prosperity it must retain its characteristic landscape, which, of course, includes its unique towns and villages, and that it must provide physical entertainment in keeping with them. The primary foe of landscape charm and village character, in New England as everywhere else, is the motor highway. The problem of saving New England is the problem of handling motor traffic.

Even in New England the bulk of traffic is not tourist. It is commercial or local — using 'local' to mean traffic from within the state or region. Everyone now admits, everywhere, that commercial traffic is not only a nuisance but a menace on ordinary roads, and more especially on the winding roads of New England. Even the most casual observation of traffic conditions near a city or on a through highway discloses the fact that the great majority of pleasure cars bear local plates, and the occupants are either out for a ride or, on a week day, bound on some definite errand. The genuine tourist traffic is the least burden on the roads, even in New England. The problem of maintaining an attractive region unspoiled, then, means much more the proper handling of commercial and local traffic than the handling of tourist traffic. As yet no whole-hearted and farseeing effort has been made to meet it, because New England, in common with most of the rest of the country, has been busy paving existing roads, never designed for motor vehicles or as great commercial arteries, and has not realized that they never were, and never can be, adequate for the new demands.

Almost every town now, like all our cities, is strained to capacity to handle the legitimate and immediately local traffic in its streets. All through traffic, except that relatively small body of tourists who are roaming to see the country, should be kept out. There should be, both for the salvation of the towns and for the efficient speeding up of business, through arteries across and up and down the states, built straight across country, as on railroad rights of way, with definite lanes for trucks and others for faster-moving vehicles. New England villages come on an average of every six miles. Every driver knows the slowing down that means on a hundred-mile haul. The economic gain for everybody using cars for business purposes would be almost incalculable, for those having business between near-by towns would employ the existing roads, now cleared of trucks and through traffic, and all those who are making longer hauls or trips, and who in states like Massachusetts and Connecticut constitute the great majority, would move out from their starting point on to the arterial rights of way and speed to their destinations. Connecticut has already made a tentative move in this direction by surfacing old roads through sparsely settled country, to get unimpeded through arteries, and Massachusetts is planning a very wide and straight motor way from Boston to Worcester, largely through open country. But much more drastic work is imperative.

IV

The stock of the Puritan, of course, has been terrifically watered. Not only the textile cities, but Boston, Worcester, the Connecticut Valley towns, and scores of other towns and sections, have been so infused with alien blood that the Puritan element has been almost submerged, though we have to confess that Judge Webster Thayer raised his head to emit a characteristic remark or two. This relatively new type of population has motor cars — good ones. It constitutes a very high percentage of the traffic. It is responsible for most of that backwash from the cities which results in tawdry bungalows, dirty filling stations, hot-dog stands, dance pavilions, and the other abominations which now line all our arterial highways. It does n't fare forth in its cars to see New England, but merely to take a ride. It occupies, perhaps, most of the nineteen out of twenty cars which by-pass old Deerfield on a summer Sunday. It, much more than the visiting tourists, is re-

sponsible for the slumlike trail all our main highways have spread across New England.

But if this population can afford sixty-miles-an-hour cars, it can afford sixty-foot-frontage house lots. If it can enjoy the luxuries of motors and radios and movie palaces, there is no reason why it should continue to build slums to live in. There is no real reason why its backwash from the cities should progressively befoul the countryside. Adequate town zoning, combined with properly placed arterial highways, would save what is left of the older New England, and provide for a decent and civilized future growth in keeping with the deep traditions of the land.

If the New York Central railroad went through every town down the main street, as it goes through Syracuse, the Twentieth Century would take a week to get to Chicago. Arterial highways are now practically railroads, in purpose and potential speed of traffic, still attempting to function while passing through the main streets of every town. *They have got to be taken out of the towns.* Send them over wide rights of way, radiating from the cities and crossing the states, and three enormous advantages are gained at once. First, through traffic is greatly facilitated in movement. Second, existing towns are reclaimed to live their local life in accordance with their ancient plan of community coherence and dignity. Third, an expanding population, pressed out from the cities and made mobile by the motor car, can move in and out daily over these rights of way, turning down the side roads to new communities built under zoning laws and in the country, where there is room for decent planning. Owing to the present choked condition of our highways, suburban living is restricted almost everywhere to half its potential range and half its proper elbowroom, while village living has lost its character and charm. The country is rapidly being spoiled for tourists, and there is no compensating gain in the flow of industry or expansion of living range. We are being conquered by the automobile. It is our blind master.

Of course what blocks any adequate provision of proper radiating arteries to meet twentieth-century conditions is the expense. But the expense grows greater the longer we wait. Our American cities have already had to spend billions to carry their people about underground and to get them water from far-distant mountains. The automobile is now making cities of whole states, and the new problems can only be solved by large and radical methods. If need be, let the motors pay. If our prosperity is so great that every family can have a car, and many families more than one, a doubled or tripled registration fee is a small price to pay for a system of proper highways on which to operate them, and for the salvation of those natural charms and decencies of life which are a priceless heritage, and which only blind and parsimonious stupidity would throw away.

SCIENCE AND THE MONEY-MINDED

BY T. SWANN HARDING

I

SOME young men are very fortunate. Even some research workers are very fortunate when they are young. I know one who had a rather remarkable fellowship at a large university. For three years he drew a salary of three thousand dollars annually, including the privilege of working in one of the best-equipped chemical laboratories in the United States, simply to potter around with ephedrine — which I may identify for laymen by saying that it seems a drug destined eventually in part to replace adrenalin or epinephrin. The young man could do about what he wanted to do; he was an organic chemist and he had a perfectly ravishing time during the three years — which was unfortunate for reasons that we shall investigate later. His three thousand dollars came from one of the largest and, scientifically, one of the most advanced pharmaceutical manufacturing concerns in this country.

During the three years he was occasionally visited by administrative and technical men employed by the company. They came not to direct him, for they could not do that. He knew more about organic chemistry than the entire company put together and laid lengthwise. They came to question him and to pick up scraps. They picked up, during the three years, scraps valued commercially at $150,000. In other words, this young man, upon whose time the company expended a total of $9000 (for the university gladly gave him laboratory space and working materials, merely to share the glory of his achievements), found out, quite accidentally, more economically valuable things about ephedrine than all the high-salaried executives of the pharmaceutical company ever found out about anything in their lives. In short, the natural drive of the curiosity of a young man with a talent for organic chemistry brought in a profit of $141,000 to an enterprising group of Babbitts (if we may call them that, with no desire to be derogatory) who happened, by pure chance, to set him the problem. At the end of three years the company had enough information; in short, the law of diminishing returns had begun to apply, the research had become too remotely fundamental to be immediately profitable and the fellowship ended.

Fortunately, just at that moment certain social scientists who had been studying the narcotic problem decided to drop it. In five years, and after considerable expenditure of money supplied by a rich foundation, they had decided that they did not know how to solve the problem and that a more fundamental science had better be called in. A chemist was needed, and the young man got a new fellowship at the old salary, and he now applies his phenomenal genius, for it is no less, to the problem of discovering narcotic-like substances which will have the same benign qualities as morphine and cocaine, but will lack all of their harmful elements — a very funda-

mental way to solve a hard social problem.

Should he solve this problem after a further expenditure of $9000, the results would be too tremendous to calculate in economic terms and he would stand ready to accept another $3000 fellowship. Finally, he could honestly and sincerely declare that he had spent six happy years in the laboratory actually getting paid for doing what he most wanted to do anyway.

What have we found out? That some men make fabulous sums of money by the amicable exploitation of other men with better brains, who are so seduced by the idea of being paid a moderate salary for doing exactly what they want to do that the injustice of the situation, if it inheres at all, does not occur to them.

We have also discovered the manner in which knowledge comes into being, and that contributing to the growth and the enhancement of fundamental knowledge is not an activity which has high economic value in our civilization.

Now how could such a man make money if he wished? I can best answer that by the story of a very prominent engineer which was told me yesterday. This man graduated from a university as an engineer and he worked at this profession to some extent. But there came a time when he had the opportunity to help buy some patents and form a company. As an engineer he had been a productive worker adding to the sum total of human knowledge, but he was not well paid. Now he and certain more wealthy men discovered two other men who had devised a method by which ore of a certain type, which had for years been discarded as unprofitable, could be reworked at an enormous profit. He himself happened to know that a large group of abandoned mines supplying this ore existed in a distant country; the other more wealthy men did not know this; the two men who devised the method would not have thought of trying to find out such a thing anyway.

Therefore the engineer and the wealthy men formed a company in which even the inventors of the process were given moderate amounts of stock, for these wealthy men were soft-hearted. The engineer, however, having in mind the distant mines, desired no stock; he asked only the right to use the process. That is about the end of the story. The engineer bought the poor mines and used the process; the wealthy men got a little wealthier; the inventors got much less than the others, but they had enjoyed what they did and probably thought they were overpaid; and the engineer got very rich — no discredit to him. For he and every other member of the group simply did what people do in this civilization of ours in accordance with the social and economic rules by which we contrive so strikingly to misdirect this civilization for the benefit of the few and the degradation of the many. It works for the benefit of men who have the astuteness to know the location of abandoned mines, and to form companies for the friendly exploitation of a small minority of other men who have brains so remarkable that the mere using of them gives a pleasure that money cannot enhance.

II

Meantime there are voices calling in the wilderness and saying that the research man does not get his just reward. Is this altogether true? It is quite generally admitted that our present civilization rests upon the brains of men of science. It is also admitted that scientists lack power. Finally it is true that, in a democracy, a determined and vociferous minority

can, if they set themselves to the task, do about whatever they desire to do. Must research men therefore remain inadequately rewarded?

Again, the scientist gets as the major portion of his reward the same thing the writer and the painter get — that gloriously and deliriously joyous feeling which pervades a man of more than average mental gifts when the machinery is running at high speed. The article produced may or may not sell at a high price. That is secondary. Give such a man a bare living, and the mere joy of feeling the wheels turn will render him so happy that he can conscientiously regard as his benefactors the astute men of very narrowly limited talent who exploit him in the most friendly way imaginable — so long as his incidental by-products have a high market value. He possesses that which could remake civilization; however, the civilization which exists is not only so regulated as to reduce his monetary reward to a minimum, but its very agencies and powers penalize him at every step and tend to restrict or to inhibit the increase and the application of his knowledge.

I know what this means. I have myself been on friendly terms with a man who was enabled to make $50,000 a year in great part by reason of the fact that four men at $2500 a year, of whom I was one, supplied the essential knowledge which enabled the firm of which he was president to pay 19 per cent annual dividends on its mildly watered stock. When I say I was friendly I mean it, and I believe he was sincerely friendly with me. We four enjoyed having our wheels go round; he looked upon us as slightly insane persons whose rather ridiculous gyrations, none the less, happened to produce valuable by-products which he could sell. To say that he was exploiting me would be to talk nonsense; to say that I felt exploited would be equally nonsensical.

That was twelve years ago, and I was well paid and knew it. He was conscious of my value to the company, and that was why he not only paid me well but offered me both his church pew and his seats at the symphony orchestra concerts. (I took the latter gladly!) We were both parts of a great system which had arisen and enabled him to profit from my brains (he admitted he had none of my type of brains, nor did he want any, for he was quite sure they would be both an annoyance and frightfully impractical), but we were honestly friendly, and when our ways parted this fundamental problem between us was ignored. I left largely because my vagrant curiosity led me into fields which were not economically profitable; we both agreed that this would never do in his industry, but I liked those problems, so I cheerfully took less salary to go elsewhere in a publicly supported research laboratory and let my wheels go round.

Now what is the position of the man who undertakes fundamental scientific research for a publicly supported institution? So far as he is a good investigator, he will want to do work which interests him and gives him pleasure. He will be permitted more leeway in state work than in industry. He will have a problem or project; he will be expected to gather facts, formulate conclusions, and these will be published for the direct or indirect benefit of the general public, depending upon the manner in which they are expressed, and whether further simplification is necessary. Yet, so far as he actually accomplishes what he would like to accomplish, either he himself or someone delegated to the task must present his work to laymen who have economic or political minds, whom we shall hereafter call money-minded men,

whose sympathy must be aroused in order to permit the research and its publication to continue. That means time wasting; it means that research must be penalized; it means loss to the general public and a brake upon the advance of science, but this again is inherent in the very fundamental organization of our social and economic system — a system, let it be understood- admirably adapted no doubt to certain conditions, but not adapted to the end of making knowledge, and the wealth created by knowledge, available to the greatest possible number.

To be specific. A certain group of scientists wished, among other things, to publish a journal which would contain abstracts of work done in all branches of biology. They had to get $100,000 to do this and they had to get it from men who had no slightest idea what fundamental research in biology was all about, much less why it should be published and then republished in convenient abstract form. That fact came out in the first question put to the scientists by their lay benefactors: 'How much do you spend on publishing your results for every one hundred dollars you spend on obtaining them?' No scientist ever thought about the thing that way, so none of them knew the answer. It was useless to stress the great value of having abstracts all over the field of biological research made quickly and regularly available to all research workers everywhere. Money-minded benefactors wanted to know: How many dollars do you usually spend in printing results for each one hundred dollars you spend in obtaining them — that is, on laboratories, equipment, materials, and salaries?

The scientists investigated. The answer was: We normally spend one dollar to make public the amount of knowledge it costs us $3333 to procure, and, come to think of it, that is mighty little, is n't it? Just who was at fault here is a pretty question — the money-minded people for letting such a situation continue, or the scientists for refusing to think like money-minded men just long enough to present the problem to them in such a way that even they could understand it. At any rate it seemed to all of them rather ridiculous to spend only a dollar to disseminate information it took over three thousand dollars to procure, and the funds were made available.

III

The spectacle of a scientist attempting to defend fundamental research before a Congressional committee makes very interesting reading, and further illustrates what I have in mind. Yet neither of the parties to the spectacle should be blamed except so far as they are mutually responsible for a situation which manifestly should not continue to exist. The gap between their planes of thought should be bridged — or perhaps someone should bring along a ladder.

The scientist says, for instance, that we need money to investigate this beet disease. A member of the committee remarks that the scientist said the same thing last year and also five years ago, and that each time he got ten thousand dollars. The scientist says it is a long piece of fundamental research. Well, is it near an end? He cannot say. Has he ever ended up a piece of research in his life? In fact, is n't it true that if he ever gets a project started it goes on forever? Well, new problems constantly arise to be subsumed under that project. Then, if he gets the money this time, what does he propose to do? He proposes to study the effect of certain kinds of light in speeding up the growth of beets. And what on earth has that to do with the beet disease?

It has this to do with it: the disease advances rapidly; we must quickly develop a beet variety resistant to the disease in order to save a five-million-dollar industry in a certain section; the light will make beets mature and give seed in six months rather than in two years and thus speed up the hunt for a resistant variety. Then he launches into a discussion of light which rapidly becomes opaque to the committee. Finally the committee chairman says, 'That sounds like the Ten Commandments — very fine, but too impractical. Now, what is the next item?'

But one day in a moment of enlightenment a money-minded man asked a scientist: 'What value does research in your organization bring back per dollar spent?' The scientist did n't know, of course, for scientists habitually ignore such problems as that. But he decided to find out; he decided it might be convincing if he did find out; so he went through several cubic feet of documents and had trained statisticians make some calculations. He discovered that the return per dollar spent on research by the Department of Agriculture, for that happened to be the organization in this case, was five hundred dollars, or 50,000 per cent, which is not bad outside a public-service corporation, and is impressive even to a money-minded man. It was impressive, and brought agricultural research an earned increment of long-delayed respect and appropriations. The incident also demonstrated that it pays, and does not necessarily demean the scientist, to think like a money-minded man occasionally, and thus accomplish by strategy that which he cannot accomplish by matter-of-fact statement.

There is in history the record of a certain research organization which did very fine work, but which habitually lacked funds to print its findings. Year by year facts accumulated in cold storage simply because certain laymen with money minds could not possibly see the importance of disseminating information which it had cost a great deal to procure. That is very natural. Most lay minds are industrialized, and, as I myself found, an industrial executive sometimes actually objects to the quotation, in a scientific article by one of his technicians, of the work of men who are long-since dead and whose publications are actually available to everyone in public libraries. Why? Because he fears the technician may give away some trade or factory secret. While he has spies in every factory similar to his own to send him full information regarding processes developed there, he is somehow insensible to the fact that his competitors have spies in his, and he guards with extreme care the information his men of brains collect. Naturally, when such men become the directors of altruistic scientific foundations, they cannot possibly see the necessity for large funds to make results available in print to everyone; that is not the way of business.

But it is the way of scientists. So, in the case we are describing, the scientists deliberately connived with certain journalists to attack their institute violently in the press as an organization supported by funds set aside for the public good which actually failed to function efficiently simply because it did not rapidly and widely publish its results. These attacks at once drew the attention of industrial men; these men immediately appealed to those in charge of the funds; funds were released for publication, and all was merry once more. But, given the crazy, chaotic social and economic system we now possess, the method taken by the scientists, though a Babbitt method, was the only practicable one.

IV

This system of ours elaborately rewards the men who, by congenital chance, happen to have the kind of brains which enable them to win in a competitive game which requires an ability of a very narrowly limited character, but it does not commensurately reward the men of brains whose product alone makes the entire game possible and the entire fabric existent. This game tends to bore the artist, the man of literature, and the research investigator, in the same way that it would bore a highly trained engineer if he were compelled to play all day with a toy engine, or the average business executive if he were compelled to read only and exclusively the very best literature in the world.

It is not my intention to be supercilious. I speak from experience, as a personal instance will show. When the depression of 1920 (engineered by the great minds who direct our economic system) occurred, I was working as research chemist in a factory. For some reason best known to themselves, the money minds decided not to discharge me but to put me into a small department as production foreman. I had never been a foreman in my life, but I had to become one. I took hold, used common sense and the veriest rudiments of my scientific training, applied certainly not one tenth the mental power I had previously applied to scientific research, and decreased the cost of production in my department by one half. More could easily have been accomplished, but I was called to other fields of endeavor.

Just how was this done? Well, I found that the average foreman or production manager would, when he received a formula from the scientific department, proceed to throw things together before he had read it completely. He would do as seemed right to him, and when the process failed, as it usually did, down the sewer the material went, and a new trial was started. These trials were all on a large scale and they cost money. I, instead, carefully read the formula before I started to make the product, studied it at each step of the process, and, if in grave doubt, tried out a small laboratory lot before I went ahead with a factory batch.

Again, orders came in for chemically pure sucrose. This is common sugar with a college education; it was then selling at about $1.40 a pound with common sugar at 11 cents. The factory manager, being jealous of the scientific departments, decided to make this sucrose himself without consulting research men. He did it by dissolving one hundred pounds of sugar at a time and later crystallizing it out by the use of alcohol. Each time he sent a sample to the analytical laboratory it came back rejected as making a cloudy solution and being more contaminated with dirt than the original sugar he started from. He had thus wasted about five hundred pounds of sugar, plus a great deal of labor, when I entered the factory. I controlled the crystallization with the greatest ease to keep dirt out of the product, and my first lot passed analysis. I next discovered that a certain sugar on the market was chemically pure anyway, so we crushed this, since it was a lump sugar, packaged it, and sold it directly!

These two things were in a way small triumphs to a commercial or money mind; to me they were too silly for words, but I had to make a living. Had I been a true scientist, of course, I would have starved rather than indulge in such antics — but that is my deficiency.

I said I was called to other fields of endeavor. That is not exactly true; I

went to them when the president of the firm informed me that reduction of 50 per cent in costs of production did not really interest him enough to increase my salary, because selling price bore no set relation to cost of production anyway, except that the former was so much above the latter that 50 per cent, or even 100 per cent, savings were more or less immaterial.

V

Let us turn now to what can happen under present circumstances and consider a case or two, in order to show how disorganized our present socio-politico-economic system really is.

Here is a man representing the beet industry. He says that if a single-germed beet could be developed the industry would be saved an enormous amount. The ordinary beet seed sprouts four or five stalks; these have to be painfully thinned down to one (the longest and strongest) by hand. So two scientists set to work on the problem which, if solved, would make beet growing as easy as corn growing. They found about one single-germed seed in five hundred, so they started out by segregating a lot of single-germed seeds. They planted these, and by keeping the line pure they soon had plants which would yield one half single-germed seeds; a little more selection would have solved the problem. Meantime there had been no publicity — and then something happened.

One of the investigators was offered a better position elsewhere and he took it. The second resigned rather than drop the problem, as a certain lay director requested, but he did not take it elsewhere. The beet man who originally suggested the problem died. The seeds were lost, $60,000 was wasted, and to-day the industry is about as far from the single-germed seed as ever. Had these scientists been alert to get their results published, — but many 'pure' scientists somehow often are not, — this waste would have been avoided. Publicity is a money-mind method, but it decidedly has its place in the scheme of things as they are.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether any scientific organization, even in the field of medicine, should entirely lack lay brains and advice. Absolute control by scientists is often disastrous. Perhaps this is because scientists themselves have inevitably become impregnated with the astute acquisitive ideas of money-minded men. In the matter of the beets, of course, publicity was woefully neglected; on the other hand, science itself needs sufficient organization to prevent the permanent sidetracking of important problems so near solution.

Quite recently the chemical director of an important research institute was offered a position as head of a university department. He went to take this new position, leaving, at the end of five years, a ten-year programme of fundamental research in physical chemistry. A great deal had been invested in this programme; the personnel had been very carefully built up, and important results were just beginning to be recorded. But the new chemical director was interested in an altogether different line of work, as he was an organic chemist; he found most of the old personnel and all the old equipment and apparatus useless. He built up a new personnel, put the expensive apparatus in the cellar, and started off on ideas of his own. His ideas were valuable and he was a genius, but science cannot consider itself organized in even a rudimentary way until such expensive disasters as this cease to occur.

A business man or two on the board might help. The National Academy of

Sciences seems to find such assistance from money-minded men invaluable, while the biological institute at Woods Hole, controlling a large endowment, also has a business man Rotarian chairman of its board, the rest all being scientists. On the other hand too many money-minded men will simply wreck science altogether, just as their presence, their ownership, and their ideals have wrecked college and university education in this country. A very, very few of the very best money minds would be enough to put the needed organization into science. I say this because I remember the president of a company who, in my industrial days, came to me every so often to weep quietly about the hundred thousand dollars which, he assured me, went down the sewers of his concern annually. He was probably right. He felt impotent to stop this loss. He probably was. The wastage went on, but profits were so high that it hardly mattered. By this I mean that the returns on knowledge secreted by brains are so high that you can hobble, inhibit, confine, and abuse it, and yet make a great deal of money.

Consider soil as an instance. Soil is fundamental, more fundamental than good roads for pleasure vehicles. We need good roads, of course, to promote agriculture, which again is fundamental. But we do not need miles of roads laid out largely to accommodate endless processions of pleasure vehicles, driven by human automatons with vacuums in their heads, who have been so long debauched by the machine that they feel uncomfortable unless persisting in some meaningless mechanical activity. A soil survey is fundamental. The United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils assures us that such a survey is one of the most valuable things economically imaginable and offers an enormous return on the investment. A detailed soil survey of an average county can be made for less than the cost of one quarter of a mile of state road, and yet so predominant is the money mind in America that it is easy to get the state road and very difficult indeed to get funds for the complete soil surveys we need.

Or, again, Bennett of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils testified in 1929 before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives (money-minded men in the majority — again no discredit to them, things being as they are) that 30,000,000 acres of farm land in the Piedmont Region from New York to Central Alabama had lost the top soil by erosion and that the farmers had to depend on the subsoil. When this washes away, that farm land will be barren and useless. Meantime it requires from four to eight hundred pounds of fertilizer per acre in lieu of a former two hundred pounds. In Fairfield County, South Carolina, 93,000 acres have been destroyed now, and Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and other states tell the same story. The soil often washes away at the rate of forty tons per acre per year. Yet this erosion could easily be prevented. The scientist wanted only $80,000 of government funds to spend on the project; he got $19,000. We spent $274,000,000 on cruisers and $57,000 on the prevention of soil erosion in the same three years. Even the most ardent advocate of cruisers should find this rather disproportionate, but it can easily be seen where money minds stand. The soil-erosion programme did somewhat better later, after a loud prearranged 'ballyhoo' to impress the money minds.

VI

It is said that we spend approximately two hundred million dollars

annually on research in this country. That is a large sum. It is large enough, in fact, to build about five airplane carriers. Our total income is eighty to ninety billion dollars a year. That means that we spend upon research $25 per $10,000 of annual income, which is not so much after all. Of that two hundred millions about twenty millions is devoted to fundamental research in pure science — that is, to the discovery of knowledge and the release of power upon which everything else in our civilization of to-day builds. That means that we spend only $2.50 per $10,000 of income on fundamental research; the remaining $22.50 goes to practical applications — that is, to such abstruse and difficult things as I told about when I mentioned the pure-sugar incident above. These figures are perhaps not exact, but they are relatively correct as given by Professor A. B. Wolfe.

What do they show? They show that the original source from whence all these magic machines of our modern civilization come to us receives comparatively little attention from the money minds. They show further that preaching to the people the value of research can only be effective when the statement is made in plain economic terms of profits and money value. But there is something deeper than that.

The control of the entire machinery of modern civilization remains in the hands of obsolete types of men who were naturally fitted to be leaders in another age. The popularization of science is a futile and largely impotent gesture so long as the fundamental basis of our social structure naturally gives all direction and power to money minds and practically no power, with scant reward, to productive brains. So long as this condition exists scientists must cry plaintively for funds, must pathetically cultivate money-minded men in order to placate them into making very minor investments in brains.

Furthermore, science is penalized and crippled so long as the production of knowledge must be at the behest and under the direction of men who, however honest, sincere, and good at heart, have narrowly limited minds, entirely unable to think about abstract concepts. Hence it is very doubtful whether all the publicity campaigns undertaken by scientists can ever achieve what they want to achieve, so long as they direct their efforts at superficialities and ignore the root of the problem. To inveigh against the money minds is useless. They are what they are, without the slightest conscious desire to be what they have become. To wheedle funds out of such minds by pathetic beggary demeans the men of brains. For the latter to gain some of the power and control which are rightfully theirs can alone solve the problem.

Of course circumstances occasionally put even a scientist in a position of economic power. During 1917 there came to an industry in this country an English chemist at an annual salary of $25,000. Since we were at war with Germany, he was the only man in the world available who had the knowledge to do a specific thing a rich industrial concern wanted done. But such events are rare, and they are both accidental and incidental. Even when, in the same year, I went to industry as a research chemist at one tenth that salary, I got a stipend relatively so good, for a beginner, because I happened to know more about a certain narrowly limited sphere of organic chemistry than any other man available. When that knowledge had been utilized I became both less valuable and less important to my firm.

Implicit, if not explicit, in our entire ethic and philosophy is obeisance to the money mind. James Truslow Adams was perfectly correct when he declared that we educate people to *do*, not to *be*. The men of brains who dispense knowledge to youth do so under such circumstances that they erect in the students' minds a wall. This wall surrounds the Temple of Money. Against it thought beats in vain, save for inconsiderable moments of beneficent generosity. Thus the men of brains who dispense knowledge erect the very barrier against which the fundamental scientists who discover knowledge have later to thrust themselves in order to get meagre funds for their work. The situation is absurd, but so long as it exists we must expect research to occupy the place in our scheme of things which it occupies at present. No amount of popularization of science can ever be really successful until that wall is demolished and men are respected for what they *are* rather than exclusively for what they do.

VII

We have, then, this situation. The competitive economic system developed at a time when mechanization did not exist, and when success in the system required brains, initiative, and courage. The same qualities were also required at that time to make a good soldier. Science came; it produced knowledge and released power. Scientists enjoyed producing the knowledge and were relatively uninterested in the power released. The best brains gravitated to science as science made the system a thing of chance — depending upon unearned increments, open markets, preëmpted fields, opportune moments, banking and stock-market manipulations, and a certain simple acquisitiveness and astuteness uncomplicated by high mentality or impractical ideals and aspirations. At this time you could be a good soldier with a modicum of brains, initiative, and courage if you had a machine gun. In short, it became too easy to accumulate power and wealth, and mentally talented individuals naturally entered more difficult fields and drew their reward, as they had even when making money, largely from feeling their own machinery in operation.

To-day the old economic system — antiquated, obsolete, anachronistic — still nominally runs things. Centralization increases; production increases; big fortunes increase; skilled workers who are employed (including good scientists) profit more than ever before, but the group of the dispossessed constantly increases. The scientist makes a good living and he has the joy of doing what he wants to do; he is therefore uninclined to be critical of things as they are. Money-minded men succeed better than ever before in history. But the public loses; it loses knowledge, power, and wealth which rightfully belong to it. These things belong to the public both because civilization and wealth are the heritage of humanity to-day, bequeathed to it by humanity of the past, not the gift of one man nor the right of individuals, and because men who have knowledge, which makes power and wealth, have always freely given since the world began, and it is their nature to give. They give to-day — but their gifts are at once fenced in, and only reach the general public after the money-minded men have taken just as large a portion of them as they desire.

The relatively complacent self-satisfaction of the scientist is, therefore, unmerited. The situation exists. If any remedy is needed, it is in the hands of one hundred thousand scientific workers of sorts.

LEGEND

Makers of fables and of verses tell,
And many times have told,
Of an imagined country, free from pain,
From weariness, and death, and cold.
It rises in bright meadows from the swell
Of the wind-darkened sea.
No snow falls there, nor hail,
Nor God's contemptuous phlegm, the autumn rain.
The age-old tree
Is riven by no shrill, disheartening storm,
But always in Hesperian light,
Such as on shores beyond the wind and foam
Brightens across dark waves before the night,
The fabled country stands.
It is the mother of all perfect lands
Shaped by the mind, or sought in ventures far.
It is the image of the wished-for star
Trembling upon the mortal stream.
And whoso has regarded it in dream,
Has seen its clear fields at the end of day,
Must feel his spirit warm with inward tears,
Must bear through all his years
A longing inexpressible, unsought,
But dear as life, with very life inwrought.

Light is the essence of that fabled land,
Light that is ever present through the world,
Changing as winds and waters change,
Blowing through sea-green grasses over bright sand,
And in green caves of breakers curled.
Light, the most vulgar of familiar things,
Light the impalpable and strange,
The swift of foot that through the bright leagues races
And visits clouds and in the wild rose sings.
Often from ranging in the world's broad spaces
The swift feet of the light descend
Upon a shore by dark waves breasted.
Then barns and spires and the rich shapes of trees
Are changed and held immortal and arrested,
And then across the intervening seas
The meadows of the fabled land appear.
He that beholds them thinks of lover and friend,
Of all that he holds dear.
They throb within his pulse, till they and he
And all the world are lost, and what is real
Is only longing without depth or end,
A strong, sad, burning wish that life might be
Secure, and worthy of man's breath,
A light and recompense for death,
Clear as the fields imperishably clear
And shining in the barriers of the sea.

THEODORE MORRISON

AUNT COFFIN'S ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

To a small boy's eyes Aunt Coffin was both fusty and formidable. She was of short speech and small amiability, and she wore a manner of widow's weeds perpetually. She was emphatically what a steamer girl once described to me as 'a black-silk aunt,' but very dowdy silk. It had been impossible to domicile her amid her aging and aged brothers and sisters who lived in dignity up at the family farm, so she boarded below in the village, as a dreaded pensioner. However, she felt her rights in the homestead to be intact, and from time to time, by way of asserting these rights, she raided the silver basket and even the ice box. Much had to be borne from Aunt Coffin.

But she had, as you choose to put it, her silver lining or her comic relief. She painted. In their teens several ladies of the family had painted flowers or copied landscapes, but Aunt Coffin practised this worldly accomplishment in extreme old age. Shut up in her air-tight room, she composed out of her head the strangest pictures — odd poesies, quite indecent in a woman of her years; and, unpardonable habit in a dependent, she painted expensively, fairly modeling her hills and trees and persons in the pigment. Her paint bill for a season would have gone far toward renewing the fusty widow's weeds. But Aunt Coffin, caring everything for the appearance of her pictures, cared just nothing for her own appearance — hence was an eyesore to her neat and godly sisters at Maple Green, up on the hill. As for her painting, it was the family joke. In rare expansive moments she bestowed a well-loaded canvas on some kinsman or kinswoman. After a reasonable delay, it joined the foot warmers and spinning wheels in the attic. But Aunt Coffin depended in no way on appreciation. She painted on until she died in the late eighties. For a few years she remained a grotesque family legend, and then she and her art were forgotten. All this was some fifty years ago.

But not entirely forgotten. In too rare visits to the haunted farm on the hill, I found myself paradoxically remembering outcast Aunt Coffin. What was this art of hers for which she had cared so deeply? Was it after all so ridiculous? One would like to see. So while the *œuvre* of Aunt Coffin is, I fear, hopelessly scattered and much of it probably even destroyed, I have managed to recover three examples of her painting, and I think them worth a few words of description and appreciation.

The first is an unpretentious little picture. A very blue stream swings across and up the canvas from right to left, broadening to the point where the sails of a heavy sloop cut the horizon. The lower sky is flushed, and there are stray rosy clouds in the blue upper sky. The curve of the stream is balanced by the thrust of a brown road which passes from the left to the strand near the centre, where a skiff is shoving off. Touches of sharp red in the bodices of two women passengers carry forward the note asserted more moderately in

the clouds and the pennon of the sloop. There is a great tree with its green beginning to rust to autumnal brown on the left bank, while on the right bank a coppice of such trees cuts impressively into the sky, shadowing two settlers' houses such as Aunt Coffin could see along her village street. The whole effect is very simple and emphatic, with something of a more colorful Ryder in its suggestion.

Since Aunt Coffin never signed her pictures, nor, as they are most recognizable, needed to sign them, a review of her mannerisms may be useful to the amateur of her art. It should be admitted that the generalization is made from three pictures, but memory of the many I saw in childhood makes me confident that the analysis will apply to the work as a whole. In a good and authentic Aunt Coffin a very blue river should occupy the middle space; the lower sky should be rosy and should be reflected in the upper stretch of the stream; there should be tiny floating clouds high up; all greens of grass or foliage should be heavily loaded, apparently squeezed straight from the tube, and much dosed with warm browns and even reds to gain brilliancy. In or near the foreground there should be a fine tree, of maple sort, whose densely fronded top bulges monumentally before the sky, rising to the top of the canvas. The difficult motive of sky seen through foliage is always capitally managed. Skiffs of a punt-like sort are to be expected.

Let us consider a more ambitious Aunt Coffin. The central blue stream is reduced to a bend caught between a bank on which there is a ruin — a glorification of a derelict factory chimney — and a grove where beside a blasted tree graze a white buck and doe. The still water is full of reflections of a skiff, a sailboat, and the farther bank. On the bank beyond is a porticoed and domed structure like the Pantheon, though I fancy it may rather be an excerpt from the Boston State House. From the temple a path follows the river, while two lovers follow the path. Higher, there is a misty hill bearing a castle, — or is it a glorified summer hotel? — which catches the roseate glow from the lower sky. The romance is all carried off, and he whole thing has odd but real affinities with such a masterpiece as Ryder's 'Temple of the Mind.'

I adore Aunt Coffin in this unabashed vein of romantic escape from the fustiness of her person and setting and from the superior respectability of her brothers and sisters up at the farm, but I think she is really more impressive when her eye is at least approximately on the object, and I present as her masterpiece a picture which rests solidly on memories of the Connecticut Valley, only a short ten miles away. Seldom enough Aunt Coffin saw this lovely river vale, for her pittance did not run to livery expenses, while she herself was too unlovely a companion to be welcome in the family carryall. Still she had caught the feel and look of the gentle stream as it turns about the foot of some little mountain, and the picture which she painted in her air-tight room has the real truth of the matter. The blue stream is a chevron ending in reflected rose, with a distant blue mountain hanging between rose of river and sky. This is seen through a tangle where a fallen yellow maple is held slantingly by two crimson sugar maples. Dull, conical spruces set off the brilliant hues and rounded forms of the maples from the background. A cliff occupies the river bend at the centre. I see in it a sublimation of Sugar Loaf, opposite Sunderland. Two of the usual skiffs are on the nearer, blue reach of the river. At the right a cloaked rider on a white horse quietly

drives two tranquil oxen out of the picture. The beasts are realized with a Blake-like simplicity. The whole composition is large in scale and of a sombre gorgeousness in color.

The red maples glow incandescently from within; the half-fallen yellow maple sings splendidly. Again plenty of paint is the expedient. But it is the right paint, at the right spot, in the right intensity and relations. In short, while it looks easy, I feel that anyone who thought he could do it by simply getting gay with the tubes of vermilion and chrome yellow would be in trouble. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Aunt Coffin is the only American painter who has really done our autumn foliage. The rest think of it as a color; she thought of it as a conflagration.

I forgot to say at the outset that Aunt Coffin's baptismal name was Wealthy; that her husband, who soon left her for a better world, was a local poet; and that a daughter achieved within a short life a certain literary accomplishment. Whatever capacity for the arts lay in the family up at the farm was all canalized in Aunt Coffin's direction. She was born in 1800 and died in 1887. Ryder was just beginning to emerge, and nobody had heard of Rousseau le Douanier. There were no models for Aunt Coffin's style. It simply shaped itself in homemade fashion as she puttered masterfully in her airtight room. My friends Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More were undergraduates in Aunt Coffin's last years. So she never had the good chance to know the perils of the romantic escape she was practising. I dare say she would have been surprised to be told either that she must or that she must not express her soul freely. She did n't think in such terms. They could n't stand her on the farm, and she loved to paint. Could she prophetically have read the books of my friends, she might have felt the duty to tidy up, cheer up, and come to an agreement with the brothers and sisters at Maple Green. This, I agree, would have evinced a superior morality on her part, but I am sure that neither she nor they would have had so good a time. They, after all, liked her quaint and at a distance, and she willingly accepted a situation that fitted in nicely with her painting.

As an ironical afterthought to a serious essay — if I could assemble thirty or forty pictures by Aunt Coffin, I would guarantee a cult and the posthumous justification of her Christian name, Wealthy. The sort of art she represented is no longer ridiculous, and of course it was n't ridiculous at the time. I could wish for Aunt Coffin theoretically possible triumphs in the auction room, if only to perturb in their celestial seats the benignly condescending shades from hilltop Maple Green.

DEATH SONG

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

Miss Sarah Boggs sat in her small bedroom in the home of three-times-removed Cousin Caleb Hicks in Stilton, Massachusetts, staring raptly at her favorite picture: an exhausted, drooping Indian on an exhausted, drooping horse standing at the edge of nothingness. Miss Boggs was going there! Actually! To 'the end of the trail'!

Of course, the end of the trail, Miss Boggs knew, was not really the jumping-off sort of place the artist represented it to be in the picture; that was merely a symbol. No, the end of the trail was the far-off reservations to which the Indians had been pushed and pushed until they could be pushed no farther. Miss Boggs knew all about that old business, for she always had been interested in the Indians, and belonged to societies for their defense and the protection of their rights, and read articles about them in the magazines, and went to lectures by ladies and gentlemen — but mostly ladies — who sometimes wept over their woes. Miss Boggs 'just loved' the Indians.

She read her appointment to the position of clerk at the Fort Stanton Indian Agency for the eleventh time since receiving it that morning. Then she went and bought a trunk — 'Not expensive, please, and not very large.'

Bigmeat, she decided the moment she got off the train, was just about the same size as her own little village of Stilton in Massachusetts, but very different.

'The agency is forty-five miles away,' the station agent informed her, 'and you take the stage over there in front of the hotel.'

Miss Sarah Boggs was not only at the end of the trail, in the land of the Dakotas and of sky-blue waters, but she was also about to ride on a stage! And just then, as if all this were not enough, she saw two Indians leaning against the station! They did n't wear any blankets or feathers, and their hair was short, but something told her they were Indians. She caught her breath and fluttered over to them. 'I've come to live with you,' she told them happily. 'I'm going to live right on your reservation!'

The Indians looked at her, then at the train which was just pulling out.

'I know you don't speak English. But I'm going to learn your language,' she promised, 'and then you can talk to me. We're going to be such good friends!' And, smiling and waving, she fluttered away toward the hotel and the stage.

'What's matter with her?' one of the Indians mumbled.

'Kinda nutty, I guess,' mumbled the other.

The stage turned out to be a panting, rusty-looking old automobile without a top, and Miss Boggs had her first disappointment.

Her bag thumped down on a lot of tools in the back of the car; the driver inserted himself into the seat beside her. 'All right, sister?' And without waiting for an answer, 'Here we go!'

The sudden leap of the car almost dislocated her neck. She was just recovering and beginning to worry about her trunk when they reached the top of the first hill. She forgot both her trunk and her neck to marvel. She had never seen so much air! In fact, there was nothing else. Just air. Everywhere. And the hill on the crest of which they were driving was higher than any of the other hills, so that they could look off to limitless distances in all directions and see more air. There were no trees, no houses — just the hills and the air. . . .

II

'You were at dinner and you all heard her. Is n't she the little reformer, though!' said Dotty Little Elk, the stenographer, on returning to the office after luncheon. 'I bet I win the pool.'

'Le's see,' said Bill Thomas, the property clerk, taking an envelope from a drawer in his desk, and from the envelope five slips of paper and five quarters. He read the five slips and announced that he guessed Miss Little Elk had won all right, whereupon the other clerks gathered about him to verify his report. 'Will she be tall or short?' they read, and, in Miss Little Elk's handwriting, 'Neither.' 'Will she be thin or fat?' 'Thin, of course.' 'Will she be dark or fair?' 'Just plain sallow.' 'Will she like Indian things?' 'She'll buy them all.' 'What will be her favorite expression?' 'I just love the Indians.' 'Will she want to reform the Indian Service?' 'Oh, my, yes! And may the Lord help us.'

The five questionnaires having been compared, it was agreed that Miss Little Elk's had more answers which correctly applied to Miss Boggs than any of the others, and she was officially pronounced the winner of the pool.

'The next time a new employee comes and we play this game,' said Bill Thomas, handing Miss Little Elk the five quarters, 'we'll add another question to our list.'

'And what will that be?'

'"Will he or she be the kind that lose their perspective?" You know, the way some of 'em do. They come out West here and go nutty over the Indians, and then they lose their perspective, and first thing you know they think an Indian's as good as a white man. Or better, maybe. You can tell 'em and tell 'em, but they just can't see it. They forget, or something, and the women get all excited about the noble red man and think they're romantic and picturesque, and the first thing you know, especially if they come from the East, one of 'em ups and marries some big Indian buck and —'

'Now, now, Bill, better pause to get your breath. And what do you think I am, a Swede? Talking like that before me!'

'Oh, gee, excuse me, Miss Little Elk. I forgot — I mean —'

'That's all right, Paleface. And don't worry about Miss Boggs's perspective. She could n't lose it any more'n she could lose her mind. She has n't any.'

III

Miss Boggs's trunk having arrived, she unpacked 'The End of the Trail,' and hung it up. Then she bought an Indian blanket for her bed and another for her floor. As soon as her first month was up and she had paid her board at the mess, and sent twenty-five dollars to Cousin Caleb as first payment on the sum he had advanced her for her course at a business school, she went out and bought all the beaded bags and willow baskets, bows and arrows, peace pipes and pottery, beaded chains and headbands, which the

remainder of her salary would allow, and hung them all up on her walls.

'Ain't it funny the way they all do that when they first come into the Service?' said Bill Thomas to young Sidney Jeffers. 'Buy all that Indian junk, I mean.'

'Well, you did it too, did n't you? So what are you kicking about?'

But Miss Boggs was very happy, though considerably disconcerted by the lack of that nobility of bearing and solemnity of manner which she had been led to expect in the Indians. Theoretically, the Indians inhabited the small frame houses which the government had ordered built for them; actually, they lived in the tepees which they themselves set up beside the houses. The men generally lounged about the agency or loafed around the trader's store, and the women sat on the ground in front of the tepees and sewed beads and porcupine quills on buckskin while they discoursed, not impressively and with melancholy dignity of the old free days when their people had owned the entire United States and roamed about it at will, but, with much laughter and a sad lack of restraint, of the scandalous escapades and gay *fredaines* of their neighbors, of births and weddings, of the employees at the agency, whom they seemed to consider funnier than anything else they knew of, and sometimes, and for brief and more sober moments, of illness and death. They were, one and all, inveterate gossips. And always, it seemed to Miss Boggs, they laughed, which disturbed her not a little; their business was to be sad.

'We've robbed them of their dignity as well as of their lands,' she thought, and, because she was so very sorry, sat flat on the ground with them, a position which she found uncomfortable in the extreme and which inevitably put her legs to sleep. She took a morbid pleasure in this discomfort. It was her act of humility, the gesture by which she hoped to convey to her friends her repudiation of the works of those members of her own race who had humbled and demeaned them.

Strangely enough, the Indians never referred to their unhappiness (she knew they were unhappy because everyone she had ever heard lecture and every book she had ever read about them said they were) unless she herself brought up the subject. And then, to be sure, the floodgates would open and the torrent of their misfortunes would pour in on her. And, for people who laughed so much, the number and the depth of their afflictions were astonishing. 'Laughing while their hearts break,' she thought, sentimentally.

Best of all she liked to sit beside a camp fire at twilight and listen to the tales the old men unfolded. They had a marvelous gift of narrative, elaborating the simplest story with a wealth of enlivening detail, their hands moving in smooth, graphic gestures as expressive as their words. They wrought for Sarah Boggs enchanting pictures of carts and ponies and travoises marching in endless caravans over endless prairies; of evening camps beside quiet waters, thin smoke ascending from many fires, children playing and dogs barking, muffled drums beating softly the rhythm of a crooning chant; of night and sudden war cries, and the confusion of carts drawn close for ramparts and of trenches being dug for the women and children; of horses neighing in the dark, and the sound of guns; of bows and arrows and scalps; of quiet at last, and dawn, and chiefs on high hills wailing bloodcurdling death songs.

They told her about the battle of Wounded Knee, and of that terrible day at the Little Big Horn, and they

brought to her men who had been scouts under Custer and Sitting Bull. The greatest of them all, they said, was Wanmbidi Sapa (Black Eagle), who had been kept in a white prison for a long time, and who never talked. He was away just then. Some said Sitting Bull was a great warrior, others that Custer was greater, and still others that Sitting Bull had been a coward who had sat in his tepee and made medicine while others fought his battles. They wrangled amiably and without rancor.

Age had dimmed the fire in their eyes and cooled the ardor in their fierce old hearts. The years had conquered where force of arms had failed, and they sat, shrunken and feeble, beside their dying fires, reciting the saga of their tribe; no longer proud, no longer brave; anxious about the piece of pork and the few pounds of flour which the government tossed to them each month, their only reprisal an occasional outburst of futile oratory.

'We've not only taken their land and robbed them of their dignity, but we've killed their pride,' mourned Miss Boggs.

'But what's the use fussing about it?' Mary Wilson, the full-blooded Seneca teacher at the boarding school, would remonstrate.

'The government could give them back their freedom.'

'And what would they do with it? Hunt? My goodness, three fourths of the Indians I know could n't hit the side of a barn with the biggest gun that ever was made. And there is n't any game left, anyway. No, no. Listen, Miss Boggs, the Indians have got to live like white people. There's no other way for them, and the sooner they forget about the buffalo and shooting the enemy, and learn to make a living like civilized men and women, the better for them. I know; I'm an Indian. What good would it do me to sit in a tepee and sew beads? I can sit in a house and sew dresses and make fifty times as much money with half the labor. My mother lived in a tepee, and I want to tell you I'm having a far better time than she ever had, poor thing. My goodness, the way the Indian men used to sit around beating a little drum while the women did all the dirty work! I'd like to see any Indian dishrag me around like that! When I marry it's going to be on a fifty-fifty basis, and if my old man can't see it like that he'll just have to pack up his drum and go.'

'Oh, my dear, they can't all be clever and sensible and practical like you!'

'Why not?'

'But you can sew and cook so marvelously! And you're an exceptionally good teacher. And you're so wise with children. Oh, my dear!'

'I learned all that, and so can they.'

Miss Boggs's next purchase was an 'Indian costume,' a straight slip of buckskin with leggings to match, fringed and decorated with beads and dyed porcupine quills. She did not wear it, but wrapped it up in tissue paper and laid it away with a pair of moccasins she already owned. 'Pretty soon they won't make any more,' she thought sadly; 'they'll lose their art as they have lost everything else.'

She did n't like Mr. Bradley, the superintendent. 'Why?' Mary Wilson asked her.

'I don't know,' she admitted. 'Maybe it's his jokes.'

'You mean you don't understand them?'

'Well — no.'

'You're not missing anything,' said Mary dryly.

'I saw him shake a small boy.'

'Oh, that! The small boy probably needed a shaking.'

'You're so hard, Mary,' complained

Miss Boggs. 'And it's your own people.'

'And you're so soft,' laughed Mary. 'And I don't see you shedding any tears over your own people. Don't they have troubles too? Don't people shake small white boys sometimes?'

IV

One evening Dotty Little Elk dressed herself up in a new frock and went to the trader's store to show herself. But no Indian young men loitered about the store, nor had any white cowboys ridden in from the adjacent ranches to get their mail. The only other public available to a young lady intent upon displaying herself was at the boarding school, but as this was an almost purely feminine public it held no interest for Miss Little Elk. So Dotty went back to her room in the mess building.

The idea of putting away her finery before anyone had had the opportunity of admiring her was too much, however, and she went in to call on Miss Boggs. Having pirouetted before her hostess and been duly felicitated upon her appearance, she sat down in a rocking-chair near a window facing the west. 'My, but this is a poky old hole,' she lamented. 'I wish there was a dance, or a picnic, or something to go to. Gee, we're young only once; what's the sense wasting our time like this? I think I'll ask for a transfer.' Miss Little Elk very seldom thought before she spoke, and even more seldom meant what she said.

'Oh, my dear, don't you like it here?'

'Oh, I dunno. I suppose it's all right. But — I don't like the boss.'

'You poor child,' Miss Boggs condoled, and sighed, 'So many don't. It's very unfortunate.'

'It's different with me,' said Dotty, who liked to appear more interesting than other mortals. 'I've got a reason.'

'Oh,' said Miss Boggs, discreetly.

'I'd like to stick a knife into him,' said Miss Little Elk, cheerfully.

Miss Boggs clasped her hands and gasped, 'Oh, my *dear!*'

Miss Little Elk slid farther down in her chair, dropped her chin, swung one foot moodily. 'I could tell you a few things about that old booze-fighter that would make you sit up and take notice.'

'Oh, Miss Little Elk, do be careful what you say!' begged Miss Boggs.

'Aw, I'm not afraid of that old Bradley. *He's* the one's got to look out for *me.* I'm not afraid of any white man. Ever since they came to this country they've been picking on us Indians, but I'm not the kind to take it. I don't have to take any dirt from any white man. See? Why, I could put old Bradley behind the bars for the rest of his life if I wanted to!'

'Oh, Miss Little Elk, please!' pleaded Miss Boggs, in a horrified whisper.

'Yah, I know all about white men,' drawled Miss Little Elk, 'I know what —'

A distant hair-raising wail interrupted them, sending Miss Boggs's hands flying to her scalp. 'Oh, my God!' she gasped.

'It's my grandfather, old Wanmbidi Sapa,' said Miss Little Elk, in a whisper. 'He's singing the death song.'

'The death — Oh! Oh, my goodness!'

The desolate wailing poured in at the window, and 'Oh, dear!' Miss Boggs whimpered at intervals. 'Oh, dear!'

'See?' whispered Dotty Little Elk, pointing. 'He's up there on the hill, facing the setting sun. He's mourning for my sister.' Miss Boggs stirred in her trance. 'My little sister,' sighed Dotty, reminiscently, and wiped her

eyes. 'Bradley killed her. Yeh! Sure! Well — well, anyway, she died! She was at his school and they sent her home because she was sick, and — well, a little while afterwards she died.'

'But — but what did Mr. Bradley —'

Miss Little Elk leaned forward and whispered, sat back, pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes. Miss Boggs paled. Miss Little Elk thought of something else, darted forward, whispered some more. Miss Boggs grew paler.

'No,' said Miss Boggs after a while, her white lips trembling. 'No. That sort of thing does not happen. Even to Indians. We've done some pretty awful things to your people, but — No, no! We never did that! Never!'

'"He killed me, mamma!" my sister said when she was dying. She meant Bradley. And she died like that, screaming and cursing him something awful,' recited Miss Little Elk glibly. 'I'm telling you because you like Indians. It's all true. Is n't it awful? I was too young to remember. I mean I was away at school, and my mother died soon after, but my aunt told me when I grew up.'

'Oh, my dear! Are you sure? But it can't be true! It's unspeakable!' Miss Boggs gibbered.

'Sure? Of course I'm sure! And my grandfather, Wanmbidi Sapa, knows all about it. That's what he sings about when he's here. He's a pagan, you know, and he thinks my sister is there where the sun sets, and he tells her he's sad, and that he has n't forgotten, and that he'll avenge her death and everything. In the old days he would have killed Bradley, but he's scared now. He was in jail once, and he just could n't stand it.'

'Oh, my dear! Oh, my — Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

'Somebody that knew about it got mad at Bradley one time, and told on him. The people in Washington sent an inspector. But, gee, Bradley's got a pull and you can't do anything to him.'

'A pull?'

'Yah, everybody in the Service's got a pull,' said Dotty, largely, 'and you just can't do anything. Now Bradley wants that big school at Brandon, and I bet you anything he gets it. Over four hundred girls there.' She laughed.

'Oh, don't!' said Miss Boggs, piteously.

A few days later, after much profound reasoning with herself, Miss Boggs wrote to Washington, reported what Dotty Little Elk had told her, and asked for an investigation.

'Oh, my goodness!' Mary Wilson moaned, when she heard of it. 'All on the strength of Dotty Little Elk's word! Oh, Miss Boggs, whatever on earth made you do a thing like that?'

'No Indian would lie to me; they know I have their interests at heart,' said Miss Boggs, with a touch of complacency. 'Moreover, no one, Indian or white, would lie about a thing like that.'

Mary Wilson stared at her incredulously. 'Oh, Miss Boggs, don't you know *anything at all* about Indians?' she said.

An inspector came, inspected, went away. Mr. Bradley went to Washington.

'You're a nice one,' stormed Dotty Little Elk in Miss Boggs's room, 'blabbing all that stuff I told you! Any time I ever tell you anything! You've got me into a nice mess!'

'You don't mean that what you told me is n't true!'

'Of course it's true! But that does n't mean you've got to go and blab it all over. You've just gone and made trouble for everybody, and now Bradley is going to be down on us good

and hard. You'll see! The first thing you know we'll all be out of our jobs. My, but you're foolish!'

Soon after Mr. Bradley's return from Washington another inspector arrived, inspected, warned Miss Boggs to be more careful what she reported in the future, mentioned loyalty, officiousness, malicious interference, libel — and went away.

'Did n't I tell you Bradley had a pull?' scolded Dotty. 'They've whitewashed him, and now we'll all be fired. And it'll be all your fault, too! Now, you just watch!'

Miss Boggs watched. Also she listened to the death song, ate scarcely anything, slept not at all. And everybody held aloof: Miss Boggs was that creature most dreaded by Indian Service employees — a trouble maker.

One evening she climbed the hill where Wanmbidi Sapa stood wailing his grief. She stood beside him, looking straight into the scarlet sun until it had disappeared below the horizon, then she laid her hand on his arm. 'I'm so sorry,' she said.

'How!' said Wanmbidi Sapa, and shook hands with her. 'How! How!'

'I tried to help you,' she faltered.

'How!' said Wanmbidi Sapa, and shook hands with her again. 'How! How!'

'Perhaps,' she ventured, 'if you — perhaps if you went to Washington —'

He gave her a frightened look, nervously tucked his cane under his arm, and scurried down the other side of the hill.

'Don't you think,' practical, sane Mary Wilson said to her, 'that you had better ask for a transfer? You see, your six months of probation are not up yet, and Mr. Bradley is pretty sure to recommend your dismissal. My heavens! Who would n't?'

'You think they'll dismiss me?'

'I don't know, but you certainly deserve something. A transfer, at least. Now, by asking for it yourself —'

'I'd save my pride! Well, I have n't any pride where my poor friends, the Indians, are concerned. Moreover, if I left there would be no one here to oppose Mr. Bradley's appointment to Brandon.'

Mary Wilson stared. 'You don't mean you're going to keep on fighting that?'

'Why, of course!' said Miss Boggs, naïvely.

'Well,' said Mary Wilson, after a while, 'I wish Mr. Bradley had killed Dotty Little Elk instead of Susan.'

'Oh, then he did kill her!'

'I don't know a thing about it, and I don't want to,' said Mary firmly. 'No matter what the truth of the case may be, there will never be but one outcome: anyone connected with it will get fired. I need my job. And Dotty Little Elk has always been a liar. So what's the use?'

'Oh, Mary,' sighed Miss Boggs, 'your own people! Your own long-suffering, oppressed people!'

'Well, if we mix in this thing,' said Mary, 'we'll all be oppressed, and that without relieving the pressure on "your friends, the Indians."' She lowered her voice persuasively: 'Listen, Miss Boggs, be nice and sensible and write to Washington and ask them for a transfer; then begin all over again. I mean sit tight until you know more about Indians and Indian affairs. Ask the Indian Office to send you to the Southwest; you'll like it there — the Indians are so much more downhearted than they are up here.'

'I will not,' said Miss Boggs, with crisp finality. Her soft mouth was a thin, hard line; sharp points gleamed in her mild brown eyes. Mary Wilson was dumbfounded. The idea of meek, harmless little Miss Sarah Boggs looking like that!

V

A few days later Mr. Bradley instructed Bill Thomas to make a complete inventory of the property and to prepare the necessary transfer papers for a new superintendent. 'I've accepted a transfer to Brandon, and I'll be leaving on the fifth of next month,' he said.

Miss Boggs felt something cold stir in the pit of her stomach; her scalp prickled, and a queer numbness was spreading all through her body. So that was the way the government looked after its Indian wards! Presently she went to her room and threw herself on the bed, sick and shivering with rage.

Miss Boggs could not get her mind off the girls who were laughing and dancing and idling away their vacation on the care-free reservation. 'And when the time comes for them to go to school again we'll all sit safely aside, with our eyes on our little jobs, and allow them to go back to — what?'

'Oh, stop being so foolish,' Mary Wilson reproved her, impatiently. 'The government schools are all right. And I think I ought to know — I spent sixteen years in them. They have weaknesses, — what institution has not? — but in the end they do a great deal of good. They are the best thing the Indians have. I, myself, owe them everything I've got. The best friends I ever had I found there. You don't understand, Miss Boggs; the Indian Service is just like any other place in the world — it has its good people and its bad people. Now don't do anything to keep an Indian girl from going away to school; you'd be doing her a great wrong.'

'Ah, Mary,' sighed Miss Boggs, 'you've lived among white people for so long that all your sympathies are with them.'

'I'm an Indian,' said Mary, warmly, 'and I love my people. But that does not keep me from wanting to be fair, or from being loyal and grateful to my white friends.'

'Mr. Bradley is going to be the superintendent at Brandon; if you had a young sister, would you let her go there?'

'Any government school is safe for Indian children,' said Mary evasively. 'Because one man fails — Mind you, I don't say Mr. Bradley did! I don't know a thing against him except what Dotty Little Elk has been telling you. But, even if he had, that would be no reason for condemning the entire school system. It's as if you were to lift a sentence from its context in a book, then hold it up as representing the meaning of the entire volume. It is n't fair! And will you tell me what Bradley is hanging around Dotty so much for if — Now I'm talking too much,' said Mary in disgust, and rose.

'Dotty *despises* Mr. Bradley!' said Miss Boggs, indignantly. 'I'm surprised at you, Mary, that you should insinuate —'

'It's going to be a nice mess, I can see that,' said Mary, and went home.

Mr. Lancy arrived. The Indians were used to inspectors. Cats, they called them. But this was Inmutanka, the Big Cat. In fact, it was the biggest cat of all, the chief of the Inspection Division, no less. The Indians flocked to the hills east of the agency, hundreds of tepees went up, and an even greater number of complaints were quickly memorized. Miss Boggs retired to her room, laid her head on her arms, and wept with relief: she was to have the opportunity of laying the facts before the chief of all the inspectors himself!

Without warning, her door opened, and Wanmbidi Sapa stepped into her room. He went to her bed, untied the knots in a dingy square of flour sacking,

and from it lifted a beaded object which he laid in her lap.

'How much?' she asked, automatically. But the old man already was on his way to the door. '*Mazaska tona?*' she said, in Sioux. He shook his head, 'No. No, no.' He laid his hand on her shoulder, squinting at her with wrinkled old eyes. 'My frien'. How!' Then he went out.

Miss Boggs examined her gift — a beaded belt of unusually fine workmanship, and attached to it a sheath in which was thrust an old knife with a buffalo horn crudely inlaid with silver for a handle, a band of silver with pendants of beads and small red feathers circling it where it joined the blade. She shuddered at its razorlike edge, reminded of the grisly uses it must have been put to in the days when its owner had followed the warpath; shuddered again at the idea of possible sinister significance in the tribute. Disturbed and fearful, she laid it away with her buckskin dress and her moccasins.

Mr. Lancy arrived at noon, announced he would leave that evening, made a speech to the Indians assembled to greet him, and late that afternoon received Miss Boggs in audience.

In broad daylight, and with a pair of flat, fishy eyes looking straight into hers, the story was harder to tell than she had imagined. It sounded horribly exaggerated, unbelievable even.

Mr. Lancy waited for several moments after she had ceased speaking, then asked, 'Do you believe that?'

'I have no choice. What I have told you is according to the facts.'

'And do you think that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would overlook a thing like that if it were at all possible that it might be true?'

'But —' Miss Boggs flushed hotly, then went on resolutely — '*has* the Commissioner heard of it?'

'M'm,' said Mr. Lancy, and rubbed his nose. 'I suppose it has never occurred to you that your friend Miss Little Elk might be a liar.'

Miss Boggs's face grew even redder, with anger this time. '"Liar"! Your attitude toward the Indians is revealed in that word. You would not use it in connection with a white woman. Now would you? Miss Little Elk gave me her word that what she told me was true. Her story can be substantiated.'

Mr. Lancy looked at his watch resignedly, sat back. 'There is a type of Indian woman,' he said, in a low, dispassionate voice, 'that is emotional. Oh, yes, Indians are emotional, and don't you forget it. And these women like to dramatize themselves. Generally they are mixed-bloods, more white trash than Indian. Miss Little Elk belongs to that class, and so did her sister Susan before her. Susan was no better than she should have been. And so Mr. Bradley, who was an Indian agent then, had to send her home. Resentful and hysterical and dying, she slipped into high drama.' He sighed stertorously. 'They don't do it consciously, really, but — well, the opportunity presents itself and — well, they just can't resist the chance of appearing different and interesting. And that's what your little friend was doing when she disclosed her terrible secret to you. You'll find women and girls like that on every reservation and in every boarding school, and in one way or another they usually succeed in making a darned nuisance of themselves.'

'Miss Little Elk was not hysterical or excited or anything when she was talking to me that night. She was as sane and quiet and composed as —'

'As I am. Yes. Until she fainted.'

'Well, the poor child —'

'And you sat up half the night hold-

ing her hand and stroking her forehead. You certainly gave her a treat, Miss Boggs.' He rose. 'We sent the best men we had to investigate this case, and they reported that your charges were without foundation. And that's the report that was sent to the Commissioner.'

'It would be a very simple matter to keep a report from *reaching* the Commissioner.'

'Not unless *I* chose to hold it back myself,' said Mr. Lancy, softly. The interview was ended.

VI

Miss Boggs did not go down to supper. Later she walked up the hill where the Indians were dancing. The camp was in disorder, untidy with the preparations for the evening meal. Drums beat and voices shrilled. Within a circular enclosure bound by a rope the women shuffled round and round, huddling shoulder to shoulder, their eyes on the ground, chanting nasally.

In the centre of the circle the men danced. Their faces were painted in grotesque patterns; long war bonnets trailed behind them; beads, strings of small mirrors, brass-headed nails, glinted in the sun as they dipped and writhed and whirled, tossing their feathered heads and uttering piercing war cries; tomahawks threatened aloft, bows bent, and flint-headed arrows pointed to the skies; ribbons, tufts of colored feathers, fluttered in the wind; sleigh bells, twined about the dancers' ankles, jingled; sweat poured down the painted faces, stained the cotton union suits.

'A war dance, indeed! Tomahawks, deadly arrows, war cries — and baby-blue union suits! The poor things don't even dare take off their underwear without an order from the government!' thought Miss Boggs, her very soul bowed in shame for their dishonor. 'We've taken everything they had! Their land, their freedom, their courage, their pride, and their dignity! And we're not satisfied! We want to destroy their children!'

She could n't bear it, and she went stumbling down the steep hillside to the agency. There was no one in the office but a new policeman, Joe Clark, who was sweeping. His revolver lay on one of the desks. She eyed it nervously. 'Do you have to wear that?' she asked.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Joe importantly, 'it is the rules and the regulations.'

'At what time will Mr. Lancy be leaving? Do you know?'

'Eight o'clock. Mr. Bradley, he's goin' to take him. Mr. Bradley told me to get this cleaning done early because him an' Mr. Lancy they're goin' to have a talk here before they go.'

Miss Boggs went back to her room. She had n't eaten anything all day, and the odors at the camp had made her sick: meat cooking, singed hair, sweat, beef drying in the sun, dust, kinnikinnic. She took a bath and tried to lie down. But her heart was pounding at furious speed and her eyelids twitched and quivered unbearably. She got up and began to dress. For a long time she stood before her mirror, thinking. Presently she took her buckskin dress from its layers of tissue paper, slipped it on over her undergarments, drew on the leggings, put on the moccasins, braided her hair in two braids over her shoulders, fastened a beaded band around her head, looped strings of beads around her neck, and gingerly adjusted Wanmbidi Sapa's belt and knife about her waist.

'M'm,' said Mr. Lancy, to himself, when he saw her coming. 'So that's the kind of trouble maker she is.'

'The Indians,' said Miss Boggs to the flat gray eyes before her, 'have no one to speak for them. Their braves are all scared to death. So I've come — as one of them. I've come as an Indian to plead for the Indians. Not for justice, — there is no justice for them, — but for mercy. For mercy for their children.'

'Miss Boggs,' said Mr. Lancy, interrupting unconditionally, 'you are a very tactless person; a very indiscreet, very foolish, very reckless young woman. You are making yourself ridiculous. You know nothing about Indians. You come here with a lot of half-baked notions which you have acquired from an assortment of sentimental and mawkish people, and you try to tell us how to run the Indian Bureau. Well, I for one will not listen to any more of your nonsense. You already have taken up more of our time than any fifty average normal employees would ordinarily receive, or ask for.'

Miss Boggs did not walk to the end of the porch that faced the west, but floated there, it seemed to her, the floor accommodatingly rising gently to meet her feet at every step.

The sky was lurid flame, bordered with lemon-yellow and slashed with purple and green. Lined up in neat scallops against the debauched horizon were the dark smooth hills, as incredible as the sky in their amateurish symmetry. And never had the spaces about her seemed so vast.

Bent, shrunken old Wanmbidi Sapa was climbing the nearest hill, hastening with short, nervous steps to his weird rendezvous at the top. A cowed and frightened old man, and a song! It embodied all that remained of courage in a tribe that once had been marked for its bravery — and that man inside, asking her to believe that white men wanted to be kind! Could anyone be such a fool as to believe that this once dauntless, fierce, proud race had been reduced to sniveling recreancy by kindly and wise and fair-minded procedure? Oh, that man Lancy, with his flat round eyes like a fish! As long as he was there, no Commissioner would ever see any report that held the true facts in this case. His was a political appointment; he owed many things to many men.

Near by someone giggled. She leaned forward, peered around the corner of the building. It was Dotty Little Elk. And with her was Superintendent Bradley.

Miss Boggs leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. On one hill drums beat monotonously, idiotic sleigh bells jingled, high falsetto voices rose and fell. On another hill Wanmbidi Sapa wailed his song of death. At her elbow Dotty Little Elk giggled obscenely. It was a mad world!

Joe Clark was behind a desk dusting a chair when Mr. Lancy sauntered in. Mr. Lancy picked up the revolver, laid it down again, and carefully set his watch by the office clock.

Miss Boggs came in. When she was a few feet from Mr. Lancy she raised her hand. He saw that she carried a knife, and her eyes were queer — a dull, opaque black with a red glow playing over their surface. Her mouth was twisted, gray-white, the lower lip caught at one corner between her teeth. Mr. Lancy decided that, whatever it was she had in mind, it had gone far enough, and was about to raise his hand to take the knife from her when Joe Clark happened to look over the top of the desk. Aie! The Big Cat was about to be massacred! Valiantly Joe Clark grabbed his gun, unsteadily with both hands, and fired. 'Ah,' Miss Boggs sighed, dropping her knife and leaning on the hand that pressed the bullet hole in her buckskin dress.

VII

The agency employees stood outside the little mission church and talked. 'Mr. Bradley and Dotty Little — Mr. and Mrs. Bradley — were right beside the office when they heard the shot and they —' the laundress was repeating, and the cook cut in with: 'I know. Dotty — Mrs. Bradley says they were on their way to tell Mr. Lancy about their wedding and —'

'They were married at Bigmeat at three o'clock,' the carpenter interrupted, 'but the car broke down on their way back, which made them late.'

'Anyway,' the laundress resumed firmly, 'they were beside the office —' But her firmness was not proof against the baker, who asked, 'But what in the world did she want to go put on that Indian outfit for?'

'Miss Boggs? Oh, she was just queer that way,' said the carpenter, 'and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were just —'

'Imagine Dotty Little Elk married to the superintendent!'

'Well,' the carpenter assured everybody, 'it just proves that all that stuff Miss Boggs was so excited about and made all that trouble over was n't true. See?' He waited, but for once nobody seemed to have anything to say. 'Don't it?' persisted the carpenter. Somebody mumbled, 'W-e-l-l . . .'

'What I want to know is what Miss Boggs was doing in the office at that hour? That's what's never been clear to *me*,' the engineer interposed. But the carpenter knew all about that too: 'Mr. Lancy says she was just standing there, talking to him and showing him her costume —'

'When all at once that silly Joe Clark's gun went off,' the cook finished for him.

'I always said Joe Clark was too nervous to be a policeman,' said the dairyman.

'I guess Miss Boggs meant well, all right,' said the baker charitably, 'but — Well, she *was* a trouble maker.'

'Yah. Dotty Lit — I mean Mrs. Bradley says she never told her anything. Mrs. Bradley says she can't imagine where Miss Boggs got all that stuff.'

'I often wondered where she got it,' said Bill Thomas.

'Has any of her folks been heard from yet?' the seamstress asked.

'Naw. I bet we never do hear from 'em,' said the all-wise carpenter. 'I bet she was wild like that and a trouble maker even back there when she lived at home in the East, and I —'

'No,' said Bill Thomas, ponderously, 'no, I don't think she was so wild, only — Well, I'll tell you, she just lost her perspective.'

The cook screwed up her face and cocked one ear. 'Her what?'

Sidney Jeffers fled to the other side of the church, and there came upon Mary Wilson, sitting on a rock all alone.

'Mary,' he begged, 'what in heaven's name is it all about? Dotty married to Bradley and — Lord, Mary, what does it mean?' Mary continued to look sullenly at nothing. 'She's married to him. Then — was she lying, Mary? Lord, what a nasty little beast she is, any way you look at it!'

'She's nastier than you think, and he — I wish you'd go way!' said Mary angrily.

'If Dotty lied, then what the devil has old Black Eagle been singing about all this time up there on his hill?'

'Black Eagle is childish,' said Mary, who seemed to be quoting, in a voice as stony as the rock on which she sat, 'and he likes to sing.'

Sidney Jeffers looked at her blankly, then went into the church. Mary Wilson followed him inside.

The coffin, of rude boards, stood on

two sawhorses, looking cheap and garish in the raw light. Wanmbidi Sapa was sitting on the end of a bench near the foot of the coffin, and Sidney Jeffers touched him on the shoulder. 'I'm going to take the body back to her home,' he said. Wanmbidi Sapa did not seem to have heard him. Suddenly Mary Wilson spoke: 'You go too, Black Eagle?'

Tears spurted from the old Indian's eyes. 'How!' he said, and went and shook hands with Mary Wilson. 'How! How!'

'I suppose,' Sidney Jeffers said resentfully, 'he cries for the same reason that he sings — because he likes to.'

Mary Wilson's eyes were overflowing. Sidney Jeffers sat down on a bench and clutched at his distracted head.

'My frien'!' wailed Wanmbidi Sapa, patting the coffin and weeping extravagantly. 'My frien'! My frien'!'

THE CITIZENSHIP OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY JOHN L. CABLE

I

THE famous trial of Susan B. Anthony stands out as the decisive legal battle which sped the day of equal suffrage. She was convicted of knowingly voting for a representative in Congress without having the right to vote. There followed a half century of incessant and untiring labor by women leaders, and their efforts found fruition in the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, giving women equal rights of suffrage.

Public attention was then focused on the nationality rights of women in the United States. At that time the American woman who married an alien lost her right to vote and to hold office, even though she continued to live in the United States. Furthermore, the laws of some states prevented her from serving in an official appointive capacity, from teaching in the public schools, from practising law or medicine, and from carrying on many of the other vocations of life.

An alien woman at that time became an American citizen only by the consent of and through the naturalization of her alien husband, and in case her husband refused to become naturalized she could not become a citizen of this country. Again, there was a class of alien women who automatically became American citizens, either by marriage to Americans or by the naturalization of their husbands. The marriage ceremony was a naturalization process which did not give the alien woman an intimate knowledge of our country, its national institutions, ideals, and principles. She was not given the same educational advantages as her husband, who could attend citizenship schools in preparation for the naturalization examination. While her husband was studying in the night schools and her children were learning to speak English in the public schools, the alien woman was entirely neglected. If her husband's knowledge was not sufficient to pass

the examination, she also was denied the right to become naturalized. If her husband's petition was granted, she thereby automatically became a citizen, without being required to qualify as such, and without being required to renounce her allegiance and fidelity to her former State and to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Such was the citizenship status of women in America.

It became apparent that the American woman was subjected to undue and unfair hardships. If she married an alien, she acquired the nationality of her husband and lost the right of protection by the United States. (The converse, however, was not true, since the American man who married an alien woman retained his American citizenship and the right of protection by the United States, even though he went to reside in the country of his wife's nativity.)

The alien woman was in an equally unfortunate position, for her citizenship status was likewise entirely dependent upon that of her husband.

Out of this situation grew the need of independent citizenship for women, which was the next logical step in the general movement for equal rights. The woman's privilege of making a choice of nationality should be equal to that of the man. Expatriation should be voluntary. The marriage ceremony should not determine citizenship status.

II

The principle of equal citizenship for women came before Congress pledged by the platforms of both major political parties. As a member of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, I introduced a bill which conformed with these pledges, and received the support not only of Congress, but also of the leading women's organizations in the country. The bill passed both houses of Congress and was enacted into law as the Act of September 22, 1922.

That the proposition of independent citizenship for women in America, promulgated by the Act of 1922, is not a new one is readily shown by a brief review of the history of nationality laws in the United States.

In 1830 the Supreme Court held that the marriage of an American woman to an alien did not alone denationalize her.

In 1925 Secretary of State Hughes ruled that Mrs. Lewis Gehring Marshall, who was born in Cleveland, Ohio, who had married a British subject before the passage of the Expatriation Act of 1907, and who had continued to reside in the United States, did not lose her American citizenship status, and was entitled to have a passport issued by the Department of State. The Act of 1907, referred to by Mr. Hughes, provided, in substance, that when an American woman married an alien she ceased to be an American citizen.

The courts were in confusion on the question of whether the marriage of an American woman to an alien changed her nationality to that of her husband. While a majority of the courts held that the American woman lost her citizenship by marriage to an alien, there was no provision whatever for her resumption of that citizenship upon termination of her marital status. It was not until the Act of 1907 that such resumption was permitted by meeting certain prescribed regulations, upon the termination of the marital status. That law also provided that the American woman who married an alien should take the nationality of her husband.

The principle of independent citizenship for alien women found at least a

partial legislative expression in the Act of 1804. This act stated that when an alien had taken out his first papers, and then died before the naturalization process was completed, his wife and minor children should nevertheless be considered citizens of the United States and should be entitled to all rights and privileges of such, upon taking, in their own right, the oaths prescribed in the act.

Congress did not provide by law until 1855 that any alien woman who was then married, or should afterward be married, to an American citizen should be deemed and taken to be a citizen of the United States.

These laws determining citizenship, expatriation, and protection abroad remained in effect until Congress in 1922 passed legislation granting independent citizenship to women.

III

The Act of September 22, 1922, was particularly designed to give the citizenship of American women the dignity and individuality which had been the exclusive attribute of male citizenship. There was merit in the argument that a woman should have as much right as a man to determine the country of her choice, and it seemed unreasonable to deprive a married woman of the protection of the United States because of her marriage to an alien. Still another reason for sponsoring the bill which became the Act of 1922 was to make it possible for the alien wife of an alien husband to become naturalized separately and apart from the naturalization of her husband. Alien women would have to be educated in order to qualify for naturalization, which was advantageous both from the standpoint of their own interests and in view of the benefits that would accrue to the country at large.

By the terms of the Act of 1922, when an American girl marries an alien she may either retain her citizenship or take that of her husband. Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt preserved her citizenship rights after her marriage to Sir John Cecil. On the other hand, the daughter of Marshall Field, Jr., relinquished her rights of citizenship in the United States by making a formal renouncement before the Federal Court of Chicago in accordance with the terms of the act; and, by the laws of Great Britain, she became a British subject. The new law specifically provides that a woman citizen of the United States shall not cease to be a citizen by reason of her marriage after the passage of the act, unless she shall make a formal renunciation of her citizenship before a court having jurisdiction over the naturalization of aliens.

There is one exception to this privilege of electing to retain or relinquish American citizenship. The law provides that an American woman who marries an alien ineligible for citizenship thereupon loses her own citizenship. In this regard the constructive criticism of Miss Jane Addams is a good one. She writes, 'A curious inconsistency of the Cable Act is that it takes away the birthright of an American-born woman if she marries an ineligible, — that is, a man from a country whose people cannot be made citizens, — although it is precisely under such circumstances that a woman most needs her citizenship.'

Perhaps Miss Addams is right. At any rate, I am expecting to submit to Congress the question of repealing that portion of the act. If it is desirable in some states that American women married to aliens ineligible for citizenship should not have the right to hold property, that is a matter for state laws rather than Federal nationality legislation.

Under the laws of Great Britain, which are typical of those of many States, when a British woman marries an American she loses her British nationality. She may acquire citizenship in the United States by the naturalization process, but during the interim she is sometimes a woman without a country. If otherwise admissible, she may enter the United States independently of her country's quota because she is the wife of an American citizen. If she wishes to travel with her husband, she may use an affidavit in lieu of passport for her traveling papers. This affidavit is generally recognized by all foreign governments.

Mrs. Ernest A. Martin, who had married a German prior to the Act of 1922 and by her marriage had lost her American citizenship, returned to the United States to be naturalized by the shortened process provided in the act, and applicable to American women who had lost their citizenship by marriage. After residing in the United States for the required period of one year, she appeared in court for her examination. She stated that she intended to return to her husband and children in Germany, and for that reason the court refused to naturalize her, holding that her residence here was temporary rather than permanent in character, as required by the act.

I believe that any American woman who has lost her citizenship by marriage to an alien prior to the passage of the act, whether the marital status continues or whether it has been dissolved by death or divorce, should have the privilege of naturalization by establishing temporary residence in the United States and by filing her petition, offering proof of former American citizenship lost by marriage to an alien, and taking the oath of allegiance before a court of competent jurisdiction. Any alien woman, being otherwise qualified, who marries an American citizen or whose husband is naturalized after their marriage should have the privilege of becoming naturalized without being required to file a declaration of intention or to establish proof of permanent residence in the United States. Any other alien woman should continue to have the right of separate naturalization in the regular manner.

When Miss Ruth Bryan married Major R. A. Owen, a British subject, in 1910, she lost her American citizenship, according to the provisions of the Act of 1907. She did not pledge allegiance to a foreign State, nor did she renounce allegiance to the United States, under whose flag she was born, but, as she herself states, 'I became, by reason of my marriage to Major Owen, involuntarily and automatically a British subject.' She resided abroad for some time, and during the war was engaged in Red Cross relief work. Later she returned to the United States with Major Owen. He retained his British nationality, but Mrs. Owen, without the least hesitation, filed her petition for naturalization in a Federal court in Florida, and was by the shortened process of the Act of 1922 restored to the status of one who had never lost her citizenship.

IV

After observing the law in operation for seven years, one might well ask, 'Have the hopes and expectations of those who sponsored the women's independent citizenship act been realized?' It is true, I think, that dignity and individuality have been added to the citizenship status of women. Men and women now enjoy equally the right of assuming whatever nationality they will. The American woman is no longer automatically denationalized by her marriage to an alien and thereby

deprived of the protection of the United States.

One of the most encouraging results of the act, however, has been the improvement in the educational standards of alien women who become citizens of the United States. The records of the Labor Department show that the number of alien women seeking naturalization has increased from 6011 in 1923 to 57,063 in 1929. These women have had to obtain an education in order to become citizens of the United States, and the country has benefited accordingly.

Recently the League of American Citizenship made a public report that the general character of women applicants for citizenship is higher, and the percentage of denials is smaller, than ever before. Incidentally, the League reported that while the number of foreign-born men who apply for naturalization is decreasing, the number of women is increasing steadily.

Miss Jane Addams says, 'One good result the law has produced is that the [alien] women most valiantly prepare themselves for securing their own citizenship papers. All over Chicago the Board of Education arranges afternoon classes for these women.' Similar provisions are made for the education of alien women in all the large cities in the country, and sometimes the educational work is even carried by teachers into the homes.

Of course, it must be realized that any law which affects a large mass of people may at times work hardship. However, it is my belief that if inconvenience, distress, and even suffering have been experienced by reason of the Act of 1922, they have been less serious than the conditions existing prior to its passage. Moreover, they can be obviated by other nations taking the same forward step in granting independent citizenship to their women, rather than by the United States taking a backward step in repealing the act and placing women again in a position subordinate to men. France, Denmark, Norway, and several other countries have recently passed laws providing that their women nationals who marry aliens do not lose their nationality unless they acquire that of their husbands.

A Convention on Nationality has been drafted by Dr. Manley O. Hudson of the Harvard Law School and an executive and advisory committee consisting of the foremost authorities on international law in the United States. This convention has been prepared in anticipation of the First Conference on the Codification of International Law at The Hague, in 1930. How well Congress has builded by the enactment of the independent citizenship law of 1922 is shown by the fact that Article 19 of the Convention recommends the inclusion of a similar statement in the proposed International Code which is to be submitted, for adoption, to all the countries of the world.

This article provides: 'A woman who marries an alien shall, in the absence of a contrary election on her part, retain the nationality which she possessed before marriage, unless she becomes a national of the State of which her husband is a national and establishes or maintains a residence of a permanent character in the territory of the State.'

BOCCACCIO AND HIS 'DECAMERON'[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

THE love which Dante so magisterially celebrated and to which Boccaccio was paying his faltering tribute in the *Ameto* was the mother, not of religion, but of culture. Christianity had turned the barbarian animal into one kind of man; romantic love was equally capable of turning him into another, and it was a perception of this fact which Boccaccio was expressing in his allegory of love, the civilizer of the new man. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that he himself was aware of the utter disharmony of the *Ameto* and of the fact that that disharmony must somehow be resolved, for in his next work, *L'Amorosa Visione*, he strives to effect some sort of compromise with the theology of Dante which would leave him free to celebrate that earthly love which he was by no means ready to abandon for the love of God.

Here the form is once more that of an allegory, and the allegory is again borrowed from Dante. Like the master whom he had so inappropriately chosen, Boccaccio, too, finds himself lost somewhere near the midway of this mortal life and with an artistic soul to save. Thinking of Fiammetta and his love for her, he falls into a sweet sleep, and to him, as to Dante, there appears in a vision a guide. Offering to lead him to his eternal salvation, she points to an imposing but forbidding castle, and though at first there seems no entrance, she indicates at last a tiny door, narrow and low, which leads to a difficult stair. Over this door is written: 'Entrance to Eternal Life.' But Boccaccio turns to the right, where another door, wide and high, bears the following inscription: 'Riches, honor, treasures, earthly glory, these are that which I give to those who enter me, promising them happiness and the joys of love'; and to the horror of his guide it is this door which Boccaccio enters. 'That,' she cries, 'is the road to perdition,' and 'Quite so,' he answers; but with that air at once sly and naïve which is so characteristic of him, he adds the doubtful assurance: 'Presently we shall return to the narrow gate; meanwhile I should like to see for myself.'

Thus Boccaccio, breaking with Dante and the whole ascetic tradition, takes for the first time his own road in the full realization that he is taking it. In the vast secular world to which the broad and pleasant gate leads him he sees all the glories of the world, which his soul, rebelling against the mediæval doctrine, refuses to consider mere vanity and filth. Gazing upon huge allegorical pictures which symbolize respectively Science, Glory, Love, and Wealth, he recognizes the likeness of many resplendent figures, among them Virgil for Science, the heroes of King Arthur's Table for Glory, Helen and Guinevere and Lancelot for Love — and at last he comes into the bodily presence of Fiammetta herself. The guide gives them one to the other, and then at

[1] A discussion of Boccaccio's earlier life and works appeared in the April number. — EDITOR

last they enjoy in their perfect union the highest felicity of the soul. No atheist and no heretic, he does not reject the Church's plan of salvation, but for the moment he is in no hurry to escape from this very pleasant world, which may be only an inn in which travelers repose upon their journey to eternity, but which is, nevertheless, a very delightful caravansary.

This turn to the right which Boccaccio took was the one which the generations immediately following took after him, and the compromise of Boccaccio was the compromise of the Renaissance. He showed how it might completely secularize itself without ceasing to be nominally Catholic, and how by according a nominal assent to religious and moral dogmas it could free itself from the necessity of concerning itself with them in the worldly life which it had completely detached.

Our immediate concern is, however, with the art of Boccaccio, and the effect of the clarification which *L'Amorosa Visione* accomplished was immediately apparent. He is done now with that struggle to spiritualize himself which could result only in grotesque if unintentional parodies like the *Ameto*, and for the time being done with allegory too, which had served its purpose and led him to self-knowledge. Henceforward human experience is his theme and he will describe it in human terms.

But one thing now remained to be accomplished in the long unconscious preparation for the startling mutation which produced his and his generation's masterpiece, the *Decameron*. Self-knowledge, laboriously and tortuously won, had made realism possible and had brought him to the place where he could deal with his own experience in terms genuinely appropriate to its quality; but though he could now be realistic, he was not yet objective. Fiammetta was still the centre of his universe, and it was still his personal experience which alone could furnish him the materials for his art. Hard upon the *Amorosa Visione* came, however, the prose work which he called by her name, and which not only constitutes an achievement in itself, but also marks the end of his apprenticeship.

In this work he represents Fiammetta as herself recounting the story of their love. The moment which he has chosen is that in which she, whom he represents deserted, not deserting, is at the full tide of her grief over her loss, and the method — in which there is no touch of allegory — is a method obviously no longer inspired by Dante, but borrowed from Ovid. The style is still rather precious and there are many classical allusions, ostentatiously paraded, but the background and the manners described are those of that real Naples upon whose sunny days and warm amorous nights he is looking back. Not since Ovid wrote had anyone so vividly portrayed the effects of a love which is neither the mere lust of the mediæval comic tale, nor the mysticism of Dante, nor the extravagant, finicky emotional posturings of the troubadours, but something at once full-blooded, powerful, and yet never coarse.

Most of the works, either in literature or in pictorial art, which survive to us from an age as remote, not merely in time but in mind, as that of the fourteenth century take much of the charm which they still have for us from a certain quaintness, but though the *Fiammetta* has its passages of quaint charm, it has something more substantial as well. Such is the strength of the emotion which gave it birth and such the art with which that emotion was described that one is still moved by a keen compassion for the sorrows of

a fictitious woman upon whom was projected the anguish of a man dead these six centuries.

As an artist, Boccaccio was passing from the autobiographical to the objective stage. He was still too absorbed in his personal experiences to write about anything except them, but he was already moving toward the creation of character, and the plan of the *Fiammetta* afforded a compromise. The emotion which gives to the character its living warmth is his own, but it is projected upon a character not himself. Using his own feelings, he transfers them to Fiammetta, and, while still having himself to draw upon, he adapts his own emotions to the changed circumstances afforded by the change of sex and he uses his own soul in order to understand another.

Thus the *Fiammetta* serves to complete the education and training of Boccaccio as an artist. When he began it he had already learned to accept himself, and when he finished it he had learned also how to see not only himself but other people as well from the standpoint of his own view of the world. Fiammetta served as the bridge over which he passed from himself to the world, because in describing her he was at once describing himself and another. Moreover he had for the first time actually succeeded in what he had many times unsuccessfully attempted, — he had, that is to say, given adequate expression to his love and his pain, — and as a result he was freed from their obsessive weight. He could now look at the world around him with a penetration which he had learned in studying himself and describe it with a detachment to which he had earned the right by a final acceptance of his own tragedy. He was living now in his own naturalistic world and seeing others as well as himself in its terms.

II

For a century at least before Boccaccio began the *Decameron*, popular story-tellers had delighted their non-literary audiences with anecdotes and tales. Some were merely brief records of practical jokes or popular witticisms; some revealed the memory of real comedies or tragedies acted by real Italian people; and some embodied the *disjecta membra* of Greek or Oriental stories which had survived in fragments from an earlier civilization. Neither Dante nor Petrarch would have deigned to notice them, but Boccaccio, when he had come to know himself, recognized the materials of a native art and he made them body forth a view of life which seemed to his contemporaries and successors the most adequate and the most sensible which had ever been given.

A hundred stories, ranging in plot from rude farce to romantic tragedy, and ranging in mood from Rabelaisian brutality to tender sentiment, compose the collection, and though it is not likely that he invented a single one of them, he did make each his own by realizing it completely and recognizing the unity which lay behind the apparently boundless diversity of the stories. He saw in the rough, boisterous comedy and the bloody tragedy, as well as in the romanticism which some of the popular tales embodied, a crude expression of the Italian temperament — something quite different from the classical modes of feeling which the learned were attempting to revive, but something completely comprehensible to him. Ceasing for the time being to aspire, he devoted himself to the task of making them art by giving them perfect form.

Everyone is familiar with the famous setting. A plague, the worst of the many that preyed upon the people of

the Middle Ages, has descended upon Florence. In a few brief paragraphs whose vivid unadorned force is both extraordinary in itself and doubly surprising when compared with the diffuseness which marks all Boccaccio's previous writing, he describes the terror and despair which the visitation brought with it, and then, like a man whose concern is with the bright things of life and who is completely devoid of any impulse to seek life's meaning in its agonies, he turns his attention to a group of young men whose sole concern is to escape from a threatened danger. To them, gay with a new sense of the pleasantness of life, the possibility of leaving the world suggests nothing except the duty of using whatever days may be left to them, and they plan with their ladies a retreat to a villa among the hills. Upon each day of their sojourn each member of the company shall entertain the others with a story, and each day a newly appointed queen shall set the general subject with which these stories shall deal.

And so, with a sense of well-being which the realization of a danger escaped serves only to heighten, they seat themselves upon one of the sunny upland meadows below which the pest is raging and there they unlock their minds, pouring forth the tales which in idle moments they have heard and embellishing them with sly wit or tender sentiment. Unorthodox in morality and philosophy most of the tales turn out to be, but such is the company's sense of safety and freedom that there are few signs of the bitterness which so generally marks a protestant literature. The tone is rather of tolerant satire than of anything approaching invective, and the stories throughout reveal all the suppleness and variety of a mind keenly receptive but little concerned with any conscious doctrine to be proved or illustrated.

No incident is too vulgar, none too romantic, to concern these young people, who are willing to consider with an equal and almost childlike delight both the witty trick played by one peasant upon another and the high adventures of noble dukes in war and love. No mystics — save perhaps those who have been made such by love — appear. For these people nothing ineffable, nothing transcendent, exists. They know no character more exalted than that of the *honnête homme*. But within the limits of the purely human their interest and their sympathy are all-inclusive. For them only the sensual world exists, but that world is present in all its variety.

Before the profusion of this collection, whose individual stories came to Boccaccio from many sources, one stands for a time bewildered. It seems hopeless to attempt to characterize anything whose parts are so diverse, and one is tempted to say that the absence of an informing view of the world is the only thing which will serve to explain such catholicity in the choice of subject matter. But such is not indeed the case. Various as the individual stories are, the greatness of the whole consists in the fact that a unity of mood pervades it and that that mood is the one which the experience of Boccaccio with his world had generated.

If one searches the apparently boundless diversity for some story which may be taken as typical and which will illuminate the rest, one cannot, perhaps, do better than to light upon that tale of Cymon and Iphigenia, which was foreshadowed in the cumbersome allegory of the *Ameto*. The fact that it is given a position (first story of the fifth day) in the middle of the

collection and that it is told on the day when Fiammetta is queen might lead us to suspect that to Boccaccio himself it was the key to his work, and its symbolism is transparent.

Cymon, we are told, was the dull and oafish son of a man of great wealth and distinction in the island of Cyprus. His brutish nature had resisted every effort to instruct it and he remained so completely without manners or learning that the citizens of the island had bestowed upon him the name of Beast. But, wandering one day in the woods, he came upon a beautiful woman sleeping there, and then he who had been insensible to all else felt the power of love. Suddenly, in the rude, uncivilized breast which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the least impression of politeness, a thought arose which seemed to intimate to his gross and shallow understanding that this was the most agreeable sight that was ever seen.

> Love having thus pierced his heart, when no other lesson of any kind could find admittance, in a little time his way of thinking and behavior were so far changed, that his father and his friends were strangely surprised at it, as well as everybody that knew him. First of all, then, he asked his father to let him have clothes like his brethren: to which his father very willingly consented. Conversing too with young gentlemen of character, and observing their ways and manner of behavior, in a very short time he not only got over the rudiments of learning, but attained some knowledge of philosophy. Afterwards, his love for Iphigenia being the sole cause of it, his rude and rustic speech was changed into a tone more agreeable and civilized: he grew also a master of music; and with regard to the military art, as well by sea as by land, he became as expert and gallant as the best. . . . What, then, most gracious ladies, shall we say of Cymon? Surely nothing less than this: that all the noble qualities that had been infused by Heaven into his generous soul were shut up as it were by invidious fortune, and bound fast with the strongest fetters in a small corner of his heart, till Love broke the enchantment, and drove with all its might these virtues out of that cruel obscurity, to which they had been long doomed, to a clear and open day; plainly showing from whence it draws those spirits that are its votaries, and whither its mighty influence conducts them.

The meaning of this story is explicit enough and it illuminates the whole collection. Not only are most of the tales concerned with secular love, but love is regarded once more as the mother of all things. Not only does it flower in brave and gallant deeds, but it is the beginning of all civilization. It makes possible art and learning and courtesy. Without it man is a beast, but when it descends upon him he is reborn with the power to become human. Moreover, this love is not something esoteric or aristocratic, but something which works in every man, moving the peasant in peasant-like ways and the courtier in ways which befit the refinement of his nature. It inspires the rude trick of the country gallant bent upon cuckolding his stupid neighbor as well as the romantic passion which sends the hero overseas in pursuit of the mistress whom pirates have ravished. Because of it the tricky priest deludes the rustic maid with his story of how the Devil must be put in Hell, and because of it Isabella dies of grief. But such variety is only a proof of the universality of the power. Working everywhere, in high and low, it moves the world and gives it its significance.

III

If, then, a love which remains essentially sensuous even at its most romantic is the most nearly intangible value which the *Decameron* anywhere recog-

nizes, the fact is of enormous significance both in its positive and in its negative aspects. On the one hand Boccaccio enthrones a purely *natural* force as the supreme power in the universe, and on the other he dispenses with all considerations which are not founded upon experience with nature. A certain lip service is, to be sure, paid to God and to religion; the characters sometimes refer in purely conventional terms to a life beyond this life or to powers which are outside of nature; but they do not really believe in either, and if their deification of love enables them sometimes to conceive of life in poetic terms, they see love merely as a refinement upon animality. It is not for them, as it was for Dante, an imperfection through which they are made aware of a Perfection existing above nature. By a sort of anticipation of the more scientific naturalism which was to follow, they regard man much as a modern rationalist would regard him, because for them, too, he is already a risen animal rather than a fallen angel, and one must look not at the sky but at the earth if one would explain him. Thus the spiritual centre of the universe is shifted. Nature replaces God, and romantic naturalism has begun. The divine spark planted in man is his power to love; it is under love's influence that the soul develops; and in the enjoyment of love is the supreme felicity.

Such naturalism involves as its corollary an interest in common things and in vulgar men which had hitherto been regarded as unworthy the attention of the philosopher or the artist. To Dante, man at his greatest was the most imperfect thing worth considering; if one began with him, one had as a subject of contemplation all the realities which lie between him and God. But, to Boccaccio, man at his greatest was the end, not the beginning. In surveying the world one must go down, not up, from the point which man represents. Love working among the humblest makes them, too, significant, and so the *Decameron* is concerned with all the vulgar manifestations of human life which Dante would have scorned, while it leaves out nearly everything which would have seemed to him significant.

Both its subject matter and the manner of its treatment were novel, not merely for Boccaccio, but for any writer who was, like him, a self-conscious artist. In refusing for the moment to concern himself with either learning or spirituality he was turning his back upon the whole tradition of polite literature, and in deigning to treat the manners, appetites, and actions of vulgar life he was yielding himself to a spirit which had never before been considered worthy of a voice save in stories or poems which made no pretense to artistic finish.

It was the harmony existing only for the few brief years between Boccaccio's instincts and his conscious effort which made the accomplishment possible and which explains the perfection which the *Decameron* alone among all Boccaccio's works can be said to possess. Ceasing in it to concern himself with moral or philosophical abstractions, allowing free play to the skeptical common sense which was natural to him, and indulging without restraint his quick sympathy for human things, he seems suddenly to have cast off all spiritual affectations, and with them have disappeared also all affectations of style. All the tawdry ornament, all the inappropriate learning, and all the childish ingenuity which seem in his earlier works the signs of a mind conscious of a weakness for which it is desperately endeavoring to compensate have here been discarded. Boccaccio, who had seemed before so confused, so torn, and so uncertain, is now inte-

grated and at his ease. He feels completely at home in the world with which he is dealing. Knowing what he has to say and knowing that he can say it, his simple, dignified prose marches forward with confident power.

The *Decameron*, so often called the Human Comedy of Boccaccio in contrast with the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, constitutes, it has been said, not an evolution but a revolution in literature. Perhaps the attempt which has here been made to trace the process by which Boccaccio, driven on by the intensity of his own secular experience, first broke through the mediæval tradition of otherworldliness in order to express his own emotions and then interpreted the society of his time from a similar point of view will make more easily understandable the spirit of his *magnum opus*, but its perfection must still seem the result of something not less than a mutation. And the generations which followed embraced it with an enthusiasm which revealed how clearly they recognized themselves in its unadulterated naturalism. Dante might become a revered classic and Petrarch be remembered as the perfect type of the literary man, but the liberated animality of Boccaccio continued to be the most perfect type of the norm of Renaissance character.

And never, be it added, was that character more amiably embodied. It may be that the road from the *Decameron* leads inevitably down to the abyss of Aretino unless it be quickly abandoned. But Boccaccio himself reveals only the sunny side of his qualities. In him the senses are not jaded, but still fresh and young. Their delights are newly discovered, and, as though escaped from the gloomy confines of a monastery, he looks with innocent eagerness upon the 'fair new world that hath such creatures in it.' Debauchery is possible only to those for whom pleasure has lost its freshness, and the Renaissance was to grow debauched, but Boccaccio never passed beyond the youth of his senses. Above all, he was never touched, even for a moment, by that lust of cruelty which grew as his successors debilitated themselves with indulgence. For centuries human life had been regarded as of no account in itself, and now he was among the first to embark upon it with fresh delight. He came into nature as to an inheritance, and his heritage seemed all that any heart could desire.

IV

It would be pleasant to imagine that the harmony of the *Decameron* was for Boccaccio an enduring one and to suppose that he passed his life in a serenity so complete. Such, however, was not the case. As the book was, artistically, his one perfect work, so too the serenity of mind which it represents was for him but a moment in the midst of a life singularly confused by moral problems with which he had not the strength of mind to deal. The timidity which had bewildered his youth returned as his vitality waned, and he fell once more into a perplexity, this time sorer yet than that which beset him in the days when he had struggled to interpret his passions in terms of Dantesque mysticism.

We have already seen with what difficulty his instincts won their victory over the formulated philosophy of the Church, and we have remarked that reason played no part in it. We must remember that the rational defense of skeptical materialism was yet to be formulated, and we must realize that the naturalism of the *Decameron* was rather a truancy than a rebellion. Boccaccio had never denied the authority of the Church and never questioned the ultimate validity of its value. In

him the lust for life asserted itself and for the moment he cast off, without ever conquering, the mystical asceticism which was the orthodox doctrine, not only of the Church, but of art and scholarship as well. When he told the guide who conducted him in the *Amorosa Visione* that he would return in time to enter the narrow gate, he was not speaking in jest, for he had never dared to deny to himself that only through that gate could he be saved. He was free only so long as his vitality should endure; for, once the eager tumult of his sensibilities should subside sufficiently to allow him to hear once more the dictates of his conscious mind, it was inevitable that he should, with a sigh, resign once more the delights of this world in order that he might escape the torments of the next. And that moment had now arrived. An incident reminded him with cruel force that his youth was past, and with it there had passed also the confidence which had enabled him to dismiss with youthful insouciance all the considerations whose absence makes the *Decameron* possible.

Boccaccio was about forty-one years old when he had the misfortune to fall once more in love. Taken by the charms of a widow of Florence, he addressed to her an amorous declaration, and she not only refused, but mocked him as well.

His indiscretion was whispered about the town, and, humiliated in the depths of his soul, he took his revenge in the ferocious satire known as *Il Corbaccio* and filled with denunciations of the whole female sex in the true mediæval vein. This incident shattered the glad confidence in life which had sustained him, and from that moment he began the descent which led him at last to a troubled old age.

If Boccaccio had possessed one ounce of what is commonly called spirituality, the new orientation of his thoughts would not have been for him so utter a calamity. He might, having accepted the flesh and celebrated its beauty as frankly and as fully as any man has ever done, have come at last to transcend it; but he was, however much his conscience might trouble him, forever incapable of becoming more than the natural man. His idea of felicity was purely pagan; he loved the life of the senses, and there was nothing in the Christian philosophy which was capable of either joying or fructifying his spirit. 'Sin,' 'conversion,' and 'salvation' were terrifying words whose meaning he sought in vain to comprehend, and he succeeded in doing no more than perplexing himself. Asceticism was for him no more than a denial without compensations, and religion no more than the shadow of fear. It froze the genial current of his soul and reduced him to a querulous frustration. He was one of those for whom the sense of sin can be only a degradation.

Nothing could be more surprising as coming from the author of the *Decameron* than *Il Corbaccio* proves to be. He who has described so often the beauty and charm of women turns to denounce them in unmeasured terms, and he who has but just completed the work which celebrates love as the *summum bonum* of life pronounces an anathema upon it. 'Woman,' he says, 'is an imperfect animal'; and, after heaping upon the whole sex all the abuse which the ingenuity of thirteen centuries of asceticism had devised, he turns to denounce the monstrous illusion which leads men to suppose that good can come from the love of such creatures. Turning to the angelic visitor who has come to show him the error of his ways, he demands to know what he shall do in order to redeem himself from his errors, and the guide

replies: 'You have loved these creatures because they have seemed beautiful to you and because they appeared libidinously delightful. I want you to hate all such beauty, which has been or may be for you the occasion for much sin; I want you to take revenge for the offenses you have committed, and in that will be salvation both for you and for them.'

Nothing in all the book is original with Boccaccio. In it he merely repeats the commonplaces of monkish satire, and it might quite as well have been written in a tenth-century cloister. Smarting under a personal humiliation, he not only loses his equilibrium, but relapses at once into the darkest abyss of the Middle Ages. The flesh in which he has trusted so much has betrayed him, and, naïf as he is, he has no philosophy which will enable him to digest his betrayal, no motive for denying any longer that man and the world are vile.

V

During the years which immediately followed he grew steadily more grave. He devoted himself to the scholarly pursuits which to his now troubled soul seemed relatively innocent, and at last, some eight years later, the final blow fell. He was living in the still hated Florence when he received a mysterious visit from a man who represented himself as a messenger from a certain Pietro Petroni who had recently died in the odor of sanctity after having been the recipient of certain visions. Boccaccio, he reported, had but a few years to live and it was time, if he valued the safety of his soul, to abandon the study of secular poetry. Oppressed as he had been with hardships and worry, Boccaccio was stricken with terror. Gone was the light-hearted skepticism which had led him in the *Decameron* to mock at priestly tricks, and in a panic he wrote to Petrarch of his intention to burn his manuscripts.

Fortunately the calm Petrarch, incapable alike of the full-blooded paganism which had once been Boccaccio's and of the superstitious terror which now overcame his naïve soul, wrote him a long letter full of humanistic commonplaces. It would be best to take no extreme and sudden steps. Let Boccaccio prepare himself gradually to meet his Maker, and let him console himself with the thought that the piety of a learned man is more valuable than that of one who is ignorant.

Evidently Boccaccio resolved to follow the advice of his less impetuous friend, for he did not burn his papers; but the last vestige of rebellion was gone from his spirit and from now on he conformed to the learned conventions of his time. In his youth poetry had seemed to him the most glorious of human achievements because it celebrated and made immortal the deeds of men — because, in a word, it gave dignity to human life; but now he could only say: 'I confess it would be far better to study the sacred writings than these, even although they are good. I think such studies are more acceptable to God, to the Pope, and to the Church. But we are not all nor always led by the rare passion, and so sometimes are drawn to Poetry.'

Sadder still is the letter which he wrote a year or two before his death to a friend who had remarked that he possessed Boccaccio's works. The man of sixty looked back upon his maturest achievement without favor. Not only had he lost, with his ebbing vitality, the joyous acceptance of Nature which had made him the first of modern times to find Nature all-sufficient, but his soul, shrunk to a prudish timidity, could no longer understand the man he had been. He would not, he said, accuse his friend of wrongdoing if he should follow

out his intention of reading these works when he had nothing better to do, but he begged him above all not to read the tales to the ladies of his household. He knew how likely they were to corrupt an honest heart, and he had no desire that respectable ladies should conceive of him as a licentious old man. He had written them in his youth and he blushed for his sin.

Two years later Boccaccio was dead, and as one surveys his career in retrospect one cannot but be struck with the fact that it is in certain aspects strangely simple and in others strangely complex. Nothing, for example, could exceed the naïveté with which he permitted the mere accidents of his own existence to determine the premises of what served him as a philosophy of life. He believed in love because love had made him happy and because, even when Fiammetta had betrayed him, he had sweet and dignified memories. But when the widow of Florence mocked as well as refused him he behaved as though he had never dreamed before that such a thing could happen, and he revised the universe in order to denounce the woman who had caused him this bitter humiliation.

Yet, naïve as his organization was, the vivacity of his nature was sufficient to make it possible for him to do as much as one man can do toward the creation of a new literature. A certain mere insouciance served him in an effort to throw off a philosophy which no mind had successfully combated, and in a moment of gayety he revealed the fourteenth-century Italian to himself. Moreover one cannot fail to note how the curve of his life anticipated that of the Renaissance as a whole. The conceptions which had nourished the genius of Dante were wholly alien to its nature and it could make no use of them, but religion, reduced to fear, hung as the shadow of a superstition over the whole epoch. A gloomy apprehension, ready at any moment to express itself in an outburst of fanatical penitence like that which broke over Florence under the influence of Savonarola, haunted its choicest spirits even as it haunted Boccaccio, and, like him, they had no philosophy capable of defending their instinctive naturalism.

Two centuries after Boccaccio's death, all Italy, stricken by fear, allowed its new culture to decline into the gloomy formalism which supervened after the Council of Trent; and Boccaccio, who was, in a sense, the epitome of the age, anticipated its end when he prophetically relapsed into cheerless acquiescence to a dead tradition. The equilibrium of the *Decameron*, like that of the age which produced it, was unstable. Its premises had never been either reasoned out or completely comprehended by the man who assumed them, and they were lost to him as soon as the gay mood in which they had been generated passed away. Never robust enough to sustain the rôle of pioneer, he was frightened by his own temerity, and fears which belonged by rights only to others clouded in the end a spirit which was, in its own nature, as sunny as Naples itself.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

BY A. W. SMITH

I

It is odd that in 'The Road to Mandalay' Kipling should have permitted himself to turn Burma geographically inside out in order to achieve an effect. There is no pagoda in Moulmein that looks eastward to the sea, for not only is Moulmein situated some thirty miles up a tidal river, but also Moulmein lies on the east coast of the Gulf of Martaban. The sea lies to the west. Nor can the dawn come up like thunder out of China across any bay in any part of the world, and certainly not in Burma. There are no bays between Burma and China, only green jungle-clad hills and deep ravines where rivers dive underground, tangle themselves up, and reappear a mile away. There are gullies, stopped up at both ends with mountains, which are sheer clefts in the earth in which wide, deep rivers come bubbling out of the rock at one end and go bubbling in again at the other.

Perhaps it is a little too much to ask complete accuracy. It would be a bit pedantic to complain that her name could not have been Supi-yaw-lat, 'jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,' or to suggest that a Burmese girl, however badly brought up, would not kiss the 'idol's foot,' and possibly still less allow herself to be kissed, and that flying fishes do not play in Burma nearer than the Bay of Bengal.

Objections of this nature are pedantic indeed. As a whole, the poem is a pleasant enough jingle and, for that matter, accurate enough. Mist on the rice fields, steamer paddles chunkin', the 'sludgy, squdgy creek.' The sunshine, the temple bells tinkling — those give one picture of Burma that one likes to remember. But what of the call of the East? It is a call which is only heard with any insistence by those who have not had to live there for long.

II

Burma revolves round the pagoda and its attendant monastery. There is no village that has not a pagoda, few that are without a monastery. The commonest sight in all the length and breadth of the land is the daily line of yellow-robed shaven monks filing across the paddy fields to the village to beg in the mist of an early morning. Heads are bent and eyes kept averted; the black lacquer bowls are held clasped round by both hands. The files without a word pass down the street. At the doors of their houses the pious stand with whatever they can offer. As the monks pass, the offerings are ladled into the bowls. Here a handful of boiled rice, there a red plantain, sometimes a little salt pickled ginger, sometimes fried garlic. Whatever it is, it is dropped into the one bowl and the monk passes on without a sign. His eyes are still averted and his head still bent. He is supposed not to know what is going on around him, but it is hard to believe that in the keen morning air the mouth of a man who has not eaten since noon of the previous day is not made to water as

the savory smell of a fried onion or curried eggplant reaches the nostrils so close above the bowl. The files wind across the yellow stubble of the paddy fields. The sun is well over the trees; the monks have returned to the brown teakwood monastery with the seven-fold roof, to eat the offerings cold from a common platter.

Almsgiving is a constant drain on the people, as that and personal attendance at the pagoda for prayer are necessary for salvation. In Buddhist Tibet one may calculate the merit to one's credit by having a prayer wheel turned by wind, water, or if necessary by oxen, but in Burma this is not allowed. Personal attendance is all that counts, and unless devotions are supplemented by almsgiving the prospects for the next existence can only be regarded with concern. Fortunately, the holier the receiver, the more merit. To feed a hundred men is not as holy an act as to feed a junior monk. To feed one full-blown Buddha is worth more than feeding ten million Buddhas of an earlier existence. Thus the number of givers never diminishes.

After noontide the monks may not eat. The Burman has an uncanny knack of guessing the time from the sun and the shadows thrown by it, but during the rainy season the sun is hidden for weeks at a time and other means must be found for telling the time. Here, however, Providence has stepped in. The cocks and hens, the ordinary household fowls, in Burma are not as they are in Western countries, for they have been endowed with peculiar knowledge that enables them to tell the time with accuracy and to crow at stated hours — at sunrise, noon, sundown, and midnight. The story goes that they acquired this gift in a singular fashion. Certain books of the Bedin were burned as containing magic lore. Among these were certain books on astronomy. When the flames had done their work the fowls scratched at and ate the ashes, thus absorbing all the astronomic and chronologic knowledge contained in them.

III

All young Burma goes to school at the monastery, and it is because of this that one seldom meets a Burman who cannot read and write and that the percentage of literates is far higher than in any other part of India. It is true that some of the education offered is what we should consider somewhat grotesque, but that, on the whole, matters little enough; and it makes no very great difference to anyone that the little boys in a monastery school are taught that Mandalay is not only the intellectual centre but also the exact mathematical centre of the world.

The monastery school strikes the ordinary observer as approaching pandemonium. As soon as a boy has arrived in school he is put to sit on the floor and given a book open at the day's lesson. He then proceeds to call it over at the top of his voice until he knows it. To Western ears, forty or fifty little boys saying over their lessons is acute noise, but it has a soothing effect on the teacher, who begins to feel that he is really doing some good. If a boy stops shouting he is idling, and is corrected accordingly.

At the monastery school the boy is taught the queer mixture of sound Buddhist theology and spiritology that goes to make up his religion. The spirits are called 'nats,' and in whatever he does the nats, good and bad, must be considered. There is no road approaching a village, except in the sophisticated South, that has not its nat houses. These are tiny shelters of doll's-house size set on posts beside the path, in which the pious leave

offerings. The nats refresh themselves from these offerings and their attentions are averted from the village. In some parts of the country, after leaving the nat house the path divides, one path being a dummy to confuse the spirit. In a matter of this kind it is better not to take a chance on whether the nat is good or bad. In many places, too, the villages are surrounded with a bamboo latticework. This also has the effect of keeping out the evil nat, for if he wishes to enter at night he has to pass himself in and out through every hole in the lattice, and the chances are that dawn will catch him before he has completed his task. The following night, if he is persistent, he must start afresh.

IV

There is no regular service at a pagoda, and each man is responsible to himself for his own spiritual welfare. No one else can be of assistance to him, and the monks, who have been described quite wrongly as 'Buddhist clergy,' have no concern with the spiritual state of the laity. After devotions at the pagoda one should strike the bell three times to let the nats of the air know that someone has gone through the Buddhist lauds. After striking the bell it is proper to strike the ground to convey the same information to the spirits of the earth. Anyone may strike the bells; indeed, it is considered a kindly action to do so, for the more the bells are struck the more the attention of the nats is called to the devotions in progress.

Around the top of the pagoda are suspended wind bells, and these keep up a continual tinkling the purpose of which is the same as that of the sound of the bigger bells on the ground.

Among the things which annoy a Burman most is the calm assumption that he is an idolater. He himself regards the worshiper of images as the lowest of the low, and although he plants his images of Gautama everywhere, nowhere does he worship them. Indeed, how can he? Gautama is not a god — he is a man who subdued all passion and became perfect, a man who achieved the ultimate existence.

Each individual has to work out his own salvation, and not even the Buddha can assist him in his efforts to find the Way. There is no Almighty, no Supreme Being, no Creator; and the Buddha, even if there were an Almighty, no longer exists to make intercession, and was in his existence no more than perfect man.

The devotions before the placid, contemplative Buddhas so completely at eternal rest cannot be prayers for blessings or help or for mercy in sin. They can only be words in honor of the Lord of Truth himself, praises of the being who through contemplation achieved in himself complete subjection of all passion and ignorance. Through praise and contemplation of the great Lord of Truth one attains to knowledge.

The pagoda, which is a development of the tumulus, a shrine that cannot be entered, is built over sacred relics, and an image of the Buddha is put there to centralize the payment of devotions. The pagoda is a place set apart, a place for localizing feelings and a place for contemplation of the supreme model. In the great religious book of the Burman Buddhist it is written that it is useless to worship the Buddha; nothing is possible but to reverence his memory: 'The earth and the Buddha are alike — themselves inert.'

Prayers as such do not exist, and the praises that are used are those that have been learned with pain and labor in the monastery schools. Whether one understands them or not — for they are all in Pali, the religious language of Buddhism — is immaterial.

The repetition is all that matters. Any kind of parrotlike repetition is good enough. That this is so is clearly proved by the case of the bats. They lived in a cave, and great numbers of followers of the Buddha would resort to this cave to practise their devotions and to meditate. The bats learned some of the words, which they repeated constantly, although they could not understand them, and as a consequence they were translated on death to the lands of the nats, the spirits of the air. If even animals can achieve such results, how much more the human being.

To the Buddhist eye the Way unfolds itself for eternity. If by his charity, by his contemplation, by his ways of life, the Buddhist can ever see the end of the Way, it is an end that means total and absolute nothingness. This state, the final existence in nothing, is called 'neban' — the state to which only Gautama has attained.

These two ideas of eternity and nothingness are abstracts which the Western mind finds it hard to grasp. It quails before the thought of a million existences, a million hells — ending in nothing.

The Burman, however, accepts all this and toilsomely treads the Way. The man in lowly circumstance knows that in a previous existence he has sinned; if he sins again he may come to earth again as some more lowly creature still. If he does not sin he may go up higher, but he knows that certain sins will damn him forever to struggle alone in the dark.

To kill a monk can mean but one thing: only existence after existence, with no possibility of achieving neban — ever. In Buddhism by 'ever' is meant ever; there is no middle course.

Among the people who can never attain to neban, the last and ultimate existence, are the hunters, and all those whose business it is to take life. The fishermen are not among these. This is perhaps fortunate, for they exist in large numbers; indeed, every Burman is potentially a fisherman. He is passionately fond of fish in any form, and no meal is complete unless it is sauced with some kind of ngapi, that evil-smelling mash of salted, stinking fish. The fisherman is exempt because he does not kill fish. He takes fish from the water and gives them the advantage of light and air. If the fish die, that is their concern and no fault of the fisherman. It is ingenious, but the logic to the Oriental is faultless.

For the hunter there is no such retreat. He kills and must meet the results — that is, must toilsomely drag out an infinity of existences. He can, it is true, find the Way by existences spent in contemplation and praise of Gautama, but most hunters somehow do not consider it worth the trouble. They prefer to go on being hunters. The certainty of a million or so years in the Buddhist hells and a fresh start in life as a poverty-stricken, humble individual is often forgotten in the excitement of the chase.

To the non-Buddhist mind the hunters assure for themselves constant resurrection and eternal life. To the Buddhist, however, in his search for neban with its subjection of passion and his own eventual reduction to perfect nothingness, the prospect presents nothing but horror. To continue to exist! Impossible, even though the eventual blotting out may be postponed into some indefinite future, æons in time ahead.

Not that the Burman does not eat meat. He does and will on every occasion when he can get it. In every town and village there is a butcher, generally a Mohammedan from India or a Chinaman, to whom the sin is of no account. The Burman will sell his broken-down buffaloes, his ducks, his

fowls, or his pigs to the butcher and will buy the flesh from him, but in no way does he become responsible for the commission of sin. That is the butcher's affair. Just as no person may assist another to the Way, so the sins of another cannot affect one's own chances.

V

The kings of Burma were all orthodox Buddhists, but notwithstanding they were able to execute their friends and relatives with freedom without any loss of orthodoxy. The last king — King Thibaw — was able to put quietly away some four hundred of his nearest and dearest when he came to the throne in the late seventies without a breath of scandal attaching to him. Thibaw would suggest that he did not want to see so-and-so again. That was enough, and the courtier would have been tactless indeed who brought the matter up at a later date.

There is to-day an elderly and very charming sawbwa, a rajah of sorts, in the Shan States to the east of Burma proper. He is well educated, and rules his state with a rod of iron. His hobby is drinking champagne and playing Up Jenkins with his wives' maids of honor. He is more or less orthodox Buddhist in whatever costs him no effort. Should anyone offend him he suggests that the offender should be seen to the border of the state. If he inquires later concerning the man, the escort looks unhappy and at length confesses that the offender fell into the river, that he was killed by a tiger, or that the nats took him. The old sawbwa clicks his tongue. 'What a terrible thing,' he says, and goes on playing Up Jenkins with his ladies, who squeal with laughter when he finds a new way of cheating in the concealment of a four-anna bit in the palm of a pudgy hand.

The kings of Burma, like every Burman when he arrives at power and wealth, were oppressive in the extreme. Odd as this may seem to the non-Buddhist, their attitude is not inconsistent with the Buddhist religion. Everyone who attains to wealth and power does so only because he has won these things for himself in a previous existence. In his present life his wealth gives him the opportunity to expiate his sins by gifts and pagoda building, by the feeding of monks and the dedication of images of the Lord Buddha. The man who is poor is so only because some millions of years ago in a previous life he was wicked. The poor man has little opportunity to improve his chances in the future, because his poverty will not permit him to exercise bounty on a liberal scale. Indeed, his poverty may even drive him lower, for in his efforts to escape starvation he may be forced to hunt game or kill for food — acts that ensure him even more millions of years in the Buddhist hells and a fresh start on the same lowly planes of human existence.

To the Western way of thinking, the whole idea of Buddhism is oppressive in the extreme. 'All is transient, sorrowful, and vain: the Lord, the Law, the Assembly, the Precious Things,' is the refrain that accompanies meditation on the excellencies of the example of the Lord Buddha and on the greatness of his Law. Somehow, however, the Burman succeeds in triumphing over his religion. Gifted with a sense of humor enjoyed by few Orientals, he cares little for the things that money can bring. He works no more than he has to; some say that he is frankly idle; but he gives freely of what he has. Burma is a happy land in which it is always afternoon and in which to-morrow may always be conveniently forgotten.

WONDERING

The Impressions of an Inmate

It was with a peculiar sense of defeat that I sat and gazed through the barred windows at the autumn hills reaching far out, one behind the other, to an October's blue sky. I knew, with poignant regret, that I should have indignantly denied an assertion that I should one day be in a State Hospital for the Insane.

The square of blue sky, checkered by the regular iron bars, dimmed before my eyes when a few fragments of shattered dreams persisted in returning to my already weary mind. What, after all, had there been in life that I should treasure it? Why should the smile of two brown eyes or a maple tree crimson to the point of burning move me?

I glanced restlessly back to the room behind me. It was large — and empty. Polished floors, a table placed so that it reminded me of one I loved much more, rose rugs, a black walnut piano, ferns that looked lonely for the near-by woods. Ah, yes, but there was more than this! This was the home of the wretches I had watched with alternating twinges of repulsion and terror!

I leaned back and forgot the crying hills in front of me. My head was weary when there appeared before me the woman with the beautiful voice, the careful intonation of which marked its owner as one who had once been cultured. I wondered what fiendish tortures she could have known to have disrupted so beautiful a mind. Her never-ceasing talk had nearly lulled me to sleep when another appeared.

She was very tall and pale. I had wondered for many days wherein lay her appeal, when one day she smiled and I discovered it was her eyes. They were blue and very kind. I wondered if her dreams, too, had been shattered.

And then the enigmatic, bright girl who had played cards with us came back. To think that anyone who might have done so much good in the world should be locked for six long years behind the unyielding doors of an insane asylum, realizing every dreary moment of the day that life was never to hold any more for her!

I let my head rest against the high back of the chair. I had grown very weary with thinking. Life, with its slow curves, was sometimes hard to understand, and as I closed my eyes I remembered that its pattern of lace was one which, if it ever came to comprehensible view, came slowly. I tried to forget that the lovely woman who had asked me to wait for the finished pattern was the very one for whom I was sitting here, in tears, staring through bars at a hill of crimson and gold.

AWKWARD IMPERIALISTS

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

EMPIRES of the past were established and consolidated by military power. Sometimes, as in the case of Rome at its best, political genius softened the rigors of military rule and made its exactions sufferable; but the basis of empire was military force. We are living in an economic age, and the significant power is economic rather than military. In moments of crisis the banker may find it necessary to call upon the marines; but the civilized world is fairly well disciplined and permits its life to be ordered and its social and political relationships to be adjusted by the use of economic force without recourse to the more dramatic display of military power.

In such an economic age it is natural that our nation, the wealthiest in the world, should become the real empire of modern civilization. Our imperialism reveals ancient motives, but the technique is new. British imperialism is a halfway house between traditional imperialism and the new American variety. The British Empire was created by the British trader; but the soldier and civil administrator followed in the wake of the trader and consolidated his gains. We are able to dispense with the soldier almost completely; we use him only in a few undeveloped nations to the south of us. Our empire spreads over Western civilization and establishes its dominion over politically self-respecting nations for whom foreign soldiers would represent insufferable badges of foreign rule, but who are able after a fashion to submit to imperial suasion as long as it is hid behind traditional banking ritual and commercial custom. We are the first empire of the world to establish our sway without legions. Our legions are dollars.

Our empire was developed almost overnight. At the beginning of the World War we were still in debt to the world. Whether, as an unfriendly critic asserts, we 'sluiced gold out of rivers of blood' or were merely the beneficiaries of fortuitous circumstance, our economic relationship to the world was completely altered by the war. We wiped out our debt and put the world in our debt by well-nigh thirty billion dollars in little more than a decade, and we have increased our holdings in the outside world by one to two billion dollars per year.

Some foreign critics suggest that our prosperity rests upon the tribute which we press out of our foreign dependencies. That is hardly accurate, for we have been reinvesting our income from abroad every year. We are not prosperous because we are imperialists; we are imperialists because we are prosperous. Our foreign holdings have supported our prosperity only so far as they have saved us from being glutted by our own gold and goods. Because we were able to invest the difference between our imports and our exports in the outside world we have been able to maintain a tariff policy which seems to defy every canon of

economics. We continue to sell more than we buy and take the notes of the world for the difference. There is hardly a country of Europe the currency of which has not been stabilized by loans from us; even England could bring its pound up to par only by an arrangement for bonding its debt to us which seems ruinous to many Englishmen.

Our economic overlordship through economic penetration is aggravated by the political debts which Europe owes us as a legacy of the war. We have consistently refused to admit any relationship between reparation payments and Interallied debts; but Europe thinks our logic specious. It knows that the bulk of the reparation payments which are pressed out of Germany will find its way into American coffers, only to be reinvested in Europe, particularly in Germany, and increase American power. In the first five years of the working of the Dawes Plan Germany paid $1,990,000,000 in reparations and in the same period borrowed $1,179,000,000 from us. We may expect something like the same process to continue. If it does, we shall own a very considerable part of Germany before the war is finally liquidated. Meanwhile our holdings in other parts of the world are increasing continually.

II

It is inevitable that men should hate those who hold power over them. They may love the virtuous and admire the brilliant; but they hate the powerful. Hatred is compounded of envy and fear, and power breeds both. The fear is justified because powerful individuals and nations, even when they make benevolent pretensions, are not as generous as their pretensions or even as their intentions. A defect in the human imagination obscures the mixture of motives which enters into human actions and social policies and makes honest self-analysis almost impossible; and lack of social intelligence prevents the holder of power from gauging the consequence of his actions in the lives of others, particularly if no direct contact is possible. If the envy is not as justified as the fear, it is at least as inevitable. Great power is usually accompanied by special privilege (a proof that it is not wielded as unselfishly as is imagined), and privilege incites envy. Europe is contemptuous of our culture partly because it is envious of our civilization, for contempt is a nice device for expressing and obscuring envy.

It is because powerful individuals and nations must inevitably deal with the hatred of their fellows that imperialism, if long practised, invariably develops a technique for counteracting resentment. Democracy is a device for making power sufferable in a community partly by making it derivative and responsible and partly by giving it the semblance of social responsibility and derivation. Since social intelligence in political communities has never been very high, the semblance of democracy has been almost as efficacious as the reality. In international relations it has not yet been possible to develop such a technique. Nevertheless empires have had some success in assuaging the bitterness and mitigating the resentment which their power created. The budding German Empire failed in this respect and perished. The English imperialists have had better success. Their detractors have attributed their success to their consummate hypocrisy; but while the world is not so intelligent as to be able to detect or to dispense with a certain amount of hypocrisy, the use of power cannot be made sufferable by

pretension alone. The English have been the most successful imperialists in the modern world because they do have a genius for politics. Moral pretension is the baser part of that genius; the nobler part is the ability to gauge the interests and reactions of other than your own group so that no interest is pursued until resentment against it issues in social and political violence.

At times this ability to see the point of view of others and to allow for their reactions may rise until it achieves a moral quality. Such heights are not frequent in the history of nations, whatever may be possible for individuals; but a politically-minded people, such as the British, can achieve levels of social imagination which give their corporate life a semblance of morality and a reality of political effectiveness.

We are not endowed, as our British brethren, with any such political grace. If the Germans were too much the philosophers and therefore too much absolutists to engage successfully in the relativities of politics, we are too much the engineers. Our power is derived from our engineering ability, and we erroneously assume that the same genius which created it can wield it. It would be untrue to claim that our wealth is due solely to our superiority as engineers. We had a virgin continent to exploit. Energetic and vigorous stocks of the European population came to our shores to supply the energy for its exploitation. The fact that the steam engine and the telegraph were invented before we had fully conquered the continent made it possible to bring the whole of a vast geographic expanse under a central political authority which would prevent political boundaries, irrelevant to the economic unity of the continent, from impeding the flow of economic life and retarding economic progress. Every circumstance conspired to give us our present economic eminence. Perhaps, if Weber and Tawney are right, even our religion contributed to our prosperity. In America a puritan religion, unhampered by classical or mediæval contempt for the man of toil and glorification of the man of leisure, could add moral self-respect to the more obvious incentives of commercial and industrial energy.

But, whatever helped to contribute to our prosperity, we have certainly proved our engineering efficiency. Whether we turned to engineering because a virgin continent first directed our intelligence to the concrete problems of improving the physical circumstances of life, so that, once directed, we continued in that path until the conquest of nature became an end in itself; or whether, as Count Keyserling suggests, we obeyed the impulse of youth for the attainment of the obvious end and the completion of the concrete task; or whether, as Oswald Spengler believes, we are really old Europeans rather than youthful Americans, who turned to extensive activities because our culture was dead, we have certainly surpassed every nation in industrial efficiency and commercial energy.

Without designing or intending the result, we became imperialists by the power of our virtues and our vices. We were forced to conquer foreign markets to prevent the automatic machine from glutting our home markets; we needed foreign investment opportunities to get rid of our surplus wealth, particularly since we had not learned to distribute it more equitably at home; and our industry reached out into the world to feed the maw of the machine with raw materials.

Our resulting imperial power is

administered with singular awkwardness. We hear of the rising tide of resentment against us with a mingled feeling of incredulity and injured innocence. The late Gustav Stresemann quieted his nationalist opponents in the German Reichstag by suggesting that the Young Plan is not the instrument of Germany's enslavement to France, but the method of the whole of Europe for making its economic servitude to America as sufferable as possible. We laugh at such statements, if we know about them, as the chicanery of a harassed statesman. Lord Rothermere protests that Wall Street is a suction pump which sucks in the credit of the world. We attribute such sentiments to the dishonesty of demagogic journalists. Thirty-four nations protest against our tariff bill, and we solemnly declare that we will permit no foreign nation to interfere in our 'domestic' politics. France tries to raise a tariff against our automobiles and we hint justified reprisals. Europe, seething with resentment, suggests a more generous settlement of the war debts. We insist that we can tolerate nothing but a 'businesslike' settlement of this problem and piously hint that our real intention in demanding a settlement of the debts is to prevent Europe from falling into slovenly business habits and straying from the path of economic virtue. We little realize that a businesslike rather than a political settlement of a question is precisely the kind which leaves human and intangible factors out of consideration. We are a business people who know nothing about the intricacies of politics, especially international politics, and in the flush of youthful pride we make no calculations of the reactions to our attitudes in the minds of others.

Our lack of imagination is increased by the fact that we have come into our position of authority too suddenly to adjust ourselves to its responsibilities and that we are geographically too isolated from the world to come into intimate contact with the thought of others. It was only yesterday that we were a youthful nation, conscious of making an adventure in democratic government which the older nations did not quite approve, and we still imagine that it is our virtue rather than our power which the older nations envy. We cannot believe that any of them have outstripped us in the theory and practice of democratic government. We hold ourselves aloof from international councils because we feel ourselves too powerful to be in need of counseling with others, but we are able to practise the deception of imagining that our superior political virtue rather than our superior economic strength makes such abstention possible and advisable.

The remoteness of the bulk of our population from any contact with the foreign world illustrates and accentuates the basic difficulty of modern civilization with its mechanical interdependence and social parochialism. It is unfortunate that the nation which wields the most power should be the one which is geographically most isolated. Our 'provincial' press carries practically no news from abroad. Outside of New York, Philadelphia, and possibly Boston, the newspapers leave their readers blissfully ignorant of the political reactions of other peoples. It is a basic defect in the whole of our Western civilization that it has created economic relationships for gauging the results of which we have devised no means of social education. In this respect we are not much worse or more unfortunate than other nations; but we are by some degrees more ignorant than the British, for instance, and our power is mounting more rapidly than theirs.

III

To the natural defects of our engineering intelligence, our geographic isolation, and our political youth must be added some inevitable limitations of our cultural and moral heritage. We were cradled in puritanism. Our prosperity has gradually dissipated the individual virtues of self-discipline which puritanism once inculcated, but we are not yet rid of the puritan vices, particularly the lack of social imagination. We have a puritan penchant for oversimplifying moral and social problems. Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer* has suggested that in complex situations the man who wants to be just and does not know how to be wise is dangerous. That is particularly true, since self-interest is bound to color every conception of justice. The good bishop who recently returned from Europe and declared that Europe would not be so poor if it only stopped drinking, and that he would oppose any generosity in the settlement of debts as long as there was a possibility of the resulting savings being used for more drinking, is really a quite significant American type. The banker will probably not agree with the bishop on the particular virtue which is supposed to have made us prosperous, but he will be equally certain that virtue is the basis of our prosperity. It has always been the habit of fortunate people to ascribe their luck or their fortune to their own moral qualities rather than to any inscrutability of history, and our fortune-favored nation has developed this habit with the greatest possible consistency.

There has been some progress in the sophistication of American political thought in the past decades, a progress which is roughly symbolized by the difference between a Bryan and a Hoover; but it is significant that even a cosmopolitan in the Presidential chair does not venture beyond the traditional attitudes which American statesmen have taken toward world problems. We still maintain the fiction that nothing but the love of peace actuates our foreign policy. A certain amount of hypocrisy which varies between honest self-deception and conscious dishonesty characterizes the life of every nation. Thus Mr. Hoover supports the traditional American insistence on the right to trade with belligerents in time of war with the humanitarian proposal that food ships be exempted from blockade, and Mr. MacDonald defends the traditional British position on the freedom of the seas with the suggestion that in the next war there can be no neutrals and therefore no issue on this old bone of contention between England and America. Both suggestions have a measure of justification, but both are really rationalizations of national interests and traditions and therefore not quite sincere.

The conscious and unconscious insincerities of statesmen and nations have always resulted in a measure of cynicism in international relations. If the world is growing particularly cynical about our moral pretensions, that may be partly due, not to our hypocrisy, but to our momentary eminence. Yet it does seem that our puritan background has made us more than ordinarily naïve in dealing with the complexities of modern international life. We make simple moral judgments, remain unconscious of the self-interest which colors them, support them with an enthusiasm which derives from our waning but still influential evangelical piety, and are surprised that our contemporaries will not accept us as saviors of the world.

There has been no better revelation of the awkwardness of our imperialism

and the naïveté of our political intelligence than our enthusiasm for the Kellogg outlawry-of-war pact. We offered it to the nations in the certain conviction that we were once more assuming 'moral leadership' in the Western world. It really did express our honest desire for peace. But it also revealed our unwillingness to count the price which peace costs. Our outlawry enthusiasts suggested that Britain imperiled the usefulness of the pact by her reservations in regard to her empire, while we ostensibly offered it without reservations and therefore with purer intention. Yet the debate in the Senate did clearly establish reservations in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and proved that we were just as anxious as Britain to protect our imperial interests. Meanwhile we remained as uncompromising as ever in regard to the war debts, a matter which Europe rightfully regards as more important to the peace of the world than any covenant.

The fact is that our political naïveté betrays us into sentimentality, and sentimentality always looks like idealism from an inside perspective and like hypocrisy from an outside one. Our present passion for disarmament is honest enough; but the success of our efforts means that Britain has definitely capitulated to our supremacy and has recognized that it is better to admit us to naval parity than to run the risk of falling out with us by insisting on her probably justified need of greater naval protection. Anything which avoids conflict between Britain and America is undoubtedly a net gain in international affairs; but the rest of the world will regard this amity with a certain measure of cynicism and hint that it must deal with an Anglo-Saxon empire rather than with a purely American one.

We shall remain the economic overlords of the Western world and prove ourselves uncompromising on anything which touches the essentials of our empire. No one knows what the future may hold in store for us. The fate of imperialists is always uncertain, and awkward imperialists run a double hazard. Responsibility sometimes forces the development of latent capacities, and it may be that we shall learn political grace and acquire a technique adequate for the problems before us in time to be saved from disaster. A decade of world responsibility does not offer sufficient evidence for any bold generalizations. But such evidence as is available certainly does not encourage the faith that we shall develop a political genius equal to the responsibilities thrust upon us by our imperial power.

THE PREBLE PIANO

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

'Ah-h, ah-h,' whispered the rising tide. In a sky of dusked violet the full moon was a shield of burnished gold, while great Jupiter flared like a beacon above the grim head of Schoodic Mountain and seemed to dartle strange beams of green and blue such as appear when iron is consumed in oxygen. Below, Sullivan Bay showed a shadowy lilac full of drowned stars. Once a seal barked in the moonlight far out in the harbor and a night heron croaked overhead.

As I walked out on Falls Point, which I had bought, sight unseen, from a dear lady who loves its birds as much as I do, I passed a deep dimple in the meadowland, the cellar hole of the house which old Josiah Simpson built from the money which he made privateering when he came back from the siege of Louisburg. Some nights in the year, so the story goes, he can be heard down there sawing wood. To-night, however, he was evidently otherwise engaged, for no sound came from its grassy depths as I passed by, following the trail which led to the pits into which the Indians used to drive moose long before any white man ever came to Maine.

At last I reached the Falls, the name given to the narrow inlet at the end of the Point where the waters of the bay are compressed and driven ten miles inland with every flood tide. Pale, remote stars showed among the towering plumes of the hemlocks and here and there silver birches were becalmed against the dark spruces. The fairy lanterns of the fireflies made points of green-gold flame in the darkness beneath the trees, and I caught the faint mignonette perfume of twinflowers growing beside my path, pale-pink double blossoms like stained silk with hearts of deepest rose.

Climbing down a crumbling bank, I seated myself on a boulder at the edge of the Falls and saw Sullivan Light far out in the bay winking at me every thirty seconds, like some towering Polyphemus with its single red eye. The moonlight, filtering through the ink-black pines, wrapped the trees in a mysterious, unearthly beauty. Suddenly the silvered silence was broken by the lovely minor strain of a whitethroat who thought that dawn had come.

'Lone, lone, lonely, lonely,' his cool, pure flute-notes blew across the distance, the very voice of the wilderness.

Before me the salt river lay like a sheet of molten silver, and, although the flood had set in, the water was so smooth that it seemed at first sight to be absolutely motionless. Only when I looked closely could I see that it was moving inland with a swift, dizzying motion. As I watched, the glassy surface dimpled and bubbled; a little blob of foam showed against the silver and a whisper came up from the depths before me, followed by a long fin of foam. The whisper became a murmur, then a hissing mutter of sound, which grew loud and louder as the water was pitted with deep eddies. Suddenly, with a hoarse bellow, the

whole surface of that tormented strait broke into a mass of frothing rapids among which pointed rocks showed like black fangs all slavered with foam.

So loud and unexpected was the roar of the Falls that unconsciously I shrank back as if in the mid of the night some dread elemental had been suddenly loosed from the depths before me.

Then with a crash there opened at my feet the Cellar, as the first settlers of Sullivan named a great whirlpool where many a boat has been wrecked in times past. It differs in size and depth with the various tides, seasons, and years, and has been made far less formidable nowadays by government operations in deepening the channel.

To-night it was a foaming, whirling hollow which grew larger and larger and sank well below the surface of the river. Then, as I stared at it, I suddenly saw, out in the whirl of the rapids above me, a long body, black against the foam. For a moment I thought it the corpse of some drowned man who had been trapped by the treacherous water. Then, as it came nearer, I saw that the figure was alive and caught a glimpse of a bristling gray moustache and strange dark eyes turned toward me. I started up, but there was absolutely nothing that I could do. The strongest swimmer could not have crossed the circle of whirlpools which lay between me and the dark shape that was being hurried inland. Suddenly it disappeared, and it seemed to me that I had seen a man go to his death without doing anything to save him. My horror was somewhat alleviated a moment later when the same round head popped into sight with a fish in its jaws and I realized that my drowning man was only a harbor seal. Once before I had been similarly deceived in the twilight on Puget Sound when a seal thrust his head out of the water, like a merman, close to the boat which I was rowing and so startled me that I caught a crab and fell over backwards, to the huge delight of my companions. Another time in the Bay of Fundy I saw basking upon a sand bar a group of seven harbor seals showing black and brown and mottled white, but never have I seen one so uncannily human as that seal which stared at me at midnight out of the foam and smother of the Falls.

After it had disappeared I sat for long staring at the welter of foaming waters before me over which swaying wreaths of mist shot through with rainbow colors floated in the moonlight. At times the sound of the harassed and fettered current seemed to rise to an almost human shout and could be heard for more than a mile inland. Then, as the night began to ebb, the tide reached high-water slack and immediately the whirlpools were smoothed out, the rapids disappeared, the roar of the river died away to a drone and then to utter silence, and there before me lay an expanse of water rocking and dimpling in the moonlight as smooth and harmless as a mill pond.

II

It was long after midnight when I reached the street skirting the bay which is the main thoroughfare of the tiny village of Sullivan. The houses overlooking the harbor were all dark and silent, nor did I see any sign of life until I came to Aunt Nebbie's cottage. There on her porch she sat rocking in a big Boston rocker as unconcernedly as if she had forsworn sleep forever.

Aunt Nebbie is the oldest as well as one of the most valuable citizens of Sullivan. If anyone is getting married or buried or having a baby Aunt Nebbie is always in charge. In fact many of the elder generation of the town would hardly consider any of those

ceremonies legal if she were not present. Although less than five feet high, a wiry wisp of a woman, straight as a tree, with the nose of a Roman emperor, deep blue eyes, and an adorable smile, she has a tongue with a tang to it and is no respecter of persons. She is apt to address the woman of the house where she may be presiding as 'Sis' and any of the men-folk who may dare to be there as 'Bub.' Moreover, in her moments of relaxation Aunt Nebbie smokes a short, black clay pipe, and her language on occasion can be as untrammeled as was that of the old sea captain her father, who died back in the seventies.

'Come up an' set a while,' she called down to me.

I climbed the steep flight of steps that front all of the houses of Sullivan, which is built on a sidehill, and in another moment was rocking by her side.

'Aunt Nebbie,' I said severely, 'don't you ever go to bed? Suppose someone found me here calling on you at two o'clock in the morning. There'd be a scandal. Moreover, I've been hearing bad reports of you.'

The old lady laughed that gurgling laugh of hers which makes me think of a trout brook running over pebbles.

'Son,' she said, 'when you get past ninety there's no time for sleepin'. As the posy on my granther's old sundial used to say, "it's later than you think." What's this you been hearin' about me?'

'I heard that you went to a dance last winter over in East Sullivan and danced them all down.'

'Sure I did,' chuckled Aunt Nebbie. 'Pearl Atherton, the best fiddler in Blue Hill, were there with his band an' I danced the Virginny reel with old George Machias who used to beau me sixty years ago. There were twenty couples, an' he bruk down at the last an' I had to finish it out alone.'

Before us the triple peaks of Mount Desert towered out of the sea, showing by day as filmy blue bubbles, but now black in the moonlight, and I told her about the seal and the way the Cellar had opened at my feet.

'It's always been a bad place,' she agreed. 'I mind me a Fourth of July in the forties when the buckwheat was just in blow that a lumberman named Red Simon from down Burnt Church way give out that he'd run the Falls on a saw log. Some said he were a Jingeroo, but I always thought him a pure-bred.'

'What's a Jingeroo, Aunt Nebbie?'

'You outlanders call 'em Gypsies,' she explained. 'Folks came from miles around that day to see him, an' Falls Point an' Hancock Point were black with 'em. There were n't no movin' pitchers then an' people turned out for most anything. I were only a youngster, but I knew the Falls, an' I got there early an' clim up high on the bank under a big pine tree just above the Cellar, for I figured that would be the place where there'd be most doin'.

'By the time the crowd were all come the ebb had set in an' the Falls began to roar like a battle an' the water were full of riffs an' rapids an' whirly pools. Then the Cellar fell open like a trap all set to catch someone. Near me were a gal who were a-shakin' an' a-cryin', an' someone said that she were Red's gal. All of a sudden there come a cheerin' from the far side o' the Point an' across the channel from Hancock. It run like a wave along the shore, an' Red come into sight around the rocks at the end of the Point. My, but he looked noble! His long red hair streamed in the wind an' he wore a red flannel shirt an' had a cork life belt strapped around him, an' he was treadin' a great saw log with his spiked boots an' wavin' his hand to the crowd all gay an' gallus.

'The log come a-buckin' an' a-pitchin' through the rapids, but Red he kept his balance — an' how we did cheer! Then a side current caught the log an' shot it through the foam toward the Cellar, which were boilin' like a pot. When he saw what were a-comin' Red's face went white as ashes, but law, there were n't nothin' he could do but keep his balance. Right through the rapids he come not thirty feet from where his gal were settin'. Then the front end of the log went down into the Cellar an' it upended an' went out o' sight, carryin' Red with it.'

Aunt Nebbie stopped for a moment and wiped her face with her checked gingham apron.

'It were better than eighty years ago,' she went on at last, 'but I mind me how a moan went up from the crowd on both sides of the river, like the wind in the trees. Red's gal give a screech an' pitched over in a faint. Then there were n't a sound for a minute or so, as if we were all holdin' our breath. All of a sudden a red head pops up out of the smother of the rapids clear beyond the Cellar an' was whirled away into the harbor. It was the life belt that had saved him. The log went clear down an' come up a long time later all splintered an' bristled by what it found at the bottom of the Cellar, but the cork had kept Red up until some eddy whirled him into the rapids beyond.

'Some o' the men rowed into the harbor an' fished him out an' hoisted him to his gal.'

Aunt Nebbie suddenly broke off and laughed.

'Go on,' I urged her.

'She'd fainted when she thought he was drowned,' she resumed at last, 'but when she come to an' see him standin' in front of her all drippin' an' grinnin' sheepish-like, she up an' give him a slap in the face.

'"Silly fool," she says, "showin' off an' scarin' people to death. I don't never want to see you again." But she did, she sure did,' finished Aunt Nebbie, 'an' she give him nine red-headed children.'

III

'Tell me some more about the Point,' I urged her as she stopped talking. For a time only the creaking of the rocker answered me, for Aunt Nebbie would not be hurried.

'Old Gee Hodgkins owned it when I was a gal,' she finally began. 'We used to call him Master Gee, an' he always slicked his hair down with bear's grease. His father was Uncle Dudley Hodgkins, a great joker if there ever were one.' And once again her voice trailed off into silence.

'What were some of his jokes?' I entreated.

'Well, there was his will for one,' she began again. 'It ran, "Half my property I leave to Dud, half to Zack, and all the rest to Gee." Some way he took a conceit that Gee, who was serious-minded, did n't take well to his joshin'. Yet it was Master Gee who became the richest of 'em all. He owned Falls Point an' the only yoke of oxen in Sullivan. Everybody used to borrow 'em from him. He was the one who set up the whale's rib which stands for a hitchin' post down by the stone store.

'Once Dave Blaise come over to borrow the oxen, but Master Gee he were usin' 'em himself. "I got to have 'em to-day," said Dave. "I just got to." But Master Gee he stuck it out that he were entitled to use his own oxen. Dave he went off in a temper. "I'll buy me a yoke of oxen myself an' have 'em whenever I want," he threatened. Then he got to thinkin' it over an' how much oxen cost, an' he comes back. "I'll buy me a wheel-

barrer anyway," he says, an' off he goes again.

'Mis' Blaise, Dave's wife, she were a pious, soft-spoken woman. Once when I were sick in bed with the epizootic, she come to me an' she says, "Be you prepared to die, Aunt Nebbie?" It certain made me mad. "Die all you want," I tells her, "but I'm damned if I do. I got too much work on hand." An' I got straight out of bed an' have n't been sick since, an' that were more 'n thirty year ago.'

'Tell me some more,' I urged as she came again to a full stop.

'I mind me of the first temperance rally ever held in these parts,' she continued at last. 'It were over at the schoolhouse at Marlboro. They called on Elder Gray to speak. He came from East Franklin, which has only got about a hundred people in it, but it supports two churches side by side, the Hardshell Baptist an' the Reformed Baptist, an' Elder Gray he were elder of the Hardshell church. He got up an' said, "Brethren, when I were a young man I were a fisherman an' went to the Great Banks. I drunk a sight of rum in them days. When I were cold I drunk it to het me; when I were warm I drunk it to cool me; when I had a cold I took a pint to cure me, an' when my cold were bad, bless God, I took a gallon."

'After that edifyin' speech someone spied Uncle Dudley a-settin' in the back of the room, an' everyone set up a holler for him, but he just scrooched down in his chair an' did n't say a word. Then Great Tanner on one side an' Nat Peasley on tother picked him up an' set him on his feet on top of a school desk. The old man were n't flustered a mite. "Inasmuch as these kind friends have stud me on my feet, I s'pose it's my bounden duty to speak, though I ain't no public speaker, as you people'll pretty soon larn," he began. "I've traveled over a sight of country in my time, havin' been down to Aurora an' Otis an' Walbridge by land an' from Cape Rosier to Schoodic Point by water, an' endurin' my travels I've drunk all kinds of licker from fourth-proof brandy down. But for my favorite give me old New England rum. I've taken that three ways, — intarnally, extarnally, an' etarnally, — every damn time I could get it."

'That speech closed the meetin'. The men an' boys yelled so that it was a wonder the rafters did n't fall.'

IV

'I passed the old Josiah Simpson cellar hole to-night,' I ventured, as our conversation once more flagged. 'Is it true that his ghost haunts the Point?'

'They say so,' returned Aunt Nebbie, evasively.

'Did you ever see a ghost yourself?' I persisted.

'Not exactly,' she replied, 'but I've heard one. In the old Uram house somethin' that no one could see used to walk down the front stairs on certain nights of the year. I've heard it with my own ears at midnight just as plain as I hear you. The steps would start at the top of the staircase an' come on an' on down the long flight. At the thirteenth stair it'd always stop for a couple of breaths an' then go on down to the bottom. The Urams were so used to it they thought nothin' of it at all.'

'Did anyone ever try standing on the stairs when it was coming down?' I asked.

Aunt Nebbie looked at me severely.

'It ain't considered fortunate in Sullivan to interfere with dead people,' she reproved me. 'Did you never hear tell of Mis' Preble an' her piano?'

'Never,' I assured her.

'You ought to know the story, because it happened in the house that you bought with the Point,' she told me. 'Mis' Preble, she used to live there. She always wore a white nubia an' a real lace kerchief, an' her face were gentle an' yet kind of proud. She had the first piano that was ever seen in Sullivan. It was a Gilbert, an' I guess it was about next door to a spinet. Once a year she'd send it down to Portland on a schooner to be tuned, an' she used to take a sight of pleasure in playin' it. I mind me she'd play a lot of the old tunes on it, such as "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," an' "Men of Harlech." Another thing she used to play were "André's Dirge." Her granther was one of the guards that had charge of Major André in the Revolution times, an' after he was hung they played a dirge which the Major made up himself, an' her granther, he remembered the tune all his life an' used to hum it, an' taught all of his children to sing it or play it. Mis' Preble she used to say that she wished she could write music, for she were the last person living who knew that tune an' after she was gone it'd be forgotten. She tried to make me learn it, but, law, I can't hardly tell the difference 'tween "Yankee Doodle" an' "Ol' Hundredth." All I can remember is that it was slow an' sad like an' used to make my backbone all cold when I heard it.

'I never knew anyone so fond of her piano as Mis' Preble was. Even after her hands got so crippled up with rheumatism that she could n't strike the keys, she'd sit in front of it by the hour. Everybody liked her. Even Caroliny Bragdon, who did n't like many people, liked Mis' Preble. Caroliny were a great hand for gettin' her words mixed. She said to me once when I'd been house-cleanin' since four o'clock in the morning, "You certainly have had a stenorious day." Another time somebody was sayin' that old Josiah Simpson, who used to own your Falls Point, was no better than a pirate, an' Caroliny spoke up. "Nobody can't cast any astigmatism at *my* ancestors," she says.

'Caroliny took a prejudice once against Dave Lane's boy because he were such a moderate worker, an' would n't have him on her place, an' one day when he stopped out in the road in front an' stared in, she run out an' says, "Go along, you, don't you dare even *look* at my house"; an' the boy he went, too, for Caroliny was right masterful.

'Before she died Mis' Preble used to visit with Aunt Dodd, who was a Simpson, an' the best blood in Sullivan. They were descended from old General Sullivan, who fought in the Revolution an' give his name to this town. Once the Britishers sent a sloop of war down the Maine coast an' landed some soldiers at Sullivan. The Captain he tried to kiss the old General's daughter, who was a pretty slip of a girl, but Mis' Sullivan she give him a terrible slap in the face. He got so mad about it that he had his soldiers burn the Sullivan house down an' turned Mis' Sullivan an' her daughter out into the snow.

'Aunt Dodd she was high-spirited like that, too. Once a fish peddler thought she'd been dealin' with someone else, an' he would n't serve her for nigh on to ten years. Then he come in one day an' offered to trade with her again. "No, thank you," says Aunt Dodd. "Your fish are n't very fresh."

'When Aunt Dodd's husband was livin' they were out to supper once at her daughter's house. Cap'n Dodd was a hearty eater an' Aunt Dodd et very little. She loved coffee an' he never drunk it. His daughter asked him if he'd have a second helpin' of puddin', an' Aunt Dodd spoke up,

"No, thank you, we won't take any more." The Captain he did n't say anything, but a little later when her daughter asked Aunt Dodd if she'd have a cup of coffee he spoke up quick. "No, thank you," he said, "we don't never drink it."'

V

Suddenly Aunt Nebbie stopped talking and rocking simultaneously and laughed embarrassedly.

'Here I be runnin' on an' on about people you never heard of an' keepin' you out of your beauty sleep,' she exclaimed. 'Why don't you go to bed an' not set here encouragin' an old woman to talk herself to death?'

'Aunt Nebbie,' I said firmly, 'I don't leave this porch until I hear about Mrs. Preble's piano.'

'Well, it were n't much to tell,' said Aunt Nebbie, 'an' I s'pose you'll laugh at the story, but this was the way of it. After Mis' Preble died it came out that she'd left the house and all her belongings to a cousin of hers down Saco way. This cousin she planned to come over to Sullivan an' live there after she'd sold out her things in Saco, so the house an' everything in it was left just as it was when Mis' Preble was alive. Not even the curtains were pulled down. We youngsters used to run up on the porch an' peek in an' then run away, for it was kind o' scary-like without Mis' Preble bein' there.

'Well, about three months after she died a pack peddler comes to town, one of them Canucks from across the border with a lot of cheap jewelry an' handkerchiefs an' bright calicoes an' neckties an' little things like that which he could carry easy on his back wrapped up in a big oilskin pack. They don't come no more nowadays, but when I was a gal there used to be quite a sight on 'em drift through the town one time or another. Well, this one he come up on the porch of the old Preble house right up to the front door bold as brass an' rung the little screw bell that was set in the crossbar. Dave Blaise, who lived across the way, he heard it a-ringin' an' a-ringin' an' looked over an' saw the peddler a-standin' there. Then he see him go over to the side window on the porch an' peer in an' rap on the glass, an' Dave hear him say, "Good-a mornin'," two, three times, quite loud in that queer French way them Canucks have. Dave he'd have gone over an' told the man there warn't no one livin' there, but he was busy settin' out some bean poles.

'Pretty soon the peddler come over to Dave's place, wipin' his face an' lookin' quite het up.

'"That ol' lady, she be of a deafness extraordinaire," he says.

'Dave told me afterwards that it give him quite a turn to hear him.

'"What old lady?" he says.

'"Why, the one who live in ze house opposite," goes on the Canuck. "She sit in front of ze piano, but she don't play, nor do she hear, though I rap an' rap on ze window an' call out loud to her."

'"What did she look like?" goes on Dave, feelin' kind o' sick.

'"She have ze white hair an' wear ze white mantilla on her head, an' she have a kin' face, but ver' sad," says the peddler.

'Dave, he bought a Barlow jackknife to get rid of the man, an' after he'd gone on his way Dave goes over to the Preble house. It took all the grit he had to walk up on that porch an' look in the window, even though it were broad daylight. He did n't see nothin' unusual, except one thing — the piano, which had been shut up ever since Mis' Preble died, were wide open.'

STATE PENSIONS OR CHARITY?

BY ALICE HAMILTON

I

In the February number of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Walter Gifford discusses the present-day movement for state pensions for the aged poor and sees in it an attack on our characteristically American method of dealing with the problems of poverty, a method which consists in the employment of trained social workers to administer charitable funds provided by the free-will gifts of the well-to-do. He believes that, whatever may be true of other countries, this method of voluntary action for meeting the welfare needs of our people is in keeping with our social and political philosophy, a philosophy that has made us not only politically stable and economically prosperous, but contented. 'It is as sound a principle in welfare work as it is in other activities that in America governmental agencies should do nothing that other agencies can and will do.' He pays a very fitting tribute to the social agencies which 'have done so much to keep American society healthy at the bottom,' and he is convinced that if they were to be abolished suddenly, immediate and serious discontent would arise. To prevent this, and to provide for such new demands as old-age pensions, he urges business men to be generous in their gifts to organized charity.

Mr. Gifford's tribute to the high character of the social work done in this country is not only deserved, it is needed, for there is far too little public appreciation of the knowledge, the resourcefulness, and the human understanding and tact that trained social workers bring to bear on the difficulties with which they must deal. There is truly a quality about it which, as Mr. Gifford says, is lacking in the relief given by state agencies, but then there is also a quality about state aid which makes it more acceptable to certain kinds of people. For this reason and for others I must take issue with Mr. Gifford and join with those who stand for state pensions for the aged poor rather than support given through private charity.

Let me first speak of the attitude of the social workers themselves toward these two alternatives. The list of members of the American Society for Old Age Security contains a number of names prominent in social work, such as Jane Addams, Jacob Billikopf, Alexander Johnson, Florence Kelley, John A. Lapp, John A. Ryan, Mary K. Simkhovitch, and I feel sure that most social workers will not think that in urging the State to provide a pension system for the old we are implying a lack of confidence in voluntary charity. They would probably be the first to say that this new demand would impose upon them a burden too great to bear, even if they thought that private charity was the best way of dealing with the problem. Mr. Gifford says that the only truly American way of meeting the need is by voluntary gifts, but he must have forgotten the many fields of welfare work which have already passed from private hands into

those of the State. It is only necessary to mention the care of the insane poor and the feeble-minded, the greater number of the sick poor and the blind, even the pensioning of widows to ensure a home and proper care for fatherless children. No one would suggest turning these back to the private charities. Moreover, what agency but the State now deals with the aged poor? The great majority, if destitute, must go to public almshouses, for the privately supported homes for the aged are pitifully inadequate. What we are asking is not that the State assume a new rôle, but that it perform an old rôle better and more completely. To ask the charities to care for all the needy old people is to give them an impossible task, even if we assume that the increasing generosity of business men toward organized charity, upon which Mr. Gifford counts, will really materialize.

II

Why is it that so suddenly this question of old-age pensions has come to the fore and movements for state insurance have sprung up in so many parts of the country? To my mind it cannot be explained as simply a cumulative result of years of work with the aged poor. There is a new element in the situation, and I believe this new element is a realization on the part of employers of labor as well as friends of the poor that we are faced with a new problem, of rapidly increasing importance, for which we can see no solution except perhaps in the dim future. It is the problem of premature old age, of the forced idleness of men and women still in the prime of life, of the establishment of a dead line at forty years, after which one is classed as unfit for work. This is, as we all know, the dark side of the amazingly rapid increase in labor-saving machinery since the war, as the new, complicated machines call, not for skill and experience and judgment, which are the gifts of middle age, but for quickness and adaptability, which are the gifts of youth.

'Technological unemployment' this condition is called, to make it sound a little less disastrous, and our public men assure us that it will surely disappear, for these machines will increase our riches, and we shall buy more luxuries, and the luxury trades will 'take up the slack.' But of course the luxury trades have no demand for the skilled mechanics who have been discharged; that solution of the problem belongs admittedly to the remote future, and we of this generation must deal with the immediate present, a present filled with workers thrown on the scrap heap at forty years of age.

Not long ago I was in an iron foundry, watching the pouring of molten iron into moulds. I noticed one man, older than the rest, staggering along with his heavy ladle, which he could only just carry, although, arrived at his moulds, he did a neat job. He was plainly in constant fear that he could not make it; he was straining every muscle to keep up with the others, to hold on to his job. As I watched him, sensing keenly his fear and his desperate effort, I heard my guide say: 'Come back here in three months and you won't see any of these men. I'll show you what we are doing now.' He took me to another building and there I saw an automatic machine pouring iron into moulds, doing the work of a dozen men and under the charge of three slim lads of less than twenty years. The man I had been watching had no need to strain his heart over his work — he was doomed to be scrapped in any case.

Another factor in this new situation which also tends to eliminate the middle-aged is the increasing use of group

insurance for employees against sickness and accident, furnished by industrial insurance companies. It is our American way to leave social insurance to commercial companies which operate for profit and find the middle-aged worker a poor risk. Therefore employers have had to adopt a strict rule against taking on new men who are over forty years of age, for only in this way can they get favorable rates from the insurance companies.

All this means that in thinking of old-age pensions we must take into consideration a great new class of needy people. These are not men who have lived all their lives on the edge of poverty; they are self-respecting artisans, skilled workers, men who have made good wages and held their heads high. At a moment when such a man still possesses all his old skill of eye and hand, and the gains of long experience, he finds himself no longer wanted, of less use in our American social system than his little feather-brained daughter with a year's training in a business school.

What is his future? His standard of living will have to slip down; he will sink to the level of the unskilled worker and then of the casual worker, for it will be harder and harder for him to find any sort of job, even if he dyes his hair and makes pitiful efforts to hide the senility of fifty years. Long intervals of unemployment will exhaust the savings of a lifetime, for remember that there are twenty or twenty-five years between the day he is thrown out as too old and the day he will become eligible for a pension, at sixty-five years of age. How many workmen have saved enough to tide them over that period and to provide for their actual old age? Most working-class families have not much chance to hold on to their savings up to old age. Such a family has typically two periods of fairly easy living when it is possible to put by something. The first one comes in the early years of married life when the babies are not yet numerous, the expenses are not great, and the man is at the height of his earning powers. Then comes the strain of increasing expenses with no increase of income, followed by the second period of prosperity when the children have reached working age and have not yet left home. This, however, is succeeded by a period of increasing poverty, as one by one the children go to homes of their own, the man's earnings grow less, and the savings disappear, if indeed the many demands of sickness, unemployment, and accidents have not used them up long ago.

I have spoken of men all this time because my work takes me into men's trades rather than women's, but I am quite well aware that this is even more the women's problem than the men's, for so many more women live to old age than men. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tells us (1927) that the death rate for men between twenty-five and forty-four years is 661.7 per 100,000 of the population, while the rate for women is only 514.7. In the next group, between forty-five and sixty-four years, the rate for men is 2369.9, for women 1646.8. This means that a much larger number of women reach the years of dependency than of men, and I am told that middle age is an even greater handicap to the woman seeking work than to the man.

The *New York Times* published not long ago a statement made by Dr. S. S. Huebner, Professor of Insurance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania. He said to his Toronto audience: 'Only one of ten men at sixty-five has enough money to assure him an income of even fifty dollars a month. Only one out of three men who are healthy at thirty years dies before he

reaches sixty. The burden of support of the others falls on the children. This is terrible philosophy. Each generation should take care of itself.'

We are told that the National Civic Federation made an investigation of dependent old people and found that there was no need for state pensions, that the great majority were already satisfactorily cared for. But apparently they assumed that every old person supported by a son or daughter was properly cared for and did not inquire further, did not ask what it meant to the child who had taken on himself the support of the aged. Those who know the lives of the poor could have told the Federation at what an unfair price that support is often given. It is, of course, more likely to be the daughter who makes the sacrifice. That old jingle, 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife, My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life,' is founded on something in human nature too deep to change with a changing world. Think of the army of faithful daughters who have had to give up all hope of a home and husband and children of their own because they were too proud to ask a man to take on him the burden of the old people. So they go through life spending their young strength for the aged, losing their chance because they have not the heart to break free and take it. Nor is it easy for the old to find a place in the home of a son or daughter — it may be the last straw to break down self-respect.

III

Is it sensible to assume that what is American is necessarily wisest and best, or even that it is unchangeable? Surely we should have enough humility to reexamine our national ways and decide quite objectively if they are the best possible for us. Personally, I am very loath to accept the verdict that a dependence on the benevolence of the uppermost class toward the lowest class is the only possible American way of solving the problem of the poor, or even that it makes for a healthy state and contentment at the bottom of society. If we should subject our American system to a critical scrutiny, we might find that in spite of periods of high wages (not nearly as universal as is believed) the American workingman is in some respects worse off than his brothers in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark.

In 1927 there was transmitted to Parliament by the British Minister of Labor a report of a delegation appointed to study industrial conditions in the United States and Canada. The report contains many flattering statements about American business enterprise, inventiveness, rationalization methods, welfare work, and so on, but it contains also some significant remarks with regard to the other side of the shield.

> In estimating the relative positions of workers in the United States and Great Britain there are several important considerations to be borne in mind. In the first place there is nothing in the United States to compare with the state provision in this country for unemployment, sickness, and old age. In general, an unemployed worker has to depend on his savings when out of work. This absence of outside assistance for the worker who is unable to obtain employment makes poverty in the United States a matter of extreme hardship. . . . Unemployment and irregularity of employment are not of less importance than hourly wages in considering the position of industrial workers. In the United States it has been a cardinal principle that the incentive to work must be maintained at the highest point and that to provide means of maintenance in the present or expectation of assistance in the future, other than

by his own earnings and savings, lessens the driving power and self-reliance of the worker. Consequently, except in the case of certain trades-unions which give unemployment benefit . . . outside support can be obtained only by charity and then only in circumstances of extreme destitution. The result is that, to the great majority who do not wish to incur the stigma of pauperism, unemployment, sickness, and old age are very serious matters. High hourly earnings often do not result in a high yearly income and, in the case of those outside the more skilled classes, irregular work may rapidly bring on serious poverty.

What the English commentators say is true. The American workman may earn high wages, although of course the yearly income of the vast majority is below fifteen hundred dollars a year, but even if he does, he must live all his working life under the shadow of three Damoclean swords, sickness, loss of his job, and old age, and against these our country, the richest in the world, gives him no protection.

Would generous gifts to organized charity remedy this lack? Well, let him who asks that question imagine for a moment that he is himself faced at sixty-five with the alternatives of private charity, administered with the greatest tact and understanding, and a state pension administered as a matter of official routine. I think there can be no doubt of his choice. It is said that state pensions will be given impersonally and mechanically. That is exactly what the proud man wants. He feels that he has done his share of the hard work of the world, maybe a bit more than his share, and that he has a right to a minimum of comfort in his old age without being forced to accept charity. The changes that robbed him of his job — his property, in his own eyes — have resulted in gains to society, and he feels that he should not be the one to bear all the losses that came with them. Has he a right to demand this? I do not know; I am no economist. It is not for me to venture into a discussion of the mysterious ways in which wealth is distributed in this country. But sometimes I wonder whether an uneasy sense of injustice and inequality in the apportionment of rewards for services performed may not explain the surprisingly favorable attitude of some quite conservative wealthy people toward state pensions for the old.

This year, if ever, it behooves us to think soberly of the need of giving some form of security to those upon whom the fluctuations of business throw the heaviest burdens. These are men and women who have no control over discount rates, or credit, or the manipulation of bull markets and bear markets, yet they are the first victims of the battles fought in those high and mysterious regions. We have all read of the bread lines, the marching of unemployed on city halls to demand work, the overcrowded municipal lodging houses and police stations. Even private charity has broken down before the unprecedented demand for shelter and food. The Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. have not been able to care for the hordes of wage-workers and office men, homeless, cold, and hungry, who walk the streets in desperation, finding no place in our society for their strength and skill and will to work. Such inequalities cannot be covered up by charity. It is time for us to devise ways of meeting the inevitable disaster of old age and the almost equally inevitable disasters of sickness and unemployment, and these must be ways that will not fail when the stock market breaks or a new machine is invented, that will function in the lean years as in the fat years, and that can be accepted without loss of self-respect.

THE REVOLT OF THE CONVICTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

THE sensational prison riots of last year have had one quite unexpected, but desirable, reaction. They have aroused a belated feeling of public obligation for what is beyond question the most neglected of our great public institutions, the least touched by progress, the most subject to those countercurrents of opinion, prejudice, and passion which make enlightened policies difficult and sometimes impossible of attainment.

The Legislature of New York to-day is considering an expenditure of $38,000,000 on its prisons. The riot in the Federal prison at Leavenworth hardly was over before President Hoover was announcing that he would recommend the appropriation of $10,000,000 for Federal prisons. These are more than appropriations — they are confessions. And confession is good for the soul.

The extent of that neglect which characterizes our treatment of prisons and prisoners, and the reasons for it, need to be understood clearly. New York may serve as a fairly concrete example.

Three of these great riots of prisoners have occurred in New York prisons — one at Dannemora and two at Auburn. The prison at Auburn was built in 1816. At that time, 114 years ago, James Madison was President, and during all these years it has been in continuous operation. Its grim cell block was built to reflect the purposes and philosophy of a penology of the stagecoach days and as a means of expressing that era's conception of what prison punishment should mean.

Sing Sing, New York's most widely known prison, was built in 1825 when James Monroe was President, and its fearful cell block was abandoned only within the past year. Now a large part of its old, damp, dismal cells once more are filled with the overflow population from other prisons for whom not even cells elsewhere are available.

The Clinton Prison at Dannemora was built somewhat later, in 1840; built, however, on the model of the old prisons at Auburn and Sing Sing, and its cell block is substantially the same.

The cell blocks in these prisons are made of the solidest masonry. They can last for centuries. Most well-built buildings disappear with us not because they become insecure or dangerous with age, but because the ideas which they represent become obsolete; because they stand in the path of progress and have to give place to forces representing new and better ideas, changed conditions, and plans for better futures. These prison cell blocks represent the triumph of the obsolete over time and change.

Before considering the cell blocks themselves, in another connection, let us remember this: the world of 1816, when Auburn was built, was a harder world; it had fewer of what we now call the common necessities; the common run of mankind daily experienced

hardships unfamiliar to poor vagrants of to-day. The convict of 1930 is put in the same slit in the masonry wall which was designed to punish the convict of 1816.

What, then, are these cell blocks? Imagine a very large room, in the middle of which is a huge oblong box of masonry not connected with the sides of the room. As you walk along the floor, you pass a succession of little doorways in this box with grilled iron doors. These are the ground-floor cells. What little light may stray into them from the high windows of the great room itself, in which the box is placed, is largely cut off by the shadow of the iron platform which is fastened in the wall just above the door tops; such platforms provide entrance ways, each for the next higher tier of cells, reached, in turn, by a stairway at the end of the block.

The largest of the old cells at any of these prisons is at Dannemora. It is only four feet wide, with a cot which occupies most of the space: a fairly neat fit, like a coffin in a grave. This brick-lined room is little over seven feet deep and less than seven feet high. It is unventilated; it is without toilet facilities of any kind. Each convict carries a tin bucket with him when he marches to his cell at night.

This cell, moreover, is the only place of privacy which the prison affords to the individual convict. Outside of it his associations are indiscriminate herd associations — with felons. Here alone he can reflect and revise, if he will, his distorted outlook on life, in an atmosphere surcharged with the fetid stench of his own excrement.

However much these prisons may or may not have changed in other details in the process of time, this aspect of the cells has never changed. They are the same sequence of horrible holes to-day in Auburn as in 1816, in Sing Sing as in 1825, and in Clinton as in 1840.

It may be urged that cell blocks are deplorable, of course, but not supremely important. 'A modern prison,' someone observed, 'can be maintained even in an old building. The daily life of the prisoner, his discipline, is or may be quite a different matter and is far more important than the cell where he sleeps. He should rise above his unfavorable environment.'

What are his incentives to rise?

II

Before James Monroe was made President, New York enacted a law providing for wages for prisoners as a reward for industry, as a means of reformation, as well as a means of reducing to a minimum the taxpayers' burden.

'Whereas,' said the quaint preamble to the law of 1816, 'it is believed that a habit of industry is the best preventive of vice, to encourage which habit of industry in the criminals of the state, whom the state is desirous of reforming, it may be useful to allow them a reasonable portion of the fruits of their labor, to be set apart for them or their families. . . .' This was, no doubt, a radical idea in the penology of 1816. Can anyone, even the most resolute member of the vindictive school, question its soundness as a wise principle?

In time for Christmas 1929, Emil Totterman, who had served twenty-five years in the state prisons of New York, was pardoned. He was fifty-two years old. Handed to him, as he left Sing Sing to face the outside world, none too easy at best for the ex-convict, were the accumulated wages which had been earned by him in those twenty-five years of prison life. He had been an able-bodied man, had worked

at such prison industries as the prison afforded, and he received the full wage allowed by law. His accumulated wages were $45.26. His wage scale had been at the rate of one and one-half cents a day. Even the most optimistic believer in progress can hardly be cheered by the development of this 'sound' idea of wages for prisoners in the 114 years since its first inception in 1816.

Let us retrace our steps to the cell block. I remember asking a question about these cell blocks, a few years ago, of the secretary of the Prison Association. This is a very old organization which, by its charter, is required to make a report and recommendations to the Legislature each year. I asked him if he could tell me how long ago this organization first began to recommend abolition of these cell blocks to the State Legislature. He told me that he was quite sure that such recommendations had been made for fifty years.

The convict is the stepchild of the State. He is not a voter and forms no part of any statesman's clamoring constituents. On the appropriation bill he comes last. The convict can always be made to wait. It has always been so.

I also remember asking the head of Elmira Reformatory three years ago what special recommendation he needed for the improvement of the reformatory. 'The brick shop and foundry,' he replied. 'This building is used by from one hundred to three hundred boys learning the masonry trade; it is not only very old, it is unsafe. It has been condemned by the State Architect and by the Prison Commission over and over again. It cannot be heated and work has to stop in winter. A new building has been needed for many years. Nothing has been done about it.'

I could give a dozen other New York illustrations of the same kind. It would be entirely wrong, however, even to suggest that the policy of prison parsimony is confined to that state. It is the usual thing and not the exception. If, a few years ago, Auburn Prison, for example, wastefully operated fourteen separate boiler plants, other states could duplicate this folly. Patching old prison plants instead of building needed new ones is not a localized New York policy.

One more illustration and I shall have passed from what is bad to what is no better. We have heard much about the increased cost of living and the reduced purchasing power of the dollar in meeting the food requirements of the family larder. One family in New York, at least, and, alas, a very large family, tells a quite different story. The food in New York State prisons now costs, on the average, seven cents per meal for each person. It cost seven and one-quarter cents per meal in 1868! A still further triumph of economy could be accomplished, we are told by experts, if a cafeteria were installed and those prisoners who fail to find their poor and monotonous meals appetizing did not have set before them, as now, the food they will not eat.

None of the conditions to which I thus far have alluded are particularly new. Prisoners living under such conditions perhaps are not without good reasons for bad actions. The general atmosphere of old prisons is far from cheering at best, but there are new circumstances to make things worse. These new circumstances helped to cause the explosions of resentment which at last have aroused public interest in the condition of their prisons.

III

The first cause is overcrowding. For a decade, we have been disturbed and

perplexed by the strange growth in our criminality. It is particularly an American problem. England has been closing prisons for which she had no need. Her criminal statistics show a distinct falling off in crime. European conditions generally are not unlike those in England. The contrast with us is sometimes rather startling. A few weeks ago, for example, the *S. S. Bremen* brought $6,000,000 in gold to the port of New York. The boat was met at its pier by armored cars, a cordon of armed policemen, and two machine guns. The gold left the boat in New York under this most rigid police protection. It had been carried to the boat at Bremen in an ordinary truck, with one driver and a helper and no police whatsoever!

I shall not attempt to discuss here the general problem of crime which perplexes us all — the development of gangs, the hijackers, the racketeers, or the relation of the prohibition law to lawlessness. I shall not attempt to say whether, on the whole, we are or are not showing resourcefulness or intelligence in the ways and means of checking our very real crime wave. One aspect of this crime wave is quite obvious. An irritated public opinion, for the moment, has accepted quite heartily, as a remedy, increased severity in punishment for those criminals who are caught. We are filling old prisons with new prisoners in larger numbers, carrying longer terms.

I have spoken at some length concerning the ordinary prisoner's life in prisons which are themselves relics of barbarism. In New York, the prison population in state prisons has increased over 1700 in the past four years. On July 1 of last year, the four state prisons had a population of 6631. There were almost 1000 more prisoners than cells. In the whole state prison system, there are only 2866 cells which can be described as modern in any sense, the remainder being those which I have pictured at Auburn, Dannemora, and Sing Sing.

The Federal penitentiaries at Atlanta and Leavenworth are adapted for only one half of their present population. If the New York prison system is bad, if its buildings are anachronisms, if its industrial plants for prison labor are inadequate, if its old cell blocks are atrocious, the Federal system, so far as overcrowding is concerned, is much worse.

A special committee of the House of Representatives found in January of last year that the penitentiary at Atlanta, with a normal capacity for 1712 prisoners, was actually housing 3107. Leavenworth Prison has no greater capacity than Atlanta, but has or had 3700 prisoners, or over double its cell accommodations. All of these prisoners were idle except for about 800, for Congress had not provided work for more than that number.

When eighteenth-century England had no law enforcement, when the dark city streets at night and the unprotected country highways were full of robbers, when the average innkeeper was more than likely to be an accomplice of highwaymen and the chance of capture was negligible, her criminal law made up for its feebleness by its barbarity in the punishment of the occasional miscreant who happened to be caught.

A much irritated American public is in a similar frame of mind, and seeks strenuously to apply, in the age of the automobile, a remedy which was found ineffective in the days of the stagecoach. Longer sentences by the removal of judicial discretion, made mandatory by recent statutes, life sentences to those guilty of a fourth offense, the removal of the substance of

authority in parole officers to shorten sentences for good conduct — all are being tried as nostrums for the cure of crime.

The prisons in states which, like New York, are for the moment following this shortsighted policy are full of these long-term prisoners, bitter, vindictive, without hope. Outbreaks such as have occurred in these overcrowded prisons were practically inevitable. They were almost equally to be expected, but for somewhat different reasons, in the far more overcrowded Federal prisons at Leavenworth and Atlanta.

While these new harsh laws have been in operation less than four years, the facts concerning their operation are already adequate to show their ineffectiveness, injustice, and undesirability. Hard-and-fast statutes devoid of flexibility are particularly dangerous in criminal law. The savagery of old English criminal law led to extreme efforts of avoidance to mitigate the injustice in particular cases; especially the development of purely technical loopholes of escape, which, in operation, became precedents, and which have survived as stumblingblocks to the criminal law of this country for over a century, long after the reasons for their existence were swept away.

In like manner, ways of avoiding these new life sentences are being developed by courts and district attorneys. An analysis, moreover, of the careers of criminals who have received life sentences shows, in New York at least, that few of the criminals to whom they have been applied had been particularly conspicuous as leaders in the underworld.

No one knows, ever, the exact relation between severe punishment and prevention of crime. We all know, at least, this: that England, where punishment is far less severe, but far more prompt and certain, is registering a great reduction in crime; and that with us the barometer constantly is rising. England relies, apparently, upon continually improving her methods of detection, upon greater certainty of punishment, and not upon the severity of punishment. The results all are in favor of the English system. I have discussed this aspect of the matter in a previous paper and shall not refer to it again here.[1]

As I have said, I am not attempting to consider our crime problems other than those primarily connected with prisons. So long as we are satisfied with the friendly association of crime with politics, in a dozen different relationships; so long as political parties, in control of our cities, consider it more expedient to ally themselves with, to encourage and enlarge, the underworld of crime than to join with the forces of decency; and so long as we find it more expedient to make our so-called police court a disgrace to our civilization and our chiefs of police and district attorneys the pliant tools of politicians and political deals, we must expect conditions such as exist in so many of our large cities to continue. Merely giving harsher sentences to those who have failed to slip through the large meshes of political escape will afford to us no more relief than a mustard plaster on a cancer.

IV

There are plenty of reforms needed in our prisons, reforms long delayed. The urgent question with us just now is how to get full value out of this momentary public interest in prisons which is due to these revolts of prisoners in Dannemora, Auburn, Leavenworth, and Canyon City. What are the main things needed?

[1] 'The Irritating Efficacy of English Criminal Justice,' in the *Atlantic* for August 1928.

Here is a partial list. There is nothing new on it, nothing which has not been recommended over and over again by prison experts for years.

We need more and better prisons, which also means smaller prisons or prisons in which segregation is made possible. The sheer stupidity of applying all sorts of psychiatric tests to the study of the individual prisoner, ascertaining his mental and emotional qualities, and then putting him back in a boarding house for crooks, with two or three thousand felons, is so apparent that it needs no comment. Potential classifications which are not followed by classes are a waste of time and money. Large boarding houses for felons may seem to be cheaper to operate, but they become post-graduate schools in crime and cost society far more in men and money in the long run. At the very basis of any real prison reform are a scientific study of the individual and the segregation of prisoners in appropriate groups in prisons adapted for their type.

Industries are needed for prison labor, intelligently selected, and a suitable prison wage as an incentive to habits of industry and an aid to the reëstablishment of the ex-convict in a none too friendly world. The problem of prison labor is not a simple one, to be sure, but the results obtained compared with what might reasonably be expected are almost incredibly bad. The popular notion that this is due to the opposition of organized labor is without foundation. With adequate machinery, wisely selected industries, and a halfway intelligent management, entirely different results could be obtained. Willingness to work is a fair test of character and reformability. Moreover, even the most vindictive opponent of aid and comfort to criminals must admit that there is something lacking in the policy of giving to a convict at the end of his term only a ticket to some point in the state and ten dollars to reëstablish himself in a world where he has a bad name and no references whatsoever.

It is true, of course, that most of our criminal law is based upon the theory that punishment prevents crime. It may be a comfort to us to think, when we send a robber to prison, that various worthy citizens who were on the point of becoming robbers change their minds accordingly. It may be that they do. It possibly is true to some extent that the rigor of criminal law does protect society by preventing crime. That is a principle of optimism as old as the hills. It is bound to remain the basis upon which the police, the criminal courts, and the prisons, as places of punishment, operate. The human scarecrow protects the corn of society.

But the prisoner is something besides a scarecrow. He is also a human being. Unless we are prepared to keep him in prison for life at our expense, what the prison does to him — whether he comes out a confirmed criminal to resume his anti-social activities and again become a menace to society and a problem for the police and the criminal courts, or whether he becomes so rehabilitated as to develop into a halfway decent person — is a quite different matter.

These problems, moreover, grow more important as the years pass. They are pressing for new solution. We know more to-day about the human being, physically, mentally, and emotionally, than at any previous period. We babble in a new jargon of psychology and psychiatry and our shelves are full of new books on mental science; our lecture halls are crowded with listeners to the learned exponents of new theories which concern the previously uncharted soul of man.

The more light we receive from repeated studies of the character and make-up of the individuals who constitute our prison population, the more unsatisfactory and archaic become our prison systems except to those to whom the eighteenth-century scarecrow principle of prisons is all-sufficient. Our failure to make progress, where progress is possible, to make prison programmes advance, is due in the main to the steady resistance of those who still believe that the programme of modern penology is a mysterious formula for mollycoddling malefactors, and who insist on outworn remedies for crime. It is a transitional period in which warfare is on between the upholders of the old scarecrow theory and those who bring to the problems of crime wisdom, surrounded, alas, too often with a panoply of new and mysterious scientific words.

Here is an illustration of that warfare. A few years ago a convict named Alphonso Monjo finished his latest term in Sing Sing Prison. When his case came up before the Parole Board, Warden Lawes wrote to the Board: 'In my judgment, this is a man who is unquestionably a mental defective and should be, for the safety of the community, restrained. We have communicated with the Commission on Mental Defectives and they cannot accept this man at Napanoch because of an overcrowded condition. It seems to me that this type of man, for the benefit of all concerned, should, if possible, be sent to an institution for mental defectives.'

Six months later, Monjo was back in Sing Sing again, this time with a life sentence for robbery as a fourth offender.

In this case the new penology said, in effect, through the views of the warden: 'Here is a man who should not have been in prison in the first place. He should have been sent to an institution for the feeble-minded, for permanent custodial care.' The old penology replied: 'This man must be punished for the protection of society. He committed a crime. He was mentally able to qualify under the legal standard of criminal responsibility. He knew the nature and quality of his act (robbery) and knew that it was wrong.'

So this mentally defective convict will be kept, for life, in a prison for punishment, instead of in an institution for the mentally defective. There are plenty of other misfits like him in our prisons. They make new prison problems themselves and prevent other prison problems from being solved.

Our failure to distinguish between one convict and another as human problems, our failure to act on this obvious distinction, our insistence upon treating them all as one abandoned class, are something which, unless checked or changed, will cost our communities further wastage in human material and untold millions of unnecessary expense.

Here is an illustration: Since the prison riots, as we noted, New York is earnestly considering a new prison. Some of the prisoners who may be placed in it doubtless will be very vicious and dangerous characters, likely to try desperate means of escape. Attica, the new prison, is, for the moment, being planned as though each and every prisoner in it would be of this type. Heavy steel cells, enormously expensive, are being considered, with safety to the community further assured by an enormous curved wall around the prison which itself will cost considerably over $1,000,000. Nothing seems overlooked in the picture except a ball and chain for each prisoner and the leg irons still in vogue in the road gangs of the eighteenth-

century South. It is solemn nonsense, and very expensive nonsense at that.

Science in the study of the individual prisoner has been wholly wasted when its results are cast aside in this fashion. The crying needs of prison industries may be starved to make these absurd walls and steel cells possible.

V

All of which brings us to the last of our present prison problems — the problem of parole. The acid test of a prison is the kind of man that comes out of it. A school whose students always return, to learn again the same lesson, is a poor school. Parole, as an ideal, is old enough. As an effective ideal, it has remained almost untried. It is simple as a principle. It is difficult as practice. Its successes or failures are bound to depend, of course, upon the human material with which it deals. That something never can be made out of nothing obviously is as true of human beings as it is of algebraic formulæ. But with all its past failures, parole is of greater importance to-day than ever before.

After all, no matter how scientifically a prison is built, no matter how well run, no matter how adequate the prison industries in it may be, the real test of its value is not the prisoner within the walls, but the prisoner who leaves them. History repeats itself until its lessons are understood.

It may seem to many of us quite a simple matter to save society by putting more and more men and women in prison and keeping them there for life. But it is bound to be very expensive. We are increasing by leaps and bounds the cost of incarceration for defective delinquents, for the feeble-minded, for the border-line felons now in our reformatories and prisons who should always remain in some form of permanent custody.

Sooner or later we shall be forced to take up the business of putting on a scientific and organized basis the process of selecting in our prisons those who, with safety to society, can be at least tested by extra-mural supervision as a probationary step toward ultimate release. No better means can be devised to make our prisons into failures, except as boarding houses for undesirable guests, than our present method of releasing prisoners.

Consider our current practice. We assume that punishment, particularly if severe and of long duration, will inculcate on the mind of the convict the undesirability of ever breaking the law again. We disregard the mental, emotional, and physical defects which may have been largely responsible for his offense. We give to him, as I have said, ten dollars, his pathetic wages, a ticket to some point in the state, a suit of badly made clothes, and a bad name, and expect a miracle. He has been out of touch, for years, with the life outside prison walls. This February, for instance, a man was released from Sing Sing Prison who had not worn a collar in twenty years and had to be helped to put it on. How far and how long can we expect his wages of $35.98 to carry him in a world where even the common clothes of freedom are confusing to him? He may have relatives who are too poor and uninfluential to do anything for him.

We tell him that he must make reports once a month to a parole custodian who from time to time may see him, and whose facilities for helping him are exceedingly meagre; and we indulge in the fanciful speculation that such a man, under these difficulties, ought to leave a life of crime and go to work before his meagre funds are spent. If he does not do this, we shall

attribute his failure to his natural wickedness and put him back in prison again.

An inadequate conception of the function and possibilities of parole is the main reason why all our states, with the recent exception of Illinois, have failed to finance it sufficiently to make its success possible. For example, the average number of prisoners now on parole in New York from its prisons and reformatories is about 3800. They would cost, if kept in prison, $1,387,000 a year. What does the state spend per year to make the transition from prison to freedom less impossible? Roughly, $91,000. It should not take a great deal of imagination to realize that this is absurd. A staff of twenty-eight poorly paid parole officers, four of whom are not doing parole work in any real sense, are expected to do all that is necessary to be done by the State in this terribly difficult transition period to help reëstablish these men in society; or at least to find out by some form of clairvoyance whether they are falling into evil ways, and, if so, to take them back as parole violators to the prisons from which they came.

New York might well stop a moment in its prison-building programme of some $38,000,000 to consider whether an enlightened and adequately financed parole system should not be a part of this programme, as a proper substitute for a fair part of the capital expenditures otherwise required for the prisons themselves, instead of resolutely closing its eyes to the fact that the problem of the prisoner released will still remain, no matter how many of these millions are spent on steel cells and thirty-six-foot walls and extra guards. A revision of the antiquated and absurd Federal parole system is now part of the programme of Congress for Federal offenders.

Consider an analogy: a few generations ago we had orphan asylums for dependent children. We herded them together in uniforms and homely gingham dresses and took them to one church or another on Sundays and gave them about the most cheerless substitutes for childhood then known to the philanthropic mind of man. Most of the children turned out to be poor dead souls, stamped with what we now call inferiority complexes. These interesting institutions mostly are gone.

We found it was better and a great deal cheaper to place the children in individual homes, to employ competent staffs of social workers to inspect these prospective homes, and to visit children in them after placement. The orphan asylum is an anachronism. Let us reflect, however, on how many millions we should be spending to-day, and with what inevitably poorer results, if this new way of thinking had not been tried and found successful and the old orphan asylums had not been given up.

It may seem almost sacrilegious to make a comparison between the dependency of innocent and unfortunate childhood and the lawbreakers in our prisons, and it is if one insists upon considering the average prisoner as quite normal and as simply wicked. If, however, one cares to be realistic about it and to study the facts now fairly well known as to the mental and physical equipment of our convicts, the analogy is not so far-fetched. They need guidance and help almost more than any other class if they are not to be permanent inmates of our institutions. They do not get this help.

Extra-mural supervision of ex-convicts for continuous periods on a large scale, not only to aid them in meeting their own handicaps but more especially to protect society against those

who persist in criminal careers, is a programme yet to be tried. It will have to come as the burdens of prison cost mount higher and higher, since it is the only available substitute for the treadmill process of more prisoners in more prisons and for longer terms.

If the revolts of the convicts can hold public attention long enough, at least some of these long-needed reforms may be made, and the blot of anachronism may pass from our prisons and from the method by which they are operated.

THE VILLAGE OF WIDE BOUNTY

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

A LIGHT snow lay on the wide fields of South Russia, sifting between black upturned clods of winter fallow, and covering the fields of winter rye with a thin coat whose warmth might prove insufficient against the zero cold that was gripping the earth. Our peasant-made sleigh slid smoothly on its runners of bent saplings; too smoothly, in fact, for it slipped as easily sideways as forward, leaving the icy roadway for precarious attempts at occasional ditches.

Of such dangerous spots, however, there were fortunately few. Steadily the wind beat toward us across wide spaces of earth only very slightly rolling, earth which dipped with long curves into spacious valleys and rounded again into hills perceptible only by the fact that they served to hide distant settlements.

After two hours' sleighing the landscape changed its aspect. Half a dozen deep ravines crossed each other dangerously; we slid perilously down steep hills only to toil laboriously up others. We passed through rows of houses of wood and of mud, with great bales of straw fastened by palings along the walls as a bar to weather, and double windows long since plastered tightly shut for winter. We skirted a sidehill and drew steadily upwards toward an ancient church which, in Russian fashion, dominated the village from its highest hill. But just before reaching this seat of religion we turned past a brand-new hospital and stopped by a battered house bearing the sign 'Reading Hut.'

We had come to the village of Wide Bounty. Here in the Reading Hut would be, if anywhere, the assembly we were seeking.

The village of Wide Bounty was 'cleaning its fists.' Lest this imply to some misguided soul that there exists a Russian village with some strange new devotion to sanitation, let me at once protest. There is no such place; it will take more than one revolution to change the sanitary habits of Russian rural life. Still the same heaps of filth for outhouses; still the same bare dwellings sealed against the fresh air which rushes between them. 'Cleaning' in Wide Bounty is a term of politics, not of sanitation. 'Fists' is also a political term, meaning well-to-

do peasants of the 'hard-boiled,' individualist type.

A collective farm, or *Kolhoz*, had been formed in the village of Wide Bounty, and the more prosperous peasants, who had at first opposed it, had at last rushed to join with the rest of the village, rather than be debarred from the use of promised government tractors. But much doubt was felt about the *bona fides* of these new converts. Had they not always bossed their fellow men, and lent money at usury? Now they would want to boss the Kolhoz, and turn it to their private gain. Let them be tested before public assembly; let them be 'cleaned,' and perhaps 'cleaned out' of the collective.

'Cleanings' of this type are common in Russia, and always they bring heart-searching and terror to their victims. There are cleanings of the Communist Party, and cleanings of the civil service, where each man's past deeds, and perchance even thoughts, come forth to confront him. Did he once speak roughly to a servant, or keep her over hours to watch the baby while he and his wife went to an important conference? Mayhap that servant, even after three years, will bear a grudge and report in public that Comrade So-and-so is harsh toward underlings. Has he once favored Trotsky, or allowed his wife to retain her ikons? Be sure that for these matters he will be brought to judgment. He may lose his job; he may even be 'cleaned out' of the party, which is political death.

But if the Russian cities are long since hardened to cleanings, it is otherwise with the villages. Here life has, till recently, gone on anarchic as ever, and the only weapons against violators of the public will have been the ancient weapons of petty gossip, scandal, boycott, and, in extreme cases, the courts. Now a new weapon to enforce submission to the community is put into the hands of the villagers. They also are having a cleaning.

The one large room of the shabby Reading Hut is crowded to suffocation. Men and women have come to give testimony, or to be examined for their faults, or merely to listen. The usual shouting and loud wrangling of peasant meetings are absent. It is as solemn as a court; it is, in fact, a court, determining the fate not of one but of sixty-seven citizens. Not more than half a dozen are likely to be judged hopeless cases; but sixty-seven men, one by one, are to be tested and cleaned.

Sitting at the presiding table, a calm, shrewd man in his late thirties leans forward — a former farm hand, now the president of the village collective farm. 'Our task,' he says, 'is to strengthen our Kolhoz by ridding it of those elements which are enemies, unable to work in a collective; and second, to strengthen and discipline those persons who have faults but can be restored; and third, to make clear through discussion to the minds of the village what is demanded of a Kolhoz member.'

So placidly authoritative sound the words of the president that at first I suspect him of being an emissary of higher authority sent to conduct the cleaning. His intimate personal comments, however, reveal that he is a native of Wide Bounty, a laborer on the big estate before the Revolution. With him at the presiding table sit three others, also local villagers — the president of the village soviet, the head of the Combined Collective Farms which centre here, and a representative of the Young Folks League. Here also should sit a delegate from the women; she has been elected, but chooses shyly to remain in the audience. However, she will participate when the

commission goes behind closed doors for its final summing up of fate.

Here surely is a strange reversal of orderly tradition, that former farm laborers and the representatives of young folks and women still so unused to public appearance that they fear to sit at the presiding table should decide the destinies of reverend heads of families, one-time village elders. For it is destiny they decide, no less. How shall the individual farmer, bending under taxation from government and boycott from associate villagers, continue to till the soil in competition with the tractor column that is coming, backed by state credits and collective enthusiasm? Yet this strange reversal is but the logical sequence of that other reversal of fate, when the peasants of Wide Bounty, and of other villages, threw out the landlords.

Long ago, — nobody here knows whether it counts in generations or centuries, — when the lords of Russia moved southward and eastward extending their sway, they brought to the rich black lands of the Lower Volga gangs of serfs from the settled parts of Russia. Most of the peasants in Wide Bounty came originally from Voronezh — a certain Ukrainian twang in dialect still bears witness. They set forth, not as hopeful pioneers to set up new homesteads, but driven as the other livestock was driven. The rich black earth was the lord's and not their own.

Some generations later, but still so far beyond the memory of the oldest villager that he cannot say in what century it happened, the lady of the big estate made a gift to her peasants. Land of their own they should have, besides their rough and easily transferred shacks of wood and clay. From her tens of thousands of rich black acres she picked the spot where several ravines ran together, and where the seepage of water through centuries had drained away fertility, leaving a salty soil.

Thus, like a true philanthropist, giving away what she did not want for herself, she gained a reputation; and the village acres were known thereafter as 'Wide Bounty,' carrying down into history the record of her deed. Of its checkered soil, some good, some bad, the humble dwellers owned a 'norm' of twenty square *sazhenes* to a working adult. This, in plain English, is a garden plot, twenty by fifty feet in measurement. Yet through the years, as the peasant families grew, even this 'norm' was cut by many mouths.

II

Two generations back, when serfs were freed, many Russian landlords began the sale of land to their former slaves. But not where the land was so fertile and black as here. Wide Bounty remained, serfs by birth and breeding, and now free peasants, but without a grain field of their own. The garden plots barely sufficed for potatoes; to gain their bread they worked on the landlord's farm.

'Early every spring,' says the youthful president of the district combined Kolhoz, in telling me of those days, 'I saw the windows battened down with boards in one hut after another. This meant that the entire family had moved over to the landlord's, to live in his barracks and till his soil. I also worked in his fields along with my father. From the summer's work we would return with perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty rubles, for the family to live on for a year. Since we were a large family and ate more than this, my father also fed livestock in winter for the lord — a heavy job, working in blizzards to carry fodder.

'These were war-time prices,' con-

tinued the president. 'One hundred and fifty rubles we made in the year of 1915. Formerly, they say, peasants got only half as much, but I am too young to remember those days.' He is too young also to remember the revolution of 1905, when the peasants burned barns and buildings and stole landlords' livestock to butcher themselves a meal. But he well remembers the Cossacks and Ossetinian guards, a heritage of that revolution, since ever afterward they guarded the lord's estate and pleasure park near the village. 'If we young folks wanted to stroll in the grove with a girl, for the shade in hot days, they flogged us back from the bridge. Yet the lord himself lived three versts away from this picnic grove, which flaunted its empty spaces under our eyes.'

Another change than the Cossack guards came after 1905, which was fated to leave more lasting traces in village life. To build up a second defense of loyal peasantry, the lord adopted the 'Stolypin policy' of land sales. Loyal and energetic peasants might buy from him good soil, no longer the tiny garden plots of salty earth, paying for them yearly through a generation. Thus ten years later, when the great Revolution broke, there were among Wide Bounty's four hundred families some forty which counted as 'strong households,' with lands of a hundred hectares and twenty or thirty horses, and two or three farm hands working for them continuously.

What type of man thus rose under the grinding conditions of tsardom, to gain a competence in a brief ten years? A hard-bitten, industrious man, who slaved himself and made his wife and sons and daughters slave also, denying his family all comforts and putting every kopek into getting ahead. Thus he gained his first savings, supplemented, perchance, by his lord's good will in return for loyalty in times of trouble, or for information given to gendarmes of malcontents. Thus saving and buying land, he was able soon to hire others, working his farm hands even more mercilessly than his family — starving them, driving them, getting the last ounce out of them. He was an individualist far more brutally persistent than the old soft-living landlord knew how to be. He was a success story — American pattern.

Such a man came to be called a 'fist,' or 'kulak,' respected and feared and hated by his neighbors. Sometimes respect was strongest, sometimes hate. His equals, or near-equals, who hoped to emulate him, admired his dogged will and iron tenacity. These qualities seemed less charming to his farm hands, and to those unfortunates who borrowed seed or implements from him at usurious interest. There is no doubt whatever that he ground the face of the poor; he had to, if he would survive. There is also no doubt that he fought for the old régime, and for the second-rate privilege it had given.

To-day he hates the Soviet Government, and evades its laws; he cheats and even murders its officials. He does this openly, blatantly — a man who cannot change. Hard-bitten survivor of a hard past, he is driven to desperation by these new policies, and by this new world where his old virtues are seen as vices. The land and livestock which cost the sweat and blood of his wife and sons and hired help, and thus became dearer to him than all of these, are slowly pried from his grasp by a ruthless government. His pitiless passion to get ahead once made him first; and now for that very reason he is last.

Such were the men who fought the collective farm at first, warning peasants against that 'devil machine,' the tractor; crying: 'The Bolsheviks will

socialize your babies. In the collective farm you will have wives in rotation.' But in spite of warnings and fears, sheer need drove the villagers of Wide Bounty to make combinations. Not every peasant had even a single horse; and it took three horses to plough deep and well in the heavy soil. Ten or twenty households, combining, found that they could work better with their few implements; the coöperatives gave them credit more freely. These little productive groups, known as 'artels,' came from a long past in Russia; now they proved easy channels for selected seed and scientific information. By the autumn of 1928 there were six such artels in Wide Bounty, and their harvests averaged better than those of their neighbors.

During that winter began the combination of these six artels into one. 'The whole village as one Kolhoz; the whole village operating one farm,' became the slogan. The kulaks changed their attack. 'You will be serfs again and toil for a master,' they jeered. 'What is your village farm but the landlord over again?'

'We learned indeed from the landlord that one big farm is better,' answered the undaunted Kolhoz advocates. 'On a big farm we can have machinery, which cannot be used on our small holdings. But now this farm will be ours together, and not a master's.'

III

Then came October 1929, and the Week of Collectivization. The growing Kolhoz had obtained ten tractors during the summer; it was a proud organization. During October its numbers swept from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty-eight households. Most of the village had entered — even some kulaks. Who can stand aside from such a movement of masses? Then, just when the goal seemed reached, with the village as one large farm, operated together, a new idea arrived that was still more thrilling. In a general meeting it was proposed and carried to unite with twenty villages into one giant collective farming region, strong enough to set up creameries, and cheese factories, and brick kilns. Strong enough, indeed, to employ scientists and veterinary doctors, and build a balanced life based on farming.

Such was the dream that had come to the peasants of Wide Bounty, as it came to millions of souls that autumn in the Lower Volga Valley. It thrilled through the hearts of the young; it turned the prosaic Kolhoz into a great evangel. A thousand horses out in the field together; whole villages ploughing together; whole townships planning together. It was like soldiers in war; it was like workers in factory; it was like anything else but the ancient backward peasant of Russia. Men talked no longer in terms of routine gain, counting the worth of the Kolhoz in bushels per acre. They talked as men do in war: 'If one goes hungry, let all go hungry. If one has felt boots, let all have them. Let us build one great farm from Volsk to Astrakhan.'

Into this great farm also the kulaks now entered. Not all; some still were scoffers, standing aloof. But others came, wishing their share of the coming tractors, willing even to pool their horses along with the others. Had they not always been strong to control in the village? Would they not still control?

And this, it seems, was exactly what worried the others. So it came to the cleaning that day in the Reading Hut.

A red-faced, choleric man in his late twenties was standing before the assembled group as I entered, concluding

the tale of his life. Dergachef was his name, the youngest of three brothers, sons of Old Man Dergachef, a landowner under the Stolypin plan. The family Dergachef, it was shown, had owned a creamery, which later became the property of a Credit Coöperative. One day when a long line of peasants waited in vain to enter, young Dergachef remarked tauntingly: 'When it was ours, we ran it; when it goes to the Coöperative, it stands still.'

A minor incident, yet it is brought up against him. Does this show Citizen Dergachef's real view of coöperatives? On another occasion, it seems, he spoke of 'that damned Kolhoz.' Still again he swore because the Kolhoz, which he had joined, had 'too many damn lazy farm hands.' Was it perhaps true that he cherished a sense of superiority, due to his father's long position as an employer of laborers?

A sharp, morose inquisitor brings up a question: 'Did you say in 1928, when asked for bread for the poor, that you would feed your dogs before you would feed those lazy drunks?' Dergachef denies the charge, and finds a sudden and undesired confirmation. A woman cries: 'No, he said something different — that he would rather feed it to dogs than sell to the cursed Bolsheviks.' The young man's face grows redder; he begins to look beaten and sullen; he is ready, almost, to burst forth in a fit of angry despair.

The president of the Kolhoz watches him, and suddenly begins speaking — just in time, perhaps, to save young Dergachef from some fatal explosion. It seems, as he speaks, that the young man is not quite hopeless. 'Many serious faults have been found,' he says, 'which injure him as a member of our Kolhoz. But the chief blame for the past attaches to the head of the family and not to its youngest member. This young man has left his father and is living alone. True, he left for no reason of principle, but in a quarrel over the girl he married. None the less, he is no longer under the old man's control. Nor has he himself much property. He worked this autumn in the Kolhoz as a good farmer and a hard toiler, though he loses his temper too readily.

'If this family again had a chance to run a creamery and employ laborers, no doubt they would all again become fists and anti-Soviet people, including this youngest son. But such a condition will not occur to him; his surroundings will be those of a collective farm. He is still young and can rid himself of faults. Who among us, indeed, is free of them? My view is that he should be allowed to remain in the Kolhoz, provided he gives guarantees that he will sincerely work for its welfare and stop his slanders of fellow members. If he will give all his livestock and inventory to be part of the "undivided capital" of the Kolhoz, this will be such a guarantee. What do you say, Citizen Dergachef?'

Such is the test proposed for doubtful members. It is hard, yet not so bad as the young man feared. Ordinary members of the collective farm, if they wish to leave, may receive back the capital of horses and ploughs they have put in. But Dergachef must stake his whole future on the Kolhoz's success. If it succeeds, he will eat and live; if it fails, he loses all. If he cannot live with his fellow members, he is finished.

'I always said,' answers Dergachef, swallowing hard to hold down some emotion, whether of loss or relief, 'that a man should not join a Kolhoz till he is ready to go in fully. I always said that was the trouble with Kolhozes — people who were half in, half out. I was against them till this summer; then I joined. You can have all my stuff, if that's your rule.'

'Any questions?' demands the chair, but there seem to be no more. Dergachef's test is over; he steps to the rear. There follows him a smoother man, not sullen and choleric, but poised and sly. Zaitsef, accused of speculating and trading, and hence of being a non-producer. One sees quite well that he will never swear at the Kolhoz; he weighs his words too shrewdly, seeking a good impression.

Zaitsef informs us that he is a loyal soul, who served in the Red Army two years of civil war. He is charged with disorganizing the Kolhoz; but he is innocence itself. 'I was n't even a member of the Kolhoz then,' he smiles. 'So how could I have been a disorganizer?' He admits that he sold thirteen poods of grain to a private speculator; but that was last year, in 1928, when 'everyone was doing it.' This year he claims to have sold only to the State. Horses? Well, yes, it is true he had swapped a horse now and then. But never as many as four at a time, as charged. Certainly not. Is he a wealthy man, to trade four horses at once? . . . Well, he might have once traded four foals — which all told were worth less than a single good horse.

Zaitsef's barn? Why did he sell his barn? And just before he applied to enter the Kolhoz? Was it not, perhaps, to have private means of his own, and give as little equipment as possible to the collective farm? Too many peasants are trying to eat their cake and have it by such means; the Kolhoz puts swift penalties of exclusion in such case. But Zaitsef protests that he needed the money to live. And to pay his taxes — all peasants are sympathetic about taxes.

Interruption comes from a man in the hall. 'Did n't I hear you say, when you sold your barn: "If the Kolhoz comes, then the devil knows who gets it"?' Zaitsef tries to deny it, but he is n't believed. The village knows him well, with his smooth talk. The president sums him up: 'A speculator type. But a hard worker, who has done no heavy crime. In the collective farm he will have no chance to barter. Let him come in, on the same terms as Dergachef.'

IV

Here, however, are some more serious cases. Citizen Penchelin, who owned before the war two hundred acres of land, and traded in livestock by the thousand head. He owned a mill with an engine; he hired many workers. Some women workers have never yet been paid the wages he owed in 1914. Penchelin worked them so hard that they left the first week, whereupon he declared all wages forfeited. To-day he lives like a 'middle' peasant, with only one horse and one cow. But at any time he will evade any decree.

And now a serious charge, brought down to date. Penchelin is alleged to have said, referring to the Soviet-Chinese war: 'If the power changes, then we'll show you.' . . . Yes — counter-revolution! Citizen Penchelin swiftly denies this charge. He demands investigation by the Political Police to prove his innocence. To them, indeed, the matter is referred; meanwhile he is shut out of the Kolhoz.

Citizen Korkhof next, who had nearly three hundred acres before the war. Thirty horses toiled in his fields; three farm hands worked for him all the year. 'Starshinoi' was he of the volost in those days — head man of the township; many drinking bouts he held with the priest and the local gendarme. During the civil war, his son was member of a 'band,' which looted and terrorized with political intent. Korkhof himself, in a quieter way, worked against the new government. 'Plant

only for your own food,' he urged. 'The Government takes all the rest, anyway.' And now, has Citizen Korkhof come to this, that he should be member of a collective farm? To what end? Disruption? They do not trust him: put him out.

It is all done so crassly, so openly. No dignified black balls dropping privately into a box to refuse a new member; but rude discussion of character right in meeting. Nor are the only rejected ones those who were one time wealthy. There comes a former farm hand who has gone wrong. Alexinko, once honest laborer, fought in the Red Army and rose to be commissar in 1918 and 1919. The honor went to his illiterate head. He demanded gifts of chickens as his official right. When sent to collect grain, he took bribes and withheld his hand. Yet for many years he still held office under the Soviets. Feeling himself untouchable, he became acquainted with former gendarmes, and rented to them some public land for one hundred and fifty rubles, of which he turned only one hundred into the treasury. This time he was caught, and came to trial. For these offenses he is refused admission. But a hope is held out by the president's final word: —

'Once you were an honest laborer, Citizen Alexinko. Show yourself such once more, and come back to us in a year.'

Thus one by one the doubtful members come up before the bar of village judgment. Old scandals are unearthed, and old rumors of scandal. Sometimes, indeed, they collapse, and discredit the man who starts them. Sometimes they stick, condemning their victim to censure or even, most dreaded of all, to boycott and isolation.

It is not vengeance the peasants seek in these brutally probing tests. Gradually, through the afternoon, this becomes very clear. They seek for men who conform, who fit; men out of whom a collective organism can be built. They are afraid of the hard man, accustomed to rule; and of the grafter, who has abused public trust. Are they afraid also of all leaders except those who seem only to sum up the common thought? Such a man is, indeed, the president of the Kolhoz; his statements are less rulings than a chairman's summary of what has been said.

Was this the reason, then, that they rejected the priest? Kurishef, with that look of bewildered idealism in his face? Unusual and very significant was the story that he told. No training in theology had ever warped his mind; Kurishef was a simple farm hand once, who fell in love with the daughter of the psalm-chanter. The father of the girl explained the terms on which alone his daughter's hand might be given. The office of psalm-chanter is passed from father to son; and he who has no son takes a son-in-law. Kurishef accepted the terms for love of the girl; he followed the old man as chanter of psalms.

It was an office of prestige in tsarist days, and, as the church declined under the infidel Bolsheviks, Kurishef found new outlets for his musical skill. He organized a chorus among the revolutionary youth; he organized a dramatic circle and himself took part in plays. He became for a brief time secretary of the village soviet, in those early days when few in the village could read. Then the old priest died, and the congregation unanimously asked Kurishef to take his place. He was quite clearly a very popular man.

Two years Kurishef served the people who chose him as their priest. A Bolshevik in the audience sneered with disgust at this. Are priests not made by God, at least in claim? Then how

could the people vote to make a priest? Kurishef's act seemed to him a new deceit added to the old. Apparently in some moods Kurishef thought so too. In the August of his second year he suddenly resigned, saying: 'In the Soviet land a robe is a disgrace. I will return to labor on the soil.'

Kurishef cut his hair and shaved his beard. He took off his priest's gown and donned the old clothes of a farm hand. He worked on the soil of which he had a share. Then in Collectivization Week he tried to enter the Kolhoz. He was refused. Together with the grafter and the rich exploiter, he was 'cleaned out.' His social work in the drama club and the local chorus merely added to the distrust they seemed to feel. This man was a leader; he was dangerous. He was popular; more dangerous. He had idealism, of an odd, wavering, uncertain kind; most dangerous of all. It was said in meeting: 'Maybe, some day! If he prints and publishes in the press his past deceits, and tells how he misled the people through the church; if he repents. Then — then — perhaps in a year, when we are strong enough, we can offer him a job as artist with our collective farm.' The possibility that Kurishef, renouncing the priesthood, might still believe in God apparently occurred to no one. Only two alternatives were offered: full orthodoxy, hating the Bolsheviks and the collective; full atheism, denouncing all religion as deceit.

Not punishment it was, but clearly fear. Fear of an alien idealism which might cloud the sharp brightness of their will. Even the more because he had been so liked; even the more because he seemed sincere.

'Perhaps in a year, when we are strong enough.' . . . Till then let no one enter whose presence raises doubt. For we have chosen our dogma, the gospel according to Marx. Only for full conformers is there room!

So does Wide Bounty build its Main Street, unlike and yet so like all Main Streets of the past. Like them at least in this, that all are doomed who differ. The older Main Streets learned to grant one dubious gift, hypocrisy, whereby a man may sell his soul and gain acceptance by outwardly conforming to their will. This mercy Wide Bounty also offers to Kurishef; let him deny his God and he may join them. Better men than he have done so, on all the Main Streets of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

ONCE upon a time there were two towns in the same broad rolling country as different as two towns could possibly be. One was named Gogettersburg and the other Peterpanville. As with the characters in morality plays, their names betokened their dispositions. For Gogettersburg was one of those up-and-coming towns whose citizens believe in growth. Its only ideal of a desirable city was a big one. It organized an energetic chamber of commerce and placed at the head of it the town's most energetic citizen, J. Weatherby Grier, and immediately things began to happen. Advertisements appeared in newspapers offering inducements to foot-loose factories. A string of yellow bulletins lined the railroad tracks crying, 'You are now entering Gogettersburg, the fastest-growing city in Endymion County. Watch us grow — 20,000 population by 1935.'

And Gogettersburg grew. Its population increased. Crowds filled Main Street Saturday afternoons, and rows and rows of cars parked in the public square made it look as though paved with pantasote. The fields and meadows which surrounded the town were crisscrossed with incompleted roads, muddy in wet weather, lined with white stakes, and interrupted here and there by forlorn groups of pine two-family houses of an uninspired design and distressingly alike. Occasionally a new smokestack shot up and added its soft-coal smoke to the pall that hung over parts of the town, for no one was so undiplomatic as to suggest imposing any restrictions on the new industries so diligently sought and hospitably welcomed. They built where and how they pleased, ran spur sidings up to their factory doors, burned soft coal, dumped their waste in the handiest spot, and the yards around the factories were strewn with rusty castings. The river which had once been a feature of the town was covered with an iridescent scum from the chemicals discharged into it.

But Gogettersburg grew bigger and J. Weatherby Grier was complimented on his energy. The local newspapers praised him and his work, published the census figures with discreet additions, and argued with the papers in rival towns over their respective claims. The new inhabitants continued to arrive in detachments, with union cards in their pockets and tightly rolled overalls under their arms. They moved into the monotonous two-family houses, and sometimes moved out again — as when the National Metal and Cornice Works received a better offer from a bigger city.

It was characteristic of the Gogettersburgers always to seek and use the more magniloquent word. They spoke of their town as a city even while it was still a village. Hamlet, village, town, city, metropolis, the slope up which every self-respecting American municipality seeks to struggle, shade into one another, and no one knows the invisible line which separates them, just as no one knows when the infant becomes a child, the child a youth, the youth a man. Gogettersburg continued to grow and grow until it crossed that invisible line which separates a large town from a small city. It became

more crowded, noisier, dirtier, but each year the census showed bigger figures, pay rolls increased, and bank clearings mounted. It was an exact replica of hundreds of other rapidly growing towns, incomplete, sprawly, without plan, its natural beauties desecrated, and with not yet enough so-called improvements to hide the desolation — for all the world like an awkward boy who grows too fast. It had an advertising club, weekly luncheons of Rotary, an imposing but ugly Elks building, and a community chest. It was known as the fastest-growing city in the state.

On the other hand, Peterpanville seemed actually more concerned in preserving the charm of its broad, tree-lined main streets and its wide village green than in filling the surrounding meadows with factories and real-estate developments. The meadows were starred with dandelions in the spring, and the river, the same river that farther on became the sewer for Gogettersburg's factory waste, was here a winding mirror for overarching willows. About the time that Gogettersburg established its chamber of commerce Peterpanville organized a town-planning commission, but it was called the Committee on Beauty. This committee was not interested in mere size. There were other forms of growth. Nature had been kind to Peterpanville. Its broad shady streets were sentineled by arcades of ancient elms, behind which stood old houses of the style called Georgian Colonial, lived in so long that they had become homes. Most of them had been skillfully modernized to close the gap between our ancestors' standards of living and our own, but outwardly they continued to compose the picture that was Peterpanville. It was the aim and purpose of the Committee on Beauty to preserve as much as possible of the natural charm of the town.

In spite of its determination not to grow up after the model of its enterprising neighbor, the population of Peterpanville increased. The new inhabitants did not arrive in neat batches of workmen. They came one by one in the course of nature. Peterpanville preferred the stork to the chamber of commerce. Such new arrivals were gradually assimilated into the life of the town without distorting it, and even though they went away as they grew up they always came back again. Peterpanville was their home town.

Gogettersburg's ideal was numbers; Peterpanville's, individuals. Between them they split the popular slogan 'Bigger and Better' — Gogettersburg getting bigger, Peterpanville better. The Committee on Beauty paraphrased the famous prayer: 'Make others great; let this be a good place to live.' And it was. When Gogettersburg secured a new factory, Peterpanville added a park. It preferred a vista to a spur track. Instead of putting more smokestacks in the air it put telephone wires underground. It had a community house instead of an Elks Club, and the high-arched stone bridge across the river gave it more satisfaction than all the new clayey suburbs of its neighbor. Its school was famous, and the children could walk the streets with little danger from motor cars, for the state road had been carried clear around outside the town, with a parked and shaded drive connecting it with Peterpanville's high street.

But in spite of everything Peterpanville grew — not so rapidly as Gogettersburg, but with that surer growth in which each new unit is added because of its fitness. The fame of Peterpanville spread beyond its state. It became known as the City Beautiful, but the phrase smacked too much of the city booster to be adopted by the townspeople. Visitors who came to inspect the industrial activity of Goget-

tersburg nearly always stopped over to view the charm of Peterpanville. Some sought to remain and were accepted under certain conditions. The conditions were imposed by the Committee on Beauty and concerned what the newcomers were allowed to do in the way of tearing down and building up. If they accepted these restrictions, then they were the kind of people Peterpanville wanted.

And so the broad shady streets gradually extended farther into the green meadows, and the new houses somehow acquired the atmosphere of the old with their lawns, trees, and gardens. Most of the newcomers who were making Peterpanville grow in spite of itself were from Gogettersburg. They were the merchants and manufacturers who found they could live in Peterpanville and go back and forth by motor car between their work and their homes. One of the most gracious of these new houses, standing on an eminence just outside the town where it commanded a view of the winding river and overarching willows, was acclaimed by all as a most satisfactory addition to Peterpanville's beautiful homes. It belonged to J. Weatherby Grier, the man who put Gogettersburg on the map.

Put them in their place

I would not go so far as to say that 'children should be seen and not heard.' Such a sentiment is nowadays called 'mid-Victorian' or 'antediluvian' (these terms are practically synonymous, in current usage), and I have no desire to brand myself a spiritual contemporary of either Noah or Victoria. As for our unrepressed children, however, I must confess to a little dizziness at their ever-increasing visibility and din.

Being the father of three such children, I find myself swept joyously off the old and charted courses laid down for juvenile conduct; and, instead of desiring to hold these young adventurers in leash, I admit, with alarm, that their dashing irregularity fascinates me. In disregard of every proper parental responsibility, I actually egg them on. It is, then, my fear of what may result from our common waywardness, my children's and my own, that prompts me to set forth here, as a solemn admonition to myself no less than to others, certain lessons from history which invite modern youth to become ancient, or at least mediæval, in their judgments and behavior. Whoever publicly addresses youth to-day ordinarily brings his remarks to a climax in asserting cheerily that, notwithstanding certain surface indications of delinquency and depravity, the lives of our self-expressed boys and girls are fundamentally wholesome, and their moral prospects extremely bright. Against this compliant thesis I shall now pit several historical examples.

Consider the Chinese. During how many placid centuries did their civilization endure, fixed and firm as a graveyard, based on the splendid principle that the best people are all dead! The aged great-grandfather, not yet quite dead, was the most important and worthy of beings still alive, and at the other end of the merit list was the latest great-grandchild, contemptibly unimportant except as a possible contributor to the comfort and prestige of its elders. The living and the dead resembled alcoholic liquors in that their degrees of excellence advanced with their antiquity. The farther away from his birth a man proceeded, the more worthy of respect was he. When even death was behind him and he had thus become a god, the memory of his slightest wish remained a binding obligation upon his descendants. Thus the young lived in a decent and orderly

submission, nourished by the hope that they too might some day grow old and begin to enjoy life.

Now, consider the Chinese again. Where are they to-day, and why are they there? They are in a sanguinary turmoil of ceaseless civil wars, and all because the young folks, rebellious against the inscrutable wisdom of their ancestors, have been trying to make three new ideas grow up where only one old one used to be, or perhaps where there really was none at all. Such waywardness invited chaos, and chaos gayly accepted the invitation.

Chaos has never been more valiantly held at bay than in our own New England of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the ribald writings of those who seek to defame our Puritan ancestors, it is common knowledge among all well-taught school children that the younger generation in those steady days was notoriously decorous and filial. The reason for this juvenile sobriety is not remote. It may be read in the 1648 edition of *The Book of the General Lauues and Libertyes Concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusets.* The following passages seem to indicate a desire on the part of the authorities to discourage juvenile self-expression beyond rather clearly prescribed limits.

13 If any child, or children, above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall CURSE, or SMITE their natural FATHER, or MOTHER; he or they shall be put to death: unless it can be sufficiently testified that the Parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children; or so provoked them by extream and cruel correction; that they have been forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death or maiming. Exod. 21. 17. Lev. 20. 9. Exod. 21. 15.

14 If a man have a stubborn or REBELLIOUS SON, of sufficient years & understanding (viz) sixteen years of age, which will not obey the voice of his Father, or the voice of his Mother, and that when they have chastened him will not harken unto them: then shal his Father & Mother being his natural parents, lay hold on him, & bring him to the Magistrates assembled in Court & testifie unto them, that their Son is stubborn & rebellious & will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shal be put to death. Deut. 21. 20. 21.

That these statutes were rarely if ever enforced did not, I presume, altogether nullify their restraining influence upon the turbulent spirit of youth. I am not, however, recommending their reënactment. They would, I feel sure, incite my own children to experimental violence upon me, and to a tentative and insincere obduracy.

It is not, however, merely the adolescents who are to-day ruffling the placidity of the ages. Our infants are likewise in revolt against the traditions of decency and order; or, more exactly, the parents of infants are thus revolting in their behalf. This is 'the century of the child.' Whatever ministers to his, or her, supposed welfare must be provided, though the heavens fall. Neighboring adults continue to exist entirely at their own risk. Nay, more; they are expected to join in worshipful applause at the new deity's attributes, real and imagined. Though all of us to-day must pay at least lip service to this cult of posterity worship, we may find solace in the bold resistance offered by certain of our sturdy forebears. The diary of John Quincy Adams, for example, shows him to have been of those who refused to bow the knee in one of the early, and indeed perennial, ceremonies leading toward the full deification of the child. At age twenty, he wrote: —

Dined at Judge Sargeant's with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. Mr. Porter and his lady were there upon a visit from Rye with a child about six weeks old, which forsooth immediately after dinner must be produced,

and handed about from one to another; and very shrewd discoveries were made of its resemblance to all of the family by turns, whereas in fact it did resemble nothing but chaos. How much is the merciful Author of Nature to be adored for implanting in the heart of man a passion stronger than the power of reason, which affords delight to the parent at the sight of his offspring, even at a time when to every other person it must be disgusting. Yet it appears to me that parents would do wisely in keeping their children out of sight at least until they are a year old, for I cannot see what satisfaction, either sensual or intellectual, can be derived from seeing a misshapen, bawling, slobbering infant, unless to persons particularly interested.

The moral bravery of this assertion would, of course, be considerably illuminated if we might be sure that young Adams gave public and timely utterance to the sentiments he wrote in his diary. At any rate, his position as stated was soundly conservative of human rights, and courageously defiant toward the special privileges demanded by and for the rampantly immature. Along with the Chinese and the Puritans, therefore, Adams affords inspiration and warning to those of us to-day who would struggle to conserve the rights of middle age, and later, against the rampancy of youth.

The very least that we conservers can do toward easing our anxieties is to write them down in our diaries, or, when opportunity offers, get them published — anonymously.

The baby squirrel

One spring morning I was walking home through the woods when I saw a baby squirrel. He was sitting on his haunches a few feet away from me with his tail spread over him like a fat little sail. And then I noticed that Topsy, our neighbor's dog, was seeing him, too.

Now why I should have considered myself, a great mortal woman done up in a red jersey sport suit, less terrifying than flop-eared old Topsy I don't know; still, I knelt and held out a reassuring hand. And the baby squirrel without an instant's hesitation ran toward me and, clambering up, curled itself warm and wet inside my palm.

It was a delicious moment: that anything as little and as wild should throw itself upon a human being for protection was very touching, and I felt a tenderness welling up within me that mounted to sheer idiocy. Then, as Topsy still seemed overinterested, and as he was the somewhat spiritless kind of little dog that obeys in despondent fashion, I sent him home ahead of me and sat down on a tree trunk to consider my problem.

If a baby squirrel is loose in the wild wet woods, I thought, then his mother and father should know about it; also they must be reasonably near, because I knew he was too young to have covered much ground very fast. Well, then, as I felt powerless to summon his parents from tree tops, the best thing to do was to put the baby squirrel down and hide myself behind a bush until such time as one of them should smell its little young in trouble and rush chattering down to bear him off. To a nest, I supposed, although I had given so little thought to baby squirrels up to now that I really did n't know. However, that seemed the most reasonable plan, and I stooped to put him down.

But he did n't want to be put down. With all his wild skinny little strength he clung to me, the light in his black eyes white with fear.

'Why, darling,' I said, 'Topsy's gone, and your mother's coming to get you.' Fierce clutchings at my fingers. 'Yes, she is; she's probably looking for you right this minute.' Here I suc-

ceeded in momentarily disentangling him. 'Silly! That was silly of you. I'm not going away before she comes, you know; I'll be right behind that bush. . . .' And more in like jibbering fashion. No use. 'All right,' I said at last, 'we'll go home, then.' And, letting him snuggle contentedly in the crook of my arm, we walked on.

My husband was waiting for his lunch when we got home. And I, who had considered myself in the light of a Saint Francis, dewy blue robes and all, was a little disappointed to see that the baby squirrel took to him just as affectionately as he did to me.

We fed him mashed potato out of a spoon. He treated it as a nut, grasping the spoon proper between his paws and looking up charmingly in between bites. The mashed potato was my husband's idea, not mine: I had consented only because I felt sure mashed potato would be so outside a baby squirrel's experience that he would stop short of it with pricked-up ears. Not so, however; and when my husband had finally torn himself away and gone back to his work (he is writing a history on the causes of the World War) I looked at the baby squirrel anxiously. Was his outraged digestion beginning to rebel? Was there a flush upon that furry little cheek? It did not seem so. Curling himself up into less than the size of a tennis ball, he went promptly to sleep. Gone with the closing of an eye was this strange new world of giants and silver spoons — *he* had no worries; but where, I wondered as I watched his little sides move sweetly in and out, where could I find a book on the care and feeding of the infant squirrel?

We have never had any children ourselves; and the village 'vet' I knew had gone on a vacation, so there was no help there. But the character of various pokings and nudgings on our homeward walk led me to believe that the baby squirrel was still dependent on his mother for his nourishment. Well, somehow we must manage, because more experiment in the way of diet might, I feared, prove fatal.

Then, as I was casting about in my mind's eye for what would nearest approximate the workings of a mother squirrel, I remembered a certain eye dropper that I had come across in the village drug store. It was in all ways like an ordinary eye dropper except for a small round bump at its end. Perfect. I sat right down and wrote a note to nice Mr. Swab in the drug store explaining my reasons for wanting that special kind of dropper, and sent William down to get it on his bicycle.

Four times during a busy afternoon I peeked in to see the baby squirrel. He seemed refreshed after his nap and perfectly content, sniffling about the room and climbing over books and ash trays. His climbings and snifflings were so intelligent that I longed to share them with my husband; but an iron rule of over thirty years never to disturb him when he's working cannot be broken lightly, so I did n't. Later I learned, however, that he had peeked in, too. At five o'clock, when it was time for tea, we went out in the kitchen to prepare his milk.

We diluted it with water, half and half; we warmed it; and then, spying a can of powdered sugar, we added half a teaspoon.

When we opened the door he rushed to greet us, tail up, eyes shining. 'Hello, darling,' we said; 'hello, sweetheart; here's your nice warm milk.'

'Are you sure it is n't too warm, Mary?' asked my husband.

I tested it on the back of my hand. No. It seemed just right. Over his pillow we spread a fine huck towel. I grasped the baby squirrel tight. My husband filled the dropper.

It took the baby squirrel a few min-

utes to catch on, but after the first drops were down and warming his gullet he stopped struggling; he grabbed the dropper fiercely between his paws and took loud gulping sucks, while my husband, great god at the other end of the dropper, pumped the milk in. But when the dropper had to be removed in order to refill it the baby squirrel went right off his head. He ran around in circles, clawing the towel off the pillow; he bit; he uttered thwarted baby-squirrel cries. Never before, he would have us understand, had his sweet, steady progress toward repletion been so rudely interrupted.

'Here, cunning; here, stupid.'

Ah! The bump once more between his teeth, he closed his eyes. He sucked. His little belly swelled.

The next morning we were up early to give him his milk. We hurried into our dressing gowns, and fumbled and whispered down the back stairs so as not to wake the maids. We'd left him on the downstairs screened porch in the middle of his damask pillow; the door was open and the baby squirrel gone.

We learned, however, that William had left it open with a purpose. He also had come round early to see the baby squirrel, and as he approached the porch he'd heard great chatterings.

'Why,' he said, 'I almost dies thinkin' it was comin' out of that mite!'

It was n't, though; it was coming from a mother squirrel on the lawn who was bursting to get in. 'She wanted to adopt him,' William said. So he'd opened the door and retired to watch the fun. And sure enough, she'd swished up the steps and, quicker than William could say 'Jack Robinson,' had the baby squirrel by the scruff of the neck, and up a tree.

So that's where our baby squirrel is — in a nest with four others, according to William, who spends a good deal of his time bringing us reports. But the baby squirrel is rather adolescent now. When we walk round the garden on tiptoe after dinner even my husband is n't sure which one he really is.

The Chaldean Quarterly

EDITORIAL ROOMS — BABYLON-ON-THE-EUPHRATES

Suggestions to Contributors

To avoid confusion, we must ask that the manuscript and the letter describing it should be forwarded in the same consignment and covered by one bill of lading.

All manuscripts should be kiln-baked, preferably glazed. Sun-dried brick or papyrus will be returned unread.

Write on one face of brick only, using metal stylus and allowing ample margins. Each brick should be numbered and impressed with the sender's signet.

Manuscripts should be sent boxed or securely wrapped in Egyptian mummy cloth — never in bags or open panniers. Freight must be fully prepaid on all shipments.

We want stories of the great river — stories of the glorious campaign against arrogant Nineveh — stories of the hardy pioneers who made possible our modern civilization.

Rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit, and when material is suitable for other than editorial use we will undertake to dispose of same to local dealers in building materials, remitting proceeds, less 25 per cent, to contributors. Otherwise all manuscripts found unavailable for publication will be returned C.O.D.

The Editors

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Eleanor Risley of Ink, Arkansas, has lived a life of mental and material adventure. Born on a comfortable plantation, she found herself at the time of her narrative a young widow without resources and almost bereft of hope. One gift she has from heaven — the power of living in the moment without regret for the past or dread for the future. A little sunshine and a patch of woods or field to look at, and she is happy. Few readers of the *Atlantic* will pass by 'The Abandoned Orchard' once the first chapter is started, and we should like to add that her first published volume, *The Road to Wildcat*, just issued from the press, is as pleasant a narrative as the bookstores have to offer. Readers must remember that these chronicles of Mrs. Risley's are stories of actual experience, touched with the radiance of one who loves to live. **Susanne K. Langer**, a tutor in philosophy at Radcliffe College, has come to recognize the importance of a completely neglected factor in American education. The experience of teaching philosophy to students has led her to measure the extreme difficulty which they encounter in their first efforts to think *sub specie æternitatis*. **William Beebe** has been for a dozen years the enthusiastic companion of *Atlantic* readers. **Reverend Latta Griswold** is rector of the Episcopal Church in Lenox, Massachusetts. Δ The early years of **Kathryne Mary Frick** were described in several extraordinary chapters printed in the April *Atlantic*. **Walter Prichard Eaton** lives at Sheffield, Massachusetts, in the heart of the Berkshires. **T. Swann Harding**, Maryland scientist and philosopher, writes respecting his paper a comment of some importance:—

Another aspect of this problem of the engineer is discussed by Dr. Hanbury Hankin in his *Common Sense and Its Cultivation* — really one of the finest expansive considerations of the theme of this article. He quotes President Morgan of Antioch College to the effect that the educated engineer succeeds less well in business than the uneducated contractor because, though the latter lacks the former's ability at formal analysis, his subconscious intuition is a more valuable business asset than such disciplined power of formal analysis.

According to Hankin, 'the act of forgetting [the very opposite of what formal education teaches] is a necessary prelude for putting data at the disposal of the subconscious mind for the purpose of subconscious judgment.' Hence, the money-minded man, bothered as he is with little conscious knowledge, has ample subconscious data upon which to formulate sound intuitive judgments. We may say in Hankin's terms, then, that our civilization too amply rewards the intuitive type of mind, too cheaply rewards experts who form reasoned judgments on a basis of conscious erudition, and has not perfected a mechanism efficiently to utilize the knowledge of the latter.

Theodore Morrison is a member of the *Atlantic* staff. Δ Aunt Coffin is as authentic as her art. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**, who describes them, is professor of art at Princeton University. **Eugenie Courtright** is the author of 'Yours Lovingly,' a sufficient credential of her knowledge of the Reservation. **John L. Cable**, an Ohio member of Congress, is the author of the bill enacted into law which has led several readers to describe their varying experiences in losing, keeping, and regaining American citizenship. **Joseph Wood Krutch** has written many philosophic papers for the *Atlantic* which have been widely recognized, and have recently helped to win him a fellowship in the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. **A. W. Smith**, after years of service in the British Army, served as general manager of a vast lumber organization in Rangoon. Now in Boston he deals intelligently in rare woods. He knows them all, but if you leave it to him it will be teak. Δ The author of 'Wondering' is a young woman beset by tragic difficulties and now in the situation poignantly suggested by her spoken thoughts. **Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr**, a clergyman of wide experience, is now a professor in the Union Theological Seminary.

Samuel Scoville, Jr., lawyer and naturalist, provides a rich treasury of New England turns of speech. **Dr. Alice Hamilton** has the unique distinction of being the only woman on the medical faculty of Harvard University. **George W. Alger** is wisely informed on the prison situation. In 1919 he made an official investigation of the state prisons of New York. Again in 1926 he was appointed by Governor Smith Moreland Act Commissioner to make a further general investigation of the operation of the present system and of the Board of Parole. More recently, by appointment of Governor Roosevelt, he is acting as a member of a committee to study and report on an enlarged and modernized parole board. **Anna Louise Strong** is now in Russia, where she is studying, not without sympathy, the course of the colossal experiment of the modern world. It is interesting to note that a booklet which she recently wrote on *The Tractor Station — Highest Technique of Collectivization* has been translated by the Russian authorities and an edition of 300,000 copies has been issued and mailed to peasants. Miss Strong is not blind to the cruelties and the injustice involved in the present transformation of the Russian people, but, as she writes, 'Here are a hundred million people being shaken, willy-nilly, through three centuries in one decade, and the crisis is this spring.'

The *Atlantic* courts criticism and profits by it. But we have our principles, and the letters of some hundreds of subscribers castigating us for remarks we made during the last election on the systematic use of the forces of religious bigotry by the majority party in this country did not affect our old-fashioned notion that the poisoning of wells is no such crime against society as the fostering of lies known to be lies, and used only for their destructive power. In common candor we are forced to bring up this subject again by noting a recrudescence of poisonous propaganda. We print the following typical example which we have recently received through the mails, with a letter stating that, although the subject matter is copyright, 'you may feel free to use any portion of it that will serve a good purpose.' We believe this purpose is good.

SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY — AWAKE!

DO YOU KNOW THAT

(1) On November 7, 1928, in Washington, D. C., a resolution was unanimously passed by about 20 people 'THAT IT IS THE SENSE OF THIS MEETING THAT HERBERT HOOVER SHALL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE ALIVE'?

(2) On December 3, 1863, The Pope sent to the U. S. A. a written Challenge to the U. S. Government and Constitution, and that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a Roman Catholic in 1865 as the result of that 1863 Challenge?

(3) In 1929 The Pope issued another Challenge to the U. S. Government and Constitution preliminary to another onslaught thereon?

(4) People are asking: When will the next assassination take place? Who is to be the victim and what is to be the climax of the present wave of lawlessness and crime?

(5) For about 10 years 'Rome' has deliberately and purposely incited the people of the U. S. A. on the Prohibition Constitutional crisis? And that other destructive forces designed to weaken the allegiance of our citizens to the U. S. Constitution are working parallel with and aiding the forces of Evil in their campaign against Law and Order? . . .

(7) For 30 years before 1861 'Rome' (The Papacy) deliberately and purposely incited the people of the U. S. A. on the Slavery Constitutional Crisis, which produced lawlessness and crime and ended in Civil War in 1861–65?

(8) The first gun against Fort Sumter in April, 1861, was fired by a Roman Catholic?

(9) Abraham Lincoln said that the Civil War 1861–65 was inspired and fostered by 'Rome' as the result of a 'Roman' Conspiracy against the U. S. A.?

(10) Abraham Lincoln knew of the Conspiracy, having been notified of same by Professor Morse of telegraph patent fame, and by Father Chiniquy, a Roman Priest, who also warned Lincoln that the Romanists intended to assassinate him?

(11) The present 'Roman' campaign against Prohibition is a part of the execution of the 'Roman' Conspiracy?

(12) The Democratic Party is now being used as the tool of 'Rome' as a part of that same 'Roman' Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States?

If you don't know these things, you owe it to yourself, to your country, and to your children's children to get the facts about them, which will be published in a monthly paper,

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AND YOU OWE IT TO YOUR COUNTRY TO SMASH THE ROMANIZED, TAMMANYIZED DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN EVERY STATE OF THE UNION IN 1929–31 BEFORE THE ROMAN COHORTS GET A STRANGLEHOLD ON THE U. S. A. IN THE 1932 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Please pass this to your friends.
'Sentinel' Subscription is $1.25 per annum.

Washington, D. C.,
October 21st, 1929.

This and more like it are distributed in huge volume through the United States Post Office. The censor's attention is elsewhere.

To Miss Rachel Hening Johnson of California we are indebted for this apt comment on Duke Larson.

MONTROSE, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the extremely interesting article of Duke Larson of Mongolia, he writes: 'When one of these lamas dies, the spirit of the saint that has dwelt in him enters the body of a child who is born at the instant the lama dies.'

Compare an incident in Stefansson's *My Life with the Eskimos*. 'Why do you call your child *Mother?*' he asked an Eskimo woman. 'Because she *is* my mother,' replied the stolid Eskimo, and only by patient questioning was he able to extract the information that the baby, born near the time of its grandmother's death, had inherited the latter's soul.

We print the following from Mr. Charles C. Marshall.

EDITOR, *Atlantic Monthly*
DEAR SIR: —

In his reply to my article published in your March number, Mr. Belloc assures your readers (p. 418) that the Catholic 'accepts very few non-Catholics as his intellectual equals.' Disconcerting to me as this assurance is, I feel that I should call attention to several statements of fact by Mr. Belloc which seem to me quite inaccurate and which, left uncorrected, will mislead the reader and cloud the issue.

He says that my use of the term 'Roman Catholic,' in lieu of 'Catholic,' is 'meaningless or opprobrious.' Knowing his habitual avoidance of the term, I should have avoided it had I supposed that my article was for his critical eye. Addressed as it was to the public, it was not objectionable, I think, that I should use the term, especially as I take issue with Mr. Belloc when he says that it is provincial, or invented by the Westminster Crown lawyers. The historical fact is that Pope Pius IV, promulgating the decrees of the Council of Trent, on November 13, 1564, solemnly designated his Church as the 'Holy, Catholic and Apostolic *Roman* Church.' So the term 'Roman' is ecumenical and not provincial, of Rome and not of Westminster, and should not be thought meaningless or opprobrious.

I did not maintain, as Mr. Belloc says (p. 414), that Catholics would use force or fraud against non-Catholics. Quite the contrary. I said they would *not* use force or fraud, but that where, in their opinion, it was expedient they would use the ballot to conform the constitutional order of the modern State to their doctrine, as they have done in Italy.

Mr. Belloc asserts (p. 416) that the Jewish body in Europe, when the Church was most powerful, was specially protected by the Church and the Popes. It is true that occasional Popes restrained, at times, Christian outrages against the Jews, but it is of clear historic record from 1200 to 1600 that the decrees of the Church Councils (Fourth Lateran and Basle) of Popes Innocent III, Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, Pius IV, compelled them to live apart in the ghettos, to pay extortionate taxes, to wear an odious badge (the green hat or cape), forbade them to live in the same house or to eat or trade with Christians, to practise medicine generally, to pursue high commerce, to acquire real estate, to testify in the courts against Christians, and banished them at times in whole or in part from the Papal States. The Jews survived oppression, not through these tender mercies of the Catholic Church and the Popes, but because they belonged to a race which, as Disraeli said, can do everything but fail.

To my statement that Pius X ordained a thirteenth-century philosophy for the twentieth century, Mr. Belloc replies (p. 420), 'No such thing was ever "ordained."' But Pius X in his Encyclical *Pascendi Gregis* (1907) decreed: 'We will and strictly ordain that scholastic philosophy be made the basis of the sacred sciences. . . . On this philosophical foundation the theological edifice is to be carefully raised.' All confessors, preachers, parish priests, professors in religious congregations, and all who taught in ecclesiastical institutions, were compelled by Pius X to take an oath to adhere to all that which was prescribed in the *Pascendi*. The *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. X, p. 241, gives the opinion of Dr. Vermeersch of Louvain University that the Encyclical *Pascendi* contains in its doctrinal conclusions the infallible teaching of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Lastly, Mr. Belloc states (p. 415) that I am

wrong in thinking that disobedience to the Pope involves necessarily a loss of salvation. But the Constitution *Pastor Æternus* of 1870 decreed (and each of the Popes since has expressly affirmed): 'We teach and declare that by the appointment of our Lord the Roman Church possesses a sovereignty . . . and that this power of jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff, which is truly episcopal, is immediate; to which all . . . both pastors and faithful . . . are bound, by their duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, to submit, not only in matters which belong to faith and morals, but also in those that appertain to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world. . . . This is the teaching of Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and of salvation.'

I would note a clerical error in my text on p. 411: the reference to 'Article 23 in the Concordat' should read 'Article 23 in the Treaty.'

Mr. Newton's paper on Jerusalem caused many readers to criticize, comment, and applaud. A chance reference therein to Allenby and Lawrence draws forth this interesting letter from a private in C Company, 2/14 London Regiment, 179 Brigade, 60th Division, B. E. F.

Dear Atlantic, —

General Allenby was not 'just another conqueror and a very fortunate one,' but the man who fought the one campaign of the late war which is likely to become a model of perfection for future military students. And if he was fortunate it was his own amazing boldness which called good fortune to his side. As to Lawrence being responsible for Allenby's success, the first man to protest at such a notion would be Lawrence himself. Mr. Newton should read *Revolt in the Desert* more carefully, and with more collateral information to help him see its true proportions. Lawrence is a genuine hero of romance. His adventurous campaigning was of enormous value to the Allied cause. His book is a work of real beauty, and I believe every word of it. But I am sure also that if he had imagined it could be so misread, as apparently by Mr. Newton, he would have been at greater pains to stress proportions which he fancied must be self-evident.

Allenby took Jerusalem a long time before Lawrence's assistance began to have any weight even in his future plans, and at a moment when they were physically too far apart to have the slightest effect upon each other. Lawrence then was hoping to come closer, truly, and Allenby's farsighted backing, moral and material, kept this hope alive; but it was not till nine months after Jerusalem had fallen that Lawrence, in the wide shiftings of the final drive, was able to converge and actually to become Allenby's right flank. The war finished a few weeks after that, Lawrence's efforts hastening the end by a few days probably. The Arab Revolt, Feisal, and Lawrence had been a nasty thorn in the Turkish ribs for two solid years, but their military significance was relatively small.

Mr. Newton states that Allenby took Jerusalem 'without firing a shot.' I fired a few myself on the morning of December 8, and while that day lasted I witnessed the gradual reduction of my company almost to half the morning's numbers. We marched into the city next day with platoons less than a dozen strong, while another brigade of the division was still dealing with the Turkish rear guard on the Mount of Olives. Admittedly that final assault of December 8 was a picnic to what the higher command had expected. The preparatory fighting during the previous two weeks, especially around such key positions as Nebi Samwil (the Tomb of Samuel), had been much bloodier, and some divisions had suffered very heavily. The crumpling and vanishing of the Turkish 20th Corps on that last day is still a military mystery, explained perhaps only by the lightning shift of our attacking divisions at the last moment, and the consequent complete surprise. But it will be seen that 'without firing a shot' does small justice to either Allenby or Falkenhayn, to say nothing of a dozen or so of my own friends who were buried where they fell on the hills above the village of Ain Karim.

So much for December 8 and 9, 1917. At that time Allenby's entire force of possibly 100,000 men had been marching, manœuvring, and fighting almost daily for five weeks. They were often short of food, advancing too rapidly for their supplies to keep pace; always short of water, but specially trained to do without it. They had in those five weeks fought full-sized battles at Gaza, Beersheba, Sheria, Ramleh, and Junction Station, all before the right-hand swing toward Jerusalem began. So Jerusalem was not the only picnic, and there were plenty to follow in the early months of 1918, as the Turks were pressed gradually north toward Nabulus, and east to Jericho and the Jordan. The only real lull came with the summer, and during that lull Allenby made the plans which were destined to smash the Turkish armies at a single blow in September. He accomplished this with the enormous handicap of losing half his Palestine-trained troops. These were sent back in June to the French front, my battalion among them, glad to be nearer home, but with a nostalgia for Jerusalem which has lasted.

Personally I wish that people like Mr. Newton would not visit Jerusalem.

We end this discussion of Mr. Newton on a personal note, and quote the following from the *Public Ledger*.

A Suit That Spoke for Itself

It has been revealed at last just why Dr. A. Edward Newton, noted local book collector and art patron, wears the outrageous tweeds and checkered suits for which he is famous.

He was speaking at a luncheon of the Civic Opera Company at the Bellevue-Stratford. He was minus the huge red tie which he usually wears, but was attired in a business suit of large black and gray checks.

Beside him sat Mrs. Tracy, head of the opera company, who was attired more or less formally. A few places away was Alexander Smallens, beloved conductor of the Civic Opera Company, in formal morning attire. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, also was dressed in wing collar and swallowtail coat.

Dr. Newton rose as the first speaker of the day. His voice could not be heard distinctly in all parts of the large room.

'I know that you will have difficulty in hearing me,' he said. 'In order to offset the lack of volume in my voice, I have worn this suit of clothes, which speaks for itself.'

It did.

We ourselves have come to a time of life when of all the arts the Art of Growing Old seems to us most admirable. We are glad to give space to the following letter from the former United States Senator from Colorado, whose public services our older readers will remember.

New York

To the Atlantic: —

Mr. Palmer's article in your current number on 'Growing Old' is interesting. But his unique contention that old age comes as the result of effort is evidently founded upon his own experience, which is hardly broad enough to sustain a general principle which seems to ignore a long-accepted natural law. But, were it otherwise, his example will not appeal very strongly to the average man, since the strait-jacket regimen he prescribes is altogether too exacting for the end to be attained; for he who conforms day after day to its specific requirements would have little time left for the usual activities of everyday life. Old age attained at such a cost would seem to me not worth having.

Moreover, I am skeptical of the prescription. I doubt if it would work save in exceptional instances, chiefly because it would soon become too irksome for continuance, which I assume is indispensable to its success.

I am an octogenarian, somewhat younger than Mr. Palmer, and am still in the active practice of my profession. My 'start' was not as wretched as his, but it was not a good one. No insurance company would give me a life policy until I was about thirty-five years of age. But my course of living has been very different from that of Mr. Palmer. I have been temperate in most things, but never abstemious. I have enjoyed stimulants in moderation, even in this era of hypocrisy. Milk has been a regular diet throughout my life. I drink it by the goblet; I would as soon think of sipping water when thirsty. I eat that which my appetite craves, but I never gormandize, and the older I grow the less I eat. A mild cathartic is occasionally desirable. I presume my discharges are normal, but I have seldom given them much concern.

I indulge in mild forms of exercise, principally walking, when I feel like it. At night I sleep or lie awake or toss about as the spirit moves. I change the weight of my apparel with the seasons or the latitudes, and the best tonic I know of is fresh air and plenty of it.

Religion of the denominational sort may or may not promote longevity, but it never appealed to me for any purpose. Mine is natural, if I have any. It is derived neither from dogma nor yet from revelation. I am at peace with my neighbors, which I am vain enough to think results from correct living.

I know nothing of and care less about the centuries-old problem of immortality, or whether it implies a future state. I know as much about it as other men, which is precisely nothing. So I waste neither time nor energy upon it. So with deities, of which there is a legion.

Neither do I worry about my physical pains, aches, or symptoms. I regard introversion as itself a disease and an insidious one. If I am ailing I have my physician tell me what to do and how to do it, and I obey his orders. If my illness is transient I resume my usual course of life when he tells me I can do so with impunity. When such a condition proves to be mortal, as it soon must be, I believe it will not greatly concern me, for death is the common end of man.

Old age crowning such a course of life is most enjoyable. At least I find it so. But if I had made its attainment the task of a lifetime, taking meticulous pains with the quantity and quality of my diet, exercising by rote so much a day, and in one direction, alternately lying flat on my back for rest, wearing raiment of identical weight and material at all times, and embracing religion as an aid to longevity, I should have been happily dead years ago, and glad of it.

C. S. Thomas

The response to 'Hamstringing Our Teachers' would make a volume by itself. We quote from our correspondence a representative reply.

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'Hamstringing Our Teachers,' in the March number, certainly goes home. I believe that every teacher will agree with most of Mr. Anderson's statements. There are many other situations of a similar nature, however, that he does not mention.

In most large city systems at the present time, teachers are not permitted to have any definite opinion on such a question as prohibition. 'It is a controversial subject,' says a Middle West city superintendent. On this assumption, teachers might likewise be expected to refrain from any expression of opinion on capital punishment, income tax, manager plan of city government, farm relief, prison reform, immigration, taxation, or the rights of a citizen.

There are doubtless many small communities where a teacher would have to take a definite stand in regard to prohibition.

In few places are teachers free to give information about their work to newspapers. Most city systems exercise a strict censorship in regard to such matters. If feature articles are to be given to the press, principal or superintendent must know about it, and if the article is printed, credit for the venture is usually bestowed upon the teacher's superior rather than upon the teacher responsible for the work.

A few years ago the writer took a teaching position in a small Eastern Ohio town. Almost immediately the woman principal became antagonistic. We had graduated from rival schools. In a short time the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers began a campaign to win me for their respective churches. Then a Fundamentalist girl pupil reported to her minister that I was teaching Evolution, and she came back saying that the minister had warned his young people not to listen to me. At that stage I became so ill that I was forced to resign, and the whole town breathed a sigh of relief. One of the ministers' wives was promptly installed in my position in the hope that she might undo some of the damage I had wrought.

'ALREADY HAMSTRUNG'

Readers of Owen Lattimore's *Atlantic* papers, and especially of his delightful volume, *The Desert Road to Turkestan*, will enjoy this quotation from a recent letter from his winter headquarters in Mukden.

Our chief standby and local ally is Mr. Niu, or Cow, whose business is selling pictures of gods and ancient worthies for China New Year decoration. He has a five-year-old (that is, four-year-old by our reckoning) son who smokes cigarettes in a brass cigarette holder, and does theatrical tricks with song and dance. So we do not lack social amenities. As far as that goes, the women spit as freely as the men, and that's a 'whole floorful,' as one of the Heavenly Twins, or Helen's Babies, or whoever it was, remarked of playing Jonah and the Whale after taking ipecacuanha, after eating paint. Eleanor follows up these cordial demonstrations by sprinkling the floor with disinfectant, and Moses follows up with a broom. Spitting is a sort of affable gesture, because a free flow of the bodily juices indicates a heart at ease and a tranquil spleen. . . .

Our quarters here are in a school. The people were so wary of us at first that no one would let rooms to us; but the officials handsomely put the school at our disposal. It has a caretaker who is unbelievably ancient and feeble. He and Moses share cooped-up sleeping quarters, and Moses says he got a transfer of lice at no extra charge. He has been frenziedly freezing his sleeping bag ever since.

We have n't any lice yet, but my Manchu teacher has fleas, which also think they can teach us something. We have a Japanese kind of weapon which shoots out flea powder with admirable precision; but, as might be expected, the local flea has been raised on an anti-Japanese diet, and puts up a valiant front.

Miss Miriam Chase, of Wollaston, Massachusetts, makes this pertinent comment on the recent paper entitled 'Try the Spirits.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If Mr. Norman had added the last line of the wedding rhyme as it is known to those of us of New England ancestry, making it read

> Something old and something new,
> Something borrowed and something blue,
> And a sixpence in her shoe,

its origin would have been quite apparent, having evidently come over to New England from old England.

THE SALLYPORT

The difficulty of writing over such a ridiculous signature as Iconoclast is that the impulse to agree violently with something that has been said will arise now and then. This month poor Iconoclast finds himself embarrassed by a whim of this kind.

Mr. Griswold has provided an opportunity that cannot be overlooked for continuing the discussion broached last month. But to do our part faithfully, we should really be more at outs with him. Still, it is a poor agreement that will not brook a few exceptions, and sometimes the slender weapon of an amendment can be made to carve a few heads in the service of truth.

And now for Mr. Griswold, whose casque needs a little trimming from the Roundhead pattern to a shape more acceptable at court. Let us give him his due, and it will be hard to find adequate words to pay him the compliment that on one score he deserves. Mr. Griswold is an almost unique man. He has read a large array of books that he considers indecent and shocking. Yet he does not want a law passed about it. He does not want the reserves turned out to make a public crusade of his outraged morality. He is content to ask for critical condemnation of the authors, and to urge a more exacting standard of taste. Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! This is a true specimen of tolerance, and we commend it as an example for imitation.

So far we are of Mr. Griswold's party. Perhaps even more sympathy is justified. It is no uncommon experience to be disgusted by the current mode in fiction. But disgust can have a variety of causes. The very business of novels is with the passions. Therefore they are a bad diet. Mere satiety is enough to account for some of the spasms of revulsion which overtake the reading public. The need is to lay aside the passions for a while and cultivate the intelligence. People have learned the value of a balanced ration in vegetables, but go on stuffing themselves with a single kind of books. Mental and moral rickets is the natural consequence. A few of the greatest novels contain in themselves all the elements of intellectual nourishment. But such novels form one of the most limited societies in the world, and it is not every age that can elect even a single new member.

Not all disgust with the contemporary fare in novels can be laid to satiety. The novelists themselves are responsible for some of it. But it is well to remember that one can be disgusted by the deliberate intent of a master, or by the mere ineptitude of a pupil. We agree with Mr. Griswold that contemporary criticism has shown itself altogether too backward in detecting and condemning mere crudity and puerility. Critics who ought to know better have accepted *au grand sérieux* books that go far to justify Mr. Griswold when he says that some novels of the day suggest the lucubrations of small boys in a haymow. A reader who falls in the way of such books will profoundly sympathize with Mr. Griswold's outburst, and may easily fail to perceive its dangers.

Glance at the names in Mr. Griswold's roster of indecency. Well-founded criticism cannot make such an indiscriminate mouthful of gnats and camels. The sense of propriety that can pass the same easy censure on Proust and Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley and Percy Marks, is not to be trusted. It is perfectly appropriate, if one likes, to inquire into the standard of taste and morals among the secondary and fugitive writings of an age, although it seems a work of curiosity rather than serious criticism. But surely the main fact about the few men of genius which an age can boast is that they have contributed to the enrichment, knowledge, and pleasure of life. It is a topsy-turvy morality that elects to scold them for what it considers their offenses against taste when all for which they are to be treasured is allowed to pass as though it did not exist.

By what standard is public taste to be established? Actually it is a product of forces, the inertia of custom and settled modes of thought on one part, the fruitful and rebellious influence of genius on the other. It would be foolish to deny the public its right and interest in the matter as conservator; but it hardly seems possible to deny that genius is the productive agent. In a democratic world the mob finds plenty of encouragement to lecture its teachers; but the wise will know on which part the debt really inclines. When light is thrown on a dark corner, the public's first impulse is to break the lamp. Genius is the great creator of light. It must be expected to produce shock and revolt. And when we take the trouble to consider it, how mechanical, how needless the business of

being offended usually is! We smear our souls with all sorts of flattering unctions for the sake of purity, never suspecting that we might be cleaner and happier as well as more robust without them. If a man wishes to read his Proust or Joyce or Boccaccio out of admiration for them as masters, or interest in the phenomena they describe, it is possible for him to do so not only without harm but with profit. These books, on the other hand, are not for all tastes, and it is perfectly honorable to omit them. But is the cause of virtue really clarified by reading and then denouncing them?

The pity of it is that thousands of people will see Mr. Griswold's offended reference to Joyce (and others like it) for every one who discovers S. Foster Damon's patient and brilliant examination of *Ulysses*, revealing its astonishing intellectual background and the profundity and seriousness of its design. Mr. Griswold does not seem to have approached the book as a student before condemning it as a judge. Mr. Damon, after half a dozen readings and a course of erudite research only made possible by an already ripened acquaintance with the whole stream of classic and modern literature, is almost relieved of the necessity of judging the book because he has shed so much light on it. Mr. Damon, too, has not escaped disgust, nor has he hesitated to speak of it; but he sees it in the transforming light of Joyce's intention and design.

If Mr. Griswold accepts with so much unconcern the interpretation he places on Shakespeare's sonnets, one might expect him to be more charitable toward Proust. When I read his remarks on the author of *Remembrance of Things Past*, it is hard for me not to picture Mr. Griswold devoting himself with conscientious horror to *Sodom and Gomorrah* and neglecting Proust's other volumes. To me it is inconceivable that anyone who had in mind *Swann's Way* could speak of Proust with other than gratitude and delight. Bless my soul! Has Mr. Griswold no word of praise for the inimitable painting of domestic scenes in the little town of Combray? For the painting of social scenes with a brilliance, humor, and depth of irony hard to match in any literature? For the profound and subtle analysis of Swann's love affair with Odette? As one remembers the jealous Swann rapping angrily on the wrong window, or the theme from M. Vinteuil's sonata that gathers all the associations of his life about a small phrase of music, as one recalls Proust's intellect, brooding over and illuminating his sensitive impressions with a rich and ideal play of light, it seems as though Mr. Griswold might have allowed his readers to know that the important thing about Proust is the pleasure and enhancement of life for which the world is in debt to him. Nor should our debt as English readers to Proust's translator be forgotten. For his work is nothing less than a permanent enrichment of our own tongue. Anyone who has devoutly and humbly studied the English masters and tried to practise their art will recognize it as a 'well of English undefiled.'

Last of all, I can't forbear a word in favor of Aldous Huxley. Poor Huxley! Have his cleverness and the detestable people he writes about — quite as odious to him as to his readers — brought him into disrepute with the respectable? What a pity that censors are unable to keep books from those who cannot appreciate them! One or two scenes in Huxley's novels are as horrid as can well be imagined. But I like to remember him as the inventor of Gumbril's patent small clothes, as the author of those inimitable Shandyan episodes in *Crome Yellow* that take one back to a day when novels were irresponsible and full of divagations — a much better kind of novel than the sort we get nowadays, burdened by strict causation of plot or bogged in a 'stream of consciousness.' One of these episodes will not pass from the language, I am sure. Though the rest of Huxley's writings be forgotten, the parable of the dwarfs, Hercules and Filomena, will survive to entertain and touch generations yet unborn. Some anthologist will save it from oblivion, for a more perfect short reading in English will be hard to find.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1930

A THOUSAND TO ONE

BY CAPTAIN EMILIO LUSSU

I

On the afternoon of October 31, 1926, an attempt was made in Bologna against the life of Mussolini. A few hours later, throughout the whole of Italy, the Fascists started to sack the headquarters of anti-Fascist newspapers and associations and the private dwellings of opponents of the régime.

That day I was at Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia. In the morning I had pleaded before the jury the cause of a young man accused of murder at the Court of Assizes, and my client was acquitted. Before returning to the mountain village where he lived, he came to my house to thank me, accompanied by all his relations, who had come to Cagliari for the trial. On leaving, the eldest of them, an eighty-year-old patriarch, who was wearing the costume of the Sardinian mountaineers, — coat of black wool, white linen trousers, and tight black gaiters, — invoked, in Biblical phrases that I cannot recall without emotion, the blessing of Heaven upon me, the savior of his innocent son. The clock of a neighboring church struck half-past nine.

I had scarcely stepped out of my house when one of my friends appeared, breathless, to warn me that the Fascists were sounding their summons to battle. I locked my office and went out to see what was happening.

In the street another friend informed me that the news of an attempt against Mussolini had reached the Fascists and the Prefecture.

'I have been able secretly to obtain a copy of the telegram. The boy who fired at Mussolini at Bologna was lynched on the spot by the Fascists. Here they have been summoned for immediate reprisals. Your house and your life are in danger. Leave the town and hide yourself in some safe place.'

While he spoke, from all sides could be heard the bugles summoning the Fascists together in the different quarters of the city.

I returned home, and sent the servant away. My mother, fortunately, was at our country house, and I had only myself to think of. I went downstairs again, and met in the street other friends who had hurried to warn me that the Fascists were gathering at their headquarters, that motors were to be used as rapid means of transport, and that shouts of 'Death to Lussu!' were already to be heard.

I went to dine at a restaurant a few yards from my house. As I was eating, news reached me by degrees: the

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theatres, the cinemas, all public resorts had been closed; armed Fascist gangs were going about the streets; a punitive expedition against me was being organized at the Fascist headquarters; the leaders were exhorting the rank and file with inflammatory speeches; I was the appointed victim; in half an hour the work was to begin.

The waiter who attended me had served under me during the war. He had subsequently become a Fascist, but he could not forget his loyalty to his former officer. He was very much embarrassed that evening, and hardly dared to speak to me. Though he tried once or twice, I did not encourage him. Finally he said: 'Signor Capitano, I know what orders have been given. I beg of you not to return home; leave here at once. It will only be a matter of a few days. Then everything will be normal once more.'

'Do you think,' I asked him, 'that I am right or wrong?'

'You are right,' he replied, reddening, and mechanically standing at attention in the military manner.

'Then why should I beat a retreat?'

My question embarrassed him still more. He did not reply. As I went away I said to him, 'Why did you turn Fascist?'

'Things are so difficult. They made me many promises. . . . Who can live in opposition to the Fasci?'

'I live well enough,' I retorted, and left him. But I had not told the truth. I could not honestly say that I lived well.

In a moment I was at home again. I occupied an apartment on the first floor, of which five windows faced the square. Next to me, on the same floor, lived an associate judge of the Court of Appeal, Cavalier Tanchis. I went to his door and rang the bell, wishing to appeal to his conscience as a judge in order that, whatever happened, he should bear witness to the violence used against me. Although he was at home, he made no sign of life; he was terrorized. In the upper floors of the building everything was silent. The occupants had hastened to seek refuge elsewhere.

The square, which was the most central one in the city, was deserted; houses, shops, all were closed. From afar came the strains of the Fascist songs.

Then I prepared to defend myself. I had a sporting rifle and two army revolvers — munitions enough. Two war trophies in the form of weighted clubs, taken from the Austrians, hung upon the wall.

The memory of many others who, during the last six years, had had their houses sacked, their families dispersed, flashed into my mind; of those who had been killed, unarmed, in their homes, under the eyes of their helpless wives and children. I remembered, and seemed to see before me, poor Pilati, my comrade in the war, in which he was wounded, and subsequently my colleague in Parliament; he had been murdered in his bed beside his wife. And I was conscious of immense and tragic compassion for my country.

Two young friends ran up the stairs and announced to me that a large column of Fascists were marching toward my house and demanding to lynch me. When I told them that I did not intend to escape, they offered to help in my defense. I had to force them to leave.

Hardly had the heavy door giving on to the street closed behind them when I heard my name threateningly shouted from the advancing column.

'Now for it,' I said aloud. 'One must set an example.'

I half-closed the shutters and put out the light. I could thus see without being seen, and observe what was

happening in the square, which was brilliantly lit.

In the street to the right of my house was the printing press of the Christian-Democratic newspaper, the *Corriere di Sardegna*. The Fascists invaded and sacked it.

Then it was the turn of the neighboring office of the lawyer Raffaele Angius.

Angius came of humble family. His parents had suffered the most heroic privations to maintain him at his studies. He had gone through the whole of the war, and had greatly distinguished himself. As a lawyer he had laboriously built up for himself an excellent reputation, and his family owed their present ease to his work.

Furniture, books, legal documents, all were thrown into the street and burned. In a few minutes the Fascists destroyed, that evening, the work of a lifetime.

During the following days the lawyer's clients, in despair, went to demand their scattered documents. Angius left Cagliari, and died a year later at Milan, leaving his aged parents in poverty. He was scarcely thirty-five years old.

These two preliminary feats having been successfully carried out, the column turned toward my house.

'Down with Lussu! Death to Lussu!'

II

The column was commanded by the lawyer Giovanni Cao, Count di San Marco, a member of Parliament, and leader of the local Fascists. He had been a fellow student of mine at the University, and my companion during the whole of the war; afterward he had been a member of my own political party, and as a lawyer had worked in my office; he had been among my most affectionate friends up to the time of the March on Rome. After the March on Rome, however, being unable to resist both threats and flattery, he became a Fascist. I had to request him to leave my office, since my position as an adversary of Fascism made it impossible for us to continue to work together. He never spoke to me again. Nevertheless I was surprised, that evening, to see him personally conducting the attack upon me.

I recognized others among the aggressors. One, a certain Baldussi, had become famous on account of other 'punitive expeditions.' He was known to me personally, for I had been his lawyer once when he was indicted as the author of a somewhat sensational theft. He appeared among the most eager against his former defender.

I was no less astonished at the presence of another, a man named Fois, from Cagliari. An organizer among the maritime workers, a syndicalist-anarchist, and violently anti-Fascist, he had been many times attacked and arrested by the Fascists. When the Fascists occupied the headquarters of his organization, he found it impossible to earn his living. He wanted to emigrate to France, and I gave him introductions to friends there, that he might find help and work. Before leaving he had come to my house to see me, and had talked with me at length of his difficulties and of his family, which consisted of a wife and three children, named Libertà, Spartaco, and Libero (Liberty, Spartacus, and Free). In despair at not finding work in France, he had returned to Cagliari and had joined the Fascio toward the end of September, thus being able to take over again the direction of his former organization, now become a Fascist one. He excused himself to his former comrades by adducing the necessity of supporting his children, but he let it be understood

that his syndicalist-anarchist faith remained unshaken.

I still wonder why he too, that evening, was demanding my lynching. I know that he has since changed the names of his children. It is not wholly improbable that in the future, when times have changed, he will rechristen them with their original names.

Probably I should have been able to identify other old acquaintances of the same kind had I had time to do so. But the street door had been broken in, and the staircase was filled with a shouting crowd up to the door of my apartment.

I had made arrangements for defense in the belief that the door would immediately give way. Instead, it held. Warned by me that I was waiting, armed, within, the Fascists, after their first efforts to break it down, thought perhaps that there was no necessity for any excess of zeal.

The column in the square thereupon divided into three. One part remained to support those who had invaded the staircase; a second began to scale the five balconies facing the square; and the third went to the back of the building and endeavored to enter my apartment from a courtyard.

I had not foreseen such military strategy, and found myself in much embarrassment as to how to defend myself from three separate and simultaneous attacks. I was forced to go rapidly from one side to the other in order to be in time to confront the first to make a breach. I confess that I have found myself in more pleasant situations in the course of my life.

The yells in the square were demoniacal; the crowd was furiously inciting those who were making the assault upon the windows.

One balcony was reached. I fired at the first to appear, and the unfortunate man was precipitated to the ground.

Terror invaded the crowd. In a flash the square was deserted; not a soul remained on the staircase. Several times Count Cao attempted to reorganize the column and to lead it again to the attack, but in vain. My house was as though bewitched.

Half an hour later the police turned up, followed by the Carabineers in large numbers. They stood guard over my house. Finally the Chief of Police appeared, together with many commissioners and the Colonel of the Carabineers.

When my house had been surrounded and the whole square occupied in a military manner, the Fascists slowly reappeared, at first silently, by ones and twos, then yelling and shouting, in a crowd. They had recovered their courage. The police did not interfere with them.

There came a blow at my door.

'Open, Onorevole!' It was the voice of the Chief of Police. 'On my honor, on my family, on my children, I swear that I am here to defend you.'

The rest all echoed in chorus: 'Yes, we are all here to defend you!'

I explained to the Chief of Police, through the door, that I found myself in the unfortunate position of not being able to trust his word.

'If you wish to enter, do so. But I warn you that the light is out, and that my revolver is loaded. Enter only with your hands up.'

'Impossible! A chief of police cannot enter with his hands up!' The poor man groaned and sighed.

'Very well, then, send a commissioner.' And I suggested the name of one of those with him whose voice I had recognized.

'An excellent idea,' said the Chief of Police. 'Signor Commissario, you go.'

I opened the door and let the victim in; then shut it once more and turned

on the light. The Commissario was holding his hands up, pale and upset. I put down my revolver and told him not to be afraid.

He explained to me that they were come to arrest me. They really did intend to protect me from the Fascists; as a proof he adduced the large number of Carabineers that surrounded my house. He convinced me of his sincerity. Shortly after, I opened the door to the Chief of Police also.

This gentleman, somewhat embarrassed, communicated to me the order for my arrest. I opened the Penal Code, and read to him the part concerning legitimate defense and a state of necessity. I told him that it was the duty of the authorities to imprison the attackers, not the attacked; the violent invaders of a private dwelling, not the citizen exercising a right sanctioned by the law. But the Chief of Police explained to me that he had a painful, a very painful, duty to fulfill — that of arresting me. At the same time he anxiously observed that I should do well to remove myself from the lighted window, right in front of which I was standing; some evilly disposed person might have a shot at me from the square, and the shot — though this he did not actually put into words — might make a mistake between myself and him.

Seeing that the penal law was no use, I appealed to constitutional law. I was a member of Parliament. Parliamentary immunity from arrest was laid down in the Statute, an immunity which members enjoyed while Parliament was in session. All in vain. The Chief of Police had a painful, a very painful, duty to perform.

I was handcuffed and conducted to prison by a squad of Carabineers.

The following day, acts of violence were continued in the city. All supporters of the opposition were arrested; Fascists sacked and destroyed their homes.

My house alone remained unscathed, protected by numerous cordons of Carabineers and even soldiers. This astonished me not a little. However, I understood the privileged treatment accorded me when I was reminded that my furniture and belongings were insured against damage committed for political reasons. The Insurance Society had lost no time in setting in motion all the authorities in order to avoid the looting of my home and the paying of the premium.

Those arrested remained only a few days in prison. On their liberation, the Chief of Police explained to them that he had deprived them of their freedom because their lives were in danger owing to excessive excitement on the part of the Fascists, and prison was the safest shelter for them. As a matter of fact, one of them, Dr. Sanna, had found a perfectly safe refuge for himself in the house of his mother-in-law, in a village one hundred and fifty miles from Cagliari, amid a devoted population that would have defended him from all aggression. The police considered this asylum insufficiently secure. They sent Carabineers and soldiers to arrest him, and brought him laden with chains to Cagliari. His father, years before, had been Undersecretary of State to the Ministry of Justice in a Democratic Cabinet, and this was a hereditary blemish to the discredit of the son.

The Government ordered that the funeral of the Fascist whom I had killed should be an imposing affair. All public employees, the pupils of the state schools, the Fascist Militia and members of all the provincial Fasci, representatives of the navy and the army, the entire magistrature, the prefect, and the general commanding the Sardinian Army Division were all

present. The dead man was compared, in the official speeches, to the martyrs of the Risorgimento. The population kept away from the ceremony.

The dead man's family received the pension accorded to soldiers killed in war. At present a legion of Fascist Vanguards bears his name.

On the occasion of the opening of the juridical year, the Attorney-General for the province stigmatized, with inspired eloquence, 'the detestable crime committed by a politician against a young man full of love for his country,' and invoked exemplary justice on his behalf.

Count Cao di San Marco, leader of the punitive expedition against me, was shortly afterward nominated Undersecretary in the Ministry of Transport, as a reward for his good intentions in organizing the enterprise, if not for its success.

III

Throughout the first night that I spent in prison, and for many succeeding nights, the Fascists passed to and fro outside singing insulting songs about me. They had certainly regained their self-confidence.

In the cell next that which I occupied there was an old acquaintance of mine. A few months previously he had killed his young wife and had entrusted to me his defense, but he insisted on basing this on the plea that his wife had been unfaithful to him, which was untrue. He was a pathological case, in whose unbalanced brain jealousy had become a fixed idea, leading him to crime. Unable to endorse his line of defense, I refused to take his case, but he bore me no malice. It was he who, having been some time in prison and being acquainted with the habits of the place, informed the other prisoners of my arrival, by means of the mysterious systems which exist in prisons. The member of Parliament for Cagliari in prison! The prisoners were proud to be in such company. I had been the defender of many others among them — that is to say, for them I was the most outstanding personality in their world. What an undreamed-of surprise, to see one's own defending counsel ending in prison himself! Modesty apart, it was quite an historical event for the prisons of Cagliari.

The following morning, when I was taken to the open air for half an hour's exercise, I found my name written upon the walls together with good wishes toward me. One of these inscriptions read: 'Long live Lussu!' It was signed: 'The Amalgamated Society of Safe-Blowers'! This proof of popularity was most flattering to my vanity.

When I was once more in my cell, notes wrapped around pebbles were thrown with great skill through the bars of the window opening. They all said more or less the same thing: 'Courage. If you have need of anything, we are here. Burn this at once.'

The evening of November 1 the examining judge and the public prosecutor came to interrogate me. There were many expressions of grief at my situation. Both affirmed that it was a matter merely of formalities indispensable at this stage; the whole city had been a witness of the assault committed against me; my action had been legitimate; my liberation would be a question of a few days. Handshakes and renewed compliments.

I nominated as my defender a lawyer named Marcello, a personal friend of mine and a teacher at the University. The following day, the second of November, Marcello was arrested. It was not a safe time for lawyers.

To avoid further trouble for Professor Marcello, I entrusted my defense instead to a young friend of mine named Calabresi, who was getting his

training in my office. At the moment he was in Rome, and I therefore believed him safe from local ill-feeling and reprisals. I was mistaken. On his return journey to Cagliari, my friend heard in time that the Fascists were awaiting him at the station, and in order to avoid arrest he turned back. His house in Cagliari was sacked. He had to remain for a long time in hiding, now in Rome and now in Sardinia.

My cell, which was on the ground floor and measured three metres by two, was very cold, and badly lit by a small barred window which gave on a courtyard. A table, a chair, a folding bed fixed to the wall, a straw mattress, and one or two other objects completed its equipment. When the door was opened, a strong draft was formed between it and the window, which during the winter was like an icy douche.

I was in the army during the whole of the war, and in the trenches I had ample opportunity for increasing my entomological knowledge. Nevertheless, a good many varieties of the insect race were as yet unknown to me. Those who do not specialize in natural science never come in contact with them. But they flourish in Italian prisons, and, although the Penal Code makes no reference to them, they constitute a very real augmentation to the prisoner's sufferings.

The prison rules allow those who are awaiting trial to obtain better cells upon payment. I applied for one, and my request was immediately attended to and complied with. On the door of my cell a placard was fixed bearing the words, 'Paying Room'; but the cell remained the same. In deference to truth, however, I must admit that when my cell was thus promoted to the dignity of a paying one a woolen mattress, a washstand, a jug of water, and a tumbler were added to it.

Living for a year under these conditions, I fell a victim to bronchitis and pleurisy, although I had been in the best of health at the time of my imprisonment.

IV

My case gave the local bench a great deal to do. Under Italian legal procedure, the inquiry into the facts of the case is made by an examining judge assisted by the public prosecutor. When the inquiry is finished, the Attorney-General for the province presents his conclusions — that is, proposes that the accused should be recognized as innocent or sent to public trial. A commission of three judges, called the Accusing Section, examines all the evidence and the proposal of the Attorney-General, and pronounces whether the accused is innocent or whether he is to stand trial by jury. In the latter case, the commission also formulates the charge to which the accused must reply. After this first sentence is passed, the public trial by jury takes place.

The inquiry into my case lasted till April 1927, — that is, five months, — as though it were not a question of a public incident all the details of which could have been ascertained in a few hours! Meanwhile I remained in prison.

When the inquiry was concluded, the Attorney-General requested the commission to impeach me on a charge of intentional manslaughter, a crime punishable under the Italian Penal Code by from eighteen to twenty years' imprisonment. He deposed that I had acted with brutal malice, having 'under the stress of ambition, and on seeing my hopes of political power shattered, basely committed murder.'

The indignation of all honest people in Sardinia was tremendous. The

father of the man I had killed refused to appear at the trial, and sent a message to me in prison to say that he grieved not only at having lost a son in a criminal enterprise, but also to see that in the name of his family a great injustice was being committed against me.

In May 1927 the three judges of the Accusing Section pronounced sentence of acquittal for legitimate defense.

Before the sentence had been registered at the Chancery, and thus made effective, the Chief Justice in the province intervened to obtain its modification. One of the three judges refused to make any concession. The Chief Justice therefore, availing himself of a right accorded to him by law, himself took the place of this judge in the Accusing Section, and deposed that the sentence must be altered and that I must stand my trial according to the request of the Attorney-General. The other two judges resisted. After a fortnight of conflict, the two judges finally consented to modify the sentence, and decreed that I should be tried for 'excess of defense,' but they refused to alter the definition of the crime. 'Excess of defense' constitutes attenuating circumstance and diminishes the penalty by two thirds.

The Attorney-General was still dissatisfied. He appealed to the Court of Cassation, demanding that my sentence should be revoked and that I should appear before the Court of Assizes on a charge of intentional manslaughter. The Court of Cassation could not countenance such a flagrant act of injustice. It confined itself to annulling the sentence, and decreed that the case should come up again before the Court of Cagliari itself, to be reëxamined by other judges.

This persecution leveled at me was so outrageous that it is said an influential personage in the Fascist Militia, General Zirano, in speaking about it to the Duce, expressed the opinion that the scandal was too great, and damaging to Fascism itself.

I am told that the Duce replied that I should be judged by impartial judges outside Sardinia, at Chieti in Abruzzo, and the General was dismissed from his post.

Had I been brought to trial at the Court of Assizes of Chieti, I should certainly have been sentenced to the maximum penalty. The Fascist Government tries all the most scandalous cases at Chieti. The Fascists who murdered the member of Parliament Signor Matteotti in June 1924 were condemned to the minimum penalty by the jurors of Chieti in March 1926. The Fascists who, during the night of October 3, 1925, in Florence, shot and killed the lawyer Ernesto Consolo under the eyes of his wife and children, and the ex-member of Parliament Pilade Pilati, surprising him in bed beside his wife, were acquitted by the jurors of Chieti in May 1926.

My three new judges at Cagliari put up a really heroic resistance to the pressure brought to bear on them by the Chief Justice. They acquitted me for legitimate defense, drew up the sentence, and had it immediately registered at the Chancery before the Chief Justice had time to intervene, as he had done the first time.

This example of courage I record in honor of the Italian bench, while so many judges, especially in its higher ranks, and beginning with the President of the Supreme Court, have entirely submitted to the will of the political power.

V

As a result of my acquittal, I ought immediately to have been set at liberty. The order was, in fact, com-

municated to me in due course, but at the same time the prison authorities were ordered by the Prefect to keep me where I was, for political reasons which would be communicated to me at an opportune moment.

During these days I was suffering from a chronic high fever, and irritation of the bronchial tubes and the pleura obliged me to remain in bed. I was transferred from my cell to the infirmary, under increased supervision, for they were afraid that I should attempt to escape. They telephoned from the Prefecture even at night to make certain that I was still there.

After ten days I received a half sheet of typewritten paper, from which I learned that the Provincial Internment Commission had sentenced me to internment for five years, as a person 'dangerous to the régime, a confirmed adversary, and one harmful to public peace.' The Commission was careful to point out in a footnote that this decision had been taken by a unanimous vote — this unanimity being naturally of especial satisfaction to me!

I never had the pleasure of seeing my latest judges; I was never called to defend myself. They inflicted the maximum penalty upon me, and informed me of the fact by means of that half sheet of typewritten paper. That was all. The efficiency of the Fascist régime was undeniable.

There is such a commission in every province, which condemns the opponents of the dictatorship to the *confino* — that is, internment. Each commission is composed of five members: an attorney-general, an officer of the Carabineers, an officer of the Fascist Militia, the chief of police of the province, and the prefect, who presides. The political adversary is arrested, sent to prison, and kept there until the commission has decided his destiny — that is, until a piece of paper reaches him with the communication that he is to be set at liberty or sent to the confino.

The provincial internment commissions were originally set up on November 6, 1926, and I had been in prison since the end of October. Since the day on which the new law had come into force, I could not have committed any new misdemeanor, and was sentenced for activities which had taken place before the new law had been thought of. Not even a single day was allowed me in which to prove that I was not dangerous to the régime.

A police commissioner, who declared that he was sent by the Prefect himself, came to see me and told me with extreme courtesy that, in consideration of my state of health, I was to be allowed the exceptional privilege of choosing the place in which I wished to pass my five years of internment, provided that it was outside Sardinia. He spoke sincerely, and in perfect good faith. I realized it when, on leaving, he held out his hand and I did not give him mine; he was embarrassed, and reddened at the unexpected affront.

My medical certificates stated that sea air would be harmful to my health. Nevertheless, on the afternoon of November 16, 1927, the director of the prison informed me that I was to spend my five years of internment upon the island of Lipari, in the midst of sea air.

I was in bed with fever. The prison doctor declared it impossible to move me, and the prison regulations direct that if the doctor considers it harmful to a patient to move him, his removal must be postponed. During the whole evening, conversation on the telephone between the Prefecture and the prison authorities was continuous. The doctor was repeatedly pressed to change his opinion and not oppose my departure; the political authorities assumed the

responsibility of any possible complications or consequences. One cannot deny that they had a certain courage. The doctor would not change his mind, however. Italy is full of these humble and unknown heroes who put their duty before all else.

At night another doctor came to see me, sent specially by the Prefect. He carefully examined my tongue four times, and treated with contempt the sister of charity who suggested an egg beaten up with Marsala for me. The following day, at twelve o'clock, I received the order to get up from my bed and to leave.

A closed motor awaited me in the prison yard. 'The Chief of Police,' said a police commissioner, 'has ordered that you should go to the port by car, and not in the prison van.'

I was moved by such kindness, and took my place between the Carabineers. The city was in a state of siege; I saw nothing during the drive of half a mile except Carabineers, police, and armed Fascist Militia. When we arrived at the port, the marshal of Carabineers, to whom the prison authorities had consigned my money and papers, paid for the motor at my expense. My gratitude for the kindness of the Chief of Police became somewhat modified.

The port was deserted and all traffic was suspended. Sentinels and patrols were everywhere to be seen. As I went down toward a police boat, there sailed swiftly in before the breeze a fishing boat, which passed in front of me at a distance of a few yards. A young and sun-bronzed fisherman recognized me and understood what was happening. Springing upright upon the prow, he cried: 'Viva Lussu! Long live Sardinia!' It was my island's farewell to me.

The patrols on the quay threw themselves upon the boat as it landed; I had barely time to see the fisherman surrounded by the armed throng and disappear.

Political prisoners travel as though they were common criminals. Handcuffed, without water to drink, foodless, they are conveyed in 'cell carriages' by trains that stop every evening at a station to allow the prisoners to be given food and to sleep in the 'transit prisons,' or else they are crowded in the hold of a steamer, beside the cattle.

In my state of health such a journey was literally impossible. They would have had to convey me on a stretcher. So I was permitted to travel second class, paying for my own ticket and for those of the Carabineers accompanying me.

VI

The journey from Cagliari to Trapani takes eighteen hours. The steamer was small, but the sea calm, and after a year in prison to find myself in the open air, on the sea, gave me a sense of exaltation. Exaltation and fever never left me.

From Trapani the same steamer took me to Palermo. The morning of November 18 we passed by the island of Ustica, where the worst and most incorrigible of the common criminals are interned. Among them there were at that time a large number of political prisoners. A few months before, one of them, Spartaco Stagnetti, had been killed by a common criminal, whom he had found in the act of stealing. General Bencivenga, who was General Cadorna's secretary during the war, and later, in 1925, was my colleague in the Chamber of Deputies and president of the Italian Press Association, was there until a few months ago; he is now on the island of Ponza.

We arrived at Palermo on the evening of the eighteenth. A police commissioner with his men awaited us, and

he shouted with a voice which rivaled a megaphone: 'Where is the arrested deputy? Where is the arrested deputy?'

The people on the quay stopped. The spectacle of an arrested member of Parliament was one not to be seen every day.

'Where is he?' 'Which is he?' 'What has he done?' 'Is he the one from the bank?' 'He'll have put the money in some safe place.' 'What bank?' 'What money?' 'Who is he, then?'

'Political police!' shouted the commissioner.

The crowd became mute.

'We understand,' said a voice, lost in the throng.

I made my way through the respectful crowd. As the steamer, by reason of the rough weather encountered during the last hours of the journey, had arrived very late, the Carabineers conducted me straight to the railway station. I was thus spared the torment, of which all the interned speak with horror, of remaining for a certain time in the prison of Palermo, which is the most frightful of all the prisons in Italy.

I traveled by train from Palermo to Milazzo, where I arrived late at night. The prison was at some distance, and I should have had to reach it on foot; but I had a high fever, and obtained permission from the Carabineers to pass the night in one of the rooms at the station.

Some railwaymen were clearing up the room, which had just been used for a Dopolavoro (a kind of night school) ceremony. There had been a small party and a lecture. When I entered, the men were grumbling at having had to pay five lire a head for two bottles of syrup and a worthless lecture. All wore the Fascist badge, and gave the Carabineers the Roman salute.

I did not speak until one of them asked me who I was. When they knew my name, they gathered round me, prepared me a sofa with cushions to lie on, and offered me hot coffee. Then came confidences. Mussolini should disguise himself as a political prisoner in order to learn what his railway employees think of him personally and of his régime.

The next morning, with as much circumspection as if they were handing me a bomb, they offered me a small bunch of flowers.

I boarded the ship for Lipari. With me was being conducted a woman who had with her a baby two years old. She was worn out with suffering, but the baby was fat and rosy. The woman told me her story.

'I am the wife of Sergio di Modugno. He fled to France, because the Fascists never let him alone. He wanted me and the child to join him, and he went over and over again to the Italian consulate in Paris to ask for our passport. They put him off from one week to another; they kept him for hours at a time waiting for an answer, and then told him to return another day. This went on for six months, and finally he lost his head. He fired at the consul and killed him. I knew nothing of it. How should I know what my husband was doing in Paris? They arrested me with my child and are sending me to Lipari for five years. For a month I have been sent from one prison to another. Do you know anything of my husband?'

She continued to tell me of all that she had endured. Of what use to speak of it here?

At last we came to the Æolian Islands. There was Lipari, the queen of the archipelago. From a distance it is enchantingly beautiful. To the east, Stromboli, with its smoking volcano, stands out against Calabria, like a

sentinel. To the southwest the little island of Vulcano guards the way to Milazzo.

Lipari appeared much larger than the other islands. The sun was shining upon a long line of mountains behind the little city by the sea.

I landed, handcuffed with a double chain.

'This is a place to get out of as soon as possible,' I thought as I stepped ashore.

It was my first thought. Other considerations came later.

(*In the July issue Captain Lussu will describe his escape*)

HOW NECESSARY IS ILLNESS?[1]

BY RALPH ARTHUR REYNOLDS

I

FREQUENTLY the statement is made that the science of medicine is progressing in this country by rapid strides. In a sense this statement is true. Research is adding every year to our fund of accurate knowledge and the standard of medical training has been raised to a high level. Yet to anyone interested in genuine public health service the question presents itself on every hand: Why is the American medical profession making so little progress in raising the level of health among our people? Especially does that question clamor for an answer when one observes the strides that are being made in certain European countries, where, in spite of straitened economic conditions, good health is being maintained to a remarkable degree.

What are our own most pressing health problems? No one who has had experience with doctors and hospitals can fail to be conscious of some of them. The man with the moderate income is now educated to the value of hospital care, of X-ray and other laboratory tests, but he finds their cost exorbitant. Specialization — necessary though it is in this day — too often degenerates into a system of handing patients around the group so that each may get his fee. 'Preventive medicine' is a term much used; yet very few physicians are giving active preventive service to their patients. Medical departments of industries are often so preoccupied with operations and the treatment of 'interesting cases' that they fail in the simple but most important everyday health service which, by making advice and first-aid treatment easily accessible and satisfactory, can ward off innumerable serious ailments.

These are some of the defects of our system of which we are all conscious. Other defects exist in fields related directly or indirectly to medicine. In the care of dependent children, for instance, and especially in the care of problem children and defectives, there is no coherent policy, and usually no

[1] The editor will be glad to answer questions regarding the illuminating statistics on which this article is based.

effort is made to do more than clothe, house, and feed the children and give them a conventional education.

Before we turn to the solution of some of these problems which is to be found in the new public health systems of Europe, let us consider for a moment the general status of health in the United States.

About two million people in this country are sick at all times with diseases largely preventable. We have 700,000 cases of malaria and tuberculosis annually, and there are among us about one million diabetics. Syphilis and gonorrhea remain fairly general, particularly in the rural districts, when they might be almost entirely banished by educational prophylaxis carried on among the younger generation by the family physician. Practitioners do not generally vaccinate families under their care against smallpox until urged to do so by health departments, and in every epidemic the health department must come forward and urge on the average practitioner in preventive work. In defense of the practitioner, it must be said that some of his lack of aggressiveness in this situation and the resulting 40,000 cases of smallpox in the United States every year must be blamed on the anti-vaccinationists and the public's disposition to listen to them. However, much responsibility lies with the medical profession.

For every ten thousand live children born in the United States, sixty-five women lose their lives from causes connected with childbirth. This rate placed us in 1927 twenty-first on the roster of nations collecting data on the subject. Since Chile improved her conditions, the United States is left at the bottom of the list. Further, even with the advantage of the Schick test and toxin-antitoxin, our statistics on the incidence of diphtheria place us low on the list of civilized nations in the prevention of this malady. Constitutional diseases, such as cancer, kidney trouble, and organic heart disease, are on the increase, the latter two being responsible for one third of all deaths. At a time, also, when 'nervousness' and incipient mental disease are on the increase, authorities agree that the average practitioner knows less on this subject than a well-informed social worker. Fifty to sixty per cent of our population have decayed teeth which could be repaired; 30 per cent have adenoids or diseased tonsils; 25 per cent have uncorrected defects of vision; there are 3,000,000 partially or wholly deaf children among us and 350,000 crippled with rickets, bone tuberculosis, and infantile paralysis. We have 100,000 drug addicts and 900,000 feeble-minded, imbeciles, and idiots.

The committee on the cost of medical care has recently reported that people are, on the average, disabled by illness at least once annually — men about once a year, women once or twice, and children twice every school year (180 days). According to this rate, there would be about 130 million cases of disabling illness in the United States each year. This committee concludes that 36 million wage-earners in the United States lose at least 250 million work days a year and 24 million school children lose 170 million days each school year. These figures take into account only half of the total population.

I dare say there are colleagues of mine in this country who could very convincingly place the blame for this admittedly shameful and disorganized state of affairs on other shoulders than those of the doctor. But the public looks upon these problems as medical, and looks to the doctor for their solution. The average man sees the

mounting cost to him of illness and the occurrence year after year of preventable disease; he sees no reason why such conditions should be permitted in the most prosperous country on earth, which has more physicians per capita population (one to 800) than any other country in the world. He wonders how Austria, a country that was in a state of starvation and revolution in 1920, could so successfully reorganize its health programme that the infant mortality rate was reduced from 30 per cent in 1920 to 8 per cent in 1929. He investigates further and finds that Vienna has expressed its dissatisfaction with the medical profession's former lack of attention to preventive medicine by adopting a system of socialized medicine and has undertaken to carry active, not passive, public health to every man, woman, and child in the city. Vienna spends every year seven dollars per person on public health measures that directly concern the health of every person in the municipality. Compare this with the ninety cents per person that we spend in this country on preventive and educational health measures. The state health insurance system of Vienna brings 70 per cent of the population to the clinics and health centres, where frequent physical examinations and active health education are already making marked progress in the reduction of tuberculosis, venereal disease, and other common ailments.

II

What is Vienna's system, and what has it accomplished?

Vienna adopted in 1920 a Social Democratic form of government, having as its principal aim the betterment and reclamation of her laboring and dependent classes. The first step was the establishment of a municipal welfare office under the direction of Professor Julius Tandler, professor of anatomy in the University of Vienna. The policy of this office is to give aid to all those in need with as little red tape as possible. Anyone obviously requiring assistance can obtain that assistance promptly. Another policy is that of thoroughness. In every case in which aid is rendered, the cause for the need is, if possible, discovered, and when individual need discloses poor conditions in the whole family a corresponding extension of assistance is made available.

Each of Vienna's twenty-one districts has its own child welfare office, supervised by the central welfare office, which directs the work also of the relief institutes and the bureau of public health. The district child welfare offices deal with children from the pre-natal stage to the age of fourteen. In exceptional cases the supervision is extended to the age of eighteen. Under state health insurance, every mother is entitled to a maintenance allowance which gives her care for six weeks before and six weeks after the birth of her child. Active health propaganda is influencing increasingly large numbers to come to the health centres in the early months of pregnancy for complete examination and for treatment in case of syphilis. In the fourth month of pregnancy, mothers are advised to consult the mothers' advice bureau, where blood tests are made. When the blood is found to be positive for syphilis, the patient is placed under treatment at once to prevent the child from being affected. If the mother applies before the fourth month, and the blood test shows she is free from syphilis, she receives a statement to that effect; if affected, she is given a document entitling her to free treatment. If after the child is born the mother applies at the welfare centre

with the document she received when examined, she receives a sum of seven dollars, and the child is kept under observation. Thus the occurrence of congenital syphilis is being noticeably reduced.

The city of Vienna has knowledge of the birth of every child within the municipality and ascertains that each is well cared for. The welfare worker, a civil servant, is responsible for seeing that every child in his district is properly housed, clothed, and fed. In spite of the low wages and poverty, the Viennese children show an excellent average of health. Infant mortality, as has been stated, has been reduced to 8 per cent, a rate noticeably lower than our own. Every child is vaccinated against smallpox and is given toxin-antitoxin for prevention of diphtheria. The city provides 20,000 dinners daily for school children, and 35,000 underweight children are sent away each summer for a five or six weeks' vacation. The municipality also cares for 8000 children of pre-school age in its day nurseries and kindergartens.

If a child is left an orphan, or if his parents are unable to provide him a home, or if for any reason his home is judged unfit for him to live in, he is placed under the supervision of a bureau referred to as the central reception office. In this group of children one finds, besides the true orphans, deserted and illegitimate children, perverted children, and problem children of many kinds, but none obviously feeble-minded, insane, or with an obvious bodily ailment. These latter types are taken over directly by suitable institutions. For six weeks every child entering such an institution is kept there under observation, the first three weeks in isolation, so as to detect and prevent the spread of any possible contagious disease. He lives in pleasant, sunny quarters with special opportunity for play. During the six weeks' period the following routine measures are taken: vaccination against smallpox, diphtheria toxin-antitoxin injections, Pirquet skin test for tuberculosis, tonsillectomy, circumcision in the case of boys, treatment of vaginitis in girls when indicated, and a thorough general physical and mental examination for all. This general examination includes careful investigation of the state of the child's endocrine glands, since disturbances in the functioning of these glands is so often related to instability.

By the end of the six weeks' period, the child has been classified both physically and mentally. He has been surrounded by a variety of opportunities in work and play and has been under constant observation, so that his mental reactions and natural tendencies and aptitudes have been carefully recorded. Whatever intermediate stages he may go through in case physical ailments need to be treated, his personal and mental classification is never lost sight of, the aim being to place him as soon as possible in a home or institution best suited to his type. In general, the children who show poor aptitude for abstract mental work and who are classified as 'dull normals' are placed in vocational schools and are taught trades such as carpentry, plumbing, and machine-shop work. These children show special aptitude for work that they can perform with their hands.

In addition to these special institutions Vienna has a welfare department for small children not in need of direct pecuniary assistance. These are children of parents who must both work during the day, and who consequently cannot care personally for their children. To meet this need the municipality has day nurseries where the children may remain from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. The children are not only cared

for, but are given kindergarten work, are fed, bathed, and given rest and sleep periods. They are examined carefully to determine any mental or physical defects, which, if found, are corrected.

These day nurseries are, for the most part, situated in Vienna's new workers' apartment houses. The city of Vienna has approximately 50,000 families in these model homes. One building is now under construction which will house 2000 families. Every apartment has hot and cold running water, gas, and electricity, and either faces the street — and frequently parks and playgrounds beyond — or faces a large court which usually contains a garden. Each apartment house has a system of daily collection of garbage and a community laundry in the basement. Workers' stores, libraries, lecture halls, moving-picture rooms, and schools are included in the larger houses. Generally these buildings are erected in the vicinity of the industry where the workers are employed, in order to reduce the time required in going to and coming from work. It is the policy of the city to build them outright with money derived from taxation, while the worker is expected to pay only enough rent to maintain cost of upkeep and depreciation. This, as a rule, amounts to about one American dollar per room per month. By thus housing her labor population in clean, sunny, and hygienic surroundings Vienna is preventing many diseases that invariably accompany overcrowding, filth, impure air, and lack of sunshine.

III

These, briefly, are a few of the ways in which Vienna is solving her physical and mental health problems. The American public, learning of this comprehensive programme that is highly developed and successful in Vienna, a city economically depressed, wonders why our own prosperous communities should lag so far behind.

Compare, for instance, Vienna's system with ours in the care of dependent children. Our public has given and does give generously to care for its homeless and needy. The United States has more than 10,000 institutions devoted to this work under the various welfare and charitable organizations. Actual space and routine care for homeless children are not lacking, but where is there any intelligently formulated system like that in Vienna? With certain exceptions, children in this country are received into institutions with very little thought as to their classification, segregation, and special training. In every institution one can find all degrees of mentality and many problem types. Hardly any of these children are given vocational training. There is very little effort made to segregate certain types into institutions specially suited to them, where they could be fitted for life and where psychiatrists might study them. Medical attention consists mainly of treatment in case of actual illness, and the medical attendants are contributing little to the development of a comprehensive and progressive system in the care of such children. I mention this because it is a field, I believe, closely bound up with the work of public health and preventive medicine, and is one in which our doctors should be taking a more active part.

One important problem of which our public is bearing the brunt is that of the distribution of physicians. There is a growing tendency among doctors to abandon the rural districts and flock to the cities. The recent graduates do not go to the country. They remain in the city and specialize. As a result,

not only are many rural districts lacking in efficient medical service, but some have actually no medical service at all. Statistics for 1923 showed that in Vermont 102 towns contained no physicians; in one county in rural Virginia the proportion of physicians to population was one to 3370; in New Mexico there was one to 2000; one county in Montana offered a bonus of a hundred dollars monthly to a physician who would settle there. From Mississippi death reports frequently come with the notation, 'No attending physician.'

Our distribution of hospitals is just as inadequate. To be adequately equipped a community should, generally speaking, have one hospital bed to every 150 persons. While we had, in 1927, one bed to every 175 persons in New York State and the District of Columbia, there was in Mississippi one to 1054, in Oklahoma one to 980, and in Georgia one to 897 — again evidence of faulty distribution.

IV

How have other countries solved this problem? Perhaps in no other civilized country has the problem been so staggering as in Russia. Yet Russia seems well on the way to solving it successfully. Let us consider for a moment how the Soviet Government is meeting this and other health problems which still confront us unsolved. In 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors in all of Russia, or one to every 12,500 people. Of these, 8900, or 71 per cent, lived in the cities, leaving an average ratio of one doctor to every 20,300 peasants. The peasants comprised about 80 per cent of the population. The death rate in this year (the last year when the old régime was in full force) was, for all ages throughout Russia, 27.3 per thousand. The infant death rate was 35 per hundred, as against Norway's 6.5.

Russia in 1913 was a country in which the medical profession was organized on much the same basis as in our own country, particularly as regards irregular distribution and lack of preventive medicine. When the revolution of 1917 ushered in the Communist régime, the new government assumed complete control of medicine and public health. Disease was regarded, not as a person's private affair to be indulged in as he saw fit, but as harmful, not only to the person suffering from it, but also to the State of which he was an economic and social unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, was definitely from curative to preventive medicine. The doctors, feldshers, nurses, and pharmacists became civil servants, and all hospitals, sanatoria, and drug stores became state institutions. One of the first problems was that of equalizing the distribution of medical service. It was done in this way: The Soviet Government now supports 97 per cent of all medical students through medical school, the support extending even to spending money. As soon as medical students graduate, they are sent to the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he is sent. This compulsory three-year period of medical service among the peasants is considered just payment for the support and training that he has received through aid extended by the government. The number of doctors in all of Russia in 1928 was 44,800, nearly four times as many as in 1913. The average ratio in the peasant districts was one to every 14,000, instead of one to 20,300, as in 1913.

Whereas most of our cities have several hospitals, each receiving all types of cases and thereby duplicating equipment and personnel, Russia's system is to establish specialized in-

stitutes, such as tuberculosis, neurological, occupational-disease, and endocrinological institutes. In this manner, not only are great savings effected, but better methods of study for physicians are afforded.

Russia has day nurseries and kindergartens to care for children of parents who are both engaged as wage-earners. Parents leaving children at home uncared for are severely penalized. In the day nurseries, the children are cared for from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. Full-time physicians and nurses are on hand who examine the children from every conceivable standpoint. Heart and lung examinations, Schick tests and toxin-antitoxin for diphtheria are given. Height and weight charts of each child are made, the use of the toothbrush is taught, and defective teeth are repaired. In short, the State welcomes this opportunity to come in contact with the child, for it feels that the time and money thus expended are good investments in the future manhood and womanhood of Russia.

Russia has carried active public health to the worker by means of institutions that, so far as I know, are entirely new and unique. I refer to the laborers' night sanatoria. The workers who are not sick enough to stop work, but who need special food and good sleeping conditions, are admitted to these sanatoria. When they leave work in the evening they come to the institutions, are given a bath, and lie down from 6 to 7.30 P.M. They then have dinner and go to bed until 9 P.M., when they have tea, followed by light calisthenics, and retire for the night not later than 10 P.M. In the morning they go to work as usual. These sanatoria undoubtedly reclaim most of the incipient cases of stomach ulcer, tuberculosis, and other chronic illnesses that later constitute a large item in the expense of any industrial concern.

Russia has attacked the problem of high infant and maternity mortality rate and has made notable progress in its reduction. In order to combat the forces responsible for the mortality of mothers and infants, there was organized in Moscow in 1918 the health protection institute. Under the leadership of Dr. Lebedev, a woman physician, the infant death rate over the whole of Russia has been lowered from 35 per cent before the war to 19 per cent at the present time. This has been accomplished by means of day nurseries for factories, by a system of pre- and post-natal work (whereby the mother is supported by the State for two months before and two months after the birth of her child), and by the systematic teaching of infant and child hygiene in city and village clinics. In the health protection institute itself are model beds, model rooms for mother and infant, wax specimens illustrating disease processes, posters showing which types of work are dangerous for pregnant women, and charts and pictures teaching proper methods of child feeding and child care. The institute in Moscow is visited by about 20,000 workers annually, of whom 65 per cent are women. Similar institutes are established in most of the large cities and industrial centres throughout Russia.

In conjunction with the health protection institute and its various branches, there are established museums for social insurance and labor protection. Here the laborers can learn in simple graphic form the elements of anatomy and physiology, of hygiene and sanitation. They are also informed regarding the requirements of health in working conditions and the dangers attached to certain forms of occupation. One may see in these museums every day literally hundreds of workers from factories, students

from schools, and Red Army soldiers who have come in organized groups to study.

Russia is dealing comprehensively with the problems of venereal disease, of the prostitute, and of abortions. In Russia a trained commission acts as adviser for every woman applying for an abortion. If she is judged physically able to bear her child, she has presented to her every reason for bearing it and is given information in regard to the care and support of mothers before and after childbirth which the government gives free to all women who need it. About 25 per cent of all women so approached decide to have their babies. The other 75 per cent are allowed abortions, performed scientifically under hygienic conditions, without cost. The record of the number of abortions performed in Russia compares not unfavorably with the estimated records in other countries, and, because of the scientific methods used, the unfavorable results are reduced to a minimum and the abortion quack has gone out of existence.

In the large cities are venerealogical institutes where patients may go for scientific treatment and where extensive research work is constantly going on regarding questions of immunity and improved methods of treatment. In the institute in Moscow under the direction of Professor Efron more than 60,000 patients are treated annually, and fifty physicians from the farm provinces are there constantly studying modern methods of treatment so that they may return to their own communities and carry on their work more scientifically. Besides these visiting physicians, more than 150 physicians are there in regular attendance, devoting their full time to work in the institute. In addition to the actual work of treating the patients, these physicians carry on an intensive campaign of education and follow-up work among the patients and their families by means of posters, lectures, and motion-picture films that have a nation-wide distribution.

So many prostitutes came to these institutes for treatment that it soon became apparent that some programme of reclamation of these unfortunate girls was necessary. There were accordingly organized vocational homes for prostitutes. At the present time there are five in Moscow, two in Leningrad, and others are being organized in Odessa, Kiev, Stalingrad, and other cities. The girls received into the homes remain for from six to eighteen months. They are taught vocational work, most often the trades, such as stocking weaving and dressmaking. The illiterate are taught to read and write; the more intelligent are allowed to study art, music, science, and other more abstract work. At the end of their training they are given work, usually in factories, and they go back to society with no stigma attached to them. The statistics after three years of such a policy show that 40 per cent return to prostitution, while 60 per cent remain reclaimed.

V

The question naturally arises whether a system of complete socialization of medicine such as Russia's, which makes health opportunities equal among all classes, is the most desirable plan. Let us see, specifically, mass medicine at work. The railway workers' clinic in Moscow is designed to serve the clinic needs of 100,000 railway workers and their families, — in all about one half million men, women, and children, — the workers being employed by four different railway systems which have station terminals and other facilities in Moscow. This clinic is subsidized by

the social insurance fund and employs 143 full-time physicians, and 40 more attend to necessary calls in the homes of patients out of clinic hours. The average number of patients treated daily in the clinic is about 3500. Each physician must see a certain number of patients daily — for instance, each internist must see 35 patients, each pediatrician 28, each neurologist 30, each ophthalmologist 40, each dentist 18, each surgeon 45, and each ear, nose, and throat specialist 40. In addition to the physicians on the staff, there are 157 other full-time employees, including nurses, clerks, orderlies, janitors, and other attendants. There are 18 dental chairs occupied constantly, and the department of dentistry makes and distributes 30,000 sets of artificial teeth annually. There are also departments for making artificial limbs, body braces, spectacles, and crutches, and for issuing free medicines, bandages, and similar supplies. The physicians are paid a salary by the company out of the social insurance fund, which, of course, is a fund of the State. They devote their full time to the work, which requires about six hours daily actually at work in the clinic. The rest of his time the doctor has free to spend as he chooses. Large clinics, such as the railway workers' clinic, publish medical journals of their own, and every month various phases of the work are described.

These are only a few examples of the methods that I saw first-hand last year in Europe — methods that are successfully solving the very problems that we are discussing with increasing fervor here. These countries, as I have stated, are solving their problems by one or another system of socialized medicine. Regardless of what system we apply to our own problems, our public is beginning to demand that in some way we produce similar effective results in the field of public health. The time is at hand when the medical profession must, of its own accord, shift the emphasis from private practice and curative medicine to preventive medicine and active public health. We shall have to carry adequate medical and hospital service to our rural communities; we shall have to stabilize our fees; we shall have to give, above all, service which convinces the public of its thoroughness and sincerity — otherwise an unwelcome radical system will be forced upon us. The physician of the future will be not only a minister to the sick, but also a teacher of health. Health service for all will be the rule, prevention the watchword.

HUMANISM—ATTITUDE OR CREDO?

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

HUMANISM until recently has been regarded as an attitude too vague to invite definition. Those men of the Renaissance who first bore the name had at best a rather loose community of ideals. All expected to find spiritual nurture in the great examples of classical antiquity. They read the Greek and Roman historians and poets that they themselves might live more largely. But this reference to classical antiquity is weak in as notable a humanist as Leonardo da Vinci, whose interests were chiefly scientific.

The first humanists all sought a rich personal culture, a self-fulfillment not too much hampered by social, political, or ecclesiastical authority; but they made very different uses of their culture. Some, like Sir Thomas More, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Lorenzo the Magnificent, applied it to public affairs. Others, like Petrarch and Erasmus, viewed the world from afar as secluded men of letters and detached critics. Some, like the tender-minded neo-Platonist Pico della Mirandola, lived on ideal heights of intuition; others, like Machiavelli, whom I think the humanist must, however reluctantly, accept as a fellow, made tough-minded diagnoses of the behavior of men as individuals or in nations. Most of them were in their own fashion religious, but their faith ran from the mystic faith of a Marsilio Ficino and the hearty piety of a Colet to the decent conformity of the skeptic Montaigne, the thin if lofty Deism of Leonardo da Vinci.

If it is difficult to find a governing idea that reasonably covers the historic group, it is as hard to find a common practice. They were chaste or lewd, contentious or serenely peaceful, self-seeking or magnanimous — it all depended. If there be a common attitude, it is this: they were all what we should call to-day practical psychologists, keenly interested in man's motives and behavior, upholders of the dignity of life on the mundane level, free and audacious analysts in disregard of mediæval limitations and proscriptions. They hoped to attain a good life by the study of man past and present. One would like to assert a common bond of tolerance, but, while a few were beautifully tolerant, many were of a bitterness of opinion that would justify our adding to the scholastic and philological hates also the *odium humanisticum*.

In short, for humanism as a historic fact only the loosest definition will serve at all. We might say that the humanistic attitude was to seek a fine worldly wisdom through direct study of man in thought and action, such study being powerfully reënforced from those precedents of great living contained in the literature of Greece and Rome — a fresh research balanced and somewhat directed and measured by a great tradition. I can find no stricter formula that seems to meet the case. The attitude adumbrated above seems compatible with many other attitudes, indeed with almost any attitude that is

not dogmatic or fanatical, or life-denying. For example, to-day one might be an agnostic humanist, a Catholic humanist; a royalist humanist, a socialist humanist; a utilitarian humanist, an idealist humanist; conceivably a Mormon humanist or a liberal hard-shell Baptist humanist. That is, a quest of a fine worldly wisdom nurtured by tradition might in theory be compatible with any of these policies, philosophies, or faiths. Nor does this divest the notion of humanism of any real meaning if the main thing be the attitude, for the humanistic attitude may be after all simply a leaven which is potent in the most various materials. We do not deny the identity of yeast because it may work in bread, cake, or home-brew.

While the notion, and I think the word 'humanism,' hardly survived the third generation from Poliziano, the cast of mind having become widespread and of no news value, whenever the word was used until the present century it meant what I have tried to sketch above — the attitude of a cultured, curious person versed in humane letters and tolerantly studious of his fellow men. One may say that both the word and the attitude had a tendency to flatten out in the last century. Thoughtful people began to find greater hope in a more or less automatic progress based rather on science and invention than on scrutiny of human behavior; politically the interest was shifted from the man and the citizen to schemes and forms of government, to which it was assumed man would adapt himself, and even where study of the moral individual was still pursued, the quest was no longer helped by rich parallelisms from the funded experience of the race. Indeed, the mass of tradition tended to shrink. Very few knew it; fewer thought it of any practical avail. The word 'humanist' even went into a kind of confusion and disrepute. If you had called a man a humanist in the so-called 'naughty nineties,' at least half your hearers would have supposed that he was a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a social worker, or a prison reformer.

So, early in this century, Irving Babbitt found the word 'humanism' in the gutter, took it up, cleaned it, burnished it, defined it, and equipped it with a clear and simple set of principles which he has preached from his professor's chair and from his books with a rare conviction and eloquence. For this act of salvage and rehabilitation he has been highly praised and even more extravagantly abused. Since he needs no praise of mine and is very able to bear abuse, I appear neither as his defender nor as prosecutor, but merely as a humanist in the ranks seeking the likenesses and differences between the old humanism and the new, and weighing the values involved.

II

The common objections to Irving Babbitt and his teaching fall into three singularly scholastic categories—namely, lexicographical, historical, and moral. The lexicographical objection is that Babbitt has taken a good word and slyly given it a new meaning which is helpful to his propaganda. Such an objection is hardly serious. We do not chide the Salvation Army for using the word 'army' in an unusual sense, nor an Atlantic passenger for 'sailing' in an electric-driven liner. Words have their fates, and it may seem lucky for the word 'humanism' that, falling into Mr. Babbitt's hands, it came to have a meaning again.

More serious is the historic objection: Mr. Babbitt has affixed to the word a definition and a doctrine of which the historic humanists were not aware and

to which they would not have assented. With such tender chivalry toward the historic humanists it is hard for one of their admirers and distant emulators to cavil. But since the old humanists did not ordinarily speak, think, or write of themselves as such, — it was their friends and foes who thus dubbed them, — it is hard to see that they suffer from having a label they never adopted shined up and perhaps slightly twisted and modernized by Mr. Babbitt. Nor again is the objection that the old humanists would have disowned the new humanism as defined by Mr. Babbitt really as weighty as it seems. He is not making an interpretation of the humanism of the Renaissance, but framing a set of principles for the humanism of the twentieth century. So it is really the coherence and value of the definitions and the few doctrines of Mr. Babbitt to-day that need consideration, and not their relevance to the undoctrinal historic phenomenon called humanism.

But I am again willing to meet a caviler on an historic issue on his own grounds by insisting that, while perhaps none of the old humanists consciously worked on such principles as Irving Babbitt's, none would have objected to them, none of those principles being in any way antipathetic to that Renaissance attitude which we loosely call humanistic.

To make good this assertion, I must restate Mr. Babbitt's position, and since it has never hardened into anything like a code, but consists in a few principles, this can be briefly done. The prime articles of faith are man's free will and his intuition of a higher and lower self. These are postulated, not proved; indeed, they probably do not admit of proof, being, like consciousness itself, immediate data of experience. The humanist technique is self-examination, self-knowledge, self-control, emerging in conduct as moderation and a quest of the golden mean. As ethics this is Confucianism, and equally Aristotelianism. One attains the golden mean chiefly through avoiding excesses of whatever sort. Hence the 'inner check' (*frein vital*) is the indispensable monitor of all good living. There is a law for man and a law for things. The law for things is change and expansion; the law for man is centrality and a balanced character. One must work within wisely established limits, imposed by the higher self for the end of happiness. Such, roughly, is the teaching that for a quarter of a century Mr. Babbitt and his friend Paul Elmer More have reiterated with every resource of eloquent dialectic and with the widest enrichment of illustration from letters and from life.

The counsel, 'Be wise, be moderate,' is the most compact form of credo. It is in no sense a code. Merely to cite it is to rebuke those unreflecting critics who have attacked Mr. Babbitt's humanism as 'legalistic.' Let us recall that Mr. Babbitt has been as roundly blamed by religiously-minded critics for failing to provide a technique, with humanistic equivalents of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount — that is, for failing to be legalistic. He has been sagacious, I feel, to stand on essential principles and leave their interpretation and application to individual discretion.

Now if I have learned anything whatever about the humanists of the Renaissance, and I have studied them off and on for thirty-five years, there is nothing in Mr. Babbitt's principles to which they would not have subscribed. Rather few of them, perhaps, trod the golden *via media*, but from the magnanimous Sir Thomas More, through the shrinking ironical Erasmus, to the boisterous and vicious Aretino and the subtle skeptic Montaigne, there is no

humanist who would not have approved, in principle, Mr. Babbitt's credo. Did time and space permit, they could all be quoted in favor of the temperate life. That many of them actually lived inordinately has nothing to do with the case.

III

All this is secondary to the larger issue: Is the new humanism a real philosophy in the Greek sense of being a guide of life? Can one live by it? Or is it still, as it apparently used to be, merely a partial attitude needing the prop and aid of other more essential attitudes, say religious? Into this fundamental problem I cannot burrow deeply in a short essay, but I hope to touch at a few points the relation of humanism to religion, a relation obviously important to both. But before undertaking the main theme let me say that, despite the unintelligent cry of 'legalism,' it is no disadvantage for a sound attitude to find a credo. Indeed, if the credo be valid and appealing, it will in turn cause and enhance the attitude. I fancy that such ideals and words as courage, magnanimity, and truthfulness are really more efficacious in bringing any youth to take the attitude of a gentleman than is just the bare idea of being a gentleman. Far from compromising the future of humanism as an attitude, Mr. Babbitt's brief credo should aid it, and it will really be displeasing only to such as object to putting behind the attitude any idea whatever. It would be hard indeed to show that in reformulating the old ideal of moderation Mr. Babbitt has either misrepresented the old humanism or done a disservice to the new.

The tempest of dispraise now whirling about Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More may be brought down to the following objections: (1) They have applied moral canons too strictly to literature. (2) They have badly minimized the importance of science and invention. (3) Here the criticism falls to Mr. Babbitt alone, since Mr. More has dug himself in at Chalcedon — that humanism is impotent without the aid of religion. My position as an eager camp follower of humanism becomes a somewhat delicate one, for I sympathize with some of those objections, while Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More are my dear friends. It is in the assurance of their generous sympathy that I seek to clear up misunderstandings without emphasizing minor differences of opinion.

Through the chance that both Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More were professional students of the history of literature and accomplished critics, they have conducted their campaign in morals largely with reference to great writers. Occasionally, when they discuss a poet, for example, they appraise his moral tendency or his moral professions somewhat at the expense of his entire literary accomplishment. This has through the whole fight given an unfortunate impression of narrowness in literary judgment, which has unfairly prejudiced the whole moral case. The golden mean has appeared not so much a straight and narrow path toward virtue as, condoning the metaphor, a bludgeon wherewithal to beat up such naughty poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. To feel this about the criticism of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More is to have read them carelessly. They make their provisos, but the misunderstanding persists; and where a misunderstanding lasts through twenty-five years and many explanations and disclaimers some responsibility presumably attaches to the person or persons misunderstood.

I feel sure that neither of my friends would want the *frein vital* to work in the realm of theory and imagination as promptly and as sharply as it should in the realm of practice. I am sure that neither would deny a wide poetic license, that both would admit in the field of literary invention and theory a broad and audacious experimentation with final principles. But to the careless reader these critics seem often to equate the practical and theoretical faculty, submitting both to equal checks, restraints, and circumscriptions. Such an exaggeration of emphasis on their part and a misapprehension of its importance on the part of the reader have alienated on tactical grounds many who would naturally have agreed with Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More in principle. There is always a disadvantage in presenting any well-loved great writer primarily as a demoralizing influence. Great writers are so rare that we must take all the risks of them. Mr. More is entirely aware of the situation, and has recently told me that he would now rewrite his essay on Wordsworth with a somewhat different emphasis. These exceptions have already been taken with much overemphasis by an able antagonist of the new humanism, Mary Colum. I think the proper course for the new humanism is to admit the none-too-soft impeachment and, for the future, conduct what is essentially a campaign in morals in its proper field.

Obviously Mr. Babbitt's and Mr. More's occasionally too stepmotherly attitude toward the great romantic authors does not really vitiate their humanistic teaching, but it does somewhat impair confidence in their judgment generally, and to that extent it weakens the effect of their aggressive in the field of morals. Since I agree heartily with their ethical position, I feel free to note what seem to me infelicities in tactics. An effective humanist must be nothing if not a sure and delicate tactician. He needs more than most men to double his principles with the wisdom of the serpent.

Something less than this wisdom has been shown in the recent symposium, *Humanism and America*, in the constant disparagement of what are vaguely called 'the pretensions of science,' meaning rather the illusions of the laity concerning science. By the eternal truism that, while science and invention multiply our facilities for action, neither is able to give us these values which should guide our actions, the humanist must firmly stand. Science as such has never made such a claim, and never will, but scientists now and then have traded on their professional authority to pontificate in the field of morals. Of course no humanist would bar the field of morals to the scientist, who is after all a man, and as much concerned with morals as the rest of mankind. All that the humanist really needs to maintain is that qua scientist the scientist has no prerogative whatever as a moralist. His standing is simply that of any other man of equal experience and competence. This, I think, will be generally admitted, and no offense taken.

IV

Several critics of humanism, Dr. Canby in particular, urge something like an *entente cordiale* between it and science. This proposal seems to me to evince confused thinking; indeed, where it applies at all it applies not to science but to its application in invention. The humanist's *frein vital* might conceivably forbid an invention providing a poison gas that would annihilate a city, an aeroplane which would go a thousand miles an hour, a regimen which

would extend human life to five hundred years. But the *frein vital* would evidently have no jurisdiction over the scientific hypotheses that made such inventions possible.

The reciprocal relations between science and humanism may be about this. Since the scientist is as much concerned with the good life as anybody else, so far as humanism furthers the good life the scientist has a stake in it like the next man; the stake of the humanist in science is less direct and is really concerned with invention. Since humanism is an ethics and morality, — a way of living, — there might be a very good humanist who disinterested himself in science completely. He would act the same whether he regarded the atom as a very small pill or as a miniature whirling solar system, but he could not disinterest himself in invention. It would be constantly offering him new possibilities of action, to that extent complicating and confusing his field of choice — possibilities silently but effectually demanding his acceptance and putting increasing burdens upon his *frein vital.* Indeed the humanist's plight before invention is every man's plight, only he is supposed to have a superior method of dealing with the situation.

I have said there might be a good humanist who disregarded science, but his would hardly be a socially effective or successfully militant humanism. For contemporary society is largely, perhaps chiefly, shaped by science and invention. Badly shaped, perhaps, but the humanist who aspires to mend matters must first study and understand the case as it is. Misinterpretation of science and misuse of invention are indeed the most prevalent and formidable allies of amoralism and immorality. But it gets the humanist nowhere to attack science and invention. The true objective of attack is the erroneous use of both. The fault is with the people who err and not with the conditions behind this error. Error is possible from any antecedent. There is nothing especially heinous about errors derived from science. They are like any other sort of error, and call only for the same remedy of thorough exposure and substitution of better feeling and thinking. Sometimes I feel that the anti-scientific humanist is really shouldering off his own task on the scientist, or peevishly scolding the scientist for moral reverberations from his hypotheses and discoveries which he could not possibly anticipate or forestall.

Broadly speaking, the humanist as such cannot give the scientist a method of research, and the scientist as such cannot tell the humanist the way to a good life. Their attitude should really be hands off and mutual respect. Unquestionably science has, however innocently, immensely complicated the task of militant humanism, but this is plainly in the day's work of any stalwart humanist, and is to be accepted cheerfully.

Moreover if psychology, still largely in the empirical stage, should ever develop into a science, that would put into the hands of the humanist new and most effective tools. It would not alter his main strategical position, but it would immensely enrich and strengthen his tactics. We are to-day a little in the position of seeking a centre and a golden mean without even approximate measurements. Where the humanist walks is asserted to be the golden middle path, just as where McGregor sits is *de facto* the head of the table. I hasten to add that I feel in practice the moral centre may be found with sufficient accuracy as it is. But in the broad field of human relations, individual and social psychology may give us at least working proba-

bilities where we now have not much more than guesses. Thus the analysis and classification of behavior should provide most valuable material for the humanist to work on, even when the much reprehended 'behaviorism' shall be forgotten. John Dewey's counsel of experimentation, too, though personally I think it a doubtful and wasteful morality, may actually hasten, if tragically, the better adjustment of men to an age teeming with invention. In short, what are sore errors to the severe humanist — and, less sorely, errors to me — may incidentally serve the cause. Shall we humanists assume the attitude that no person in error shall be permitted to serve us?

It will do to ignore and belittle science if the new humanism is to be a small sect of forest sages with their holy places amid the elms of Cambridge, the maples of Princeton, and the live oaks of Chapel Hill. If humanism is to be more than that, if it is to be a broadly quickening power in a restless, confused, and somewhat wearied world, it must take science and invention very seriously into its account.

V

For over twenty-five years Irving Babbitt has been building up a 'positive morality,' a theory of a good life requiring only the sanctions this life and world afford. Now he finds such a positive morality poor and perhaps untenable unless there be also supernatural support and warrant. In moving emphatically toward 'supernaturalism' he does not define it, and he does not associate himself with any going religion. Some ten years ago, after spending himself in the creation of a similar system of morals on the mundane level, Paul Elmer More retreated, or advanced, to a mystical type of liberal Anglicanism. Thus the humanist group, which is largely agnostic, seems to have lost to religion both of its leaders.

I hasten to add that, if humanism be simply an attitude, our leaders are not lost. They have merely added a new to an old attitude. Very briefly, then, I must have a word on the relation of humanism and religion. If humanism be merely a personal disposition toward moderation, there is no problem whatever. This disposition could tie up with any religion that was not fanatical. If humanism is a self-sufficing credo, in its fashion a substitute for the historic religions, then the case is quite different. As usual, there are here both an issue of principle and a problem in tactics.

Dialectically it is hard to see how with any logical consistency a humanist can profess a religion. His values are by definition human and worldly, whereas those of any sincerely religious person are supernatural and otherworldly. Conceivably, a humanist, finding his bare credo too cold and unenergized, might call on religion to give him the incentive and the force to act humanistically. Probably this is about Irving Babbitt's present position. But a religion which is merely an auxiliary of an ethical system is really not much of a religion. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in the humanists' symposium, very correctly demands that the relation be reversed, humanism being for him a valuable auxiliary of religion, as keeping the devotee from superstition or fanaticism. But this relation logically leaves very little of humanism. None of its sanctions are regarded as sufficient; it is called in to do for religion what religion should do for itself. It becomes a sort of mustard plaster to draw off those humors and irritations which mysteriously occur even in the body religious.

No really good religion would need

humanism. And the logical difficulty thickens when one contemplates alliances of humanism with particular religions. Doctrinally, every humanist is a probabilist, but if he is also a Roman Catholic he must accept the absolute authority of the Pope. Should Irving Babbitt, as seems possible, follow his friend More into some form of Christian belief, he himself would be in the very curious position of accepting a Christ who, according to all his own well-labored definitions and distinctions, is a humanitarian and by no stretch of thinking a humanist. Under these entirely possible conditions, what becomes of Irving Babbitt's humanism? Or is humanitarianism, which is sternly forbidden to a mere mortal, quite licit in a God?

I have wished to state these paradoxes frankly without trying to solve them. Nobody is obliged to hold strictly logical positions. Historically most humanists have been religious. There is often plenty of practical and personal good in adjustments that defy index, lexicon, and syllogism. It is not the moment for any humanist to berate his fellow either as a Christian or as an agnostic. Tactically we should all go ahead as if humanism were merely an attitude. Personally I believe it is more than that, and some day I may yet try to say why. Logic, however temporarily ignored in practice, in the long run has its revenges. If the new humanism shall have any future as an independent system of morality, history may well regard its founders as defeatists, and we shall have the very curious and otherwise unexampled phenomenon of a manner of religion virtually found wanting at its beginnings by its major prophets. If, however, humanism be merely an attitude, then the founders are acting in their good rights, and a true humanist should not characterize their transit, however paradoxical, otherwise than genially.

So, for the present, let humanism be simply an attitude. It will save us much profitless wrangling among ourselves, much uncharitableness toward such parallel activities as science and religion, much intolerance toward thinkers who are broadly in sympathy with our ideals. And I am satisfied that an attitude so flexible and, if you will, so yielding will not compromise the chance for an independent and militant humanism. If that is to be, it can come only as religion dwindles and humanism offers a reasonable and attractive equivalent. It will not come by demanding a strict orthodoxy now, nor yet by telling people who think they are and wish to be humanists that they really are nothing of the sort.

MACHETE TRAILS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

I WAS afraid of the jungle, and fascinated by it. Perhaps it was because I had come too untraveled, too directly from the pines to the palms and the strangling figs and the clawed wild pineapples, though I was not so much surprised by the strangeness as I was shocked by the manner and temper of the jungle. It gave me no welcome, showing me only a dark, averted face. And now, after weeks of parley and wandering on the trails, I am departing unwept, the alien and the suspect that I came.

The fault is mine, no doubt, yet I am not so certain of that, since I have lived this short time with some of the jungle's native born. They are much of my mind. The arctic tundras are as hospitable as the equatorial jungle, and neither of them the natural habitat of man — bananas in the one as hardly come by as blubber in the other. And as for raiment — it is just as difficult to keep comfortably naked on the equator as comfortably clothed at the poles, intense heat being as stultifying as extreme cold.

I have read in books of jungle peace, as if it were a highly specialized peace, peculiar to the jungle. So indeed it must be, and shy like the peaceful tapir and cougar, and like them denning apart and alone. If peace comes out upon the trails of Barro Colorado Island, it must come with the great cats at dead of night. In the daytime only confusion and disorder crowd out and cross the narrow trails. Order is not the jungle's primal law. The jungle has no plan or pattern, no halls or rooms within the great house, no windows except an occasional break in the roof, and not an open door. The only entrance to the jungle is through the narrow, machete-cut trails, which cross and recross the forest, but which let no one into the heart of the woods. A long steel blade under the fifth rib is direct, yet it is not a loving way to the heart, nor provocative of tenderness. A forest so approached cannot be friendly, and I felt only its dark, inimical frown.

The jungle and I were never at peace; nor is the jungle ever at peace with itself. Where all is confusion, there all is struggle, conflict; and in the jungle it is internecine war without quarter, and without safe conduct for the stranger. When hot, high noon broods the jungle, it is but hatching strife; and at midnight, when the barrage of the cicada has ceased, the strained, unnatural silence creeping through the lianas is only a shift of forces — dawn stealing out to the trenches on the edge of no man's land.

> O well for the fisherman's boy,
> That he shouts with his sister at play!

And better still for our nature writers in prose and verse that their forests primeval have not been rain-forest jungles. I had come straight from that murmuring pine and hemlock literature, from the bearded, Druid trees with voices sad and pro-

phetic — sad, indeed, in contrast to the warlike jungle. I found no bearded pines or hemlocks; but such trees as dwell in the jungle, some fifty species of them on Barro Colorado Island, including an ancient tree fern of the genus Hemitelia, wore not only beards but shaggy manes, plumes, and feathers in the shape of ferns, yellow and purple orchids up their backs and on their arms, tails and fetlocks like horses, lines like Maypoles, and hawser hair that cascaded from their matted tops, coiled down over their limbs, wrapped about their trunks, and hobbled their splay feet in bights that would make the writhing serpents of Laocoön feel like angleworms. And so many of the trees grew quills like porcupines!

A fantastic forest, its feet in the air, being swallowed by boa constrictors, was my first impression of the jungle. And the snake persists. The liana, the leaping, reaching, clasping, throttling vine, whose boughs have neither end nor beginning, is the true *motif* of the jungle. If I have counted over fifty species of trees in Barro Colorado Reservation, I have listed over a hundred species of vines upon them, Hydra-headed, serpent-bodied things that overrun the forest, roof and floor.

Such, however, is the genius of the jungle, else it were a different, less bedeviled thing, this murmuring forest of our poets transplanted into the tropics. I would not have it less a single liana, not even were I forced to slash my own machete trails across the Island, whereas I am trying only to carve a way through my own bejunglement, having lived so long in Hingham under my hemlock tree!

Local, provincial — I am, it may be, my own jungle, for the one on Barro Colorado Island seemed to give me little heed, while I gave it all the eyes and ears I had, seeing only uncouth shapes and hearing only unintelligible sounds, though the coatis and the parrots and the monkeys seemed perfectly to understand. It must have its own language, and so its own logic and order, and somewhere, kept hidden from me within the tangled lianas, its own imperturbable peace.

I was probably no slower in picking up the language of the birds and animals of the jungle than is the average visitor, for, once heard and known, the call of the motmot, waking the forest in the morning, could neither be forgotten nor confused with any other cry. The hollow, muffled notes, now like rocks knocking together under water, now like a small engine puffing through the forest, devoid of all voice qualities, have a peculiar vibratory effect upon the morning which shakes everything out of its sleep. And at the opposite end of the day, out of the silence and utter dark on the floor of the forest you see a shooting star, you feel a stab of pain, before you realize that stab and star are bird notes — or are they flute notes, or piccolo, or Pan himself, startled by the night, and laying a spell upon the jungle? Pipe of Pan, piccolo, and blending flute, and something indefinably more is this stabbing, starry whistle of the tinamou.

Two species of these birds inhabit Barro Colorado Island: the chestnut-headed tinamou, about the size of our ruffed grouse, — which is its next of kin among our birds, though the tinamous are an order by themselves, — and the pileated, more like our quail for shape and size; both deep-forest birds, both possessed of pearl-strung voices, and both given to calling day and night; yet I could never tell which voice I had just listened to, a chronic unpreparedness diverting my close attention, and a certain reluctance to analyze the spell.

Add to this temperamental stubbornness a snow-white ignorance, and my

report of the jungle is partly explained. I yielded as fast and as far as I was shown. One dare not throw one's self into the arms of the jungle, for one of its arms may wear a serpent bracelet, while up the other, both of them in fact, will be running red or black or brown biting ants, all three colors quite likely, with a few terrible Congo ants to boot. When I find jungle peace I will report it in the name of science; but if my chief experience is tick and red-bug trouble, then I must report the trouble — short shrift in the jungle for sentimentality.

II

Of the thousand plants roughly constituting the forest I knew by name not a single one. The countenance of the three-toed sloth, if it can be said to have any expression, looks the utter blankness that I felt. Yet it was less of a task to learn the actual botany about me than to unlearn the literary woods that I had expected to find. I had heard trees murmuring in books before I heard them doing it in the breeze. But here they only rattled, quite contrary to literature, and so to life, only a flapping of thick, leathery leaves in the steady trade winds, unless some great-disked Cecropia leaf let go, or a plaited frond from some palm gave way, and crashed into momentary silence. The death and dropping of a jungle leaf are attended with violence. Every tree was strung, but the monotonous, harping wind fingered the sagging strings northeasterly to southwesterly without variation or tune. The toucans croaked, the big green parrots squawked, the black monkeys howled, the fighting coatis screeched and spat and bit each other, but not musically, murmuringly. There must be music in the jungle — in the wind, in the leathery-leaved trees, in the sagging, tangled vines, and in all these unsoothed, savage breasts, just as soon as my own is tamed and soothed. Then there is the cry of the tinamou! I must remember that.

And I must mention the fussing, singing wrens in the box near my window, the Panama house wren, — according to the book, *Troglodytes musculus inquietus*, but, according to song and feather and manner, just fickle Jenny Wren, — and a temporary lover, singing dooryard ditties of home. And then one morning, on the edge of daybreak, the full-throated singing of a stray Bonaparte's thrush — our robin, every ion of him, except the color of his feathers! This stray song for color and tune was so utterly robinlike that, as it woke me, I heard rain upon the shingles, though this was the dry season and a corrugated iron roof was over me, and I smelled apple blossoms on the faintly stirring wind, drifting in across the tops of the banana trees.

With such themes to work on, one might in time and with understanding weave the whole inharmonious, sombre jungle into a symphony. But it could come only out of careful, scientific study, for such wood lore as I had forsook me here. I stood in the presence of bombax and bombacopsis as one who had never seen a tree before. And, further to confound me, I picked up in a cabin at the end of one of the trails, where it had been left behind by some other nature lover in his flight from this jungle confusion and fear, a volume of *Thoughts from Thoreau*. Thoreau! My sylvan High Priest! The man universal! He would understand. I hardly needed the printed page, so often and with such faith had I followed him afield. But I could make nothing of these great sayings here, only a rat-ta-tat of words, as unintelligible as the rat-ta-tat of the slatted palm leaves beside the cabin, and the

chatter of the parrakeets, and the jabber of the white-faced monkeys farther off among the trees, so different were the woods about Walden Pond from this rain-forest jungle here in the waters of Gatun Lake! What would Thoreau have written, I wonder, of coatis, agoutis, peccaries, toucans, crocodiles, iguanas, and a bean patch planted to bananas, and his Panamanian townsmen across the lake at Frijoles?

Frijoles means beans, but nothing Thoreau wrote about beans could remotely be made to mean Frijoles. If we wish our literature safe abroad, we must keep it safe at home, and possibly, like Thoreau, stay at home with it. He traveled much in Concord.

There is a line which runs,

> The groves were God's first temples,

done by an American poet, but associated in my mind with the Ten Commandments — previous to my contact with the jungle. There are coconut groves in the tropics, but the context shows that the poet was not thinking of these. He was thinking of savages in native forests, but he could not have been thinking of jungles, where the savages beat tom-toms and hang spell strings across the trails to scare away the devils. The Indians and the bush Negroes of the rain forest have their gods, as we have ours, but the good gods are not associated with the forest, nor are they worshiped there. Before the conquering, cathedral-building Spaniard came and framed

> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems,

no Central American savage ever knelt down

> . . . in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the cool and silence . . .
> And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
> And supplication. For his simple heart
> Might not resist the sacred influences —

not, of course, had such sacred influences been there. But they are not there among the snakes and ticks and jaguars and thorny vines, and until the Americans came there were only hookworms, mosquitoes, — malarial and yellow-fevered, — evil spirits all to lay him low. Ninety-five per cent of equatorial peoples live half-sick, and they know the jungle is not their sanatorium, still less their place of worship, the temple of the Most High. One God or many is strictly a matter of dogma, whereas the classification of religions is a kind of natural history, an aspect of physical geography, not of mission stations. You can't show a hookworm the majesty of God, nor teach the malarial mosquito to sing His praise.

Yet this is precisely what the entomologists have done in the Canal Zone, and what preventive medicine must, and will, do throughout the jungles of the world. Dividing two continents and uniting seven seas is a thrilling feat of engineering, the Panama Canal being still something of a world wonder. The work of the engineers is tame, however, when put over against that of the doctors who first had to track yellow fever and malaria to their dens and take them captive there. It was the bold imaginative engineering of the naturalists that made the Panama Canal possible; and making things possible is more than making them real.

The machete-cut trails across Barro Colorado Island jungle are not only safe now from the deadly mosquito, but the whole jungle breaks into singing every time the once-fatal insect, scourge of the world, goes winging by. Or so it seemed to me. So sing the twin giants Ajax and Hercules, the most powerful steel cranes ever built, down in the Canal. When they were sick with malaria and yellow fever

they were powerless to lift so much as the weight of the two mosquitoes, Anopheles, the malaria carrier, and Aedes, laden with the 'yellows.' The mighty shovels and the dredges steamed up hungrily to Culebra Hill, but lost their appetites when Aedes and Anopheles sang their fever song. Men lay down and died at sound of them, and, had they been left at large, the Chagres would still be flowing unhindered to the Atlantic, and the cut at Culebra would have been deepened into the most gruesome graveyard in all the world. But the entomologists came — though very late. From my little study on the Island I can hear across Gatun Lake the rumbling of the Panama Railroad train, every crosstie of whose original bed from Porto Bello to Panama City was a dead man, who need not have died had commerce called in the doctors and entomologists before it called the civil engineers. The civil engineering of the future will be in the field of preventive medicine. The doctors will survey and lay out the next great forward movement of mankind on the map of the world.

So I can sing in the jungle not only with the wren and the 'Panama robin' and the tinamou, but also now with all the mosquitoes — quite worth while going to the jungle for. Dawn and dusk are safe there now, speaking strictly of the Canal Zone. At dusk yesterday I sat in the edge of the jungle more than an hour watching for the night monkeys that move abroad only after dark, and most of the time I was slapping at Aedes, for all I knew, and smashing at Anopheles, entirely unconcerned except for the momentary irritation of the stings. Science has not exterminated the mosquitoes in the Canal Zone, nor lessened their lust for blood, but it has mightily confined them, and quite perfectly cleansed them, and put a new song in their mouth, which means a sterilized hypodermic needle in place of the old fatally infected bill.

III

Barro Colorado Island, among other things, is a wild-life sanctuary, and the only tropical reservation of its particular kind in territory controlled by the United States. At the urgent request of a few enthusiastic and farsighted naturalists it was set aside in 1923 by the Governor of the Canal Zone and given over for administration to the Institute for Research in Tropical America. It is not a national park and, being dedicated to research, must not become a park open to the public. It is in no way connected with, or supported by, the Federal Government, and is none the poorer for that, though desperately in need of money. Its six square miles of jungle life is regarded as so much biologic material for study on the spot, and not as a collecting ground for museums and laboratories elsewhere. The reservation has its own well-equipped laboratory, at the top of a little clearing, looking down over Gatun Lake and the passing ships in the Canal. The wall of the forest presses up close and high behind the laboratory, and through the wall, running in every direction clear across the Island, start the machete-cut trails. Nowhere else in the tropics is the jungle so accessible, the material for study so varied and abundant, and the conditions for research so favorable, as on Barro Colorado Island.

Before the Chagres River was dammed and its waters backed out into the low-lying valleys and swampy bottoms along its course to form what is now Gatun Lake, Barro Colorado Island was only a high hill or mountain top along the river. As the waters gradually rose it was completely cut

off and safely separated from the mainland, and, though only about four years in being set adrift, it cannot be called an 'Island Ark,' the slowly rising water allowing ample time for all to go ashore who were going ashore. Its insular position and years of protection have doubtless affected both its flora and its fauna, without modifying to any extent, however, its essential features as a semi-rain-forest jungle.

It was those essential features that constituted my particular problem. I had not gone out to see a reed shaken by the wind, but the whole jungle when the trade wind blows. And though the trade wind blows obligingly all the time, yet six square miles of shaking jungle is distressingly hard to see. I stopped and looked and listened for weeks along the trails, and from windows on all four sides of my little study near the corner of the laboratory, baffled and thwarted continually in trying to compass the whole woods by the very trees.

My study is a small box of a house on stilts, a sort of termite test house, built out of stuff contributed by certain lumber companies as an experiment with the so-called white ants. Nothing that I do inside affects the quiet destruction being wrought forever on the house by these all-conquering ants. Nothing that anybody can do in the termite tropics can as yet stay this destruction. The termites and the true ants — not the fevers, not the reptiles, not the heathen in their darkness, nor palms on coral strands — are the tropics. We think of the sun as the great circumstance along the belt of the equator, but he is not so great as the ant, who never sets, for whose multitudinousness all figures fail; neither the sun by day nor all the watching stars by night have seen the beginning or ever will see the end of the ants.

Termite men from Washington are here to-day trying to read the writing of the insects on my study walls. The copper screening on the windows seems to be still proof against them, as does the corrugated sheet-iron roofing — or rather, I should say, at this writing the roof is still tight; but this is March, and the dry season, and no one knows what the acid squirt-gun battalions of the termites may have done to the galvanized iron roof since the last rain back in early December. They are chemists, among other things, these termites, and their armies have been immemorially versed in what we fondly call modern warfare.

So I was put in a termite test house when I arrived at the Island, which sounds less like a welcome than it really was. And yet I had a feeling that I had somehow been thrown to the ants, just as everything and everybody is on coming to the jungle. Science has done marvelous things in the Canal Zone, working on a scale that is almost cosmic, and with so much imagination as to give to concrete and structural steel the very breath of life, something even of a soul. And more than that, science has given to the mosquito a made-over, better soul.

Not so with the termite gnawing away at the underpinning, at sill and plate and rafter and the iron roof of my house. From my window I look down upon a constant procession of ships, under their own power, threading the jungle and piercing a continental divide. All day long they pass, and all across the night. In the dead silence which settles over the jungle with the dark I can hear the purring of great engines in the woods, and soon upon the bosom of the lake I see a medley of phantom lights, an eerie flare of colored fox fires, passing into the woods again. Six hundred and twenty-six ships, if I remember, swam into the lake beneath

my window in February — a record month for the Canal. A long ore carrier from the mines in Chile is crossing now, flying the Danish flag; and out of the jungle to meet her midway, heading *east* by the compass, noses a Japanese passenger ship — for Honolulu bound, maybe, or more distant ports beyond the far Pacific. So hath modern science wrought, smiting the Panamanian rock to give the ships a seaway through these rainy forests and arid Isthmian hills.

But the magic rod has proved powerless with the plague of termites. Modern science has no terrors for the termites, nor for any of the true ant tribes. It may hold them in check over the temperate portion of the globe, but how can it ever dispossess them of the tropics?

They are the restless, savage soul of the jungle, and while this shocking first consciousness gradually comes to be accepted, the longer one remains in the tropics, the more significant, I think, the insect rôle, especially that of the ants, becomes. I had barely arrived at Barro Colorado Island — was having my first meal, in fact — when the laboratory was attacked by army ants. Unwarned, of course, because we had not heard the cheeping of the ant birds which accompany the ravaging horde, we suddenly were startled by a shouting in the yard. I understood no word of the excited, highly colored Panamanian Spanish, but I knew a war cry when I heard it, and the coming of wild beasts. I was the first one through the door, landing with a jump in the thick of the fight, then landing with another jump as far out on the thin edge of the fight as one good leg and a half could drop me, hopping, kicking, stamping, and slapping to shake off the biting ants, Miguel and Nemesia dancing and yelling like Hopi Indians, and pumping creosote from high-powered squirt-guns along the advancing lines.

I felt a shade of disappointment at first, expecting jaguars. I have learned to expect nothing of jaguars in the jungle, though there are instances, fairly well authenticated, of their having attacked women and children in remote parts of South America; whereas I came to live in constant expectation of being eaten alive by the ants.

They had me beaten psychologically from the start. To stage their attack in the open yard of the laboratory, before I had learned anything but the way to the table, was masterful tactics. And the fight was real enough while it lasted, as well as highly dramatic, and stranger even than it was dramatic, so mysteriously from nowhere had the black flowing multitudes come, so magically sudden their disappearing before the smothering spray. The soup in our dishes was still hot when Nemesia retired to her cookhouse, and Miguel had washed his battle-begrimed hands, ready to serve our second course.

Instead of with tom-toms and Krags and gins and snake sticks, I had been met at the door of the jungle with creosote squirt-guns, tin ones, and bitten by black ants, as was wholly meet for one who had come to see the real jungle, not to exploit an imaginary one. Seeing the jungle requires a pair of jungle eyes, however, and reporting the jungle a vocabulary and a literary form to go with the eyes — equipment not readily come by, in spite of the work of Bates and Wallace and Belt and Hudson and Beebe. I have not the words wherewith to describe the voice of the black howling monkey, nor do I know where to find them. What unto shall I liken the toucan with his half-ripe banana for a bill? And when I say a three-toed sloth (there is great effort in this) looks like the infant offspring of a sea turtle and an idiot

rag doll, who but a few Freshman English teachers will understand? I might, as many do, resort to the camera, could an honest camera be found. It is hard enough to keep a sincere, plodding pen to the truth; but I doubt if there is such a camera, and if anyone could make it tell the whole truth even of known, familiar things, much less of this weird jungle life about which the will to believe is so strong.

No temperate-zone, home-bred botany, ornithology, I had almost said astronomy, stood me in stead here, where west-bound ships ran east, and just over the hills the sun, before the eyes of Ancón and all Panama City, rose every morning out of the broad Pacific.

IV

As I was stepping off the launch at the Island landing that first day, I heard close about me the peeping of spring frogs — hylas, ushering in the month of February, just as they might if a genuine thaw and freshet were on in the marshes at home! What courage the little beggars gave me! Later on that day I heard them again, the same sweet piping, but this time high among the trees in the middle of the forest, and my courage oozed away. Something was awfully wrong. Everything was going wrong, had to be wrong, no doubt, else there could be no jungle, even the small patches of sunshine breaking in upon the forest floor of a sickly color, jaundiced, or, possibly, yellow-feverish! Then, far overhead in an unknown tree, I saw birds, the banana-billed toucans, saying these dear, familiar, but — away up there, and out of such enormous beaks — ridiculous, froggish things.

As I sit here facing the wall of the jungle rising from the bottom of the ravine, I am probably looking at one hundred species of Barro Colorado Island flora, a scant dozen of which I can call by name, and none of which I can make conform to Gray, as I learned Gray, in stem or branch or leaf or blossom. I see *Triplaris americana*, like a little pointed tower of red tile upon the green roof of the forest; I can also call it *palo santo*, as the more feeling natives do, the 'sacred tree,' an indirect reference to its gorgeous crimson flowers, spurting like a fountain of blood above the matted greens against the blue of the Panamanian sky. I know *Cordia alliodora*, too, which the natives call their laurel, and whose profusion of soft creamy flowers swaying up and down the steeps each side of the laboratory gives the color key at this moment to the outside of the jungle. Why such satisfaction in mere names? Yes, I have heard about the rose with any other name smelling just as sweet — in a parlor to a poet; but I am in the jungle, whose parlor is a biological laboratory, where all the poets are scientists, and names, mere names, are language. Here only the blind ants communicate with smells. I can smell my way among the peccaries when the wind is right, but not among the blossoming tree tops — they are so far away, and so entirely odorless. I have to shout to most of them, and how can I make them listen unless I call their names?

I should feel sensibly nearer the jungle if I knew the name, and family relations, and life history (all bound up with the name), of a low, bushy tree in spreading panicles of lavender flowers along the margin of the lake, and very abundant up the sides of the steep ravines. It looks so much like the old-fashioned lilac at home that, lacking its true name, I am bound to think lilac every time I look at it, and, thinking lilac, I am bound to smell lilac; but the thing has no odor at all. How very distressing! It may be Macrocnemum,

or it may not. It is lovely, and plays a lovely part in the general color scheme; but, for men to whom knowing is essential to feeling, this 'may be Macrocnemum or may be not' must needs be plucked and pressed and sent off to the Field Museum for identification, its purple patches wave so irritatingly red!

Poets might get on better with Barro Colorado Island than do the scientists. Panama has bred only one poet whose work is known to me, and the best he could do for the jungle is expressed in the following stanzas from his poem, 'Beyond the Chagres River': —

> Beyond the Chagres River
> Are paths that lead to death —
> To the fever's deadly breezes,
> To malaria's poisonous breath!
> Beyond the tropic foliage,
> Where the alligator waits,
> Are the mansions of the Devil —
> His original estates!
>
> Beyond the Chagres River
> 'T is said — the story's old —
> Are paths that lead to mountains
> Of purest virgin gold;
> But 't is my firm conviction,
> Whatever tales they tell,
> That beyond the Chagres River
> All paths lead straight to hell!

The poet has his troubles with the jungle too, and on the whole they seem more sulphurous than those of the scientists.

The rain-forest jungle from within is not colorful. There is no period of bloom comparable to our dogwood and rhododendron show. The passion vine burns in places, now in the darkest glooms on the cluttered floor, now under the very ceiling among the twisted rafters; here and there along the trails stands a parrot-beaked heliconia, a striking, exotic yellow thing gayly daubed with red; and frequently one's eyes, one's very feet, are refreshed by a stretch of blossom-strewn trail, funnel-form and butterfly flowers, orange and white and purple and old rose, the sweepings of roof gardens hidden up under the sky.

Seen from without, and above, the forest on Barro Colorado Island is probably never lacking its flashes and bursts of color, an ineffable sight while the great *guayacáns* are in glorious yellow bloom. They have passed now, giving way to the tender rose-pink of the equally tall roble and to the leaf-screened purple of the jacaranda. And with them, draping the tree tops and pouring over the eaves in cataracts of sudsy white and splotches of pale blue and salmon, begins the rainy season of the lianas, the purple wreath, *flor de la cruz* (*Petrea volubilis*), very much like our wistaria, a storm just now of azure flower.

Yet all this hardly lightens — indeed, if anything, it accentuates — the gloom; the strangling figs, the smothering vines, the terribly armed palms, and the host of half-parasitic ferns, orchids, and aroids, some of the arums of monstrous size, burdening the trees, emphasizing the bitter struggle of the jungle beyond any sweetening.

An overtopping tree at the entrance of the main trail from the laboratory gathers unto itself, concentrates, and seems to incarnate this spirit of struggle. It puts a spell upon me every time I pass beneath it on my way along the trails. Tall, lithe, muscular, its trunk is a complex of spliced thews and tendons, the leanest, most athletic living thing that I have ever seen, a bole dissected to bare bone and sinew, but spreading into an airy, triumphant crown of pinnate, and, in the wind, of almost lacy, leaves. Every visitor stops to look and wonder at it, and ask its name, yet no one on the Island knows its name, so aloof, unyielding, and unapproachable it stands.

And behind it stands the whole forest, imbued with the same spirit,

secret, inscrutable, alien, if not inimical, uncouth and often bizarre, repelling familiarity, and showing itself least friendly to its native born, who are given a machete against it when they are given their names. The jungle is not peace, but war. Its people are all strangers to each other, fighting individuals, with no common interests, no common mind, no common language, but only an infinitude of tongues. It is without a society, a howling band of monkeys its nearest approach to social order, if we except the amazing programmes of the colonial insects. There are other organized groups, too, like the roving herds of peccaries, the hunting packs of coatis, small flocks of guans, toucans, parrots, and, in favored sections, what amounts to social patches of wild pineapple and thickets of climbing bamboo. These are parts of the jungle, to be sure, but they are inchoate groups without report, so overwhelming, so anti-social is the spirit of the whole, there being nothing even tribal or communal in the jungle, nothing faintly suggestive of the social consciousness and the serene, settled order of a white-pine forest or a piece of old-growth hardwoods on a mountain side in Maine.

So Adventure tags you, or stalks you, at every turn along the machete trails, not in the tawny skin of the tiger, for you never see the cat tribe in public places, nor in the shape of hissing serpents either, for I think the peccaries must have made as clean a sweep of the venomous ones on Barro Colorado Island as Saint Patrick made in his blessed island, though as yet on Barro Colorado we have not canonized the savage little pig. The great adventure of the jungle is with the wild spirit of the jungle itself.

Instead of the tusked head of the peccary, the symbol on the shield of Barro Colorado Island and its jungle is to be the black howling monkey on the roof of the forest roaring defiance at the airplanes roaring over between Ancón and Cristóbal, the irreconcilably wild hurling anathema at the still wilder tameness of civilization. Well enough for a letterhead, but the true symbol of the jungle is the twisting, writhing, looping liana swinging from a giant bombacopsis up whose elephantine trunk run earthen tunnels of the termites to a big black nest among the branches. That for a true symbol, and for an open sesame the long, sharp-bladed machete.

EVE'S APPLES

The Story of an Abandoned Orchard

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

One mild day in February Mr. Ward and I drove Bird from Clintonville to the orchard, followed by a wagon at which I was continually glancing back with pride, for on it were heaped, not only my precious pruning tools, but a beautiful secondhand cookstove, a bed and a cot, two chairs, and enough provisions, I thought, to last months.

Mr. Ward was a kindly old gentleman whom I had met in Clintonville and who had known my mother's family for a generation or two. He owned orchards in a county farther south, and was wise in horticulture. When I had left my orchard in December he had offered to go back there with me later on and teach me to prune.

It was one of those days, neither winter nor spring, when Nature seems to be attending strictly and secretly to her own affairs — like the preliminary tuning of the orchestra which so fills the heart of a music lover with delicious anticipation. Later, tight red buds like fairy drums will sound in noiseless music from the stark black oaks, and in the sacred symphony of spring the creeping earth-bound vines will sing through such tiny throats that you are overcome with wonder that they should draw breath from the cold ground through such fragile, transparent stems.

In a silence too precious to be lightly broken we drove the nine miles, and as we neared the orchard there came the cheerful tap-tap of a hammer. There was my carpenter, all in brown corduroys, pounding on the roof of my own house.

To my bitter disappointment, the house seemed to be unfinished. The carpenter ran down the ladder and told me that the weather had been 'agin him,' that he had had other work to finish; and, in a burst of candor, with a disarming smile he added, 'To tell the God's truth, I did n't think you 'd come back anyway.'

The little unfinished house had two rooms below and two above. There was, half completed, a great outside rock chimney — the rock from my own land; the hooded windows, as yet without panes, were pretty; and some day, I thought, there might be money enough for porches and climbing roses. Now, the windows were boarded, the partitions were but lathed, and there was a ladder for a stairway. The kitchen chimney at least was finished, and the carpenter set up the little cookstove and we moved in. Mr. Ward said that as the weather was so mild he would remain awhile in spite of conditions.

To my dismay, there was no fuel provided. When I had gone away in December a very poor man had agreed to cut wood from my land and have it ready for use on my return, but the

carpenter revealed the fact that I had bitterly offended Mr. Sanders. At Christmas I had sent his children some simple gifts, addressing their father in the accompanying letter as 'My dear Mr. Sanders.' The carpenter told me that the man said he knew 'what was due his wife' and refused to cut wood for so bold a woman. Ever after Mr. Sanders was called 'my dear' in the neighborhood, and shortly afterward he became demented — though I never attributed the poor man's misfortune to my ignorance of manners and customs. But the carpenter went on to say that in my absence two Dutch boys had bought the forty acres west of the orchard and had built a house for fifty dollars, and as they subsisted almost entirely on rabbits from my orchard he thought they might cut wood for me, and would walk over and ask them.

In the afternoon Hans came. He was a second-generation German, stocky and blond, with steady, secretive blue eyes. He laid about him in the most promising way, and the wood piled high at the south door. Steadily too, but not greedily, he ate at supper. I think I have never seen anyone consume so much food so quietly and so persistently. (Later he told me that that night he cooked his own supper after my slight meal.)

The carpenter brought some men to help him finish the house and the chimney, and Mr. Ward and I pruned merrily in the orchard every day. At dawn the carpenter would come, light the fire, and make cocoa. Then he would call Mr. Ward and me. Such a kind carpenter! But the work on the house progressed slowly.

One day Mr. Ward complained of a severe pain in his side, which the carpenter diagnosed as pneumonia. We heated irons and blistered him with mustard plasters. But he yearned for home, and caught a ride in a passing wagon in the very teeth of a coming storm. (He wrote me at once that except for the blisters, which were still painful, he was quite recovered. It was not pneumonia, but a bruised shoulder from the pruning shears.)

The storm began in earnest the night Mr. Ward left me; piercing splinters of ice came on the north wind. How glad I was that Bird's barn was finished — all but the padlock for the door — and that one side was railed off to store corn I had bought from the carpenter.

By five o'clock that day it was quite dark. I carried in great loads of the green wood in an effort to keep myself from freezing, for the little cookstove was not constructed for heating an unfinished house. The kind carpenter, knowing that I could not keep warm, flung discretion to the north winds and said, 'Wrap up and come on and go home with me.' I admired his courage, for he lived with his mother, who was reported to be a superior woman with a very firm character and who disapproved of me thoroughly. So I gratefully declined, and builded myself a tepee with a blanket, a broom, and a bough before the oven door of the cookstove.

Alone! The long-invoked, the reluctant spirit of solitude descended. And I found her such an unexpectedly hilarious guest! While the furious wind shook the house and rattled the boards at the windows and doors where the sleet struck like bullets, I made myself coffee, I played gypsy airs on the violin, I danced, I sang. I recited all the sonnets I knew, and much of Walt Whitman. It grew colder and colder, and at last I climbed the ladder to my bed with a candle in a tin can for fear of fire, — the house was full of shavings, — a hot rock for fear of freezing, and my trusty pistol for fear of robbers.

II

In three days all was calm again, and work once more began on the house. I do not think that it was ever finished as to details. But one day the carpenter departed, saying that but for locks on the doors of the house and the barn all was complete. And well that it was, for that night there descended a storm such as I had never seen. Sleet, and snow, and ice, and a thermometer below zero. Bird had in some way hurt her leg, and each day I would sit in the doorway of her little stable and dress the wound. On the morning of the second day of the blizzard I sat on the doorsill of the barn, my back to the furious wind, when suddenly a terrific blast blew the door shut and the great log by which I kept it fastened fell against it securely — and there was I imprisoned with Bird, with the thermometer below zero! I tried frantically to pull away the boards before the corn at the side. I screamed aloud, though I knew that no one could hear me and that I should have long since perished of cold and starvation before anyone missed me. The shrieking, mocking wind shook the frail shed until I prayed that it might fall upon us.

At last I threw my arms about Bird's neck, and she whinnied softly and nuzzled against me. 'Now,' I thought, 'before I am too numb with cold, I must reach through the boards and pile corn before Bird.' She would not overeat, I knew, and at least she might live until help came. As I reached for the corn, I saw there, hanging on the wall, the old Spanish bolo that Eugene and I had had in the studio. I had used it to cut the smut from the carpenter's corn before I learned to rub the ear against the wall in the accepted way.

It seemed hours before I managed to pry the bolo through a crack in the door and push away the heavy log. There was none to pity, so I did not weep, but made a great fire in the fireplace and read a chapter in the New Testament — Epictetus I found too cold for the occasion. But I succumbed to la grippe the next day, and was barely able to water Bird, dress her leg, and give her a hot mash of oatmeal. Then I fed the birds waiting patiently at the south door. The terror of the blizzard had forced them into meek companionship, and there were cardinals, dazzling against the snow, blue jays, their harsh impudence a little softened, pathetic little brown birds which I did not recognize, a pair of all too optimistic bluebirds, and even a few quail who often came to feed about the house. I was too ill to desire anything for myself, too ill to climb the ladder to my bed; so I lay before the fireplace on the cot, little caring whether I lived or died.

It must have been nine o'clock that night when there came a loud knock, and Hans entered, looking like a snow man. Without any words, he replenished the fire, drew my cot closer to the hearth, toasted biscuits, broiled a frozen rabbit he took from his pocket, and made a pot of steaming coffee. He set the table before me, but first gave me a tablet of medicine. I did not inquire about it — cheerfully I would have taken poison from him. At last I managed to say, 'Hans, how did you know that I was ill?'

'I don't know,' he answered. 'I know things like that sometimes.'

And in the years to come, though I could never explain it, he often did know things like that. All night at intervals he gave me the tablets, and the next day I was much better, and soon I was pruning the trees again. Sometimes I lost myself among them and wandered about for hours before I came upon my little dot of a house in the wilderness.

One happy day I discovered that through the tangle of broom sedge my feet had worn a path to Bird's stable. I wept with delight, like Ben Bolt's Alice, for that path had set its seal of home upon my trackless wilderness. Faint, indeed, and walled by ghosts of weeds as high as my head — but a path! For even the trail worn smooth by patient, clumsy feet of cows stalking through the hot noon to the riverside, or the dim line marked by furry little feet that hop home to a burrow, touches the heart and quickens the imagination. Roads are tramped by any careless or unwilling feet, but a path is a chosen way, and in the wilderness often a way selected by small brains — half asleep, maybe — above melancholy or furtive eyes alive with hopes and fears.

I smiled to think that the first path at the orchard recorded footsteps that led along a way, not to comfort or to ambition, but to friendship. Perhaps even through loneliness and hardship my paths might lead to pleasantness and to peace.

Dreamer! That very night strange things began to happen. For hours a mysterious ticktack on the windowpane. Weird cries among the trees. Rifle shots in the orchard. A chorus of owls all hooting together. And once sheeted forms dancing about the house in the cold moonlight.

Hans told me it was the neighbor boys trying to frighten me away.

'This country don't like strangers,' he said. 'My brother promised to stay here with me, but he can't stand it, and he is going back home. I worked six years in the harvest field to get the money to buy this forty, and now I'll have to go and leave it. For I have heart spells from drinking cold water once when I was overhet in the field, and I don't like to live alone.'

'Do you really want to stay here, Hans?' I asked.

'Of course I don't want to leave my property.'

'Well, move over here with me. You can work your farm from here. Then neither of us will die alone.'

His brother left at once, and I went with Bird and the cart — Hans had no horse — and brought him over, bag and baggage.

Hans was, perhaps, twenty-eight years old, though he seemed older as the result of a life of hardship and privation. He prided himself on being 'skretive,' and would never tell his age. He worked so surely and so swiftly that other men whom I afterward employed would say, 'You need not expect me to work like Hans. They kain't nobody else do it.'

III

While Hans was surprisingly ignorant in many respects, he could read, and when the subject was sufficiently abstract he often amazed me by his wisdom. Many a night he read me to sleep when I was ill or troubled — though he refused to read anything but what he called 'facts.' So from my library of four books he would read but the New Testament, and in addition to that a paper which came to him and seemed to be about astronomy. One night before a great log fire he said, 'We are going to have a mighty hard year.'

'Of course,' I answered.

'Harder than you ever saw. It'll be the greatest drought in twenty-five years.'

'How do you know?' I asked but for information; I did not question Hans's powers of divination.

'The stars tell it. I'll read you about it in *Hicks' Word and Works*.'

Hicks was to Hans the greatest man of his time, or of all time. Once, he told me, he and a friend set out, each with

a blanket rolled under his arm, on a pilgrimage to Hicks. I asked him if the visit proved disappointing.

'No,' he replied; 'a feller just could n't be disappointed in Hicks! But he lives in a awful ignerant city. We asked a dozen people on the street where to find *Hicks' Word and Works* before a one of them knowed we was talking about a paper at all. And they stole our blankets there. They was mighty fine blankets.'

While Hans had no opinion of cities, he said that once he lived in one for some months and took two baths a week and wore a clean collar every day. In answer to my questions he said that he was staying at a famous stammering school.

'They cured you!' I cried. 'You do not stammer at all.'

'I never did stammer,' he answered quietly. 'I kind of stammered in my mind. I went to try it out for my brother. He stammered.'

'And did they cure your brother?'

'He would n't go. He stammers awful yet. I worked three years to get the money to go try it out for him.'

And that is Hans.

It proved sometimes inconvenient for me that Hans had such a profound contempt for anything emanating from the mind of a woman. Once, a year later, I sent him to the telegraph station to prepay a message to a stranger. I wished this message to be terse and convincing.

When Hans returned he said uneasily, 'I just put on a few words more. It did n't cost any more.'

From long experience, my mind misgave me. 'Hans,' I cried, 'what did you add to the message?'

'Well, it was an important telegram, and it did n't sound exactly polite. There's a heap in being polite. Where I come from we always say something about the weather in a letter.'

'Hans,' I said sternly, 'tell me at once what you added to the message.'

'I just wrote on the end, "No snow here."'

As far as any connection with my telegram was concerned he might have added, 'Love to Mary.'

Soon, hidden about the house, I found small packages of food, wrapped or in boxes; thread, needles — any little article. Once I ventured to speak to Hans about them, and he told me that he could n't help trying to save things, as he was haunted by the thought that he would starve to death or be without the necessities of life; it was 'a grasshopper year' when he was born, and his mother faced starvation. In after years, when Hans habitually helped himself secretly to the proceeds of the orchard, I remembered this. Indeed, when I came to keep a somewhat original set of books I always estimated a certain disappearing percentage; and once I asked Hans not to vary this, as it interfered with my bookkeeping. He agreed pleasantly to keep within bounds. Often this percentage was spent for orchard equipment, and often, too, in gifts for me which were amusing and touching — as Hans did not think that I dressed in a manner befitting my position.

No doubt this arrangement was scarcely ethical, but I am sure the fact did not occur to either of us — that is, until Hans fell under the spell of an evangelist some years later, when he told me he was 'on the road to sanctification' and suffered from a sense of guilt. During this unhappy time he read the Bible to me constantly; and it was in vain that I urged my own point of view, which was that the whole scheme seemed to be a plan for ridding the individual of a sense of sin, from ancient scapegoats down to the joyous young Son of Man, who pleaded with us to be happy and cast

our burden where it naturally belonged — on the Creator. But Hans refused to see even the unalloyed joy of the Sermon on the Mount, and we experienced no respite from gloom until one day he told me that he had fallen from grace and guessed he was doomed to sin. Then, with the utmost relief, we settled down to normal again.

The spring this year was long in coming. We had no horses, no sprayers, very little money between us, and all we could do was to prune the trees. And to me there are few greater delights than on a mild, windless day to set about making a tree clean in the sight of God and man. Just below the 'collar' I would carefully saw off an interfering limb — it is always a serious question which to cut away — and immediately disinfect the wound with corrosive sublimate dissolved in turpentine. I did not try to balance the tree for fruit this year, as Mr. Ward had warned me against pruning too heavily, and only pruned for symmetry. At last I would scrape the trunk for 'oyster-shell' and stand in happy admiration before my happy tree.

Though Hans worked hard, he never made a pruner. In all my years at the orchard I found but two men who made successful pruners. It takes a real love for trees, and an imagination that divines the balance between growth and fruiting. So, while I pruned always, Hans took over the cooking — much to his satisfaction and to mine.

IV

One day two flashily dressed, shifty-eyed men called Hans outside for conversation at the woodpile. Presently he came in and announced that he was driving to Clintonville with the men, as he was trading his forty acres for a house and lot in town. In vain I urged him to wait and to consult someone; he answered that for a woman I had 'a heap of culture, but no knowledge of business.' So he became the possessor of a house and lot, mortgaged, with an insignificant equity and a flaw in the title, and situated in an impossible suburb. We both wept over it.

It rained constantly. I wrote melancholy verses and sent them to magazines — we had a rural mail box now. I was snowed under with returned poems. Hans had small opinion of them, as not being facts, but they were mine, and he preserved them; and one year when we barreled he put one in each barrel and said grimly, 'I bet somebody reads 'em now, anyway.' There was a sawmill near, and Hans worked there for a few days to get enough lumber to make what he called a set of 'legless furniture' for his attic. For, the gentlest of men, he piqued himself on 'skretiveness and revenge.' They were cardinal virtues and must be acquired. And as he had a horror of 'any insect with legs,' he meant to 'run a revenge on all nature by legless furniture.'

Now that Hans had lost his home I felt that it was inordinate selfishness to keep him with me. I told him that the orchard was a gamble and that I might not be able to pay him. He replied that he would make it pay, and that ever since his stay at the stammering school he had desired culture, — that is, in a measure, — and that as long as the culture held out he would stay, provided I would teach him. A friend sent me a grammar. But the grammar offended and fatigued Hans. He said openly that 'good grammar' in the spoken word lacked pith, and after a half hour's study would plead for cards as a relaxation. I tried the 'make believe the work is play' system and said, 'Now, Hans, as I deal, give me the principal parts of the verb

"to deal."' After long deliberation Hans cried proudly, 'I got it! "Shuffle, deal, play."'

This was eminently practical; but many a night over the blazing logs we talked long of life, and the clairvoyant mysticism of Hans's mind made me believe in inspiration. He loved beauty, and found a certain wood which would burn with little blue electric flames; and my table was always decorated with wild flowers he had gathered. But he must always work. So one day, foreseeing the time when we might keep chickens, — on the principle of the man who purchased a shirt button in the hope that he would sometime have a shirt, — Hans spent his last remaining cent for high woven wire and built a small chicken yard. When it was finished, he threw his axe with reckless pride over the fence, called me to behold it, and crowed loudly. I admired, and then went into the house, for it had begun to rain. Presently, in somewhat sullen accents, I heard my name. Hans had built himself in. His feathers fell as I gave him the axe to cut a gate.

At night before the fire we read until late, each at his own small table. Hans had made the tables of barrel tops, like great spools. They were insecure, and the mortality in lamp flues was frightful. Once Hans, having walked three miles and back in a cold rain for lamp flues, gazed in pride at his own table, stepped back and knocked mine over, then plunged in horror against his own. That night we read by firelight.

We never saw anyone but an occasional passer-by, and I wonder that we did not develop what the old prospectors called 'cabin fever' and rise and slay each other. Perhaps there was such a vast difference in the background of our lives that we were not close enough to get on each other's nerves. But that does not imply that to this day I do not regard Hans as my closest friend.

V

Spring came. The two gaunt sycamores at the south door dressed their white arms in filmy green. Windflowers drifted to the doorstone, and violets bloomed amid the sad leaves heaped at the foot of the oaks. After a while a hundred acres of apple blossoms were sweet in the sun. Then early there settled over all the land the most terrible drought in a quarter of a century. Our precious garden died. Hans had crooned over every seed he had put to sleep in the moist earth. All grass withered, and dust settled deep over every living thing. The chickens of our neighbors died on the roost. Our apples shriveled on the trees, as if they were baked. The farmers hauled water from the deep pool in Pleasant Run in my wood. My own grief was lost in anxiety for these poor farmers, for Hans said there would be no crops.

The house was unbearable. I moved my bed to the orchard, and Hans moved to the yard. We put the cookstove under a tree, protected by a great umbrella. After wild greens we had no summer food. Supplies and money ran low. Coffee, tea, and cocoa were luxuries denied, and Hans brought sassafras from the woods. He drank water in preference; no black Aunt Becky had trained him to habits of sassafras tea in the spring; but I renewed childish memories with its fragrance. One stifling day I cooked the last of the macaroni which Hans so liked, and, as I opened the kettle to serve it, from within the umbrella above fell a great ball of granddaddy longlegs squarely into the kettle. Desperately I seized a spoon, but their legs went everywhere, and to this day I suffer in my mind as to whether I should have told Hans — especially as

his concern that I could not eat was so touching.

Suddenly, on the first of September, came the rains. Too late for crops; but the apparently baked apples swelled astonishingly, and began to color beautifully. We were to have a crop! And rather a clean crop, as the dry heat had discouraged pests and fungus.

All winter I had read government bulletins, and I felt that I was competent to detect and to demolish any pest in the orchard; but, alas, we had no equipment. We managed to get an orchard paper, and after much discussion decided that this was to be 'a barreling year,' and that we should therefore sell 'on track' — that is, take carloads of apples to various large towns and sell them by the bushel from the freight-car door. Assiduously I studied how best to pack them.

The neighbors were there for the picking and sorting. For these poor men and women must live, and they had raised little if anything on their farms. I employed all who asked for work — men, women, and children. The women were placed at the packing tables, though many of them picked. The children gathered the fallen apples, which we sold at once at a good price to miners and to peddlers.

This year we had packing tables, and picking bags over barrel hoops, that the apples might not be bruised or the trees injured. And now no more of lazy summer days beneath the trees. No more of song and story with the whispering broom sedge. Hans and I were up before the dawn, and often working at midnight measuring apples for a sale the next day. No smoking in the orchard. No throwing about of the apples in 'sunburnt mirth.' No cessation of labor. We were capitalists out for profit. Much to Hans's disgust, I paid by the hour — for the trees were so unevenly loaded that it seemed the only fair way. Worse still, I paid five cents more an hour than was customary. Hans assured me that he knew laborers — that the workers would but consider me 'easy,' and would not be grateful. Perhaps he was right; but what had gratitude to do with the question? Besides, I never could endure gratitude given or taken. And I felt guilty enough in driving about the orchard and keeping these tired women and children bent over my apples.

We had no sheds, so we made three grades and piled them separately in long narrow piles, covered with the ubiquitous broom sedge.

One day I sold my first carload in the orchard. It was a thrilling experience, though it was but eight hundred bushels of hand-picked seconds to a commission house a hundred miles away. I was to accompany the car and receive my money upon delivery of the fruit. How beautiful that car looked at the village railway, and how carefully we packed it! As the car was started I received a telegram saying that the friend I had visited in the winter was dying. I set out to her at once, sending a night letter explaining the situation to the commission house. Upon my return from her new-made grave I found a telegram from the commission house reporting that the apples had arrived in such bad condition that they would pay the freight only. With a weary heart I went at once to the town. Arriving unexpectedly, I found my apples selling at a good price. With the assistance of a lawyer, I proved my case. But I have never sold to a commission house since. It is highly probable that I got the only frog in the pond; but I conceived such a horror of frogs that I never went near a pond again.

I hurried home to Hans, who worked so faithfully, but who was always

struck with paralysis under responsibility. We packed a full carload of our best apples, and, leaving a neighbor and his wife whom I knew I could trust at the orchard, we billed the car to a town of five thousand, eighty miles away. The apples were very fine, and we 'handled them like eggs.' Indeed, that fall I said, 'Don't bruise them,' so often that one of the women workers who brought her child with her told me that his first words were 'Don't booz 'em.' I had learned not to place straw under the apples, as straw draws dampness, and to have a railed-off place in the centre of the car for convenience in selling; and we provided ourselves with sacks and balls of twine, a broom, a lantern, and bedding for Hans, who insisted that he sleep in the car.

VI

Never in my life have I been more frightened than when in a strange town we paid our freight one morning and watched the agent unseal our car. For there was certainly an inimical atmosphere about this place that I felt we had done nothing to merit. Why, we were bringing a carload of wholesome food to this town, and the natural thing would have been to receive us with open arms! Far from that. The night before, we had distributed handbills inviting country grocers and farmers to come the next day for their winter apples, and two men had followed us and torn down the handbills. Before dawn we had put up some more of them, and there were many wagons evidently waiting.

As Hans pushed open the great doors and my apples appeared in all their scarlet and gold, a man in the assembled crowd advanced and, pointing to the star on his coat, said, 'Before you sell one apple, miss, you will pay me thirty dollars.'

A small sum, but to us it was ruinous; and besides, I had raised these apples. So, speechless, I shook my head as vigorously as I could.

'All right,' said the marshal, 'I'll read you this, and then if you don't pay I'll have to take you to the calaboose.'

Poor Hans was trembling with horror, and whispered, 'Let's close the car. If he takes you to the calaboose you'll never be a lady any more!'

The marshal read to the gathering crowd something which I did not understand, but which no doubt was appropriate to the occasion. When he had finished an old man with a beard stepped to the car door and said, 'I'll take a dime's wuth o' thim apples. Stick to it, miss. If you raised 'em he can't make you pay.' I sold him, you may believe, a liberal 'dime's wuth,' and others began to buy. The marshal turned on his heel and cried, 'I told them grocerymen I could n't bluff that red-headed woman!' Hans had borne all in silence, but at this he called the marshal a fool. (And indeed it is not red enough for character — just reddish.)

The next day we were swamped with buyers. I had foolishly counted on watching from afar, but I found I must assist, and I hired two men also. One of these men told me that he was a direct descendant of Betty Washington, that he had influence in the town and knew everyone. The other was a youth who told me he was a 'chicken picker.' Hans, who was from Kansas and class-conscious, disliked Betty Washington's descendant, and I heard him announcing wonderful and exotic fruit from a limb on my own family tree. But the other man said, 'I ain't nothing but a chicken picker, and I have to quit that ever' once in a while when the mites get too bad, but I can sack as many apples as if my daddy

was Roosevelt.' At that instant the car was switched without warning, and we all fell into the bin regardless of precedence. Thus was violence avoided.

There was a realtor's sale, and Hans went with a wagon to sell to the crowd, but was ordered away. The chicken picker and I took the wagon to a side street and sold at such a price that I was ashamed to look the pleasant purchasers in the face.

In three days, without demurrage, we had sold a maximum carload of apples, and none at less than one dollar and thirty cents the bushel. How happily we boarded the train with a check for our small fortune — to pack the next car at the orchard.

There is no denying that it had been a terrible experience to us both. At the hotel, on my last night after selling out, I looked in the mirror aghast, and sent out for a box of the best beauty cream. As I applied it I read myself a lecture on the evils of pride and vanity. I reminded myself that I had sometimes played for an audience when I was no less in the public eye than at the door of a freight car, and that I was now distributing — rather against the will of some of the inhabitants, to be sure — good food for this town. But still, in a cowardly way I hoped that with the next car Hans might manage alone and I look on from afar. Alas, poor Hans! After our experiences with the next car it was certain that I 'never could be a lady any more.'

But gradually, after the next car, I think that we both ceased to cherish the old standard of loaf-giver.

(Mrs. Risley's concluding chapter will be 'The Serpent in the Orchard')

THE MARKET FOR FRESHMEN

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THE American public still thinks of our colleges and universities as besieged by applicants for whom there is no room, just as was the case immediately after the war. In truth, however, the rush to the colleges seems to be over. Many of our big state and city universities, required by law to accept all high-school graduates regardless of other qualifications, and charging little or no tuition, are embarrassed with masses of students they cannot assimilate. The small colleges, however, for the most part are earnestly and even frantically searching for recruits. In some of them enrollment has fallen off so as seriously to impair income. According to Dean Walters of Swarthmore, nearly half the small colleges — those with less than a thousand students — have had actual decreases in enrollment during the past two years, in spite of their vigorous recruiting. In many institutions the high hopes of raising the standards of college entrance which were entertained a few years ago have gone glimmering, and the practice now is to maintain enroll-

ment by accepting all regulation high-school graduates who apply.

Everyone recognizes that a great institution seldom can be built on such policies, and our colleges are searching for some opportunity for selection which will ensure a higher quality of applicants. They have discovered no new solution to the problem, but they are finding a 'bigger and better' use for the old institution of scholarships.

Scholarships originated in a desire to help good students of small financial resources to get the benefits of higher education. The element of competition between colleges was but slightly in evidence at first, and, although there were always a certain number of disappointments, yet this form of aid made possible a college education for many a well-qualified boy or girl.

With the present intensive and increasing drive for students, scholarship funds are applied to the virtual purchase of students on a competitive basis in the open market. Both large and small institutions are raising funds to enable them to compete successfully in this bidding.

A few cases will illustrate. A prospective freshman, son of a prosperous professional man, applied for admission to the college of his first choice, and was accepted; shortly afterward another college offered him a scholarship of five hundred dollars a year for four years, and he promptly accepted the offer. A college president sought and received a gift to 'improve standards of scholarship'; he used it almost solely to offer scholarships to students who otherwise would not have attended his institution.

High-school seniors are becoming aware of this competition, and admissions offices receive letters which say, in substance: 'Blank College will pay me three hundred dollars a year to go there. What do you offer?' More often it is the high-school principal, looking after the interests of his students, who makes the approaches for them. Repeatedly he writes, in effect, 'Provide scholarships, or my better students will be advised to go elsewhere.'

Scholarships are not always used to promote scholarship. With the publication of the Carnegie Foundation report on college athletics, we have definite evidence of what was generally known before — that in many cases neither of the original purposes of scholarships has been much regarded, and that often they go to students who are not outstanding in academic work or especially in need of financial help. Too often the sole claim to excellence is on the athletic field.

Up to the present, financial competition for students of high scholarship has not been extremely serious, although some colleges which claim to have exceptional opportunity to choose students are paying approximately a third of all tuitions from scholarship funds. With the rapidly increasing recognition that quality of the student body can largely make or unmake an institution, there is a rapid acceleration of drives for scholarship funds, and of competition for students on a money basis.

The result of this course will be that many students will be drawn to an institution primarily because scholarship funds are available, giving only secondary consideration to the quality of the work of the college or to the degree to which it meets the particular student's needs. No blind drift of events will cure this tendency. Only an intelligent policy can ensure that good work will bring good students.

II

The writer wishes to suggest such a policy. In providing scholarship funds

for higher education, he would suggest the establishment of one or more scholarship trusts to receive and disburse such funds. These might be administered partly through the college and university accrediting associations.

The relative quality of applicants for scholarships and their relative financial needs could be determined by representatives of the trust funds, and the scholarships could be issued in recognition of ability and accomplishment in scholarship and qualities of character. Thereupon a prospective student, or a student already in college, receiving a scholarship, would be free to use his funds in any reputable institution of his own choice, provided, of course, that he met its requirements for admission.

If such a régime should become general, colleges and universities would be immediately concerned more acutely than ever with the quality of their work, and their resources would be used for improving that quality rather than for active competition with each other in buying students. One of the evils to which the Carnegie Foundation report has recently directed our attention would be met, since the competitive recruiting of athletes by means of scholarships would be forced out into the open. For a star athlete to hold a 'closed' scholarship would immediately be a suspicious circumstance.

It is not to be expected that colleges and universities amply provided with funds for scholarship competition will quickly relinquish them to be administered by such trusts and rely solely upon the quality of their work to bring them students. If the trust policy should be established, however, persons or foundations interested in providing education for pupils of high promise, rather than in subsidizing pupils to go to a certain college, would prefer to contribute to such trusts rather than to individual institutions, and this would tend steadily to strengthen institutions doing good work.

Many benefits would accrue from central administration and unified control of scholarship funds, while the autonomy of the several colleges in selecting students for character, initiative, and other intangible qualities, according to their own standards, would be in no wise interfered with. It would be a very wholesome provision that a student must have been accepted for college entrance before applying for a scholarship. This would tend to remove undue influence in the administration of such funds. Nothing in the trust idea implies that donors may not restrict scholarships to particular classes of students or for particular objectives, provided that the student is free to choose his college. A student who had partly completed his college course, and who wished to complete it at the same institution, should be privileged to apply for a scholarship in the same way as the student about to enter college.

With many institutions a prospect of the adoption of such a policy would arouse grave misgivings. A number of distinct and sometimes conflicting tendencies would be manifest in its operation. Many Americans accept size as being an authentic indication of quality, and with the freedom of motion provided by general scholarships they would flock to the larger universities. Small colleges might suffer in this drift unless they had established claims to excellence. Yet regard for small colleges runs deep in the minds of the old American stock, and the better institutions of that type probably would be in greater demand than they had been formerly.

Some of our large city and state universities, as well as semi-endowed institutions in large cities, are attended largely because they are inexpensive.

If scholarships were not restricted as to location, and especially if the tuition charged should represent the whole cost of education, attendance at some of these institutions would shrink, and be confined largely to mediocre students living in the immediate vicinity.

Objection to this régime would come from several sources. Certain sectarian institutions are distinctively centres of indoctrination in a religious outlook. Not only would they often lose by freedom of motion, but they would deplore the loosening of special religious commitments which that freedom would tend to bring about. Other institutions would fear the change because of a general uncertainty as to the results. Still others, conscious that the quality of their work would not bear scrutiny, would make every possible effort to avoid exposure of their condition.

No self-respecting institution wants to hold its students because they are unable to go elsewhere. A good institution will welcome freedom of choice for students and will trust to the merits of its work for its survival and growth.

III

There is a further development of this principle which, the writer believes, would be a great advance in educational policy. Our state universities are democratic institutions in that they accept all standard high-school graduates and charge almost no tuition. A student's year at a state university may cost the institution $400, of which the state may pay $300 and the student or his parent $100.

This programme, however, is not so democratic as it seems. The student has other expenses besides tuition, such as board, books, and travel, which, with the small tuition, amount to perhaps $800. In effect, the state says to the high-school graduate: 'If you have $800 a year, or $3200 for a four-year course, to invest in a college education, we will match it with $1200 of public funds. If you cannot raise that money, the state will not help you.'

A young man or woman with no serious purpose, but with financial backing, is helped by the state to four years at a country club, while, so far as the state is concerned, the young man or woman without funds, but with a serious purpose, is under a very severe handicap. Would it not be better for the state university to charge a tuition representing the entire cost of education, and then to use the state appropriation for the university to provide competitive scholarships for students of quality — scholarships which would pay all tuition and perhaps help in meeting living expenses?

Such scholarships should be good, not only at the state university, but at any reputable institution of the student's choice, either in or out of the state. By this method the state would immediately come into a competition in excellence, and not a competition in expenditures, with other institutions; for absence of quality soon would become evident.

As for mediocre but well-to-do students who attend state universities because it is the thing to do, let them pay the entire cost of their education. Society makes a bad investment in paying its funds for them to the exclusion of those of earnest purpose. Our present system of providing college education at less than cost, as President Aydelotte of Swarthmore has pointed out, has the result that students who are amply able to pay for their education are, in fact, recipients of public or semi-public charity.

The system we suggest is not so unprecedented as it might seem. In fact, it is now in operation in England. Unable to supply a college education to

every aspirant, the government provides public scholarships for the best, with the result that these scholarship students are setting a stiff pace for their wealthy classmates.

Much of our overproduction of mediocre college students is simply bad educational management. For every student in an American college or university, there are two or three others of college age and of equal ability outside. There are not too many students in college, but many of the wrong ones are there. If all of the right kind of students were in college, the same number could be in attendance, and the quality be equal to that of the top half of the present college population. For both endowed colleges and state institutions, the scholarship policies described would improve the quality of the student body and give the student much greater freedom in choosing his or her Alma Mater. This would very greatly stimulate institutions of higher education to more excellent work.

The public may be more nearly ready for this change than college administrators suspect. Some years ago the writer was repeatedly warned that a college could not survive if it did not give athletics their conventional prominence. The institution he represents completely ignored these warnings, and discovered that the public was eager for a college to come forward which would put athletics in their proper place. Similarly, he was frequently warned that an institution which puts none of its funds into scholarships, but everything into the quality of its work, would be hopelessly handicapped. Here the problem is more difficult, for financial help often is imperative; but it has been discovered that there is a large American public with which cost is not the controlling consideration in higher education. Given anything like an equal chance, the institution which builds on the quality of its work, and not upon restricted subsidies, will win out.

Large sums are being provided to ensure to young men and women the advantages of higher education. As now used, these funds lead to active competition in buying students in the market. On the student's part the funds available often determine the choice of college. Those giving funds for scholarship should administer them so that the student will have freedom of choice and so that their use will stimulate educational excellence in our colleges and universities.

REUNION

Now welcome back, and health! he said;
After so many years apart
I thought that half of us were dead
And half in wheel chairs or deranged.
Sit down! We've all got lots to tell;
It warms the cockles of my heart
To see how little you have changed. . . .
The clock ticked on. *Farewell, farewell.*

Here's whiskey, John; here's brandy, Ned;
What's yours, old man? I'm glad to see
There's not one gray hair on your head.
Why, hang it! You look twenty-five.
The world's your oyster; I'm the shell,
But at this moment I should be
Thankful I'm even still alive.
Farewell. The clock ticked on. *Farewell.*

There's Bill and Toby over there
Just as they used to be, he said;
They'll wrangle all the night, that pair,
After so many years apart.
Fill up — lots more when this is gone;
Don't sit there staring like the dead.
Good God! Something is at my heart. . . .
Farewell, farewell. The clock ticked on.

ROBERT HILLYER

ROSIKA THE ROSE

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

I

MARGIT SZABO was a little edgy as she talked to Erszabet Kovacs in the potato patch. Erszabet had come to get a pail of milk, and it was early — before Rosika had gone to the business college, or Piroska to the button factory, or Yolande to the suspenders factory, and Wilmonz, Kati, Ilka, Lenke, and Ollidar to school. Mr. Szabo was sharpening the hand scythe to cut meadow grass, with little four-year-old Jeno beside him. And all the others were hurrying in preparation for their departures of the day.

'Your Rosika is nineteen already,' said Erszabet contemplatively, drawing her bright head shawl well over her ears to keep out the sharp autumn cool of Connecticut. 'And two offers you have refused for her yesterday!'

'Yes,' answered Margit Szabo, with a stream of words in the rich Hungarian tongue which these people used among themselves. 'The offers were not good enough. The best good Hungarian farmers we must have for our fine girls.'

'But, besides Rosika, your Piroska is seventeen already!' Erszabet added. 'And your Yolande, she is sixteen, and Lenke fifteen.'

'Lenke?' cried Margit in dismay. 'Do not say the name of Lenke! She is too young. The older two, Rosika and Piroska, yes. They are old enough to marry. And maybe, too, Yolande,' agreed Mrs. Szabo, her eyes sparkling. 'But Lenke — no!'

Margit Szabo, mother of nine, standing in the potato patch beside the tall spare Erszabet, looked as rotund as her wooden washtub. And she was as clean and fresh and weathered, too. Her face was full of humor, her quick, small, comely hands full of gesture, her classically cut mouth equally ready for laughter or invective.

'With your Rosika,' Erszabet counseled, 'you should make it like the old days in Hungary, Margit — "in spite of peace, in spite of war, a maid must go when she's asked for."'

'No, no, no, Ersza!' Margit cried. 'We shall wait. I shall mate my six Hungarian daughters with six fine Hungarian sons!'

'Yoi, yoi, yoi,' Erszabet rejoined. 'At home you could talk so. But Hungary is far away, and the Danube, and the customs of our youth. Ye came here for freedom for yourself, Margit. Well, here is freedom also for the young. In America the young mate where they will. And mind me, Margit — watch your flock! There are not only Americans here who hunt among us for our fine Hungarian girls. But there are Italians, too, and English, and French, and *Greeks!*'

'Greeks!' Mrs. Szabo spat the word. 'What are they? *Greeks?* And French and Italians — dagos, wops, guineas! What are these, Ersza?'

Mrs. Szabo put into Erszabet's hand a milk pail foaming full.

'Ah, Greeks!' she spat again, as her tall, blooming eldest daughter, Rosika, came out of the farmhouse, and stood talking to her father.

And what a Rose was Rosa! Though only nineteen, she was gorgeous as midsummer. In the quiet country landscape she was like a sudden burst of music from a band, in which the sound would come out of the flower-shaped mouths of the brass trumpets in colors!

For, though the Szabos lived on a New England farm, Rosika was not the boyish American girl with the long slow seasons of the temperate zones of life. She was of the heart of Hungary, of those full races whose women have a short season — a bloom time suddenly and ravishingly beautiful, and no autumn, but upon the heels of spring a long hard winter.

But who recks of winter when the spring is here? Rosa had health and nourishment, and she expected love. That happy moment for which God created the world in six days was Rosa's now.

As she turned out of the front gate, and down the road toward the business college, Mrs. Szabo went back into the big, fragrant, whitewashed kitchen, still muttering from her lovely mouth incoherent bitternesses in Hungarian, about 'dagos and wops and guineas, frogs and cockneys, Americans and Greeks.'

II

Beside the village green in front of the business college, as Rosika approached it, stood a delivery cart, and written upon the cart, in letters a foot high, was the legend, ICARUS XENOPHON, CONFECTIONER, NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.

To the casual eye this would have been an ordinary delivery cart. But Rosa's eye was not casual. She wondered curiously what nationality the name 'Icarus Xenophon' could represent, for she had never met with it before among all the foreign-born around the great manufacturing centre of Bridgeport.

On the seat of the cart was a stringy, leather-colored boy, shouting some foreign language to the sleek fat horse in the shafts. And beside the boy was a very distinguished person. Swarthy he was, as a richly brown Havana cigar. His body was inclined decidedly to be prosperous, yet he was still too youthful to be corpulent, and awkward he would never be.

As Rosa came abreast of the cart, this bronze, well-dressed person stepped down over the bright red wheel and on to the pavement in front of her. His bold black eyes took in all of her youth and beauty that were so abundantly there for the taking. His dark small hands, with a big diamond sparkling on one finger, made an involuntary gesture of approval. He stood and stared, the burnished effrontery of his eyes gradually melting to entreaty.

And Rosa was no less spellbound. She was noting that his hands were neither the whitish color nor the awkward big shape of the American grocery boy's hands. She was fascinated by their smooth shapeliness, with the sparkling diamond ring.

Then Rosa's eyes suddenly turned in confusion from his as they seemed to draw her to him. She blushed as red as a ribbon, and turned violently into the path leading to the business college.

But the confectioner from New Britain was instantly beside her.

'Pardon me,' he said. 'I see you are going to the business college.'

His voice was like thick whipped cream. Rosa could no more place his accent than his name. He was strange and new to her. He took off his brown felt hat, and his hair was beautiful in the sunshine, lying in shiny black waves, glossy with grooming.

'The business college is just beginning me,' Rosika stammered.

'And when will it be finishing you?' he asked, his black eyes glistening.

'Not until six months,' she answered.

'I will wait,' he said, planting his small feet firmly on the sidewalk.

'You will wait here?' Rosa said. 'For six months?'

Xenophon's suave face broke up into laughter. It made him look much younger. Though Rosa was sure he was very old — perhaps thirty!

'I have come to the business college to-day,' he said, 'to have recommended to me a stenographer. For my business in New Britain. It grows too much for me to write all the letters myself.'

Rosa's eyes shone and sparkled. Was it possible that stenographers were snatched up off the sidewalk in front of the business college like this? And this only her first week!

'In April I will be a stenographer,' she said conclusively.

Then, encouraged by Xenophon's friendliness, and remembering that, her father having turned down two suitors for her yesterday, she had made up her mind to be 'on her own' like an American girl, she became friendly too.

'It was my wish to go to the Academy in Milford and learn to be a lady,' she said. 'But my mother said, "Of what use is a lady?" My mother wished me to go to the factory and learn to make suspenders in English — like my sister Yolande. But my father was afraid I might fall in love with the American suspenders men.'

'Do you — fall in love easily?' Xenophon asked, a little flurry in his eyes.

'I have never had a chance,' Rosa answered.

The swarthy gentleman fairly scintillated.

'Hungarian girls are not permitted to fall in love until after they are married,' Rosika explained. 'But already my father has refused five suitors for me, including the American boy who delivers the groceries, and who now makes eyes at my fourth sister, Lenke. And I, for myself, I am tired of waiting.'

'For that no one could blame you,' agreed Icarus. 'How many sisters have you?'

'Five,' Rosika replied. 'In the village we are called "the Six Beautiful Sisters." And we also have three brothers, Wilmonz, Ollidar, and Jeno.'

With more of this conversation, between intimate informations, Xenophon managed to make the hard-and-fast arrangement that Rosa was hired, to be his stenographer the very minute she was anybody's. He even intimated that at a pinch his business might not require a full-six-months stenographer, that she might, in fact, have the job now and finish learning to be a stenographer on the typewriter in his soda shop.

Rosa was trying to listen carefully to what he said, but all the time he talked she felt herself being drawn mysteriously nearer to him, until, when she tried to thank him for his offer, she found her hand in his! At first she only felt a little warm tingle in her fingers, where his fingers clasped them tightly. Then she had the social consciousness to snatch her hand away.

'Who — who are you?' she exclaimed suddenly, in Hungarian, startled into her mother tongue.

And Icarus laughed, and replied in some strange language which she in her turn did not understand.

'I mean,' she repeated then, carefully, in English, 'whence do you come? Of what race are you?'

And he answered, 'I am Greek.'

Rosa's joy was frozen in her veins. She could not have been more terrified.

Why Rosika feared this strange unknown race she could not have told, but antipathy had been inbred for

generations. The very word 'Greek' had never been spoken calmly in the potato patches, in the farmyards, or in the peasant cottages of her ancestors; it had been spat — *Greek!*

But Rosa was even more fascinated than she was frightened — which is not at all unusual. And when Xenophon drove off in the red-wheeled cart she stood looking after him, the slip of paper with his name and address clasped close against her breast.

III

Her first thought alone was that now she was in love like an American girl, without benefit of parents, and it made her heart pound until she could hear it plainly. For Rosika's was not the cool, amber, apple-cider blood of New England, but it was warm like the Tokay wine from the famous vineyards of the land where she was born. Even the colors of her were not New England, though color all over she was, cream and milk color, berry and russet. Her eyes were the impenetrable Slav blue of the blue Danube, and her mouth was the sleepy red of the poppies that grow in the cornfields eastward, toward the steppes of Russia.

On the way home that evening Rosika caught up, along the country road, with her sister Piroska, from her day's work at the button factory. Abreast of each other, the inquiring expressions of Rosika's azure eyes and Piroska's eyes of silver gray changed back and forth like the shuffling of a bright deck of cards. And Rosa reached out, snatched under the neck of Piroska's sweater with competent fingers, and pulled out a bright ribbon.

At the end of the ribbon was a shining locket. And when Piroska opened it Rosa could see why Piroska, who was called the Silver Sister of the six, had lately grown more like a slim silver princess than ever. For the face in the locket was surely that of a prince.

'Are — are you in love with him?' Rosa asked in an awestruck voice. 'But I am seeing that you are. What is his name?'

'Quo Vadis is his name.'

'Quo Wadis? Quo Wadis?' Rosa mouthed the words inquiringly.

'He says it's a Latin name,' Piroska explained. 'He says it means in Latin, "Where are you going?"'

'You mean, if you marry him, your name will be Mrs. Where Are You Going?'

Piroska drew in a big breath, with a cold douche of fog down her throat. 'My name shall be Piroska Quo Vadis. And I think it is a beautiful name.'

'Surely the name is not of Hungary,' Rosa said. 'Tell me, of what race is this Quo Wadis?'

Piroska shivered in her thin green sweater, snapping the locket shut.

'He is,' she said, 'Italian — the tailor — in Bridgeport.'

'*Italian?* A tailor? A *wop?* A wop tailor!' Rosa's voice stuck in her throat like a fishbone. 'And this is what you would bring upon us, Piroska — that your children should be wops!'

Indignant, Piroska ran on ahead where she could not hear. And when she was out of sight Rosika was left alone in the fog that now shut out everything. It was a close, soft, eerie world, with Rosa so solitary in the centre of it that she could hear her own heartbeats. Or was that the beating of a horse's hoofs she heard! A horse, with a cart behind. And, as far as Rosa was concerned, were there not only one horse and one cart in all the world?

She stepped off the road, and the cart loomed up, shapeless in the fog, huge, devouring the atmosphere. And the owner was out over the wheel again, beside Rosa. For how could a

mere Sound fog hide such a shining two from each other?

And, more than that, something was going to happen which Rosa did not know about — and therefore for which she was not responsible. Icarus took her in his arms.

'The day has been long, so long,' he said brokenly. 'All day have I driven my horse up and down the roads from Bridgeport to New Haven, thinking what to do. And I could not go back to New Britain without you!'

'G-go — go to New Britain?' Rosa's teeth chattered, as she dragged herself out of his reach. 'I am g-g-going home.'

'But, my pearl. My Rosika. My Rose. Do you not love me? As I love you?'

And Rosika did not know—although she knew, quite unexpectedly and suddenly, that she would die if he left her.

'Is — is love like this?' she asked. 'Are people — like this always — when they love?'

He took off her bright woolen cap, and smoothed back her damp hair with trembling hands.

'All are the same when they love,' he said.

'Then I am seeing now why my father wishes to do all the talking when the suitors come to propose!'

Xenophon laughed, and drew the diamond ring from his finger. Rosa looked on in amazement.

'For — for me?' she asked incredulously, as he reached for her hand.

'Of course for you — for my wife, Mrs. Xenophon! Once you are wearing my ring, you are promised to me. And not even your father can part us.'

'But I dare not wear the ring,' she said. 'My mother would burst it from me if she saw it. But,' eagerly, 'I could wear it on a ribbon around my neck!'

'Wear it then on a ribbon, until we are married,' Xenophon consented. 'Until next Sunday.'

'Next Sunday? Oh no, no, no!' Rosa answered in dismay. 'That could not be for long — for many weeks, months — years.'

'Is not until Sunday a year?' the Greek answered. 'Ah, my pearl, life is short.'

But how could Rosika tell this delectable person that, diamond ring and all, he would be *persona non grata* to her family? How could she tell him that she was meant for a fine Hungarian farmer, and none other whatever, much less a Greek? How could she tell him that even the word 'Greek' was not spoken, but spat, in her family?

And so with laughs, and promises, and warm shaking hands, they tied the sparkling ring with a bit of cord Icarus had in his pocket, and dropped it down out of sight inside the neck of Rosa's woolen dress.

'Oh, my Rosika, my Rose,' he whispered in her ear. 'How long shall I be waiting alone in my soda shop in New Britain! For when you come I shall give you golden goblets to drink from, and emerald plates!'

Rosa turned first one pretty ear and then the other to his murmuring lips, for there was enough Mother Eve in her to teach her a way with a lover; so that when Icarus left her he was the most unhappy completely happy man in New England.

But, even with all Rosika's cleverness, probably the delivery cart never would have turned and gone back in the fog the way it had come unless she had promised to begin being the stenographer of the soda shop the next day, instead of waiting for the business college to finish her.

As for Rosa, was there any reason why she should go to school any more to learn to be a stenographer when she had a stenographer's job already? And as for Icarus, the Greek knew deeply that he was a lucky man. His heart

beat faster than his horse's hoofs as he turned at last toward New Britain, with Rosa's promise to come to-morrow morning to be the stenographer of his soda shop.

IV

As the dusk descended deeper and deeper, and the fog rolled in from the Sound, Mrs. Szabo was feeling even more uneasy than she had felt all day. As she went into the closed, cold summer kitchen to dish out the supper of pot cheese and milk, with great thick slices of rye bread, she was complaining again to herself, as in the morning.

'Yoi, yoi, yoi,' she murmured. ''T is time my Yolande was home from making suspenders in English. And far past time for Rosika from the business college, and Piroska from the button factory. Italians!' she muttered, brandishing the big sharp knife over the loaf of rye bread. 'Greeks!'

Then the Szabo sisters began to pop like electric lights into the large farmhouse kitchen, its bare white corners filled with soft shadows. First there came Piroska, and, seeing her enter without really looking at her, Margit thought it was Rosa, her figure was already so large.

Piroska was as scintillating as Rosa was blooming. She was shiny all over, even her voice. Very white and flawless was her skin, sparkling and very light gray her eyes. She was taller already than Rosa, and slender as the sapling of the silver birch.

After Piroska, in poured all the others. Yolande, the Madonnaesque, with Kati and Ilka, and the two older boys from school. Then last, as always, there was Lenke, who was fifteen and in the first year of the high school. Lenke, who was tawny as a leopardess, and ready to spring avidly upon any crumbs of life that overflowed the fingers of her older sisters.

Margit feared even that Lenke, who was fourth, would be the first one married. And she could not keep from laughing, even in dismay.

For what a life was the life of the mother of six beautiful daughters! And how Margit loved it all. For joy and color still meant as much to the eager, youthful, healthy Margit as to the most life-loving of her flock.

There was *lackwar* too for supper — prune jam with nuts and fat round raisins in it. Everybody was at the table already when Rosa took her place. And, in spite of all her efforts to depress herself, Rosa looked so happy that it was as if a golden halo shone all around her head.

Lenke sat between Jeno and Wilmonz, near enough to Mrs. Szabo for a long-arm slap. And at this moment long, feline, invisible antennæ like a cat's fairly stuck out in front of her inquisitive nose and waved in the air toward her two older sisters. For psychic Lenke could feel that there was something forward. But she could not make out what it was, and was finally forced to bend her efforts upon her jam and bread.

Then came the exciting news.

'Mommo,' said Rosa, out of a clear sky. 'I have got a stenographer's job already. By a shop at 223 Elm Street, in New Britain.'

All eyes turned, as one, upon Rosa.

'And you only one week at the business college!' exclaimed Stefan Szabo from the head of his table.

'Yes, Poppo,' she said. 'A shopkeeper who needs someone to help him write his letters, and at the same time learn to be a stenographer on his typewriter at New Britain, has offered me a job. To begin to-morrow morning!'

Mrs. Szabo's bright eyes were just as inquisitive as Lenke's.

'A stenographer of what are you already?' she demanded uneasily.

'A stenographer of a confectionery shop.'

'Yes? Yes? Zo? A confectionery shop? And that might be well,' her father said.

'Does it sell ice cream?' piped Lenke.

'Yes, it does,' Rosa snapped. 'But I pray you never get any of it.'

'Oh, you do pray it, do you? Well, "a dog's barking goes not up to heaven,"' quoted Lenke nimbly.

'Mommo!' Rosa cried in a fright, as well she might. 'If Lenke is going to hang around the confectionery shop of which I am the stenographer, all will be lost. Once they see there are six Szabo sisters all wanting to be given treats of ice cream, I would no longer be employed by Mr. Xenophon!'

'Mr. *Xenophon!* Xenophon?' exclaimed Yolande, the Madonnaesque, she who was learning to make suspenders in English. 'What a strange name.'

'Well, did I name him?' asked Rosa.

'There, there,' said Mrs. Szabo fairly, as all eyes were rounding accusingly at Rosa. 'Did Rosa name him?'

'And, Rosa, what will you be paid for what you are not worth?' asked Wilmonz, the oldest brother, between bites of rye bread.

Rosa was taken aback. With all Icarus had had to say to her, and all she had had to say to him, the amount of her salary had not been so much as mentioned. But this was no time for scruples. So she answered, 'I shall be paid twelve dollars a week.'

And her voice was very gentle, for she was thinking she could not be indignant with Icarus for forgetting to mention her salary, when he had been only too busy imploring her to take half his whole shop.

Respect and awe greeted Rosa's announcement of the sum. It was the salary of a lady's job, twelve dollars a week! But it was only right, for being the stenographer of a confectionery shop. They all knew that.

'Xenophon?' inquired Mrs. Szabo politely. 'Is that a Turco name?'

'A Turk name!' stammered Rosa, red in the face. 'Of course, Mommo, it is not a Turco name. It's a Greek name.'

'Greek!' spat Mrs. Szabo. 'A Greek name you are the stenographer of the soda shop of? And his *wife*, Rosika?' she demanded. 'Mr. Xenophon's wife, Mrs. Xenophon? Is she Greek?'

Rosa was almost balked by this question. But what had to be had to be.

'Of course Mrs. Xenophon is Greek,' she said firmly. And to make it sound more convincing, she added, 'And very beautiful.'

There were sighs of relief up and down both sides of the table. For the word 'Greek' had put a strain on the Szabo psychology at a point where it was little able to bear it. But Xenophon being safely married, — and to a beautiful wife, — everybody now turned back to the business in hand, the jam business. Everybody except Mrs. Szabo, whose nimble mind was still revolving as fast as the minute hand on a watch.

'So Mrs. Xenophon is beautiful,' said Mrs. Szabo pleasantly. 'How nice. And I suppose she is rich, too.'

'Oh yes, she is very rich,' Rosa acquiesced eagerly. And again, to make it convincing, she added, 'She is so rich she never drinks plain water — only soda water.'

That settled the Szabos for a while. It gave everybody at the table something to think about. Only the gleam in Lenke's eyes told that she needed no time in which to think — that her mind was made up already. And Rosa knew, in her elbows, that the first afternoon Lenke could evade the family she would come leaping limberly to the soda shop in New Britain! Oh, why

had n't she said she was the stenographer of some other sort of shop?

After all the other Szabos had gone to bed that night, Rosa sat dreaming beside the big bare kitchen table, until at last even Mrs. Szabo fell asleep, contenting herself with calling out to Rosa in English, 'There you go burning your candle on both sides.'

As Rosa rode on the trolley the next morning to New Britain her heart thumped. When she entered the confectionery shop Xenophon was alone, for he had thrust the customers out of the shop and had given his young assistant from Salonika the whole day off for a holiday.

Icarus had been working in the shop since dawn. The glass show cases, which shone like diamonds, had been pushed back a little to make the middle aisle wider for Rosa to walk upon. Fresh garlands of colored tissue paper were festooned above the bright bottles of sweet syrups. The glistening white soda fountain was rubbed and polished. And, as a last touch, the whole place was sprayed with the perfume Xenophon used on his hair.

The confectionery shop was therefore easily the finest thing Rosa had ever seen. And from Xenophon's arms Rosika's charming blue eyes looked upon all, and liked all they looked upon.

'But ah, my Rosika, my Rose,' Icarus began at once, his lips murmuring against hers. 'Can we not close the shop now for to-day, and go together without waiting to the Greek Catholic priest?'

'Greek Catholic?' Rosika cried, aghast. She had not thought of this complication. '*Greek* Catholic? But I am Roman Catholic.'

'You will be Greek, however, when you are married to me, is it not?' Icarus asked innocently.

'Greek I am not!' Rosika cast in his fine white even teeth. 'And Greek I shall never be! Am I not already your stenographer? And is it not enough? Whether I shall ever be your wife depends upon your own behavior.

'Besides,' Rosika added, 'I shall have a great wedding. Is it for such as I to hurry to the side door of the priest?'

But Icarus caught her fiercely against him. 'But, Rosika, my Rose, my white swan, do not leave me.'

He held her close in his arms, his face against hers, and all the will went out of her into him. For that is the way with such things. And she murmured, 'I — shall never leave you — if you are loving me — so much.'

And by noon Rosa and Icarus had only come to this — that part they could not. So Rosa went to pray in a Roman Catholic church, and Icarus went to pray in a Greek Catholic church. And their prayers came to the same thing, as true prayer always does everywhere. For they each prayed for the miracle of love, and they both received it.

In the afternoon, this being the amiable state of Connecticut, where preliminaries are unnecessary, Rosika and Icarus were married by the justice of the peace at Greenwich. In the train going back from Greenwich to Milford, two hours later than Rosika was expected at home, the bride had no false modesty about cuddling against the bridegroom on the brown plush seat — he with both his arms about her, the fragrance of her hair against his face, and on her finger the new gold wedding ring.

But Rosa had no intention of causing the Szabos at home any sorrow she could save them, and also she meant to keep Icarus for herself; and she had succeeded in making it part of the bargain that she should have time to tell her family of the elopement gradually —

that Icarus should keep the wedding ring, and the diamond ring, and all the coral jewelry he had bought for her this afternoon, and she should go home, and pretend for a while to be no more than the stenographer of the soda shop.

When Rosa lifted the latch of the kitchen door and saw her father waiting up for her, he whose habit it was to go to roost with the chickens, she forced a smile upon her lips, though in her heart the tears were falling, falling. For it is always so with love.

But Rosika's latenesses followed ever more thickly. Almost every evening of the next two weeks she was late to supper; twice she went to spend the night with her cousin in Bridgeport.

Then there came, inevitably, the day when Lenke ran home all the way from the village with the news she had heard. 'Listen, Mommo!' Lenke cried. 'Listen to that which I have but now discovered — about Rosika!'

'Come, Lenke, to your dinner,' said Mrs. Szabo shortly. 'There is napkin pudding with château sauce flooding it.'

'But, Mommo!' insisted Lenke, and poured into Margit's reddening ears the tale she had to tell.

'I thought, Lenke Szabo, I told you not to go near that soda shop,' was all Margit said, though her heart was bursting against her breast.

'I did n't go,' Lenke explained. 'Have I said that it was I myself who saw Rosika kiss the Greek in the soda shop? I was told by those who saw her do it! And what do you suppose Mrs. Xenophon will do, Mommo, when she finds it out?'

What the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon would do, Margit refused to discuss. And the next night Rosa sent word home again — late — that she was staying the night with her cousin in Bridgeport. And Margit sat all night on the steps of the farmhouse, awake; for Rosa was not at her cousin's when Wilmonz was sent to inquire there.

V

Early the next morning, Margit was on the trolley for New Britain. Piroska and Lenke were with her, and Wilmonz and Ollidar. Mr. Szabo and Yolande both steadfastly refused to be a party to this early morning march, standing out loyally that Rosika had only gone with some girl to the movie, and had found herself caught too late to go on to her cousin's afterward. For of one thing Stefan Szabo was certain — his own blood. And Yolande, the Madonnaesque, was much like her father.

But Margit bore forward, every drop of her blood straining. In a street of New Britain near the soda shop Margit annexed a large policeman, who listened with the greatest avidity to all she had to say — Rosa's beauty, the Greek's perfidy, the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon's ignorance of the whole thing.

And when the Irish policeman saw how comely Margit was as she told the tale, how beautiful Piroska was, and how full of strange attractiveness the tawny Lenke, he could hardly wait to see Rosika. The more he heard, the greater grew his indignation. The low-down Greek! The shoe-shining, soda-selling, banana man! Forward, march!

Mrs. Szabo made her cohorts wait outside on the sidewalk, while she entered the soda shop alone. And it happened that Rosa had gone out of the shop at the back door at the moment her mother entered at the front, so that Xenophon and the assistant from Salonika, two unprotected Greeks, were in the shop when the Hungarian mother burst in upon them.

'You! So it is you!' Margit shrieked in English as she entered the door,

pointing at Icarus, waving her short, rounded, pretty arms, bare below her tight sleeves to the elbow. 'I have come to tell Mrs. Xenophon, your wife, the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon, what *you* are!'

Xenophon was struck dumb. Mrs. Xenophon was certainly beautiful, so this was no case of mistaken identity. The Greek blinked his glowing black eyes into Margit's almond-shaped eyes in which Tatar ancestry gleamed fiercely.

'Yes!' continued Margit at the top of her voice, as that was the Szabo method of making English intelligible, 'you are untrue to your beautiful wife!'

Of all things, this was a false accusation, for Icarus would have gladly laid down his life for the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon. And, stung with injustice, he shouted back now as loudly as he was shouted at.

'To my beautiful wife I am not untrue!' he cried. 'Nor shall ever be!'

Mrs. Szabo shook like an aspen leaf at this barefaced denial. She even forgot that she must speak in English, and poured out the vials of her wrath upon the Greek in Hungarian. She made an excellent job of it, if only he could have understood a word she said.

And when Margit saw that she would have to begin all over again in English, she was more furious than ever.

'Son of a horse!' she shrieked, her pretty mouth as red as Rosa's. 'Bloody dog!' she shouted. '*You*, Mr. Xenophon, are a wamp. A male *wamp!* I can see it in your eye!'

'You cannot see a wamp in my eye. I am a confectioner.'

'A wamp I am saying you are. A wamp, a wamp!' Margit repeated louder, believing if only she could say it loudly enough he *must* understand her.

Then in upon this familiar family struggle with the English language came Rosa, through the back door. At the sight which greeted her eyes, there fell pell-mell from her hands upon the floor the lunch she had been buying for herself and Xenophon — a fresh brown loaf from the bakery next door, round red radishes out of season, a big garlic head, some slices of sausage, and two oranges.

The oranges and the garlic head rolled, and bumped against Margit's nervous feet. She gave them a quick kick that sent them flying across the floor straight against Xenophon's feet, and he contemptuously kicked them back again, whereupon Rosa, seeing her mother and her husband kicking back and forth upon the floor the lunch she had selected with such care, burst into tears.

Mrs. Szabo had now given up the unequal struggle with the word 'vamp' in English. But she was scarcely more fortunate with her second effort.

'*Wermin!*' she shouted at Icarus. 'Wermin is what I say you are.'

She advanced one catlike step at a time toward him at each reiteration of the word, 'Wermin, wermin, wermin!'

And Icarus backed a step to her every advance, until he backed himself up against the show case, and there had to make his stand.

'Wermin!' Margit announced so close under his nose that physical encounter seemed unavoidable, when Rosa put in a word hopefully.

'Vermin, she means,' Rosa explained. 'She can't say her *v* in English.'

But this did not seem to help the situation, and the Greek's color grew garnet beneath his swarthy skin. Not being able to back any farther, he shouted 'Wixen!' at the pretty woman in front of him, to which Rosa's explanation, 'He means vixen,' added no olive branch.

Then suddenly Icarus began to discern the strong family resemblance

between the small and attractive 'wixen' and the tall and beautiful Rosa, and it dawned upon the hapless Greek that this was his Hungarian mother-in-law.

He had a wild idea of offering her an ice-cream soda. But at this moment she ran to the door and poked out her head. And in poured her camp followers — the Irish policeman first, sticking out his chest; Piroska, shrinking; then lean and hungry Lenke, looking for ice cream; and after her Wilmonz and Ollidar.

Mrs. Szabo pointed a shaking finger at Icarus. 'There he is. Pinch him,' she said in perfectly good English to the Irish policeman.

But the policeman seemed less aggressive than he had been on the street. He removed his cap, staring at Rosa.

'He makes me veep, the vasp!' Margit said, again pointing to Icarus.

Lenke caught her mother's hand. 'Don't say "veep" and "vasp" in English!' she hissed. 'If you can't say "weep" and "wasp," you should say nothing!'

'Say nothing? But I do veep. For there's nothing left for Rosika but to take the weil!'

The assistant from Salonika had lined up beside Xenophon; the populace from the street had pushed into the shop. And Rosa's cheeks floated two red flags; her eyes were blue steel. She looked past her mother, and fastened her hypnotic gaze upon the brown and limber Lenke.

'Have I not forbidden you to come to my soda shop, Lenke Szabo?' she cried. 'Take that one out!' she commanded the Irish policeman. 'That small brown one.'

Lenke slunk behind her mother's skirts.

'As for you, my mother,' said Rosa, and fished down in the bosom of her frock as she talked, 'I have something here for you.'

What fine hands she had, as she fished in her bodice! And how she was hung all over with jewelry! The necklace of corals Icarus had given her, in three loops, the bracelets, the brooch, the pendant earrings, the diamond!

At last she drew out with difficulty a handful of papers, considerably crumpled.

'See!' she cried. 'I am married in English! It is I myself who am the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon!'

Icarus, at the soda fountain behind the beautiful Mrs. Xenophon's back, was slyly 'jerking' a soda for Lenke and showing Wilmonz and Ollidar how to dish out ice cream for themselves.

And thus it came about that the Szabos, recognizing an accomplished fact, had to content themselves with demanding that the marriage be performed all over again by the village priest of their own choosing.

And whoever was fortunate enough to be passing the chapel in Milford, Connecticut, at high noon on the next Sunday saw one of the most engaging scenes imaginable; saw Rosika, wearing a new plum-colored frock with plum-colored satin slippers and plum-colored silk stockings to match, and on her head a hat of plum-colored velvet with Catawba-colored flowers and yellow lace; and, walking beside Rosika, a happy Greek; and following them a large wedding procession, including the other five of the six beautiful sisters.

And hanging at a distance upon the flank of the procession, gazing upon the lovely Piroska, the second sister of the six, could be seen veritably one of Mussolini's *giovanetti* — a young Italian as flawless of face as a Guido Reni Saint Michael, and as chinless as an olive — one Pietro Quo Vadis by name, the 'wop tailor' from Bridgeport.

LIGHT AT LAST[1]

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

DURING my first few years in school, my interest in my studies did not lag. Everyone was kind and very considerate of me then as all through my school days, and the interest the directors and the other officers of the Institution took in my progress was a constant incentive.

I was responsive to praise and easily influenced by others, and for this latter reason my teacher did not want me to mingle too freely with the other pupils and allowed me to play with them only at certain times under the watchful care of some responsible person. In spite of this precaution, however, the girls gave me some queer ideas that worried my teacher. It was my habit to tell her everything, and I liked to find something that was not in keeping with her views, because I loved debate. When I said something of which she did not approve, her way of spelling was more impressive than usual and there was more life in every word and gesture. How I did love a jolt! Though I was perfectly willing to do patiently all that was required of me, I craved excitement and welcomed anything that would make me think faster.

Every morning my teacher brought something to eat, and at half-past ten we would sit on the doorsteps, or somewhere in the shade, and eat fruit, bread and butter or crackers, and drink lemonade, while my teacher told me about the objects she could see near us. As soon as we had divided the luncheon and had started to eat, she would begin to spell out something like this: 'I see a bird. It is hopping.' I would spell, 'Where is a bird?' After she had corrected the article 'a' to 'the,' she would say, 'Near us' — or she would name whatever it happened to be near, under, or on. A short statement like that was sure to open the floodgate of questions I had always on tap, such as 'What color bird?' 'Where bird go?' or 'Bird wants bread? Bird eat?'

Sometimes my teacher would begin to eat without saying anything. Then I would start with such questions as 'Who?' 'Who you saw?' or 'You saw who?' After she had straightened out the question forms, she would answer, and nearly always would add something interesting to the direct reply. She says now that she did not restrict herself to any one tense when talking to me, but used any tense or language form demanded by the occasion, and that I used mostly the past tense, except with the verbs 'like,' 'want,' 'love,' 'have,' and 'be.'

I remember one time she spelled: 'I see two birds. They are hopping.' When she asked me to tell her what she had said I spelled: 'You saw two birds. They ared hoppingped.' I spelled this very fast, because I was proud of the fact that I could change verbs from the present to the past tense without help from her.

My teacher now tells me that this

[1] Earlier chapters of this authentic record of triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech appeared in April and May. — EDITOR

mistake of mine is unusual and that in all her experience she had never met it before, because teachers nearly always give their pupils the past form of a verb before requiring them to use it, or tell the pupils to leave a blank for the word they need but do not know. And to my question, 'Would it not have been better if you had given me the past form of "are hopping" before you led me into using it?' she replies: 'No, not in your case. If I had undertaken to do that, it would have required signs, and the superintendent had requested me to avoid using them as much as possible and to see how much could be done without them. To be sure, at times I did resort to signs, but only when it was absolutely necessary. With a class, I should have pursued different tactics, but I was on the firing line with you all the time and wanted you to receive all the bumps that one would naturally encounter when first learning to use any language. I wanted you to meet and overcome the same obstacles that the average hearing child meets and overcomes before he enters school, thus increasing your power to think and overcome difficulties as you went along. Then again, the two mistakes you made threw more light on the progress you were making than if you had spelled a perfect sentence. The sentence "They ared hoppingped" showed that you had in some way discovered that words a little different from the ones I had used were wanted and that you were perfectly capable of quickly calling upon what you had already learned to help you out; also that you had self-reliance enough not to depend upon your teacher for everything.'

The first time I went home for a short vacation, my teacher came on a Saturday to stay the following week and then take me back to school. On the Monday after her arrival, when Mother was clearing off the breakfast table, I made some sandwiches and put them in the refrigerator. I put a pitcher and a lemon on a plate near two glasses and two spoons. Mother did not understand what I was doing, but she was too busy to ask for an explanation. My teacher went around the house spelling to me, and though I was interested in learning the names of all the objects in my home I kept a sharp outlook to see when the sun would reach the steps in our back yard. I felt that the sun was lazy that morning, for I had not yet learned that it does not shine in all back yards at the same hour. Taking my teacher's hands, I led her to the clock in the kitchen and spelled, 'Eat bun. Yes? No?' She spelled 'Yes.' Then I showed her where to get ice water and sugar and, giving her a knife, told her to make some lemonade, while I got some fruit and the sandwiches.

We sat on the steps of the back piazza and I at once began to question her about our surroundings. Poor Mother did not know what it was all about until my teacher explained that at school we had an early breakfast and, as dinner was not served until one o'clock, it was necessary for us to have a bite between meals. I purposely did not tell Mother why I made the sandwiches in the morning because I wanted her to be shocked at finding my teacher and me sitting on the back steps eating like tramps, with a plate of sandwiches and a pitcher on the piazza floor. I thought Mother would be horrified, and I enjoyed the sensation this thought produced more than I did the sandwiches.

As the time drew near for my return to school, I racked my brain for some device to prolong my stay at home. I could see no reason why my teacher could not teach me as well at home as in the Institution. The day before we

were to return, we attended a picnic near a stream, which we crossed on stepping-stones, and I became aware that my teacher was fearful of having her skirt splashed. Then it flashed across my mind that if she got her dress good and wet she would not be able to take me back to school the next day, for I knew that the only other dress she had with her was unsuitable for travel. Having crossed the stream without a mishap, I coaxed her to lead me to the water and let me feel it running. This she did, and then, without any warning, I gave her several pushes, but somehow she managed to save herself until Mother took me in hand.

Then I thought of another plan. When I first entered school I had a sore finger which was very slow in healing, and to make matters worse I got a splinter under the nail while picking up something from the floor. The splinter was removed in the Institution infirmary and my finger was receiving medical care when I started on my vacation. On the day of my return to school, while Mother was getting me ready for the train, a great desire to stay at home a few more days overwhelmed me, so I told Mother I did not want to go with my teacher because she had put my sore finger on the table and beat it with a big stick. I showed her how it was done. My grandmother, who was waiting to see me off, was called, and I repeated my story. Then I was marched to my teacher, who was waiting for me in the living room. Mother showed her my finger and asked what had happened to it. My teacher told her about the splinter. Then Mother asked me why my finger was sore, and, feeling sure that she believed in me, I did not hesitate to accuse my teacher before her and Grandma.

Nothing more was said about the matter at the time, and I had to go back to school. The next morning, however, my teacher took me to the Institution infirmary and showed the head nurse my finger, going through the motions I had used in accusing her of having smashed it. The nurse shook her head and showed me how she had removed the splinter. My teacher explained to me that there was a written record of the accident to my finger, and when we returned to our schoolroom she requested me to write to my parents and tell them the truth. When I refused, she said she would take me to the superintendent's office and have him write to my parents. She made it clear that the superintendent would question the nurse, matron, and my supervisor in order to get at the truth. Then I saw the uselessness of adhering to my story, and I wrote home telling of the mistake I had made.

What a fuss about such a little thing, I thought. Why did n't she let the whole matter drop? I had learned a lesson — was n't that enough? I had learned that it was useless to fib to her or about her, for she had ways of reaching the truth of which I knew nothing, and she would do her utmost to right anything she knew was wrong. Long afterward I ventured to ask my teacher why she bothered about my accusation when she knew herself guiltless, and she answered: —

'If you had succeeded in making everyone believe that fib, there would have been no hesitation, on your part, about telling many others. What is generally considered harmless fibbing in a child, if ignored by those who should correct the fault, usually leads to something worse. I positively believed that, by this lesson, I should relieve you and your future teachers of much arduous work in training you to be truthful and trustworthy.'

I was led to ask if I was an unusually

dishonest and untruthful child, to which she replied: —

'On the contrary, you were the most honest and truthful deaf or hearing child I have ever met. This fib was the only one I ever knew you to tell. You did write imaginary stories about your dolls and other toys and sometimes pretended that you did not believe what had been told to you, but you did so in order to gain more information about the subject or to satisfy your desire to debate. All this could be classed with untruthfulness, but few would so classify it.'

It seems rather egotistic for me to quote my teacher as I have in this respect, but I feel justified, for she maintains that there are no born liars, but that circumstances, fear, shame, vanity, desire, or all together, make the liar.

II

By the second week in September we were started again on our regular school work, and everything rushed along merrily. My teacher had a carefully mapped out programme for every day, but we seldom, if ever, followed it to the letter, as she was sure to dwell a little longer on something when I seemed eager to continue and cut short anything in which I did not at the moment seem interested. There was one exception to this — counting. She was anxious to have me learn to count to ten, as she wanted to classify words according to what is known as the column or five-slate system of teaching the rules of syntax. For I had now arrived at sentence building, and syntax, as every teacher of the deaf knows, is a most difficult matter.

The first time that I put a verb in the wrong place — as, 'I a cake ate' — my teacher took a large blank yellow card that was divided into six vertical columns by pricked lines and told me that 'I' should always be put in the first column, 'ate' in the second, and 'cake' in the third. So far I understood. Then one day I wrote, 'A table is a cake on.' When my teacher saw my mistake, she led me to one side of the room, where six blank cardboard charts were hanging in a row on the wall. A week or two before this, when she had hung them there, I had asked her, 'Why?' and she had spelled, 'Keep awake and you will see in good time.'

Of course at that stage of my acquaintance with English such spelling was Greek to me, so I held her spelling hand up with both of mine, which told her that I did not catch the idea and wished her to explain. Then she spelled slowly, 'Wait and you will see why I hung the cards on the wall. After a while we shall use them.' 'Use?' I asked; and she spelled, 'Want them.' And then, 'We shall want to work on them.'

This is an example of the way I acquired language. When we went into the yard at recess, my teacher was electrified when she saw me spell to a girl, 'See.' The girl asked, 'What?' I spelled, 'Keep awake, and you will see.'

After recess, my teacher asked me why I had used the language she had spelled first and not the simpler form, and I answered in signs, 'I wanted to show the girl that I could spell like grown-ups and not in baby language.' Then she asked, 'Who told you that I spelled baby language to you the second time?' All I was able to say then, however, was, 'I know.'

Each of the six charts on the wall had several narrow strips sewed across it horizontally to hold small cards — another of my teacher's inventions; and, taking the large yellow card marked off in six columns, she showed me that the six charts corresponded to the columns on the yellow card. On the table near the charts were four

boxes containing small cards of different sizes and shapes, on each of which was written a word in Braille. I had been introduced to Braille the first week in September, and we had been making these cards off and on for some time. Whenever I needed a new word of any kind, it was pricked on a card and placed in one of the boxes, though I did not then understand why.

Nouns of all numbers and genders were written on white oblong-shaped cards and put into the box marked '1, 3, 5'; the verbs were written in the present tense on yellow cards two inches square and placed in the box marked '2'; the prepositions, which were few, were written on oblong cards smaller than the ones for the nouns and put in the box marked '4.' In the box marked '6' were square cards much larger than the ones on which the verbs were written. These large square cards were for words that expressed time — such as 'to-day,' 'to-morrow,' 'now,' and so on. It did not matter what grammarians called them so long as they told me, when used in a sentence, which tense of the verb was required.

Taking all the noun cards, my teacher showed me that they could be placed in the holders on chart 1, 3, or 5, but never on chart 2, 4, or 6, and, in turn, that the verb cards were always placed on chart 2, the prepositions on chart 4, and the time-expression cards on chart 6.

Then my teacher put my hand on a cake that was on the table and asked, 'What is on the table?' I answered, 'A cake.' She told me to take the card with 'cake' written on it and asked me on which chart it should go. I hesitated, and she spelled again, 'What is on the table?' holding her hand on chart 1. I spelled 'cake,' holding my hand right under hers; then I understood that the 'cake' card should be put in the holder on chart 1. Next she put on chart 2 a card which had 'is' written on it and told me never to put a card on chart 3 when 'is' was on chart 2. She gave me the 'on' card, which I put on chart 4, and then I put 'table' in the holder on chart 5.

This was my first lesson in correcting my language mistakes. I had been using the verb 'to be,' having picked it up from my teacher, and I had wondered why she kept the cards with 'to be' and its variations in the same box with the verbs, but held together with a strong rubber band. I asked her why she did not want 'to be' to mix with the other cards, and she said, '"To be" is a very troublesome little fellow and we have to watch him closely.'

I laughed at the way she used the pronoun 'him,' because she had taught me that the neuter pronouns were 'it,' 'they,' and 'them.'

I asked her 'Why? What "be" for?' and she explained that 'to be' and all his friends say 'yes' — that is, affirm the statement. I asked where the 'no' cards were and she showed me cards on which 'no' and 'not' were written. Then I placed cards on the charts so as to read: 'I am in my schoolroom now. I am not in the yard.'

1 :	2	: 3 :	4 :	5	: 6
I :	am	: :	in :	my schoolroom:	now
I :	am not:	:	in :	the yard	:

When my teacher took me to the charts she had no intention of dwelling so long on the verb 'to be,' but I was so curious about the little word which did not seem to mean anything that she took advantage of my interest. When I was told in my second school year that I used this verb surprisingly well for the short time I had been under instruction, I felt that it was because I had obtained a clear idea of its use on the day my teacher first gave me the charts to straighten out my mistakes.

III

By the time I went home for the Christmas holidays I had been under instruction nearly seven months, and it could be said that I was fairly started. I could count objects to ten, write from 'one' to 'ten' in words and in Braille figures, and read and write many words and short sentences in both Braille and Roman letters. I knew that only the sightless use the dotted print, that the Roman letters are used by people who can see, and that every person and thing has a written as well as spoken name. I could spell with my fingers and read what others spelled to me, and when I was puzzled my teacher would always find a way to make me understand the meaning of every word and sentence. She encouraged the pupils to spell to me after school hours, giving them to understand that they need not confine themselves to the words and language that I knew, but that they might express themselves in the language they used when talking to their teachers. In this way she was laying the foundation for me to cultivate a 'language memory.'

Shortly after the Christmas holidays Mr. William Wade, that benevolent citizen of Oakmont, Pennsylvania, who was such a generous friend to all the blind and deaf in the United States, sent me a Braille writer. I was not long learning how to write with it and I wanted to discard the slow, laborious method of writing on the Braille slate, but my teacher insisted that I use the slate occasionally. She attached some mental discipline to my making letters backward, as one must when writing on the Braille slate.

It was great fun to sit by my teacher and read as she wrote stories and news for hours at a time. I found it far more interesting to read as she wrote than to have the finished page of writing handed me. I was not allowed to interrupt her until she had finished a page, when I could ask all the questions or say anything I wished, as long as what I said had some reference to what she had written. After she had finished one subject I could talk about whatever her writing had suggested to me. When it came my turn to write she observed the same rule, and after she had corrected my writing by spelling and questions I usually copied what I had written.

At first my teacher answered my questions in a direct way, and in writing the story I confined myself to the bare facts that I had gleaned from her answers. By constantly listening to her opinions concerning what she had seen or had been told, however, I almost unconsciously, through imitation, learned to express my own ideas.

Sometimes this was rather embarrassing for my teacher. For instance, when I was in my third year at school a very dignified lady came to our schoolroom to see me while I was lying on the lounge taking my regular afternoon rest. My teacher asked the visitor if she would like to see me write something unaided, and, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, she introduced me to the lady. Then she led me to the typewriter and said: 'I saw you spelling to yourself while you were on the lounge. What were you thinking about?' I immediately began to tap out on the keys: 'You are a dear little busybody to want to know what I was thinking about, but I do not mind telling you. I was thinking about home and Mama and Papa and a new dress that Mama is making for me. I do not like store dresses. My Mama can make pretty clothes.'

I gave the paper to my teacher and she handed it to the lady without glancing at it. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how what I had written

was being received, and to my surprise she held her lips firmly together as was her wont when nonplused. Our visitor's stay was short, for as soon as she had read my paper she asked my teacher if I knew about God and if my parents were Christians, then bade me good-bye stiffly and departed.

I asked my teacher what was wrong, and she answered, 'Nothing.' This did not satisfy me, however, so she explained that the lady was a dear kind soul, but that she evidently belonged to the old school of pedagogy, which would consider it almost a crime for a pupil to speak openly of his teacher as a busybody.

'But I was in fun,' I pleaded.

'To be sure,' said my teacher. 'Any modern person would understand that, but the old school did not permit such familiarity between teacher and pupil, and for a pupil to joke or laugh and sometimes even smile brought the schoolmaster's switch into play.' For a moment I was worried, until she said that times had changed and that the moderns believe in making the schoolroom a pleasant as well as a profitable place.

Fearing that the lady had carried away a wrong impression of me, I asked, 'Did the lady think I was stupid and naughty?'

'No,' said my teacher, 'but her whole manner and expression said plainly: "What will become of that poor child if she is left to such teaching? To be allowed and encouraged to talk about such vanities as pretty clothes in school, when she should be on her knees for what she has now!"'

I wanted to know if the lady had on shabby old clothes, and was told that, on the contrary, her clothes were of the very best and that she was evidently a woman of education, culture, and breeding. If the dear good lady happens to read this I hope she will not be offended, but will rejoice in knowing that she helped me to enlarge my vocabulary, gave me a broader view of what to expect of people, and, above all, afforded me a couple of days of delightful learning, since her visit gave rise to much questioning and explaining.

It was the right psychological moment to acquaint me with new expressions. My teacher had been training me all along to repeat whole sentences after they had been spelled once to me and to get the meaning of words at the same time. I knew that nearly all words have several meanings, as I had learned that several signs may be made for one word — as many signs as the word happens to have meanings. I learned this from the other pupils, not from my teacher. I also knew that when my teacher used, for example, such a phrase as 'praying continually' she did not mean that one should keep praying every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day and every day of one's life. Some instinct told me that she was using the words in a sort of Pickwickian sense. She often spoke to me in that way because she knew that when I took up reading I should come across many things that could not be taken literally.

IV

As I have already stated, from the first my teacher endeavored to help me by every means to recall the language and speech I had before I was stricken, and whenever we met anyone who could hear she would tap me under the chin, which meant that I was to speak. When I did make an attempt to say something that I had spelled she would repeat it to me as soon as she met anyone who could hear, and a tap on my chin told me to do my best. I was anxious to talk like other people, and a second tap was not necessary.

Whether these exercises were reviving my lost memory or whether I was learning the words anew is still a question with me, but I do know that a word suddenly came back to me one day when I was rejoicing over a surprise gift that Miss Weston, a reporter, brought to me. It was a dear little stuffed rabbit all covered with fur, and the reporter hoped that I would say 'cat' or 'kitty,' words she was pretty sure I had known before losing my speech. As soon as I had taken the rabbit, my teacher spelled 'cat,' and touched my chin. I was indignant and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Bunny!' My teacher said, 'No, no. Cat.' I repeated 'bunny' so plainly that even the reporter, who had seen me only once before and was not accustomed to the voice of the deaf, understood me at once. I showed my teacher the stubby tail in proof of my assertion.

This little incident helped to increase my self-confidence, and I continued of my own free will to give some sort of sound or combination of sounds for all the words I had learned to spell, although these sounds usually meant very little to others. Now and again I would recall the spoken name of something, but was very seldom able to say it plainly enough to be understood.

My teacher was very anxious to have my speech developed at once, and at her request, in my second school year, Dr. Crouter and the directors arranged for another teacher, Miss Stewart, to undertake the task of instructing me in the elements of speech. The methods used were practically the same as those used in teaching the seeing deaf to speak, only I was required to depend upon my fingers instead of my eyes when I wanted to know the position assumed by the teacher's lips or tongue. This could not have been very pleasant work for Miss Stewart. She gave me about twenty or thirty half-hour lessons.

Meanwhile, my own teacher, Miss Foley, in addition to my other school work, was training my sense of touch so that I should learn to distinguish variations in sound vibrations. One drill that I found more interesting than the others was tapping on a toy drum. Removing one side of the drum, my teacher strung wax threads across it and had me, by simply holding my hands on the drum, tell her which thread she had strummed.

It was through the drum exercise that she taught me how to keep time when dancing. I got the waltz step by my teacher's striking the drum with her forefinger, then following this quickly with a stroke of her middle finger and then with her ring finger, the last stroke being somewhat prolonged into a sort of glide. This meant 'one, two, three, balance.' Having obtained an idea of rhythm through my fingers, I placed my hands on my teacher's toes while she went slowly through the waltz steps, and it was not long before I could follow her. Soon I could waltz with anyone, and how I did love to dance! There seemed to be something within me that I longed to express, and dancing gave me an outlet. After mastering the waltz step I took up rhythmic skipping, the one-step, scarf drills, and other æsthetic drills. During my first four years in school ten minutes every day were set aside for these exercises.

Among the many other things, I was taught to understand both script and Roman letters when written on my hands and arms, in order to keep me in touch with people who could not spell with their fingers. In short, training of my sense of touch in different ways never ceased while I was under the instruction of my first teacher. As a result, this sense became so acute that I

could recognize and even enjoy various kinds of statuary.

V

All the directors were exceedingly interested in trying to make my school life pleasant and profitable. Mr. Emlen Hutchinson, Mr. Archibald R. Montgomery, Mr. Joseph H. Burroughs, and Mr. Robert Glendinning were among the many who did a great deal to make it so. Among Mr. Glendinning's many gifts to me was a precious and very useful wrist watch which enabled me to be on time for school, shop, and meals without depending on being hunted up by the supervisors. Indeed, the watch made me feel very independent and almost normal.

Before receiving the watch, I could tell time by the clock. Seeing how I was striving to guess time by the sun and shadows, my teacher acquainted me, during my second school year, with the use of the clock. She made a hole above the figure XII on a pasteboard clock dial, explaining that the hole was the top. Then she sewed an oblong wooden bead over each figure on the dial. Touching the bead over figure I with the hour hand, while the minute hand was on XII, she spelled: 'It is one o'clock now. It is dinner time. School is out.' Moving the hour hand to II, she spelled, 'It is two o'clock.' She continued thus until the hour hand reached XII. Then, moving it to I, she waited for some response from me. I promptly spelled, 'It is thirteen o'clock.' 'No, no,' she laughed; 'we never say that. It is 1 A.M. now. You are in bed. When it is dinner time it is 1 P.M.'

In a week or two, after I had mastered the hours, five wooden cubes were sewed between the figures XII and I. Then five wooden balls were sewed between I and II, and so on, five cubes alternating with five balls between the various figures on the dial. Now the minute hand, which so far had remained at XII, was brought into play. My teacher moved the minute hand from XII to I, while the hour hand was moved just a tiny bit past I. She spelled, 'It is five minutes past one.' Then, moving the minute hand to II, she spelled, 'It is ten minutes past one.' This continued until the minute hand was again at XII and the hour hand at II. This drill was carried on day after day until by actual count I knew that the minute hand had to pass sixty beads while the hour hand crept slowly from one oblong bead to another.

The number of short sentences that I mastered while learning to tell time is almost beyond belief. My teacher has a notebook filled with expressions I learned in this way.

Among my good friends not directly connected with the Institution were Governor Edwin S. Stuart, several members of the Legislature, and Mr. Ellis Lit, Jr., of Philadelphia. Governor Stuart always remembered me handsomely on my birthdays, and he remembered me on my graduation, too. Mr. Lit often took me for long rides in his auto, with my teacher or supervisor always accompanying me to tell me about the interesting places and sights we passed. I was in my third school year when he gave me my first auto ride in Philadelphia, and it was then that I did something that my teacher saw fit to record in her school journal.

Yesterday, Mr. Lit took Kathryne for a ride in his car, and I went along. After we had ridden a mile or two a little weakness of Kathryne's came to the surface — something I thought she did not possess. Kathryne had asked, 'Why did Mr. Lit invite me for a ride?' and on my answering, 'Because he is your friend,' she asked, 'Is he rich?'

On receiving the reply, 'He has everything he needs and is very comfortably situated,' she drew herself up haughtily, threw back her head, and, turning it slowly, cast her eyes down as if looking in disdain at the people in the street. To-day I questioned her about her attitude in the car and she said, 'I did that because I felt that way.' To my question, 'How do you know that some people look and act that way?' she answered, 'I do not know. I just thought and wanted to play I was a fine lady; then my head moved itself.'

So much for human nature.

The journal also tells how, when we had passed an intoxicated man on the street, I said, 'I smell beer.' When my teacher informed me whence the odor came, she added, 'It is wrong to drink beer.' I resented her statement, saying, 'Many nice ladies and gentlemen drink beer,' for I had lived among the Pennsylvania Germans, to whom beer is nothing more than tea or coffee. Many of them were my friends, and I was ready to pledge myself then and there that they would never do anything wrong. We dropped the matter for the moment, but when we returned to our schoolroom my teacher took it up again, in spite of the fact that she usually avoided any reference to the subject of liquor or intoxication.

She told me that she knew an intelligent man who had been in good circumstances and was well liked, but who took to drinking and in a few years lost his health, fortune, and friends. The last time she heard of him he was ill, very poor, and without a friend. 'No friends! No friends!' I repeated, for I could not imagine a worse fate befalling anyone than to be friendless. Then my teacher spelled with more energy than the occasion seemed to warrant, 'Who wants a drunkard for a friend?' I replied, 'Why, another drunkard,' for my first few years of silence had impressed me with the thought that any sort of company was better than none. My teacher paused for a few seconds and then said, 'I do believe I have neglected the words "no one" and "nobody."'

Then she began with still more emphasis, 'Who wants to associate with a wicked man?' I answered as truthfully as I could, 'Another bad man.' Still my teacher kept up her querying, her next question being, 'Who would like to have the President of the United States for a friend?' She hoped by this question to lead me to say 'everybody' or 'everyone,' and thus lead me to use the opposite, 'nobody' or 'no one'; but my answer was, 'The King of England.' She continued, 'Who would like to have Governor Stuart for a friend?' My answer came quickly, 'The President of the United States,' for I had placed Governor Stuart above all others, and why should not the President yearn for his friendship?

My teacher's notes on this subject end with, 'It is true that to-day I failed for a while in cornering Kathryne into using voluntarily "no one, nobody, everyone, and everybody," but I did spend a very interesting and amusing half hour with her in which my brain received more stimulus than any beverage could possibly have given it.'

VI

In Wissinoming Hall there was a teacher, Miss Mabel P. Whitman, who had, previous to coming to the Institution, taught a boy who had become deaf after he had learned to speak and who had lost his sight at fourteen years of age. He had been in a school for the deaf several years before becoming blind. Although his educational problem could not have been anything like mine, Miss Whitman very bravely and generously took up the task of instructing me in speech

without any recompense save observation of Miss Foley's methods and my heartfelt thanks, which still go out to her. Miss Whitman could spell with her fingers and knew New York point, but was wholly unacquainted with the American Braille that I used. However, she soon picked up American Braille, and it was not long before she had me gliding along the path Miss Foley had marked out for me — that is, learning how to pronounce words as soon as I was able to use them.

Since it was necessary for me to place my fingers frequently on Miss Whitman's lips and tongue, cleanliness had to be a watchword, as well as cheerfulness and willingness to learn. Miss Foley inspected me to see that my teeth, hands, and nails were scoured and cleaned thoroughly, though my supervisor kept me spotless in every respect. A half hour was spent in school before I had my oral lesson, however, and, since my fingers were doing duty for both eyes and ears, my hands were sure to accumulate some foreign matter. Every morning, therefore, we placed a small table in the centre of the room with everything on it that might possibly be needed in a speech lesson, and a basin of water and towels were put within easy reach, so that not one minute of the precious oral hour would be lost.

The following letter from Miss Whitman in response to my questions will indicate the methods she used.

DEAR KATHRYNE: —

In teaching you to speak, the method was not much different from that used in teaching the deaf, except that you found the positions of the vocal organs by the sense of touch while they get them by sight. The first sounds taught were *ar* and *ah*. You felt and found that my tongue lay soft and flat. You placed your hand on my chest and felt the voice vibrations. Then you imitated me and reproduced the sound yourself. Then you got the sound of *p*, *b*, and *m*, feeling the vibration of the nasal sound of *m* on the nose. The various vowels were learned by feeling the position of the lips and tongue and giving voice. Sometimes you had to try several times before getting the right sound, but when you got it I told you, and you repeated it till you knew it. You were getting a certain amount of lip reading by taking syllables, words, and sentences from my lips. This was never hard for you to do. I remember that sometimes, when I got tired of spelling, I would give a lesson by lip reading. You always liked to do it for a change. I could not let you keep your fingers on my nose for the nasal sounds, because it tickled me, but you got along just as well. . . .

In my fifth school year Miss Whitman became my teacher. I also had two hours daily of industrial work directly under Miss Jennie Diehl, the head of the sewing department, who, during all the rest of my school years, took great pains in giving me special instruction. I had already had instruction with Miss Foley in knitting, crocheting, tying, knotting, weaving on a kindergarten frame, making silk patchwork, simple basketry, cutting and making dolls' clothes. Miss Diehl carried on the manual work started by my first teacher, to which she gradually added other work, such as caning, weaving on a large loom, and fancywork. It was in the industrial department that my early years of sense training reaped a harvest. My dancing, gymnastic, and æsthetic-dancing lessons were dropped at the end of my fourth year, I am sorry to say, as well as writing with a pencil and on my arm. I did continue to dance occasionally with the girls after school hours, but they hopped and jazzed and seemed to know nothing about the slow, gliding waltz and the rhythmic skipping that gave me so much pleasure.

As my tenth year in school drew to a close, Miss Whitman was lured by a

larger salary to another institution, and from then until my graduation, in 1925, I had in succession three other teachers, each one being, like my first two, the best obtainable. They were well educated, energetic, and up-to-date in educational ideas and practices. Each had interesting ways of teaching, but I cannot give details, as no notes on the subject are obtainable.

On leaving school, I made no attempt to enter college, as many of my friends thought I should. Instead, I followed the advice of my teachers by returning home to my parents and adjusting myself to the quietness of home life. So here I am, as busy and as happy and content as most persons in the circumstances of my parents are. I help Mother with her household duties and do little things for Father when he returns home tired from work; I dress dolls and sell them to get pin money. Then, in addition, I am taking a course in English composition and rhetoric from the Hadley Correspondence School, which, with my reading, helps to keep me mentally alert.

When I began to learn speech, lip reading was very valuable, but it is not agreeable to most persons to have another's fingers constantly on their lips, and if a deaf person does not want to be left entirely alone he must make every effort to avoid being disagreeable to his friends. While I can read Mother's lips without much strain, she, like Father, finds it more convenient to spell to me, except when her hands are too busy to stop to spell. It is then that I gladly resort to lip reading.

My parents continue to be as devoted and anxious about my welfare and happiness as they were when I was a helpless child. And the future? Well, my first teacher taught me to enjoy the present and to leave bridge-crossing until I should come to the bridge.

HORTON AND THE UNIVERSITY

BY EDITH L. NEALE

In a marginal notation in my high-school text on the history of English literature were the words 'At Horton.' The reference was to John Milton and those five years after he left Cambridge when 'to the outward view he was all but idle, merely turning over the Greek and Latin classics in a long holiday,' but when 'really he was hard at work preparing himself,' and so on. To a farm girl whose chores were forever in the way of her reading, here was Utopia. I announced forthwith that some day I was going to have a Horton period. Mother hoped I might. She knew well my pathetic attempts at combining a Horton period with churning and the resultant slowing of the tempo of the old barrel churn.

From high school I went on to the state university. My reading there was good, but not Hortonic in scope. Too many courses cluttered up my days and nights. And it was much the

same after I finished school and commenced teaching. My days were spent in administering courses and my nights in checking up on the efficacy of the administration. The old hunger for time off to read gnawed more acutely with my growing consciousness of the awful gaps in my education. Then after four years I decided to go to a great Middle-Western university, notably hospitable to graduate students, there to begin the process of stopping gaps.

I arrived at the university with the preconceived idea of taking a bit of French, some history, perhaps, for background, and one English course, allowing, I thought, much time for my unexplored classics — those books on which I could so glibly comment and of which I knew so pitiably little first-hand. Horton was at last coming into view — its green pastures of learning, its quiet waters of meditation. With the staff of hope, I, literary pilgrim, sought entrance to a promised land through a door marked 'Graduate students register here.' The gatekeeper asked, 'What department?' His use of the singular was so matter-of-fact in its exclusiveness that I hesitated to explain the catholicity of my tastes and stammered meekly, 'English.' Thereupon I was ushered to a seat before the director of graduate work in English literature.

Of just what took place during that interview I have but a hazy idea. I know that somehow I was made to understand that my way lay along a well-defined course toward a Master of Arts degree. I was troubled, and protested, but my defenses crumbled under the weight of university opinion as voiced by that professor. Horton receded into the distance. I knew I was going wrong, but there was no turning back. And the path I took led me straight to a Master's degree, with which embellishment I left the university in June.

Well, of course, in that graduate study I read much, and some of the disconcerting gaps were filled. But, oh, the precious hours I spent in poring over obscure volumes which I knew had no vital connection with my literary needs! In my sanest, most honest moments I rebelled. Yet with that powerful argument for research, that in my humble way I was contributing to the great background of world knowledge, the rebellion was quelled. And so mesmeric was the effect of this argument that I should have been completely and contentedly under its spell had not financial necessity pulled me back to a job.

I suppose I get a human sort of satisfaction out of that degree. I have marched each spring in an academic procession with a Master's hood hanging down my back and with arms emerging from the halfway point of the sleeves of my Master's gown. But this scholastic distinction does n't carry me far from a feeling of resentment at the sacrifice made for that hood and those sleeves. Was it for this that I had missed Horton?

Eight years have elapsed, and again I am Horton-bound. It chances that I am again in the neighborhood of my Alma Mater. Surely this can be no disadvantage. Think of her libraries — of her stimulating contacts. It is mid-term; I'll not be lured into courses.

On the day of my arrival I lunched at the Graduate Club, and there met the librarian of the university's rare-book room. She made polite inquiries about my work — in what field did it lie? It was the old challenge, and it evoked that same old response — apology and embarrassment at being classed as a trifler by the university world. I gulped down a bite of salad, and

then with all the courage I could muster announced my reading programme.

'Oh!' She was silent for only a moment. Such a proposal was not to be taken seriously, I suppose. At any rate, with beautiful disregard of it, she came back with six distinct plans for use of material in her domain — research that I could easily turn into semi-popular literary articles. Academically I knew her plans were both workable and interesting. I confess to glowing a bit at the possibilities. But right there I took firm hold of fancy and let reason make a reckoning. There would be hours of poring over manuscripts of old unpublished plays. I made a mental retreat. Horton did not lie in that direction.

After lunch I went to the library, got a reader's card, drew out two books, and wandered up to a manuscript exhibit. I recognized in one of the exhibitors an acquaintance of graduate-study days. She had news of old associates who were carrying on. Her work as manuscript reader in a great editing project involved fascinating problems.

As I listened I felt a stir. Again the burrowing of the academic mole! And what was *I* doing? What was the use? I excused myself hastily.

'But you'll be having a desk in the graduate room soon.'

I murmured something about that being no place for me. In my confusion I may even have mentioned Horton. No hurt if I did, for by that time I was in full retreat, clutching determinedly my two 'gap' volumes and scuttling off to my room, fifteen blocks removed from those academic walls.

That night I dug out the old textbook and reread the paragraph about Horton. There was the memorable sentence: 'To the outward view he was all but idle.' There was something I had forgotten about woods and brimming streams, but 'communion with lofty spirits' was the main idea, and the 'apparent leisure.' To be sure, Horton was a village, definitely apart from Cambridge. But my Horton — it's just a quiet literary environment. Why can't I enter it through university gates without being harassed by the ever-recurrent 'How does it feel to be a lady of leisure?' and without being turned away shamed by a sense of intellectual unworthiness because I am not doing research — no, nor yet taking a single course?

CHARTING THE FASHIONS

BY KATHERINE CASEY AND CLAIRE SULLIVAN

I

On a crisp autumn morning in the financial district in New York City an alert young girl of the unmistakable college type stood on a street corner and closely scrutinized the shoulders of every man who passed. Many men did pass, — many well-dressed ones, in fact, — the region being that of banking houses and brokerage firms where thousands of prosperous bond sellers and vice presidents gather daily. From time to time could be heard the click of a little instrument in the young woman's hand.

A leisurely elderly gentleman, attracted by the intent manner of the young woman, who was obviously on serious business for all she was conducting that business on a street corner, allowed curiosity to overcome strict convention.

'Would you mind telling me what you are doing?' he asked.

'Not at all,' she replied, clicking her counter twice as she spoke. 'I'm checking peaked lapels.'

'And what would that be?' he persisted.

This might develop into a bore, she thought. Explaining the routine of one's everyday business to people who have never heard of fashion scouting is tedious. Best to tell him briefly and get rid of his kindly but interfering interest.

'I'm counting to see how many out of every hundred men who pass are wearing coats with peaked lapels. I work for the fashion bureau of a department-store group.'

The elderly gentleman pondered. Presumably it was all right. But the weather was a bit blowy — this youngster would get cold if she stood there very long.

Across the street a huge sight-seeing Chinatown bus stood empty, awaiting passengers. Seizing the girl firmly by the arm, the elderly gentleman escorted her to the bus, opened the door, thrust her into the front seat, and said contentedly: 'There, now. You can check your peaked lapels just as well in there, where it's warm and cosy.' He departed with the satisfied mien of the Boy Scout who has performed his helpful deed for the day.

'And,' said the young woman, recounting the incident to her colleagues, 'there I sat in glory, serving, I suppose, as a "come-on" for the bus owners while I finished my morning's work.'

At the same hour a banker in one of the near-by celebrated institutions was calling this young woman's chief on the telephone. 'We have just financed the such-and-such mills to the tune of a good many million dollars,' he stated, 'and they report that they have their looms set to run until midwinter on transparent velvet. Tell me, are they all right for style?'

'They are not,' the fashion analyst answered, 'and I advise you to get those looms changed at once if possible. Transparent velvet was an important fashion twelve months ago. To-day it's on the way out.'

The style scout seeking information from her post on the windy corner outside and the banker telephoning from the mahogany splendor of his office inside are factors, at either end of the scale, in a highly organized and important new profession which to-day influences all shopkeeping, and which, for want of a better term, can be referred to as Charting Fashions.

II

In the old days, before everyone had an automobile and a radio, and before publicity was perfected to the point where details of the costume of the Princess di San Faustino at the Lido on Monday are known to young women inhabiting our Western prairies by Wednesday, the matter of fashion was not of such relentless importance. Store buyers went to the New York market and bought what was shown them. Some bought by the eye, choosing the fabrics, colors, and designs which seemed to be favored by the greatest number of the manufacturing houses. Others, less careful but often successful enough, bought what was advised by the manufacturer whose entertainment was congenial, whose past advice had proved not unwise, or whose grasp of the subject seemed intelligent.

Manufacturers in turn went to Paris, made the round of the great couturiers, were fêted, influenced, persuaded in their turn, and emerged with what models fate had ordained for them. It is to be feared that occasionally the artistic and temperamental geniuses in charge of the French houses let their imaginations run riot, and presented to the 'barbarians' from America such unrestrained and peculiar creations as they never would have offered to the conservative *élégantes* of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

If the New York manufacturer seeking designs in Paris and the American buyers gathered in New York from the four corners of the country were free from any organized guidance, the American woman customer was in her way equally guileless. She was inclined to buy without much question whatever was presented to her in her favorite shop. She was not too well informed about the intangible vaguely known as 'style.' It was a day before frequent trips to New York; a day when one or two of the higher-priced magazines did, to be sure, take dress very seriously, but when the women's papers were casual about apparel and gave their crusading earnestness to campaigns for better babies and symposiums on diet or education.

In a word, it was 'before the war.'

The first signs of the new department-store era, of which the organized charting of fashions is an important factor, appeared shortly after the Armistice. One of the Fifth Avenue houses was becoming active in the merchandising of fashion under the direction of an alert young advertising man who had graduated from the University of Illinois, won his spurs in Chicago, and come to the metropolis to demonstrate his idea that fashion promotion was to play an important rôle in the department store of the future. Another advertising man, also from the Middle West, was perfecting a fashion-reporting service designed to guide provincial stores throughout the country, and it became so successful that it was syndicated and sold like a newspaper cartoon service. Its customers were the merchandise managers of department stores.

Coincident with these and less outstanding examples was the work of such educational institutions as the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia University, and notably the Harvard

School of Business Administration. As early as 1914 a Columbia professor of marketing, with the age-long history of merchandising at his finger tips, had left the academic shades and gone into a department store to compare historical theory with contemporary practice. The results were beneficial both to the classroom and to the store. Just after the war a discernible number of young men emerging from the Harvard School of Business Administration, young men of the type which had hitherto gone promptly from college into banking or bond selling or the law, began to turn their attention to the business of scientific shopkeeping. Here was a field with an enormous annual turnover where, apparently, scientific management had made few inroads. A number of these young men, allied through family connections to large banking houses and fortified by their business training in the newly formed Harvard school, decided to see what could be done.

They found the stores ripe for their efforts, especially those stores which had been reached by the influence of the pioneers from within. What the new school of young executives has accomplished in a decade has all but revolutionized the business of merchandising in the department stores, and has placed many a veteran merchant and buyer with his back to the wall. And one of the most captivating by-products of the new school is its organized charting of fashions, which has developed for young business women to-day a calling more novel, popular, and promising than any which has appeared since the period just before the war, when managing bookshops and tea rooms was enthusiastically hailed as the bright new avenue to economic freedom for women.

What the new type of scientific, trained store executive found, more often than not, was this: that storekeeping, like Topsy, had 'just growed.' Stores were stocked thoroughly twice a year; depleted lines were replenished as circumstances dictated, but generally at haphazard. There was no careful system of advance information to prepare a merchant for a developing new fashion or to warn him that an established one was on the wane.

Fashion was regarded as a whimsical jade. Sometimes one guessed right, sometimes wrong. Fashion was neither given as much credit as she deserved for her favors nor blamed severely enough for her mistakes. Weather, the state of the crops or of the stock market or of business generally, the condition of local industries, the peculiar and individual tastes of 'our customers,' as differentiated from all other customers and particularly from New York women — these and a score of other more or less relevant reasons were offered for the failure of a type of coats or dresses to sell readily.

The scientific young men from Harvard helped to change all this. Colored graphs began to spring up like magic in merchandise managers' offices, where only sample dresses had been seen before. Studying these and the tables of figures which accompanied them, the buyer could calculate with mathematical precision which would be his peak Saturday or bluest Monday of the season, how many more black coats he should buy than brown, what proportion of his budget should go for high-, for medium-, or for low-priced garments, and how much stock he should have left by Christmas. Scientific principles already discovered and proved practicable in other fields were, it was found, equally cogent when applied to the selling of apparel. The problems of buying and selling were amenable to the lessons of cost accounting, overhead budgeting, and

merchandise control. Among the many elements of storekeeping which were examined under the microscope of the new-school merchants, not the least was this matter of the old bugbear Style.

Here it was that the fashion analyst stepped in.

III

The first principle that the fashion analyst expounds is that there is nothing sudden, or erratic, or mysterious about fashion. It moves slowly and in cycles — not quickly or with leaps and bounds, first in this direction, then in that, as many suppose. It can be studied, charted, predicted with an accuracy that to-day is saving manufacturers and merchants thousands of the dollars formerly wasted, when knives were set to cut a style that had no legitimate promise of general acceptance, and when department-store shelves were expensively loaded with clothes which, as the modern analyst of fashions could tell at a glance, would prove to be decidedly ephemeral in attractiveness.

The fashion analyst who started in a small way, advising the buyer what to choose to satisfy the demands of a clientele becoming increasingly style-conscious, now occupies the strategic position of coördinator between the many departments of a big store, as well as between buyer and manufacturer. The chain begins, as it has for many years, in the brains of the great dress designers of Paris, who have the advantages and prestige of European culture and the treasures of the world's great storehouses of art to draw upon. The fruits of their labors are presented to a few score of international beauties, cosmopolites, society women, much-admired actresses, and the like, who make a life work, an intense and exciting one, of appearing, beautifully clad, at the pleasure resorts of the Continent.

These women start the fashion. What they reject is banished. It disappears. What they accept they wear at Biarritz, Deauville, on the Riviera, at the races in Paris, at the Swiss winter resorts. Soon it is seen on the fashionable ocean liners, on Park Avenue; a little later, in great numbers, on Fifth Avenue; and then, a very little later, on nearly every Main Street in the land.

The amount of time which elapses between the first appearance of a new style at some luxurious *plage* and its acceptance by enough women throughout the world to make possible mass production is longer than people generally imagine. It is always long enough for the middlemen to discover the tendency, manufacture their goods accordingly, and then sell them at retail. The style trends discovered in Europe and carefully watched in their slightest manifestation are sometimes two years in becoming the accepted fashion in America.

It is the painstaking accuracy of the charting of fashions which makes it so valuable. When fashion scouts attend the races at Belmont or Meadowbrook they do not note in a general way that tweed is being worn, or that fur scarfs seem to be in favor. They count how many tweed suits there are, recording what colors and by whom worn. When they go to tea at the Plaza or lunch at Pierre's in New York they count the number of women present and the proportion wearing gray-beige hose to those wearing sun-bronze, should that be the question of the moment. When sun-bronze is coming in, a so-called 'high fashion,' there will be a few at the Plaza, none on Forty-Second Street or on Broadway. If sun-bronze has been reported earlier from Longchamp and Auteuil, the alert fashion analyst, when she sees a few pairs in the smart Fifty-Seventh Street section,

bestirs herself; when the majority of women are demanding sun-bronze, Forty-Second Street and the stores on the Main Streets of the United States will have what is wanted.

A few years ago the word 'ensemble' came into the fashion language of the American woman. It meant to her a suit — that is, a dress and a coat that matched, or were closely related in fabric and color. This harmony or coördination fitted in with the ideal of more careful dressing, and to-day the word 'ensemble' is thought and spoken by every woman and by many men selecting clothes. It has come to mean the proper selection of colors, fabrics, and accessories for harmonious effect in costume and home decoration.

In order that a customer may go into a store and come forth with a complete ensemble, or with accessories perfectly assembled, careful and intensive work on the part of the fashion analyst in anticipation of the season's wants is required. Shoes are planned with the manufacturer, and ordered six to ten weeks in advance of their actual selling in the store. When, as has been the case in the past year, shoes and bags are worn in the same color, and frequently in the same leather, it necessitates a coördination of buying activities, dependent on the decision of the fashion analyst and the buyers, regarding leathers and colors which smart women will wear. Very dark tobacco-brown was almost universally accepted the past season, replacing tans and browns of a reddish hue. Fashion coördinators scurried around with the shoe buyers, made sure that the right color was being selected, got samples of the leathers that were being pulled over the lasts, and hurried back to the bag buyer, with the advice that his bags should be of the same leather.

Less than two years ago a bag manufacturer of considerable importance indignantly said: 'I don't have to go to shoe manufacturers to find out what is going to be good in bags. I know. I'll make my own colors, and they can do as they please.' The following season many of his former customers did not return, and their reason was that his colors did n't match the shoes they had bought.

It is no easy task to match felts and straws to suits and dresses, but in the past few seasons retail-store buyers have seen to their dismay reliable customers come in with a dress and say, 'I must match this color,' and, failing, walk out. Thus manufacturers are concentrating their efforts toward coördinating the various industries. They know that buyers from well-organized stores will arrive in the market with samples of the blues and browns, greens and reds, that are the accepted shades for fashion promotion, and that they, like the retail customer, will walk out if they can't find what they want.

Last summer a modish type of straw hat was being worn by well-dressed women at Southampton, and a buyer, arriving in the market with this information, planned to purchase a couple of dozen so that she might be among the first to register the newly important straw. After visiting two manufacturers, she said to the third, 'I'm going to find those hats or buy nothing.' He admonished her not to buy any of the new stuff; he had been selling hundreds of this and that type to well-known stores. This only sent her on her way determined that she wanted nothing but the right new straw. Eventually she found it.

A keen, well-informed fashion research director collects the important colors and the important fabrics for a coming season eight to twelve weeks in advance, and supplies to all the buyers with whom she works a com-

plete set of swatches which they will use in the market as their guide in all color selection. Only in this way can a store's coat department know accurately the shade which the customer quotes from the hat department, and so supply a matching or correctly harmonizing shade. When this color plan is carefully worked out, matching gloves and hose, sweaters and skirts, evening wraps and dance frocks, will be found in the same store. Uniform color information is possible for the sales people under this system. For instance, Chanel red, not Coolidge red, will be the shade mentioned; Patou blue, not Alice blue.

IV

The fashion analyst must be unfailingly alert, of course, and must possess an unerring eye for style. She must be a tireless worker with physical stamina as well as mental quickness. She has literally to 'pound the pavements and wear out shoe leather' in the gathering of fashion news, which is the foundation of her resources for style appraisal. Decorative young women fond of fine clothes and entertainments in fashionable restaurants, or restless débutantes suddenly deciding to 'do something,' are the bane of the fashion bureaus. The intelligent merchant is fast learning that the successful fashion worker who will help him make money must serve her apprenticeship in the department store before she can appreciate the problems of buyers and sales people. The socially prominent young thing who knows Cap d'Antibes and Aiken, but recoils at the mention of unbleached sheeting and flannelette nightshirts, is a liability. Middle-aged matrons of culture and refinement are often sadly disillusioned when they think this background and their acknowledged personal gentility a sufficient equipment for the work. The charting of fashions is a serious business demanding serious effort, and lighthearted ladies in search of a sinecure are not welcome in its strongholds.

When the dancing partner of the late celebrated Maurice Mouvet first tripped down a French Line gangplank wearing a white gardenia some six years ago, the average woman, if she had noticed at all, might have sniffed at artificial flowers, as they were scornfully called. The fashion coordinator, who must eschew strong likes and dislikes and cultivate a dispassionate critical insight, noticed and noted. She saw two or three more gardenias a few days later at one of the patrician restaurants. Styles in accessories, unlike major styles in coats and dresses, develop fairly quickly, so it was a scant fortnight later when 'costume' flowers were insinuatingly presented to a delighted feminine world. Countless department stores which had sadly relinquished artificial flowers from their millinery sections when untrimmed hats became the vogue began to sell, not artificial, but 'costume' flowers. In this case the rose, by another name, smelled far sweeter.

Jacques Borotra, the 'bounding Basque' of the sports writers, prancing joyously over the tennis courts in full view of thousands of admiring débutantes and wearing the skullcap his compatriots had worn for years, is credited with starting a fashion in headgear that has swept the world — first in little caps for children, and later, when the fine artistic hand of the Parisian modiste had worked its modifying charm, in a classic fashion for women's hats. In the same way a famous English actress now starring on Broadway is believed to have initiated the vogue for imitation, or costume, jewelry which has swept the country in the past few years.

The vagaries of uncommonly popular

individuals are not, of course, the only breeding ground for styles which may become the fashion. An upheaval like the World War will be responsible for short skirts, cropped hair, and other evidences of utilitarian simplicity. The enthusiasm of a few millions of young people for tennis will make the middy blouse and pleated skirt of Helen Wills a favorite among schoolgirls, or the striking sweaters of Bill Tilden the desideratum of their collegiate brothers. The sun-basking of the Italians at the Lido so impressed itself on the consciousness of American tourists in Venice that pyjamas have escaped from the boudoir and come into the garden all over the United States. Health seekers baring their backs to the rays of the Mediterranean sun all along the French and Italian Riviera started a vogue for backless and sleeveless dresses which dismayed silk manufacturers and modest prelates alike.

And the old dependable yearning for change, the most certain of all the certainties to the student of fashion, is now bringing back feminine frills and fripperies to a world of women starved with the Biblical lean seven years of stern masculine simplicity.

V

The style consciousness of the individual woman every fashion analyst attributes largely to the effect of visual publicity. Persistent articles in fashion magazines, faithfully read, will have infinitely less effect in focusing mass attention on some new style than the sight of a famous or strikingly attractive woman wearing that style. This visual publicity is possible to-day because of the moving pictures and because the world and his wife get around more, thanks to their automobiles. Nowhere so unanswerably as in fashion is seeing believing.

The Prince of Wales, fashion scouts will assure you, is closely watched not alone because he is royalty, but because he is one of the world's best-dressed young men.

Not the least important factor in the publicity, deliberate or gratuitous as the case may be, which has made American women so well informed about style is their comparatively new familiarity with the names of the great couturiers of Paris. Ten years ago Lanvin and Premet and Callot Sœurs were just unpronounceable names with no personal significance to any but the knowing few. To-day the rotogravure sections, the fashion magazines (ten-cent as well as forty-cent ones), the moving-picture news flashes, the style talks via radio, the department stores' mannequin parades, have so impressed *la haute couture* on the consciousness of women that not only the woman of leisure and means, but every little shop girl, is aware that a dashing British army captain remained in Paris after the war and established the house of Molyneux; that the life of the lovely Gabrielle Chanel is full of romance; that the brisk and businesslike Patou and Lelong come to the States and meet Americans on their own terms; that the bearded Paul Poiret is the apostle of the exotic and bizarre; that the aristocratic house of Worth (some of them even say 'Vort') dresses the Queens of Spain and Rumania; and that the name Schiaparelli stands for sports clothes incomparable.

After-the-war Paris attracted a large group of diverse cosmopolitan exiles. Titled Russians stripped of their estates opened embroidery or perfume shops if they were grand duchesses, or drove taxicabs at night if they were grand dukes. Americans or English war workers, enamored of all things French, remained. Italians and Spaniards forgathered for one reason or another.

Their stories received constant attention, and many of them drifted to what the buyers, among themselves, caustically refer to as the 'rag business.' The Paris fashion world became celebrated for many things in addition to just fashions; and the publicity of personality helped tremendously to further the education in fashions of a world full of interested women.

The old-fashioned or provincial storekeeper who flouts the dictates of his style information services is destined to chagrin. The story is told of a Western merchant who was chided by a New York fashion contact editor for filling his shop windows with Spanish shawls a year after this vogue had waned. 'Our people will buy them,' said the merchant. 'We are different here.' Just then a maiden in her teens, accompanied by a youth of equally tender years, strolled by the window where the garments were displayed. 'Oh, I must have one of those!' exclaimed the girl admiringly. The merchant smiled 'I told you so' at his disdainful critic. But the youth was replying, 'Indeed you'll not go places with me, wearing one of those things. They went out of style a year ago.' And the fashion editor's answering smile was freighted with a double dose of irony.

Equally significant of the world-wide penetration of style consciousness in a field apart from apparel is the experience of a fashion analyst seeking to persuade her client, an Iowa merchant, to install the new colored-enamel kitchen ware in place of the old-fashioned agate and tin. Her pleas were falling on deaf ears when a fat Sioux squaw entered the house-wares section and asked for a luncheon pail for one of her little Indians to carry to school. She grunted scornfully when the nice shiny tin pails which had always been sold were offered. She wanted either a red or a yellow enamel pail. 'New style,' she quoted. That particular Iowa merchant saw light through Indian eyes that day.

VI

The buyer of women's apparel to-day goes into the market with his merchandise control sheet in one hand, telling him how many garments to buy and how much to pay for each, and in the other his chart of colors, styles, and proportion of each, provided by the fashion director. When the manufacturer, too, has been advised by and has coöperated with his own analyst, he offers what the buyer knows women will take. The result is a gratifying increase of profit and decrease of loss all along the line. Stories of expensive left-overs unsalable because the style was wrong are becoming scarcer. Manufacturers saved from investing in thousands of yards of unneeded material because they had accurate information of skirt and coat lengths fill the air with their grateful praise. The hit-or-miss storekeeper of the old type who prospered in spite of his disorderly and illogical methods, the wealthy second-generation merchant spending for polo ponies or airplanes the fortune his father built up in the nineties, are fast surrendering to the facts-and-figures school of bright young men and women, many of the highest-salaried executives among them still in their early thirties, who are raising merchandising to the dignity of a profession and proving that the scientific spirit is the Waterloo of waste, whether it be in manufacturing automobiles, hats, or shoes.

It must not be thought, however, that the charting of fashions confines itself exclusively to the garments of women. Far from it. The matron who has achieved what she considers a flattering ensemble for herself, who presents to the world the pictorial effect she believes bears the stamp of her

personality, is not long in turning her attention to husband and children. They too must be in the picture.

College boys, eschewing the to them slightly ridiculous tail coat, used to come to dinner in the shorter Tuxedo, and their elders and betters, dazzled by the glamour of youth, fell into line. For some years conservative hostesses, with an appreciative eye to the formalities, deplored the fact that you could n't get a man under ninety into anything but a dinner coat. Then the college boys, seeking change, discovered the delights of dressing up in tail coat and 'topper' even as their sisters, short-skirted and bob-haired since childhood, derived a costume-party thrill from the first drooping long skirts. Last winter we saw the dignified man of middle age once more enduring the portly grace of formal attire. The Wall Street scout, busy on her count of peaked lapels, indicates how close is the attention paid to men's clothes.

As for the children, they have always, of course, reflected their fond mothers' tastes, but with the growing sophistication of extreme youth they are becoming, as the phrase goes, style-conscious themselves. Indeed, an indignant New York nurse, whose precocious charge demands that her costume for the next day be presented for her approval each night before she retires, tells of arranging a rose-striped sweater with a plain rose skirt and rose-striped socks for the little girl's inspection.

'That won't do, Marie,' she was informed.

'And why not, pray, miss?'

'They don't match,' said the six-year-old. 'The stripes in the sweater go this way [vertically] and the ones in the socks like this [horizontally].'

The delighted fashion student to whom this was told admitted that the child, like Shylock, bade fair to 'better the instruction.'

From the clothing of husband and children to the furnishings of houses and the accoutrements of automobiles is but a step for the fashion-conscious American woman. Even so practical a realist as Henry Ford had to scrap the mechanically perfect model T car when America wanted beauty and style. Furniture manufacturers and house designers, architects of office buildings, anyone who makes to sell for profit anything that the modern woman uses or wears, looks to fashion research divisions for guidance. And the fashion analyst, far from trying or wishing to advance this style or that, looks for the answer to the women themselves and to recorded charts of what their most conspicuous representatives have worn and used for the past two years. The purpose of the fashion director is not to show the store how to sell what the manufacturer has made, but rather to show the store how to buy what the public will demand.

And the public will demand, all history goes to show, what it has demanded, but with modifications, alterations, and new embellishments. If women wear ultra-feminine things as they did in 1921, they will go through seasons of simplified semi-masculine modes before they again demand and accept the ruffles and laces as they began to do in 1929.

There's nothing new under the sun and never was, but the designer lives and flourishes by knowing when the old is old enough to be new again, and what manner of ingratiating detail it may attempt by way of disguise. And the fashion analyst, watching these attempts and their failure or success, is the merchant's barometer, foretelling with a gratifying percentage of accuracy the sunshiny styles which will become the fashion and the stormy ones to be avoided this side of signing orders on the dotted line.

THE FRANCISCAN ADVENTURE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

RUSSIA aims at Communism, and the rest of the world watches breathless; most people apprehensive, horrified, a minority anxiously sympathetic. A socialist government, seemingly supported by a large proportion of intellectuals, holds office in England. The question concerning the social advantage and ethical soundness of private property-control is to the fore in practical politics. Has history any light to throw on this situation?

One episode in this connection is salutary to consider — the adventure of the sons of Saint Francis in the century after his death. For they tried valiantly, those mendicants, to live without possessions. Naked they sought to follow the naked Christ. Nor were they running away from life like the hermits of the Thebaid; the first note in Francis's method was surrender to the common lot, and the impelling motive inherited by his disciples was not the ascetic distrust of natural good, though as time went on this got mixed with better things in these thirteenth-century men, but what we now call social compunction. 'The poverty of that man is a great shame to us,' said Francis. He was also wont to say in effect that he would not be a thief, and he felt himself one if he kept anything another needed. From such feeling flow the best activities of himself and his children. Not that altruism alone inspired them. They could not have persisted so stubbornly had not their renunciation of personal greed been password for them to a realm of spiritual riches. For men rightly crave fulfillment of life, and unless they know that such fulfillment is best found in escape from the acquisitive instinct on material levels there is little hope that a social system which tends to inhibit this instinct can endure. At long last, a religious as well as a social impulse is needed to realize the socialist dream; and study of the friars is primarily interesting to those who recognize this fact.

Theirs was a great adventure. Was it a failure? Was it a success? Did it hold any hints for the future?

I

Taken at face value, the Franciscan experiment registers a defeat. It was thwarted at every turn. The conservative can point to it triumphantly as a rout of the attempt to dispense with private property or literally to carry out the more drastic injunctions of the Gospels. The men to the Left in the movement — the Zelanti, or Spirituals, as they are called — stuck obstinately to their purpose. They are vividly interesting people, especially the leaders, such men as Jacopone da Todi the poet, Angelo Clareno the historian, Ubertino da Casale, and Jean Pierre Olivi. Their story is heroic; they endured prison, exile, and the stake, often at the hands of their own brothers, the moderates of the Order. But they did not win out. Their effort to practise evangelical poverty to the limit and to live with no divisive claims must join the number of pathetic abortive experi-

ments which have tried to exist at cross-purposes with the principles normal in the society where they found themselves; while meantime the main body of the Order, — the 'Community,' as it came to be known, — made up for the most part of honest and earnest men, was forced into compromise after compromise.

The worst of it was that the effort to dispense with property and privilege was in the main self-defeated. The compromises accepted by the main body of the Order were really due to the essentially social character of the Franciscan ideal. Decent consideration for one another pressed possessions and worldly cares upon the brothers. Even Francis's last years were darkened, till comfort was born of anguish at La Verna, where he was made mystically one with the Passion of his Lord. In 1230, soon after his death, the perplexed brothers sought help from the Papal See, and Gregory IX established an evasion long useful. No goods, personal or corporate, were to be held by the brothers, but such goods might be given to trustees for their use. In time, the tenure of all titles to property by the Church of Rome relieved the troubled consciences of all but the extremists.

From that date began to pile up a mountain of careful, well-meaning legislation, — definitions, exemptions, privileges, — a mass under which Francis would have suffocated. His sons had been originally a group of free, merry, holy vagrants, impressing the respectable of their day as a sort of sanctified hobos or I. W. W.'s. They roamed over Europe, loving comrades of the poorest, scorning any connection between services and rewards, begging, singing, giving, working, in the *libertà francescana* which became a byword. But by the time of the scholar-saint Bonaventura in the middle of the thirteenth century their happy light was dimmed — now by propriety, among the scholars; now, as among the Zealots, by indignation and pain. Established in dignified and well-endowed monasteries, popular at the universities, avid for learning, courted by princes, they had become conformed to a conventional monastic pattern.

It is to be feared that the Order was no longer indifferent to reward; for instance, people eagerly sought the privilege of burial in its churches, and the results were lucrative. Mendicancy, which to Francis had shone as the jeweled crown of Humility, had lost its spiritual lustre. To say that it now adorned the brow of Greed would be too severe; but it had certainly become the accredited policy. Support from the public was demanded as a right; for the idea of 'rights,' abhorrent to Francis, had crept in. The Order had become respectable; and the misery of the radical group is reflected in a vision of Brother James of Osimo, who, searching through Paradise vainly for Francis, was led by an angel to a shadowed place where the saint bent over a leper. 'This is my Order,' sighed Francis. 'It is leprous without and within.'

During all this process, the Zealots stood firm by their ideal. The uncompromising Will of Francis, no less than the Rule, constituted their marching orders; for if phrases in the Rule could be explained away, the Will could not. They practised poverty of the most extreme. But too often, though not always, they bore the unlovely hallmark of the fanatic. They defended meekness with arrogance, they were gluttons of poverty, and as for learning, if they denounced it with Francis, they none the less ransacked the Church Fathers in support of their wives, and drew up anthologies which could still furnish an arsenal of weapons

to the Christian radical. Fanaticism is better than apathetic conformity; but it has its dangers. At their best, the Zealots often fled from life, rejecting the apostolic in favor of the hermit ideal, and thereby making, as Francis would have felt, the Great Refusal.

Intuitions, especially if they lead into uncharted ways, have a trick of spoiling into theories. By mid-century the whole Order was thinking hard about the ethics of property. A sharp distinction was drawn between *usum* and *dominium*, or, as we should say, Property for Use and Property for Power. Some claimed, with a good deal of sense, that the evil in property was really in the *dominium*, the control it gave over other people. That control being obviated by the 'interposed persons' of Pope Gregory, there was no reason why the brothers should not enjoy life's good things to the full. So thought Peter Aurioli, who died in 1322 Archbishop of Aix. Let buildings be beautiful, for they will impress the public; a tunic of choice material will last longer than a cheap one, beside being warmer; if the convents offer all the attractions, more novices will join.

Of course this convenient theory was too much for most of the brothers. Bonaventura himself had written admirably on the Simple Life: 'Let a man so renounce Dominion that he does not reject Use; let him so accept Use that it does not involve Dominion; let Use not be so strictly interpreted that nature lack what it need, but let need never deviate from strictness.' Now appeared the phrase, 'The Poor Use,' or *Usus Pauper*, of which Olivi was the chief exponent and which became the rallying cry of his party. He was more searching than Bonaventura, and Tolstoy or Thoreau would have enjoyed his definition: he wanted 'a standard of life which, all things considered, shall be judged closer to poverty than to abundance,' and one which should always be distinctly lower than that of the group to which one belonged.

We are still talking about the Simple Life — and indeed many an issue that agitates the modern mind comes to the fore during the hot debates that racked the Order in the thirteenth century. The proper distribution of manual work, and its relation to the activity of the mind; the right attitude toward compromise; the balance between authority and freedom; the value of censorship as a method of protecting the truth — such are some of the matters that flash in and out of the picture as the reel unfolds; and, dominant, recurrent, that greatest question the mere mention of which carries offense to the conservative mind — the rightful scope of private property. Not one of these questions did those mediæval social radicals settle, as our present confusion clearly shows. But the upshot of their struggles was that the men to the Left were worsted. It was common for friars to receive and expend money alms; they would even carry a servant along with them to hold the purse! Rich revenues were welcomed from vineyards and orchards. The ideal of the Zealots proved impracticable — for the simple reason that while one man may pretty effectively reject ownership if he wants to run away and live on roots, a group cannot. Groups involve possessions. The Franciscan adventure is an outstanding example of the impossibility of living without wealth or thought for the morrow, in the world order as it is.

II

But if this were the whole story, this paper would not be written; nor would pilgrims by the thousand visit yearly the Umbrian shrine, nor historians by the dozen add yearly to the vast litera-

ture that gathers around the figure of the Poverello. Let us turn to the Franciscan achievement; it is an amazing one.

Note first that the swift decline of Franciscan ideals and practice is a close parallel to what happened to the Christian Church in the first century after the death of the Founder. That community at Corinth to which Paul wrote, with its fierce dissensions and its self-indulgence, was far enough from illustrating the Sermon on the Mount. Yet its record is rightly included in the New Testament canon, for, despite their scandalous defects, its members were really trying to live the new life bestowed of Jesus and the Spirit, through which civilization could be born from above. That life has never perished. Through the sins and failures of the centuries endures the vital power which those Corinthians feebly felt.

In the same way, the dynamic released by Francis never ceased to work through the first hundred years of Franciscan history. The friars desired what he desired, tried, however stumblingly, to follow him. And still to-day the ferment of their ideas works in the Christian will. The vision of a society saved from greed, and from the noxious necessity of measuring services against rewards, the passionate impulse to cast to the winds all bargaining that can put a man or a nation in antagonism with other men or nations, has a potency attested by all Utopias, by experiments renewed down the ages, and not least by the slow upheaval witnessed in our own day in the spheres of industry and politics, and the emerging of programmes aiming at this great end.

The mendicant orders were in the thirteenth century an arresting fact. The mere spectacle of their numbers is extraordinarily impressive. Here are thousands of men from all nations and classes who have cut themselves wholly adrift from the rigid systems of their day. They have tossed aside everything supposed, then as now, to conserve civilization. Not withdrawn like monks, but moving freely among their fellows, they try to obey the absolute law of love. True, they find it impossible to be strictly loyal to their belief that this law precludes all private ownership; but abandon the belief they will not. The fact that they were baffled in their attempt must not blind us to the strangeness of their having made it. In a society firmly established, just like our own, on a basis of rank and wealth, property and power, they turned to the precise opposite, being possessed by a paradoxical zeal for poverty. The majority of them were men of privilege, heirs often of feudal rights, more frequently perhaps, like Francis himself, members of the prosperous commercial class; surprisingly many were lawyers, professional men, possessing the richest background of culture the Middle Ages knew. Were they impelled largely by restless craving to escape the restraint and boredom of the familiar? Surely not. Their first motive was divinely clear: they wanted, as Francis had wanted, to follow Jesus. But they had faith that Jesus knew the best life for His disciples, and that when He said, Blessed are the poor, the meek, those who hunger for justice, blessed are you when men shall disapprove of you and make things hard for you, He meant what He said, and what He meant was true.

So they came; rallied by hundreds, by thousands, to the banner of that Little Poor Man of whom one of his friends said that he should never have guessed that Francis was a saint. And when the movement swelled and spread till it became a mighty interna-

tional force, the Church beheld it with amaze; though of course its happiness and power were just what were to be expected, if all the Church claimed to believe was true. Nor can any decline as years went on obscure the might of that impulse which drove those men to unclass themselves, to incur the obloquy of the religious public, rejecting all accredited ways of attaining sanctity, and to renew the spirit of those apostles who were justly accused of turning the world upside down. What if some went but half the way? Always to their own deep conviction their existence was built on quite different principles from those which governed the outer world.

Europe blossomed under the touch of the friars. Their extraordinary repudiation of that profit motive which is usually supposed to be a necessary incentive to progress, their implicit obedience to the command to take no thought for the morrow, seemed to waken a new life. They won the inheritance of the meek; having renounced the earth, they possessed it. Art, science, music, philosophy, sprang into fresh forms where they passed. The sons of Francis were not betrayed into any otherworldly passivity; they shared the common life, and sharing it enriched it. Their emancipation from the double greed for property and power brought with it quickening of all creative faculties. Necessity jealously to preserve right to gain and hold as the first perquisite of personality and the chief guaranty of progress is a commonplace of social and economic theory. And to this position the story of the friars gives a flat and effective lie.

This is the great outstanding lesson of Franciscan history: the fact that creative power is not lowered but increased by absence of all those incentives generally cherished, to which our social theorists most tenaciously cling. Defeated on the surface, the experiment succeeded fundamentally; for it demonstrated with irrefutable force that life is more abundant, that it flows with more victorious power to release genius and enrich civilization, when the acquisitive instinct is thrown to the winds.

Take, for instance, the stimulus given in the field of art; is it not enough to mention the Upper and Lower Church at Assisi, not to speak of the noble work of Giotto at Padua, and such frescoes as those lately discovered at Pistoia? There is a pretty legend to the effect that Francis copied the Portiuncula in a tiny church on a mountain site, and had painted around the altar angels, children, birds, and beasts, with Praises written below. This is fantasy; but it is fact that the early rise of portraiture accompanied the story of the friars.

Would that the portrait of Brother Elias in the Upper Church at Assisi had survived! But we have more precious things in the authentic portraits of Francis himself, at Subiaco, Greccio, Pisa. The almost immediate canonization of the saint led to demand for images of him and for pictures of his very human legend; people who had known the Poverello personally would not be satisfied with Byzantine images, nor could, for instance, a thirsty peasant stooping to drink on the way up La Verna be depicted in an archaic design. The Legend called for settings of the day, and art, obeying the call with delighted courage, inaugurated a new tradition. Sometimes the friars were themselves artists; more often the relation of their movement to art was that of influence. All the scenes of Holy Writ began to be painted in a new way. In their sense of intimate communion with the earthly life of Jesus, the Little Brothers were precursors of

our twentieth-century effort to escape the theological Christ and return to the Carpenter — and the Baby. This was an amazing attempt at a time when the image of King, Redeemer, Judge, deep enshrined in the liturgy of the Church, gazed on the faithful everywhere, obscuring the Friend of Sinners, the Wanderer in Galilee.

One can hardly overestimate the humanizing of religion by the sons of Francis; under their influence, the humanizing of art naturally followed, and a book like the *Meditations on the Life of Christ* by Brother John of the Cabbages — formerly ascribed to Bonaventura — is said to have had an incalculable effect on painting. Nor must it be forgotten that the great Franciscan churches, with types all their own, play an important part in the development of architecture in Italy.

Francis himself was both poet and musician, and he never feared poetry and music as he did learning. Both flourished among the friars. Are not the Dies Iræ and the Stabat Mater theirs? And those wonderful Lauds of Jacopone da Todi, which alternate homeliest grotesque and folklore, now with bold invective, now with the farthest flights of breathless mystical passion? Was not Dante himself, according to the best tradition, a Franciscan tertiary? As for music, Francis defiantly demanded it on his deathbed, and one likes to quote from Thomas of Celano's account of his canonization: 'New songs echoed in the Temple, and the servants of God exulted in the spiritual melody. Organ harmonies were heard, and spiritual songs were sung in voices well attuned. A suave fragrance was breathed, while most joyful melody moved the hearts of all.' Those troubadours of the Lord went singing through the world. Wherever a Franciscan 'place' was opened, a trained choir was instituted, and friars minor were choirmasters to half the courts in Europe.

Having escaped those preoccupations with property or career which are so time-consuming to most of us, the friars have ample leisure. Perhaps their most salient achievement is their contribution to learning. The intense intellectual ardor of the age centred in the thinking of the mendicants. Francis may have deprecated learning, and Giles cried aloud, 'Paris, Paris, thou hast destroyed Assisi,' while Jacopone sang gayly that to be crazed for Jesus Christ was better than the wisdom of the university. None the less, the capture of the universities by the mendicant orders is a thrilling phase in the history of scholarship. There was hidden affinity between the restless intellectual passion seething in mediæval Europe and the rejection of worldly bonds. The scholars stormed the Order; and surely Francis in Paradise is proud of Alexander of Hales, Bonaventura, and Duns Scotus, and rejoices in the fact that his Little Brothers with their fellow Dominicans rejuvenated the intellectual life and reformed the intellectual methods of the Western world. Nor is it without significance that Roger Bacon chose to be a friar, nor that hydraulic engineering came to be a specialty of the brothers in the thirteenth century. The Franciscan spirit inspired at once the followers of Bacon and of the Apocalyptic mystic Joachim of Flora — that is to say, all which was most adventurous in scientific investigation on the one hand and in mystical speculation on the other. Minds that defy social conventions are likely to follow one of these two lines, realistic or romantic if you will; and the disciples of 'Francis Innovator,' to use the epithet fondly given the saint by his children, were bold explorers in both directions.

The part played by the brothers in

the political life of the day is pleasant to contemplate. They were in great demand as counselors in the courts of princes; yet they deserve the title *minores*, aligning them with the proletariat. Their sympathies were with progressive forces, and they identified themselves with the deep currents of popular life, settling often in the slums of the towns, as in Stinking Lane in London. The proverb puts it: —

Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus. . . .

'Bernard loved the valleys, Benedict the mountains, Francis the cities.'

It was the Grey Friars who buried Simon de Montfort, and their feeling toward him is evident in a poem written after his death by one of their number.

Salve Symon Montis Fortis,
Totus flos militiae,
Duras poenas passus mortis,
Protector gentis Angliae.

Sis per nobis intercessor
Apud Deum, qui defendor
In terris extiteras.

'Hail, Simon de Montfort, flower of all knighthood, thou who hast endured the sharp pains of death, protector of the English people! Be thou, who wast our defender on earth, our intercessor with God!'

But it is in the legislation for the Third Order that the spirit of Francis applies most directly to the social and political situation of the times. For the prohibition to bear arms unless in defensive war, or to hold public office, contained in the Rule for these Brothers of Penitence, struck at the very roots of feudalism, and was, so critics agree, one of the chief forces in undermining the feudal order. There were so many conscientious objectors that it almost seemed as if wars might perforce cease. At all events there were enough bitterly to anger the civic authorities and the feudal lords. The Church, to its credit, stood steadily by the Tertiaries in their repudiation of the feudal oath.

We have not spoken of the tremendous missionary activity of the brothers, nor of their care for the sick, their manifold works of mercy. Occupations of these types are naturally expected from men who have renounced the world. But this brief review has surely made evident for what rich energies, creative and productive, the devotion to Lady Poverty set men free. Their haggard mistress said to them not No, but Yes. Despite the impasse which sooner or later confronted the sons of Francis, his Order down the generations can show progressive and constructive achievement of the most varied types, to an extraordinary degree.

III

A more important question than what the friars did, however, is the question what they were. In the Middle Ages, men thought Being more important than Doing. The friars — and this was part of their sanity — cared more about action as compared with contemplation than did most religious orders, but they too placed Beatrice above Matilda. Perhaps they are right; perhaps the power to see and to adore is in last analysis the touchstone of character. We receive always in far greater degree than we can achieve, and memory of this proportion was at the root of Francis's repudiation of justice; for the proportion is violated by the notion that a man can deserve reward for anything that he does. Beggars all! Francis was right in thinking it a higher thing to receive alms than to give them, for receptivity is man's primary and normal attitude; our modern fallacy is not that we press our responsibility toward action too far, but that we fail to hold it embraced

in that larger gratitude through which we are one with the harmony of the natural world. Perhaps the beauty, grace, and fragrance of nature, inanimate and animate, are its perpetual song of gratitude and praise. In their worship the brothers minor manifest themselves most truly, and worship had a wide connotation for them; it was one with their joy in the world.

The friars appear in the history of their time as men of singularly clear-cut personality, and there is wide diversity of type among them; but they have one distinguishing and uniting trait. It is their abundance of wholesome and rejoicing life. Here is the secret of their charm. Through the dim centuries one travels back and finds one's self with happy men. Joy shines in the *Fioretti*, the *Mirror of Perfection*, the *Mystical Marriage of Saint Francis with Our Lady Poverty*. It ripples into merriment, it deepens into rapture. It survives ridicule, a hard test for good spirits. Brother Masseo feels it while he twirls on the road till he drops; Brother Juniper while he teeters amid the jeers of the astonished crowd; even the melancholic Rufino, one dares believe, as he obediently preaches in the Cathedral of Assisi, clad only in his drawers. The English brothers laugh in choir till the Crucifix rebukes them; Jacopone's ecstasy breaks bounds of human speech, as the 'Jubilus' sings in his heart.

The glory faded. The shadow of asceticism darkened the lives of them all, especially the Zealots. But that shadow was, it is safe to say, less deep and more intermittent than with any other religious order of the time. The attitude of the friars may be illustrated by two quotations; the first, from Roger Bacon's *De Retardatione Accidentium Senectutis*, shows what healthy and intelligent zest for living a friar could possess: —

> A cheerful and refreshed mind imparts vigor and stimulates nature, it retains youth and preserves health. A man is recreated in two ways, by his circumstances and by the virtues of medicines. Among circumstances may be included the wearing of clothes with attractive ornaments, that by their aspect the mind may be enlarged and the strength and splendor of life reinforced; and the sweet sound of musical instruments, and lovely songs; hearing or reading delectable books or listening to choice eloquence; looking at the beautiful faces of some people, or at other delightful things, as for instance the sky, stars, water, harmonious colors, fine figures, preciously wrought vessels, and whatever does the soul good. And among the best ways of all is to sit with beautiful young people, suitably dressed, and talk with them as time allows. Also to enjoy sports, and to follow up victory, to welcome fame, honor, glory, and joy, and gladness and rational intellect.

There is Bacon's Canticle of the Sun — hardly a programme for an ascetic, and not to be scorned by a modern psychiatrist. Francis would have liked it, he who bade his sons never be *nubilosos* or gloomy, but always *hilares*, and, if melancholy befell them, to keep the secret between themselves and their God. Our second passage is on a higher level; it suggests how these men were able to keep healthful and glad, in a world which they certainly did not find easy. It is from Bonaventura's great mystical treatise, *Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*, the Journey of the Soul to God, which he wrote at La Verna: —

> He who is not illumined by these splendors of created things is blind; he who is not awakened by such harmonies is deaf; he who does not praise God for all these works of His is dumb; he who from so many signs does not learn the Primal Cause of all things, is stupid. Open then thine eyes, quicken thy spiritual ears, free thy lips and fix thy heart, that in all creatures thou mayst see thy God, and hear praise and love and cherish Him, and magnify and

honour, lest perchance the whole round world arise against thee.

The heart fixed on the God who is manifest in His works yet transcends them is the source of the friars' joy. It is also the source of their pain. For their joy is triumphantly compatible with power to suffer, and is perfected, as Francis told Brother Leo, in disgrace and defeat. To them it was 'by the Cross' that 'joy had come to the whole world.' All things, says a lovely phrase of Thomas of Celano's, were to sing to them of their poverty and exile. 'Thou makest me lie down in green pastures,' said Gherardo di San Donnino when his Order put him in the prison where he languished till he died. 'How gracious is God to vouchsafe us this high privilege,' exclaimed Brother Michael of the Marches of Ancona when confronted by his funeral pyre. Brother Michael was burned in Florence in the year of Our Lord 1393, because he would not abandon his belief in the poverty of Christ.

The Franciscan records reveal living men; so refreshingly varied that many a one has become a legend; yet all alike in that they have lost to find. If to fulfill personality be the ultimate test of a way of life or of a social system, the brothers minor met it.

IV

Yet all the while, how can we forget that impasse?

The sources of power in the Franciscan movement are never to be sought in conformity to the conventions of the age, but in departure from those conventions. The scornful attitude toward property which was the movement's chief heritage remained to the end at the centre of its very life. The forces released by Francis had tended with startling success not only to restrain possessive and aggressive instincts, but also to stimulate all that made for creation and for peace. Two secret burdens rest on us worldly folk, and as the burden of greed slips from our shoulders the burden of contrition takes its place. The *libertà francescana* set men free from both. Was that liberty a dream?

Certainly it was not maintained, and the tenacious effort to live in the world refusing to hold property met the *reductio ad absurdum*. The Order as a whole became controlled in large measure by the very principles with which it was most at odds — witness the papal bulls, especially the later ones, with their careful protection of the property interests of the friars. Honorable members of the Order observe personal poverty to this day, though the hand-to-mouth insecurity dear to the first Companions did not long persist. But the communities soon became rich. When in 1322 that sardonic person Pope John XXII canceled the old provision for the vesting of titles in the Papal See and forced those titles back on the convents, a wail went up not only from the Spirituals but from the entire Order; yet it is hard not to feel that the brothers were put in a more honest position. The attempt to dispense with ownership was checkmated at every turn.

The failure of the friars cannot be accounted for by limitations peculiar to the Middle Ages. It is inherent in a situation still persisting; for the social background of the thirteenth century is essentially the same as that of the seventeenth, the twentieth. All down the generations this struggle has been resumed, and always it has failed. John Woolman may be recalled, trying at every point to avoid contamination from communal sin, refusing to profit in any way by what may have cost health or life to others. His story is

heroic, but it is not a story of success. This very day, a group of consecrated women in Francis's own Umbria are trying to live without possessions exactly as he did. They are as happy as his first companions; the peasants have named them the Larks of Saint Francis. But they are involved against their will in the intricacies of private property, forced on them under penalty of becoming useless derelicts. In the United States, one young man at least seeks entire escape from the Proprium, severs services from rewards, refusing salary or wages, as completely as did Francis, and wanders about doing odd jobs. And there are similar groups in England. Theirs is a sobering challenge, but its ability to suggest deep-reaching remedies for our social maladjustments is far from clear. In every period, those who offer this sort of challenge, either as a community or as individuals, become cranks or outcasts. Not that lovers of poverty mind either fate; but whatever ridicule our efficiency fetich excite, it is hard to deny all value to our hard-won belief that life should be made worth while by productive service within the established order. Adventurers in purely coöperative life, within society organized, as it now is, on principles precisely opposite to those by which they wish to live, face an impossible dilemma.

In a world arranged on a proprietary basis, success for such an adventure cannot be conceived. The Franciscan experiment is as striking a proof as any offered by history of the inadequacy of any personal or partial solution to the social problem. All similar experiments end in one of three ways. They may revert to a stereotype, continuing as respected exceptions to the existing system; they may compromise till their distinctive character is lost; or they may lose themselves in frustrations and sterile martyrdoms. Yet Francis's ideal, of services severed from rewards, and of escape from the acquisitive instinct, is deep-rooted in Christian desire. This ideal can never be realized in a society founded on private wealth. May analysis press a little further?

Francis and his Order had never learned to think in economic terms. They left the world, its politics, finance, industrial organization, to go its own way. Moreover, they had no thought of presenting a new principle for the acceptance of everybody. The prevalent belief in rank had its religious counterpart in belief that Christian perfection could be sought and realized only by the few; and, for that matter, the great apostolic commission which the saint took to himself was never meant to be of common application. The Franciscan Order therefore formed a spiritual aristocracy, apart from the social structure of the time and valiantly struggling to remain unrelated to that structure. In this fact, its isolation in its formative principles from the general life, is the profoundest cause and the clearest evidence of the Franciscan defeat. The time was not ripe for any more general challenge to the principle of private ownership. But the result was that the movement remained essentially separatist and individualistic. It was an alien element in civilization rather than a penetrating leaven. Like its monastic predecessors, it became to a considerable degree subject to the very laws it abjured, and subsisted as an exception to the normal state of things, forfeiting the exquisitely universal note which when all is said sounds through the appeal of Francis.

The last controversy of the brothers, in 1322–23, centred on the question whether or no Christ and the apostles owned private property. That question has ceased to interest us, for we have learned to respect the reticences of the Gospels. We see Jesus moving through

an imperfect world, and attacking its evils, not by harsh denunciation, but by a life that created an atmosphere in which such evils must wither and die. Is the private tenure of property such an evil? The Gospels yield no explicit answer. Yet the great passages that the brothers loved to gather into their anthologies, those passages of general appeal so disconcerting and sobering to sincere Christians, suffice to show that the laws by which the lifeblood flows in the Kingdom of Heaven contradict those laws precious to a civilization based on the Proprium. An urgency in Christian thought and emotion has always set against private ownership; and as we widen our vision in the modern way to include the whole structure of society, and as the encouragement offered by privilege and possession to our worst instincts is discerned, it becomes natural to feel that sympathy should more and more be given to those political and economic programmes which contemplate removing temptation to the lust of ownership from the common man. Nor does the failure of the brothers minor to live in the world as it is, consistently renouncing the Proprium, prove that a whole society founded on communal rather than private ownership need fail.

It is creative power that separates man from the brute and allies him to the gods. The history of the friars shows that this power is not entwined with freedom to gain and to possess, but is independent of it and stifled by it, and released in proportion as possessive passion is renounced. Now this is surely a very great thing to have shown. The lesson is worth all the anguish the adventure cost. For the Devil is always asserting the contrary, and he has convinced most good people. He insists that self-realization, which all men rightly crave, must involve ownership, and many wise books claim that property is a natural extension of personality, and that the hope of acquiring it is the necessary spur to progress. Does not the story of the friars disprove all that? And, if this literally diabolic fallacy be dismissed, have we not an important clue to the right political and social aims of the future?

To deny value to the acquisitive instinct in history would be folly. That instinct registered advance in the slow ascent of man and it has been very useful. Even now, it is hardly possible for a man to indulge in lofty scorn over the relation of services and rewards and to toss all considerations of reward away; for self-respect and concern for others blend with the baser motives that impel him to centre his energy on getting on in the world. The Devil, who is naturally a conservative, a static person and a *laudator temporis acti*, finds plenty to say to him. Yet all the time spreads that gnawing unease, sharpening in noble natures into shame, at the necessity of focusing effort on material advancement; all the time, as democratic passion enters our blood and nerve, the misery grows more acute over the enforced endurance of privilege unshared. As a French critic of America lately put it, perhaps our choice lies between Ford and Gandhi.

The psychological transformation going on much resembles that in the idealist attitude toward war. For, indeed, war and property are closely related, as Saint Francis knew, who told the Bishop of Assisi, pressing him to own something, that if he and his brothers had property they would need arms to defend it and might be forced to shed the blood of their fellow men. The most inveterate pacifist must recognize the heroism and sacrifice associated with war in the past, its disciplinary training and its power to rouse a corporate loyalty. Yet the horror of war deepens day by day till

the nations enter into a pact to exile it. To contemplate a warless world is not easy. To contemplate the minimizing of private wealth is harder still. And we come at once against the dead failure of every group committed to communist experiment since civilization began. But light is thrown on the paradox if we think of escape from parts to wholes. Here we must part company with the friars, who never realized the full implications of their doctrine. New factors which they never saw have entered the situation, and that enlargement of vision impossible to them has occurred.

The sense of the whole! The only healing for our social disorders! Evil inheres forever in the partial, the divided; where shall the cure be found, except in unity? The Middle Ages understood this in a way better than we. 'Everything doth so long subsist as it is One, and perisheth and is dissolved so soon as it ceaseth to be one,' said Philosophy to Boethius. 'Know thou then that unity and goodness are the same. Those things which when they differ are not good, and when they are one become good, are they not made good by obtaining unity?' On every line, the escape from parts to wholes is the hope of civilization. Disarmament can never happen till there is a simultaneous movement toward it among the nations. So long as industrial competition is the rule, small coöperative groups must fail. Economic rivalry will last till customs barriers be done away. The individual who seeks to flee communal guilt is forced apart from his fellows, into an isolation which denies his creed of love. The curse resting on private property is the habitual curse resting on separateness, and there is no use in perpetuating that curse in the very effort to escape.

V

Broad conceptions on this line are becoming common. A society in which the Proprium should be discouraged, if not disallowed, is not only a usual theme for economic thinking, but a purpose-dictating programme in one great nation. But alas for impatient human nature, the means used are those old means of coercion, which drive the mind back once more to a central principle of the friars. For their poverty was voluntary, and renouncement enforced can never bring the enrichment of life they knew. Near the start of modern thought Rousseau challenged a society, to which the very word Democracy was unfamiliar, with his theory of the General Will as the source of government; and that individual choice is helpless till extended into such Will is Democracy's Act of Faith. Wide psychological change must precede and accompany any new social system having power to endure. That the desire of the classes in possession should coöperate with the desire of the dispossessed, in developing a social order in which temptations to greed and pride should be robbed of fair disguises and relegated to the low plane where they belong, is a Utopian thought. But if it could be realized, perhaps men might recover something of the gayety of spirit and that eager advance in all the higher lines of interest and achievement which marked the sons of Francis in their prime. And unless a policy with some such aim increase until it win the suffrages of many, the Franciscan defeat and the Franciscan triumph must continue to confront each other in hopeless deadlock, in a world that can neither follow nor forget the call of Francis and his Lady Poverty.

ON KEEPING YOUNG

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

THE article in the March *Atlantic* by my dear friend and neighbor, Professor Palmer, 'On Growing Old,' is most reassuring to one who is treading close on the heels of this sage of eighty-eight years. The veteran philosopher has lost nothing of his light touch, his intimate manner, the Palmeresque disguise of wise counsels in simple garb, which have made his lecture room for forty years a shrine to successive generations of devoted students. It must be admitted, however, that he has written not so much of old age itself as of ways to postpone or counteract the debility of old age. His counsels are prophylactic in their intention. He is, in fact, writing, not of growing old, but of keeping young. The charm and gayety of his mood are not those of submissive senescence, but those of unconquerable vitality, greeting the end of life with the smile of a victor in a strenuous game.

Nor does Professor Palmer, with all his candor of expression, permit himself to write of the fundamental resources which have made his old age serene and beneficent. He tells of his food and drink, his underclothing and exercise, and offers many suggestions for hygienic and disciplined living; but his friends well know, and those who revere him from a distance should be assured, that he is sustained by deeper resources of the spirit, which make his old age an Indian summer of serene content. Except for a brief allusion to controlling 'moods' and a closing suggestion that religion has comforted him, there is no intimation of his achievements and memories. Where are the cheering reminiscences of a revered teacher? Where is the evidence of that genius for friendship which has gathered round Professor Palmer a devoted group of disciples? I have just been reading aloud with renewed delight the whole twenty-four books of Palmer's *Odyssey*, and as I have recited the rhythmic and balanced lines, more poetic than many versified translations, and the product, Professor Palmer reports, of no less than eleven revisions, I have found myself thinking quite as much of the intellectual joy which has been found in such unprecedented interpretation as of the winsome and vivid folklore itself.

Indeed, it may be not unreasonably objected by Sybaritic readers of Professor Palmer's report of physical limitations that growing old on such terms can hardly be regarded as worth the effort it costs. Long life without one night of sound sleep, or one day cheered by 'wine, beer, tobacco, coffee, or tea,' might seem, even to moderately temperate people, to achieve length of days without depth and years without joy. Most men would probably prefer to live fewer years among the activities and enjoyments of Periclean Athens than in the hardihood and colorlessness of Sparta. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!' In a word, one is tempted to wish that Professor Palmer, having reported the severe regimen which has permitted him to grow old, had felt called upon to

add an even more intimate confession on the art of keeping young.

While we are waiting, however, for this second Book of his *De Senectute*, it may be permitted to a neighbor and friend to anticipate some of the suggestions which he might be likely to make. What is it that keeps one young when he is growing old? On what resources may he rely to prevent senescence from becoming senility? It might be assumed that the first condition of keeping young would be the maintenance of physical health, and it is certainly difficult to feel youthful when one is burdened with invalidism or racked with pain. Yet no one can recall the lives among his acquaintances which in advancing age have seemed most possessed by resilient vitality without discovering that some of them — and perhaps the most indomitably cheerful and cheer-giving — have been frail in health and perhaps permanently invalided or helpless. It is one of the strangest paradoxes of human experience that lives which might seem frustrated or crushed often possess a radiance of character which illuminates the conduct and even the faces of our friends, and makes them ministers of tranquillity and hope. I am thinking of one woman who could give points to Professor Palmer as a lifelong invalid. She has never had a day of robust health, or any normal opportunity for active usefulness, yet she has been to her community, and especially to young people, the wisest of counselors and the most inspiring of friends. Character has conquered conditions. Freedom from interest in herself has made her interesting to others. No one is younger or braver or more discerning than she, and men and women concerned with the active administration of philanthropy and social justice turn to her for guidance and courage. While growing old she has kept young, and as the flesh has grown weak the spirit has been rejuvenescent.

With this limited confidence in keeping young by merely feeling fit, one may consider other and more effective ways of postponing surrender to the decrepitude of age. Of these the first I should name is the cultivation and maintenance of friendships. 'A man, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'should keep his friendships in constant repair.' A busy man or woman in the full swing of professional or business or domestic cares or social obligations is likely to fancy that these affairs must come first and that friendships may wait; but when one reaches old age he may find that in gaining the world he has lost his friends, and — to paraphrase Scripture — what shall a man give in exchange for his friends? The most inevitable condition of old age is solitude, and the most immediate remedy for solitude is found in old companionships maintained or in new ones discovered. Friendship cannot be improvised or delayed until leisure arrives. It must be cultivated with care, and even with the sacrifice of what seem more pressing obligations. It must be kept in repair, or it will become irreparable.

If old age must necessarily involve the loss of old friends, one way to keep young is to make friends of the young. This does not mean that an old man should pretend to be young, or try to keep pace with young people. Nothing is more repulsive than an old man with the habits or language or vices of a young man. But, on the other hand, there is often a reciprocal happiness found when old men appreciate the activities of youth and young men respect the experience of age. Young people at the present time are likely to seem to old people lacking in reverence, amusingly defiant of tradition, and as undisguised in frankness as the

nudity of the bathing beach. The old man who would keep young must be sure that human nature remains much the same from generation to generation; that each new generation faces a new world and must be trusted to re-create it; that one who is building a modern skyscraper must be permitted to wreck what have seemed substantial structures; and that Greek girls could be modest though their legs were bare. To appreciate the new world in its making is one of the greatest privileges of age. It is not necessary to be a Socrates in order to command the loyalty of the young. Sympathetic confidence in the underlying motives of the young may both win their devotion and keep oneself young.

It must be admitted, however, that old age cannot find its chief resource in companionship. Friends of one's own age are withdrawn into the mystery of death, and life becomes shut away from new friends by limitations of strength and energy. Growing old is in the main an experience of solitude. How shall one keep young when he is thus alone? What is to prevent or postpone the approach of decrepitude and the natural desire for release?

One of the resources which keep a lonely old age from spiritual decline is the companionship of books. Increasing leisure and physical limitations may easily tempt one to relax intellectual interest, and to be satisfied with two newspapers a day and the frivolous literature of current events. That is a sign that one is growing old, and not keeping young. Intellectual resiliency depends upon keeping the spiritual muscles taut by exercise, and this must be accomplished by stiff and substantial reading on subjects of generous intention and spiritual interest. An old man should be the last to surrender to the cheap literature which may satisfy the leisure hours of hard-working people. Since he lacks the companionship of his fellows, the hope of keeping his own mind young is in his keeping step with the march of the new time and rescuing himself from the tempting and demoralizing attitude of a *laudator temporis acti*.

Of all such contacts with reality, the best is the mastery of a new subject or of a congenial subject hitherto casually pursued — the history of an art, the details of a history, the understanding of a technical discovery, the progress of a science, the new poetry, the new aspects of religion. To know one's subject well, or at least to know it better than most people, is not only to justify self-respect, but it is also to grow younger in spirit as one grows older in years.

A similar resource is offered to those who have felt in themselves a vague inclination for self-expression, in literature or poetry or art, but have been overmastered by the demands of business or the cares of home. Old age is not only a good time to read poetry, but a time for furtive attempts at writing the verses which have been so long suppressed in one's heart; a good time, not to paint good pictures, but to give at least the little latent talent of which one has been dimly conscious a chance for modest and closely guarded expression. One may even find enjoyment in writing a Piece like this, even though he cannot anticipate that any judicious editor will think it worth publishing. Few uses of leisure hours are more entertaining than this surreptitious enjoyment in production, or in cultivating beauty in phrase or color or form. Vain as such experiments would have been when finished workmanship was demanded, they may contribute much in the solitude of age to keep one young.

These suggestions lead one to a further device for keeping young, which

is offered by the collector's passion. It is not only possible to cheer one's solitude by the companionship of literature and art, but this self-discipline may be greatly stimulated by the peculiar joy of the collector. It makes no great difference what the material collected may be. A rich man may select for his sphere of extravagance a group of English portraits or of French landscapes or of illuminated manuscripts or of Chinese jade; but a poor man may find equally absorbing interests in chasing the first editions of a modern author, or in applying his expert knowledge to acquiring at slight cost a precious chair or bowl or battered book. Here is a new field of exploration and romance for the aged. Catalogues of old books become more entrancing than the latest novel. The exhilaration of such a chase is almost athletic in its excitement. A new range of acquaintances opens with other sportsmen of similar tastes. The new hunting field may be the fireside and the easy-chair, but there may be companionship and competition with new friends in distant lands. The collector's passion outlives all hunting with horse and hounds, and offers to solitary old age a new way to keep oneself young.

Professor Palmer is a distinguished witness of this perennial youth in a collector. Beginning as a young teacher with limited means, he has become one of the great book collectors of his generation, and has finally crowned his discriminating and untiring expenditure by presenting, first, his precious series of the Philosophers to the Harvard Library, and later his magnificent collection of the Poets to Wellesley College, reserving in this latter case only the privilege of adding more volumes to his gift as a further self-indulgence. It is no wonder that old age on such terms is one of autumnal harvest.

A further resource of age, which may be called the obverse of the habit of collecting, is to be found by prosperous people in the habit of distributing. Money-getting is so absorbing a pursuit that many men who succeed in it find that they have nothing to do with what they get, and, instead of owning their wealth, are owned by it. Their wealth becomes, as Ruskin said, their 'illth,' for it is not well but ill with them. They grow old with riches, but without enrichment. Here enters the happiness of long-continued concern with large causes of philanthropy or political reform or social welfare which have detached one from the study of the market and enriched one with thoughts of self-effacing service. And here, as one grows old and prosperous, there is made the further discovery that the judicious distribution of superfluous wealth may help to keep one young. It is one of the strangest ironies of human experience that the man who has collected wealth should so often miss the exhilaration of distributing it, and transfers to his heirs a resource of happiness and self-respect which should have been enjoyed by himself. To bequeath wealth to worthy causes has its merits, though it is no conclusive evidence of generosity to give away what one can no longer keep; but to grow old with means which might be distributed without injustice to heirs, and to miss the happiness of giving, is to find in old age mere decadence where one might find unanticipated joy.

Fortunately for this country and for the world, this momentous discovery of the uses of wealth has been made by Americans on a scale and with a discriminating wisdom unprecedented in human history. Other nations have spent large sums for the welfare of needy citizens through taxation of the wealthy, but the dimensions and expenditure of voluntary philanthropy,

distributed in this country during the lifetime of the benefactors, presents a unique evidence of sagacity and foresight, as well as of commercial and industrial success. Here is an abundant opportunity for rich old men to recover the initiative and venturesomeness of their younger and money-making years. The distinguished philanthropist George Peabody was, according to common report, a somewhat penurious and exacting banker, but when, under certain influences, it was brought to his mind that he could not long possess his money, and that it was valueless unless used, he launched out into a series of munificent benefactions which gave him much more happiness than all his money-making, and which have made his name permanently illustrious. The same discovery, that the distribution of money is more interesting and more challenging to wisdom than the making of money, gives to old age among the rich a new chance of keeping young. It is not only that great causes need to be reënforced, but not less that spiritual fertility and intellectual invigoration may accrue to the fortunate givers, who have literally verified the maxim that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Through these reflections, and others which might be added concerning the resources of old age, one is led, as if by an ascending and winding path, from companionship and friendship up to books and creative tastes, and again to the collecting of treasures and the distribution of them, until at last one reaches the high region of experience where rational religion reveals itself as the guide of life. Here again one falls in with Professor Palmer in his final paragraph. In commending religion as a resource of old age he does not, of course, mean that its chief function is to prolong life, as one employs a stick or crutch to steady one's tottering steps. He is writing, no doubt, though with a brevity which has misled at least one critic, of his own experience of serenity and confidence, derived from lifelong and constant conviction of a friendly and beneficent Universe.

It must be admitted that this is not the influence exerted by some types of religion on advancing age. If religious faith has been accepted as a passive submission, leaving to some higher Power the vicarious task of establishing justice and promoting progress; if one has been bred, under a teaching of human helplessness, to cast himself as a worthless offering before the Mercy Seat — then the influence of religion on old age may be rather one of preparation for death than of renewal of life. Much instruction in piety has been a warning to old age rather than a reassurance. The incident of dying has been so magnified in its importance that growing old may seem little more than a slow descent into the Valley of Shadow, which one may reasonably desire to accelerate rather than to restrain.

But if religious faith be the courage of a child of God, a brave venture of the spirit reënforced by a beneficent Universe, then it has in it a perennial healthfulness and vigor which give to one who is growing old in body a renaissance of heart and will. The maxim of inhibitive and prudential religion is 'Prepare to die!' The maxim of venturesome and rational religion is 'Prepare to live!' The one type of religion faces in old age an open grave; the other faces an open door. Religious faith is not a conclusion of the reason, but a dedication of the will. It promotes glad expectancy for the soul and for the world. In Dante's phrase, it 'eternalizes' life. It is the final resource which gives to old age that serenity and cheerfulness which keep the human spirit young.

TOOTHACHE!

BY LELAND HALL

I

SINCE the tooth was mine, and a molar, this narrative must be a personal one; but while I shall not deny or attempt to conceal the heroism with which I endured pain, neither that heroism nor the pain is the subject of my tale. This is the account of events accident upon a toothache in Morocco.

About the end of May I received word in Marrakesh that a distinguished French officer, of whom I had long besought an interview, would receive me during the first days of June at his house in Rabat. Coupled with the invitation was a request that I take in my charge a young fellow from the mountains, Lahoucine, who had never traveled and who spoke no French, and bring him to the officer in Rabat. From Marrakesh to Rabat is a simple journey. One goes directly to Casablanca, and there changes to another bus for Rabat. I decided to take the six o'clock bus for Casablanca on Thursday morning.

Half-past five Thursday morning found me at a table on the terrace of the Café Glacier beside the bus station, drinking café au lait and waiting for Lahoucine to be brought to me by his brother. In the cool light of the dawn they came along the street together. Lahoucine proved to be a personable, well-mannered youngster neatly dressed in native fashion. His older brother, formerly a soldier under the officer to whom I was to take the younger, was a dignified, admirable fellow.

'You will watch over my brother?' he asked me, anxiously.

I promised not to let Lahoucine out of my sight.

'You,' he said to Lahoucine, 'will never leave this Christian's side.'

'Nay, my brother, I will not leave him.'

Then Smith and Morton came along, a little shaky from a European party the night before. When they had had some brandy to pick them up and the Moors had drunk their coffee, we piled into the bus. We Europeans sat in front, Lahoucine in a seat at the rear; but I continually looked round to make sure no one had made off with him, nor he with himself.

Suddenly my tooth began to ache with a sharp pain that was from the start almost unbearably racking. For a while I tried to convince myself that it was not so bad as it felt; the tooth had been treated years before and there was no nerve in it. But I soon gave up reasoning with myself. There was no doubt about the pain; it pulled at all my mouth, at my neck, at my eyeballs, which smarted with ammoniacal tears.

Casablanca is a big, modern city, with excellent doctors and dentists, hospitals and morticians; but no one in the bus had had a toothache that year and none knew the name of a dentist there, though Morton had seen a dentist's placard in the window of a big office building in the Place de France.

We were scheduled to arrive in Casablanca shortly after eleven, and I did not doubt that I should have time there

to seek out a dentist. But we lost time on the way, and meanwhile I remembered that all offices would be closed at noon. It was not till quarter to twelve that we came into the Place de France. Desperately I scanned the windows as we sped by. And there was a big sign: DENTISTE.

Almost in a frenzy now, I escaped from the bus as soon as it stopped; but, goaded by pain, I was no quicker than Lahoucine, bound by his oath. He rushed to join me on the sidewalk, grabbing my hand amid the crowd. I looked at him wildly.

'*Mridh bi dhersa!*' I cried, which meant that I had a toothache, but such a toothache as in their proverbs the Arabs will not wish upon their enemy.

Then I ran, dragging Lahoucine after me. It lacked but a minute or two of noon when we arrived at the office building, and as we plunged into the dentist's anteroom the clock struck twelve. Happily the dentist had not yet gone, and he would see me at once. Lahoucine rose to follow me; but the maid in attendance said, 'No, you must stay here.'

I tore my hand from his clasp.

'Don't let him out,' I moaned to the maid. 'We are bound by an oath.' And I left him sitting on the chair as if nothing but the crack of doom could start him from it.

The dentist's office was clean and up-to-date even by American standards; but the dentist himself was a dark Moor, over six feet tall. My heart sank. How could a Moor be a dentist? Nevertheless, he spoke French well, and he had quite the Christian's way of opening a mouth and probing round in it.

'There is only one thing to do,' he pronounced. 'Have it out here and now.'

We Americans, with our glib science, have heard that it is dangerous to extract a tooth while there is acute inflammation round it. Could a Moor know this? I ventured to inform him.

'But you are in time,' he answered quietly. 'There is as yet no danger. Besides, I shall not hurt you.'

Oh, my little faith in this people who had ever shown more wisdom than my own! But no; I would not trust him.

'Put in some drops to dull the pain,' I said, 'and let me go on to Rabat.'

He put drops in skillfully, but, doubting if they would relieve me, wrote something on a slip of paper. 'Get these tablets at a druggist's and take them if the pain becomes unbearable.'

So I paid him and bade him good-bye — the man who would have saved me all that was to come.

Lahoucine rose gracefully from his chair and, again clasping my hand, returned with me to the bus station. I fancied a little relief already, and his face brightened at the news.

'What do you do when you have a toothache?' I asked.

'We go to the barber.'

'And what does the barber do?'

'He stands in the doorway of his shop and chooses two big men as they pass in the street. He invites them into his shop. Then you sit on the floor; and one big man grabs you so that you cannot move your arms, and the other big man grabs you so that you cannot move your legs. And the barber pulls out the tooth.'

'And what do you do then?'

'We yell,' said Lahoucine.

II

I could eat no lunch. During the afternoon's ride on to Rabat pain returned to my tooth and jaw with doubled ferocity, so that by the time we arrived at our destination I was like a crazed animal. I ran to the hotel, Lahoucine, gripping my hand, stream-

ing behind me. From the hotel I ran him to a cab, for if I went slow I bellowed. The cabman drove us to Salé, where lived the French major I had taken the journey to see. He welcomed us cordially and his wife offered me tea, but I stood in need of more urgent service.

'For God's sake, give me the name of a dentist in Rabat!'

They knew of none; but the major, all sympathy, telephoned regimental medical headquarters, and headquarters said there was a Dr. Dubois in Rabat, of whom it had had no experience but of whom it had heard good report. Whirling round the room, I bade them good-bye, and in a moment was all but lashing the cabman's horse back to Rabat.

An Arab servant opened the doctor's door to me.

'*Oujaa bezzaf!*' I cried, which meant I was in great pain. He vanished a moment, then returned to show me into the office. It was an airy office, all in sanitary white; and everything in it, from the modern dental chair and its basin to the desk, had a holy, germicidal look. A soft voice behind me said: —

'*Vous souffrez, monsieur?*'

There stood the dentist, white and germicidal as his office, with snow-white hair and little pointed beard, snow-white eyebrows, snow-white garments. The only touch of color about him was in his bright little brown eyes, which looked up over his spectacles at me with solemn sympathy and solemn wisdom.

'It's terrible, doctor,' I groaned, 'but I do not know what you can do about it; for I can hardly open my mouth, and cannot endure the touch of even my tongue on the tooth.'

'Pray be seated.'

When, between us, my mouth had been opened and he had explored a bit, he gazed at me through his spectacles, twining and untwining his hands.

'The abscess is not yet formed,' he said. 'I can prevent it and cure you. Did you ever hear of creosote?'

I nodded.

'I shall drop creosote into the hole in your tooth. I shall seal it in there with a light layer of cement. It will seep down through the nerve canals and destroy the infection.'

Seal that tooth! The little science of mine which had thought it dangerous for the Moor to extract the tooth now shivered at the thought of stopping up the hole in it; yet I said nothing. I was in a mood to submit to anything. Besides, Dr. Dubois was hypnotic in some strange, mediæval way, a frail personification of dogma.

When he had sealed the creosote within the tooth, he said: —

'You will soon be relieved. Meanwhile, I wish you to make external applications of hot water. I once conducted with a distinguished colleague a series of experiments in the efficacy of hot applications. We discovered that a temperature of between 41 and 45 degrees (centigrade) was most efficacious in preventing and dispersing congestion. You know, of course, that inflammation produces a congestion of blood. It will be worth your while to buy a thermometer on your way back to your hotel. Order hot water brought to your room. Soak a towel in it and fold it thus — thus, mind you. Take the temperature of the towel, and when it has fallen to 45 degrees apply it to your cheek and the side of your throat. Let it remain there. Then renew it.'

'You mean,' I asked, 'renew it when it has cooled to a temperature of 41 degrees?'

'Precisely.'

'Thank you, doctor,' I said, with tears of gratitude and pain.

On the way back to my hotel I could

not bring myself to buy a thermometer; and I am glad of this, because it exonerates Dr. Dubois, whose kindly hypnotic spell I still feel. But I did buy the tablets the Moor had prescribed for the pain.

Morton was waiting in my room. He had a smattering of chemistry, and by a formula of ten-syllable words printed on the box of tablets discovered their active agent to be chloral hydrate.

'What,' I asked him, 'is the effect of alcohol on chloral?'

'Alcohol,' replied Morton, 'should heighten the effect of chloral.'

'Then a drink —?'

'Wholly advisable. Let's go.'

And we went.

During the evening I took many of the chloral pills. They deadened the pain; and, reënforced by a coefficient, secured me some sleep that night. At five in the morning, however, I was aware of a curious feeling in the side of my face and my neck; and, hastening to the mirror, I saw that they were swollen. By swollen I mean filled out, so that no line or crease was left in the flesh. Consequently my face on that side looked the face of a monstrous baby, whereas the other side was hollow and creased like that of a famine-stricken ancient. For a long time I studied this countenance, chuckling because I could not open my mouth to laugh.

When I showed up at the dentist's later, he rubbed his fragile hands together.

'Ah,' he breathed, 'the abscess is forming. Come at seven this evening, and I will lance it for you.'

Talking about what one may call the general dental condition of Morocco, he slipped back into his own past. During his early life in Paris he had specialized in medicine and had spent all his time and money in perfecting a diet cure for tuberculosis. This was infallible; but other physicians would not acknowledge it, and he avowed to me that he had never cured a patient, except an animal or two; but that was because patients had always come to him too late and had to die. He presented me with two brochures he had written on the subject, and even inscribed them for me. With a parting injunction then to apply hot water to my jaw and neck during the day, and always water at between 41 and 45 degrees of heat, he accompanied me affectionately to the door.

When I returned at seven in the evening, he took a good look into my mouth and pronounced the abscess ripe. He then fixed me with his bright little eyes.

'It is the unfortunate custom,' he said, 'to open such abscesses with a knife; but incisions heal rapidly, closing the wound, whereas it should remain open to drain for eight days. Ah, the folly of practitioners! But my intention is to burn a hole into your abscess, for a burnt hole is slow to close.'

Naturally, I sickened at the thought; but he succeeded in injecting some anæsthetic which numbed my jaw. While this was taking effect, he drew out a long cord from a drawer, which he attached at one end to an electric circuit and at the other to something that was very big for a needle. But it was this pointed something which soon whitened and glared. When he applied it to the abscess I felt no pain at all. Smoke rose from my mouth with the acrid smell of grilling meat. That was all.

Then he laid aside the needle, disconnected the cord, and looked at his handiwork.

'Strange,' he said in a low voice, 'I have burned an excellent hole, but no pus comes out.' He probed round with an instrument. 'Yes, the hole opens into the sac of the abscess, but no pus comes out. Strange.'

'What's to be done?'

'Nothing. I have made the hole; the pus must find its way.'

This being settled, he took up talk of his own life again. After starving in Paris, he had married and gone to a general practice in Martinique. Here all the patients he told me of, both those who had come early and those who had come late, had died.

In a premonitory voice he said: 'I must leave town to-morrow morning early for a consultation, and shall not return to Rabat before Monday. Such abscesses as yours often prove fatal. I will not say that only one thing now stands between you and death, but I will say that only one thing stands between you and serious results; that is — applications of water heated to a temperature between 41 and 45 degrees.'

With these words in mind and another brochure in hand, I returned to the hotel. During the night the pus found its way.

III

By morning my whole countenance, from temple to shoulder, was yet more greatly swollen. When I appeared before the wife of the hotel manager behind the office counter, she threw her head back and broke into shrieks of laughter. The more she tried to master herself, the wilder her fits of laughing; until, exhausted, she wiped her eyes and regarded me steadily. Horror then spread over her face.

'I have known three people with faces like yours,' she said, 'and they died.'

Her husband joined in. 'My brother's wife was six months in hospital with an abscessed tooth and on the verge of death. You must take care. You must have it treated.'

'I am going to Dr. Dubois, as it is,' I said.

'He has a diploma; he must be good,' they said.

Being still in pain, I went forth to the druggist's for more chloral tablets. As I passed the Arab porter at the door, a good friend of mine, he whispered, seriously, '*Glaa-ha, glaa-ha*,' which meant 'Have it out.'

The chemist gave me one glance. 'Unless you take every precaution, you will die,' he said, gratuitously. But he was very kind, and prepared for me a decoction of poppy seeds and some root or other to hold in my mouth (as hot as possible).

Meanwhile Madame la Gérante (the hotel manager's wife) had lent me a small alcohol stove with a kettle which held enough water for a cup of tea. Round this I revolved during Saturday and Saturday night. First I heated a measure of the druggist's decoction in the kettle. While I held this in my mouth I refilled the kettle with water and set it to boil. By the time the water boiled, my mouth was quite numb, though scalded. So I ejected the decoction, poured hot water on the towel, folded it, counted 45 instead of taking its temperature, and lay on the bed with the towel at my jaw. After an hour, I went through this process again; and so on. I could not eat; and I shunned people, for, with the exception of the Arab servants, every person I saw was reminded by me of friends who, from such a state as mine, had descended rapidly to death.

I read the dentist's brochures; and though they mentioned no patient's survival, they were impressive. In fact I pondered a great deal on Dr. Dubois, and concluded that my liking for him could never change. If I were indeed to die soon under his treatment, I would not forget that I had failed to buy a thermometer; and I would speak well of him in the next world. His life seemed to me sad in that he had every-

where done his best, yet had been doomed to kill where he had studied to save.

My face grew bigger and bigger. On Sunday morning I could not open my eye. When I presented myself downstairs in the office, the manager and his wife assumed a funereal look.

'Yesterday I could laugh,' said she, 'but to-day it is evident that your condition is grave.'

Well, I remained standing by the office counter, my head sunk with the drag of congestion. Suddenly a hand touched my arm. I looked round, and there stood a man hardly more than five feet high, with a noble, pale countenance and big dark eyes. His raven hair fell to his shoulders. Over his lips drooped a silky black moustache; silky black whiskers flowed down the sides of his face. Both moustache and whiskers were sweetly scented.

'Monsieur will pardon me,' he said, 'but may I lay my hand on his cheek?'

'Certainly; go as far as you like,' I replied, for there was no mistaking the shiver of compassion which fluttered his voice and all his hairs. At my consent he smiled brilliantly, and big pure-white teeth shone through his moustache. A woman six feet tall stood behind him, whose face assumed a look of sorrow. Light as a feather, his hand lay on my cheek a second.

'Ah,' he sighed, 'your face is swollen.'

'That is certainly true,' said Madame la Gérante.

'Now,' said the noble little stranger, 'may I look in your mouth?'

'That would give me great pleasure,' I answered, feeling myself respond to a ceremoniousness which both the stranger's appearance and his accent accused of Castilian elegance. Outside the hotel door attended a handsome motor. The six-foot lady sent word to the chauffeur to wait; her husband was detained for a few minutes.

'Would monsieur be so kind as to sit down on this chair?'

I sat down. He parted my jaws skillfully and looked in between them. 'Ah, yes,' he said, shutting my jaws, 'the abscess should be opened.'

'But it has been opened, and with a hole that will not close for eight days.'

'To be sure,' he said, sadly, 'but such a little hole and such a very great infection. Monsieur, you will never get well that way. You need a wide slash of the knife. I am a dentist, monsieur. I have been court dentist to the Sultans of Morocco for twenty years. Permit me to give you my card.'

I have lost the card and forgotten the name that was on it, with all its *y*'s; but I am sure it is written in some golden book in Heaven.

'Unhappily, being on a motor trip with my wife, I have no instruments with me. Moreover, to-day is Sunday, and I know not certainly that I shall be able to borrow any in Rabat. But, monsieur, I shall do my best to find a knife, and if I succeed I will myself open the abscess for you this afternoon at three-thirty.'

'May the Lord bless you.'

'Not at all, monsieur.' He advised my applying wads of cotton soaked in permanganate to the wound. That would draw things and would prevent the spread of infection. 'But,' he added, 'you have a bad abscess, monsieur; and I will do my best to find a knife.'

With these kind words he went away. His wife's high face brightened, and her smile floated to me through the perfume left in the air by her husband's whiskers.

I laid the card before the hotel manager and his wife.

'We observe that he has been dentist to the Sultans,' they said, 'but we cannot see that he has a diploma.'

'However, he surely knows his business.'

'He seems to; but Dr. Dubois has a diploma.'

As the hours crawled by, the thought of the Spanish doctor scouring Rabat for a knife began to play grotesquely on all my nerves; and although I enjoyed applying the permanganate by way of novelty in the treatment, I was aware, as the clock drew nearer three, of a growing panic in myself. This I could not subdue. Just before three, therefore, I stole from my room and from the hotel.

Driven by fear, I made my way to Salé and the house of the French officer. Lahoucine, coming to the gate, instantly coupled himself to my hand. By not so much as a lift of eyebrow did he show that he had noted the swelling which had so altered my face since he had last seen me.

'Oh, my friend,' I cried, 'see how big is my face!'

'It is big,' he said, 'but, God willing, the bigness will soon go to its own country' — which in Moroccan Arabic is the destination of everything that goes away.

The major received me with every friendly attention.

'You are my refuge,' I explained, 'from a good man seeking a knife.'

For a couple of hours and more he entertained me with tales of his own experiences in Morocco, which included dangers far more picturesque than toothache. As twilight fell I took my leave of him.

'When do you return to Marrakesh?' he asked me.

'Tuesday morning, if all goes well.'

'May I ask you to be so kind as to restore Lahoucine to his brother. It turns out that I have no need of him for the present; but I shall expect him to rejoin me in Rabat when I return from France. I have explained this to him, and you might add a word to his brother.'

When I glanced at Lahoucine, he moved up to seize my hand, but we put that off till Tuesday morning. The officer accompanied me to the river which runs between Salé and Rabat. There I hailed a boatman to ferry me across. Over the river mouth and the sea beyond, the twilight lingered splendidly, and the smell of the sea was good. Good to me also as I sat holding my cheek was the sight of the boatman, standing to his oars, lithe and graceful, handsome son of God knows how many fishermen and pirates. His dark eyes caught me watching him.

'Toothache?' he asked with a soft smile.

'Yea, my brother.'

'Have it out.'

'At the barber's?'

'Just so.'

Smoothly we glided to the other shore, and when I had paid him I stole back to the hotel. From the shadow by the door I signaled the porter to come to me.

'Has the Spanish doctor returned to the hotel?' I whispered.

'*Ia, sidi.*'

'Has he a knife?'

'A knife, monsieur? I do not know. He is in the parlor now. Shall I ask him?'

'Do not dare speak to him.'

I entered the hotel and in the parlor before the entrance saw with my own eye the doctor talking to young ladies; so that, watching my chance, I was able to gain the stairs without his seeing me. The next morning he had gone, having left word with the manager that to his regret he had failed the day before to find a knife.

IV

Dr. Dubois, although he remarked that the swelling had subsided no whit in my face, acquiesced in my returning

to Marrakesh on the condition that I keep hot water applied to my face during the journey.

'But I cannot do that in the bus,' I objected.

'Ah, impatience, monsieur, impatience! Buy in Rabat a small steel flask; buy at any druggist's a small amount of sodium. Fill the flask with water; then add a small pinch of the chemical. That will heat the water, monsieur.'

'To 45 degrees?'

'More or less. You had better experiment this afternoon.'

His bill, which I then demanded, was very moderate. I thanked him for this consideration and for another brochure which he took from his desk and inscribed. I thanked him also for his kindness and wished him well. For he was an old man, no charlatan; and this was his last stand.

At nine o'clock the next morning Lahoucine was brought to me at the bus station, and, linking hands, we mounted into the vehicle. As we rode along, there came to my mind the fact that a month or so ago a man in Marrakesh, sorely afflicted with a bad tooth, had gone to an exceptionally good dentist in Casablanca. The name of the dentist I could not recall; but I determined that during the wait in Casablanca I would make an effort to find him; for, although my spirits had come up a little at the prospect of returning to my own house, I had more than a suspicion that I needed expert attention. After we had landed in Casablanca and engaged our seats for Marrakesh on the afternoon bus, grabbing Lahoucine by the hand, I set forth to track down the doctor. Luck favored me.

A pretty Italian girl opened the door to us, and on hearing my story both arranged for me to see the dentist at once and promised so far as possible to hold Lahoucine by the hand during my separation from him. The smile in her eyes and the melting look he cast upon her informed me that they would suffer no unhappiness in their brief conjunction.

Dr. Renoir was, in truth, an expert. He had no sooner looked at the tooth than he declared that the abscess must be cut open from one end to the other, and without delay.

'If you do that now, may I return to Marrakesh this afternoon?'

'By no means. You must stay here three days at least. I cannot tell how seriously the jaw is affected.'

I would not give up returning to Marrakesh; he refused to assume responsibility for the operation — in fact, to operate at all. It was not until I had regained the street with Lahoucine that I realized what folly it would be to risk further troubles with my jaw by disregarding this excellent doctor's advice. I contemplated breaking my oath; I remembered that I had made no such oath to the major as I had made to Lahoucine's brother.

'Lahoucine,' I asked, 'if I put you in your seat in the bus and watch till the bus leaves Casablanca, will you promise not to move out of it till the bus reaches Marrakesh?'

He gave me this promise, and at intervals of five minutes I made him repeat it; so that he was tied up in a net of promises by the time the bus was ready to go. I put him in his seat, wove another promise into the net about him, and sadly watched him depart. He reached Marrakesh in complete safety.

Over the lancing of the abscess I pass without comment. The dentist said: 'Notice that I do not trust poisons to find their way. When I open an abscess, everything comes out of it.' I remarked that guillotining must be far less painful; and though he seemed shocked as

by an exaggeration, that has remained my profound conviction.

On the way back to my hotel whom should I meet but the little Spanish doctor. We blocked traffic in mutual salutations. When I told him what had just happened, nothing would please him but that, by squatting, I reduce my height so that he could look into my mouth; and at the sight of what had been done he gave a cry of joy.

'Now,' he said, 'an antiseptic wash and a syringe are indispensable. Come with me, come with me.'

Though I protested that I was now under another doctor's care, he dragged me into a Spanish pharmacy near by and bought me a bottle of something and a little rubber squirt. He did not open the bottle, but with it and the syringe he went through all the motions of syringing out a wound like mine in his own mouth, which he opened exceedingly wide there in the drug store so that all his hand and the squirt disappeared within it. We rather danced than walked to my hotel together. Over a bottle of wine he talked of Morocco and remedies, and told me that a sure cure for dysentery was ripe olives, which are bitter as gall, brewed in sour milk.

On the third day after the dentist had opened the abscess the doubt of my condition which he had entertained became certainty. The infection had deeply attacked the jawbone and my case was one for a surgeon. With my consent, he telephoned at once to a surgical clinic in town, and before sunset I was moving from hotel to hospital. A fine big Arab admitted me to the hospital; and about half-past six in the afternoon a nurse came to my room and told me to prepare for the operation. When I asked her what anæsthetic they were going to give me she answered that she did not know the name of it, but it would make me sick.

Clad in a nice pair of pyjamas, I walked calmly to the operating room, which was a vast chamber hung all in black, lighted brilliantly, and overheated. Beneath the brightest cluster of lights stretched a table narrow as a plank, vacant. The surgeon and his assistant, both over six feet tall, wore white uniforms buttoned to their chins, and white aprons, and at the sight of me they rubbed their hands. My dentist was there, clad like the others. Before my mind flashed the picture of Lahoucine seated in the barber shop, the red-fezzed barber in the doorway, the passionately human crowd streaming in the street, the sunlight speckling them through the lattice overhead where grapevines grew, where, before a certain shop I knew, the grapes hung already in green clusters. I kept the picture to myself, but said something witty and courageous, which unhappily I do not recall.

'Kindly lie on the table,' they said.

Almost before I could straighten myself on the table, the two big men sprang toward me and clamped steel rings down over my knees and ankles; and then, seizing my hands, forced them into leathern gauntlets and strapped them tight to my sides. In less than a minute I was trussed.

'I have done nothing wrong,' I said.

They approached with the breather and set it over my face.

'Now, breathe deeply and easily.'

I inhaled a faintly sweet gas. But I could not exhale. The breather fitted hard over my face and was, for some reason, air-tight against expulsion. Only by blowing with all my strength could I force the breath in my lungs out round the edges of it. I opened my eyes very wide, rolled my head, mumbled into the repressive cone. After a while they removed it.

'What is the matter?' they asked, not unkindly.

'I can breathe in all right, but cannot breathe out.'

They tinkered with the breather, and the giant assistant murmured to the giant surgeon, 'I told you that valve was stopped.' To me they said, 'You have big lungs, monsieur.'

When they readjusted the breather over my face again, I could no more exhale than before, and blew so hard that I could not possibly go to sleep. Again I opened my eyes, rolled my head, moaned. But no kind word came to me.

'Turn on the chloroform,' said one to another. The gas within the cone thickened and sweetened, my brain whirled a moment; then I awoke hungry in my bed.

When, ten days later, I returned to Marrakesh, Lahoucine and his brother came to see me. They and other friendly Moors laid their hands on my cheek, where the swelling still lingered.

'Little by little it will go to its own country,' they said, and it did.

But I often think of what Ahmed said, who had been absent and who did not come to see me until most traces of what I had gone through had disappeared.

'It was a terrible toothache,' I said.

This made no impression upon him. What is a toothache, after all? Go to the barber and have it out.

'And it cost me more than two thousand francs,' I added.

That startled him. He looked at me in astonishment, and in compassion, too, for the Moors are tender with lunatics.

'All Christians are a little crazy,' he said. 'God would have cured your toothache — and for nothing.'

INTERLUDE WITH A TUTELARY SPIRIT

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

MPWAPWA is a pleasant place on the edge of the hills in the Central Province of Tanganyika. Stanley, on his way to find Livingstone, camped under a spreading heavy-foliaged tree in the village. The Germans had one of their fortified administrative posts there (now replaced by a British District Officer's friendly-looking little office); the road is still here which they made and planted with vegetable barbed wire in the shape of formidably spiked sisal, and on a hill a few miles off is one of their heliograph towers. Here too they plumped down their main veterinary station; the English have taken over the laboratory, and are now moving the headquarters of the whole veterinary department here from the capital, over two hundred miles away. Here the present administration has also built its lymph laboratory, where a quarter of a million vaccination doses are kept in reserve, and whence the whole territory, three times the size of the United Kingdom, is supplied with vaccine for the campaign against smallpox. And they have started a big educational venture at Mpwapwa. Not only are there a local elementary

school and a central school where boarders come from all the Central Province, but it is the only centre in the territory for the training of native teachers.

And besides the fields and steadings of the local tribe, there is also a big native village where was once an important station on a main slave-trade route. Slaves from all parts of the territory and from far-off Congoland beyond the Great Lake got left here for one cause or another, so that it is a much-mixed little African cosmopolis, with Indian shops to boot. The main Tanganyika railway passes only twelve miles away, close under the mountains that bound the opposite side of the narrow plain, and a good motor road runs from the railway to the town. There are two excellent tennis courts, and the rudiment of a golf course. Mpwapwa is thus a busy modern place, as much exposed to the disturbing swirl of civilization's current as any of the smaller townships of Africa.

In the morning I saw over the veterinary laboratory, where vast quantities of anti-rinderpest serum are made and bottled (it looks very much like rather turbid beer) for shipment far and wide, and where the unpleasant trypanosomes are studied that wriggle their way through the blood of cattle and keep cows and horses out of the half of tropical Africa. In the afternoon I had a long conference with the staff of the school over the teaching of science to the African schoolboy and future schoolmaster, and about five, as the sun was softening downwards to the west, the headmaster and I, putting on the regular outdoor kit of white shirt and shorts, went for a walk.

We headed for a little rock pinnacle that rises just beyond where the cultivated plain gives place to the hills and their mantle of scrubby woodland. It was a fine little fifty-foot needle of hard rock, and my climbing instincts were aroused. I found my way to its base through the tangled, thorny copsewood, noticing vaguely that the way was roughly barred by a small tree and a branch or two that had been cut and put in the obvious approach between two big boulders. The little climb was easier than it looked, and I was quickly on top, looking over the brown plain and purple hills, parched and waiting for the short rains.

Suddenly a loud and peculiar hoarse hissing broke out from just below where I was sitting. I thought of giant wasps or tropical hornets — not without some alarm, for descent in a cloud of stings would have been not only unpleasant but dangerous. But my anxious eye fell not on a swarm of insects but on a solitary reptile — a huge monitor lizard, over five feet long, in a crevice of the rock. I had stepped right over the place without noticing its inmate.

There it was, its scales like tiles upon its trunk, and rising up on its neck into bosses like heavy leatherwork. It looked up at me with a cold malignant eye, darted its flickering tongue, leaden and forked, out of its hard mouth, and hissed with raucous intensity.

This was the first big lizard I had seen wild, and I became seized with an intense desire to catch it. Having decided that its bite might be dangerous, I made a running noose with my garter and prepared to lasso the beast. But on this he turned, and slowly began to creep into a crack. I seized his tail, and there was a struggle, pull devil, pull baker. Once in a crack, he wedged himself with extraordinary firmness, and it was only after two or three minutes that I got him out.

This was no ordinary monitor. The average specimen, so I am assured by those who know his habits, would have been round and away in a flash. He would have protected himself by

vicious and swift snapping, and would have lashed with his tail so intensely that I should never have been able to get him out, or hold him, ignominiously dangling, when I had done so. Doubtless he was an aged creature, who had lived in this rock fortress for decades, scores of years, even a century — we know little of reptilian spans of life. His near forepaw was badly scarred, with several of the clawed toes bitten off.

Then came the problem of descent. Unencumbered I had found the ascent easy, but to get down with only one hand for climbing, while trying to prevent that ugly head from coming within snapping distance of my person, and those powerful fore quarters from wedging themselves in a crevice, was another matter. However, I succeeded. If ever (which is unlikely) I become a candidate for admission to the Alpine Club, I shall record that brief but anxious descent.

My companion came up to inspect my capture. He too noticed the barring of the approach to the rock, and suggested that the place was a holy place, and the beast a holy beast. So we let it go, but not until after an interesting demonstration of the ease with which reptiles can be hypnotized, or put into the catalepsy which is the evolutionary forerunner of the true hypnotic state. While we were talking, the beast was struggling to make off; to put him at a disadvantage I twisted his tail to turn him over on to his back. At once his movements ceased, and I found I could release my hold, and he still lay there, breathing deeply. Put over on to his belly again, he at once woke up; but if rapidly twisted into the supine position, and held still there for a few seconds,he at once became immobilized. Doubtless Aaron's rod had been tricked into the same physiological state, and I recalled playing the same game with the amusingly ugly horned-toad lizards of the western United States, much to the astonishment of some Wyoming cowboys, whose exclamations of 'Gee!' were redoubled as I succeeded in piling three of the lizards into a grotesque edifice of catalepsy-struck reptilian flesh.

Just down across a patch of cultivation was a little tembe, one of the steadings in which the local people, the Wagogo, live. They are square, with buildings all round — or on three sides with a thorn hedge on the fourth. The cattle are driven in at evening into the central space, and the gate barricaded. In the buildings lives a whole patriarchal family, — the grandfather with his wife or wives, the sons with their wives and children, — and there are compartments too for the chickens and the goats.

The patriarch of this tembe was a little man in the forties or fifties, with a curiously Tatar face, low and broad, with highish cheekbones, and a little stringy moustache hanging Chinese-fashion round the corners of his mouth. He was a nice little fellow, with humor in every wrinkle of his face, and quick gesticulations of his hands. He was dressed in a low red fez, an old brown golf sweater, and a little cloth kilt. One of his daughters-in-law sat wrapped in a cotton dress; the other, a fine figure of a girl, naked to the waist, with a necklace of English beads, busied herself about the place. As the little man talked, I was reminded of the Italian peasant life I had got to know near Padua during the war. These people were black and pagan; their life was more primitive, their belongings fewer and cruder, their outlook more limited. But there was the same simplicity, the same feeling of a human stock rooted in the soil. There was the same acceptance of life, its drudgeries, pleasures, and vicissitudes, that I had learned to know among the Italians,

an acceptance for the most part contented, sometimes tinged with humorous resignation.

He showed us his room — wattle and daub, mud floors, no windows, but clean. There were two beds, with skin mattresses, a nicely carved stool; a stone worn smooth by the grinding of interminable maize, with a skin mat on which the women could kneel while they ground it; a big board for playing *bau*, the African game which is played over half the great continent. He played *bau* with his sons in the evenings, he told us, after the work of the day was done.

My companion, after a little general talk, threw out a feeler about the monitor. 'By the way,' he said, 'when we were up at that pinnacle over there we saw a great lizard among the rocks.'

'Ah, yes,' said the little Wagogo man. 'Yes, there is a big lizard up there. He looks after all of us in the neighborhood. We get pretty good crops, thanks to him.' And he speedily changed the subject.

Afterward I made some inquiries. It seems certain that monitor lizards are rare in the district, and that this particular specimen was of great age. The rocks were striking to look at, and there was nothing else like them for some miles round. They might well have been chosen as phallic symbols; anyhow it appears that striking rocks are not infrequently chosen as places where certain of the initiation ceremonies are gone through. And certainly the obvious approach to the base of the rock had been deliberately barred.

There seems no doubt that it was a sacred place, and the monitor a sacred beast, a tutelary creature to which some divinity attached. I wonder if he is accorded offerings of food. In any case, I hope that his forcible capture and dethronement to the base of the rock will have no evil effects. I left him vainly trying to get the hinder half of his body into a too-narrow crack. May he by now have found his way back to his tabernacle at the summit, there to live long years more. May the people of the neighborhood not fail in their belief in him so long as he lives. May our rule in the territory not cause a collapse of all their simple living, but cause it to evolve into a richer and more stable peasant life.

We went on homeward in the gathering dusk. Across from the next mountain, a couple of miles away, came the rhythm of drums, inviting to foot it, with accompaniment of shrill whistles and occasional bursts of singing. So home, to dine, and play bridge until it was time to catch the night train upcountry. . . . A varied day. My companion's only regret is that he had no camera to snap me silhouetted against the sky, with the ancient beast dangling in indignity from my hand, on the summit of the sacred rock.

THE NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

FROM age to age science has given mankind a new world, and the latest newness — which will not be the last — is perhaps strangest of all. Many of us who were eager students of science forty or fifty years ago have ceased to feel at home in the universe, it has become so new. What are the salient features in this newness?

Retrospective

Before attempting an answer, let us illustrate very briefly the historical fact that from time to time the whole world has appeared to man in a new light. We do not refer mainly to the great scientific discoveries, for many of these have never touched the imagination of the great body of educated people; we refer to disclosures which thrilled mankind. And we must let our thoughts travel back to the first of all these disclosures, which came when prehistoric man began to discover from the seasons and from the stars the basal fact of the Order of Nature. As Poincaré points out, a beclouding of the earth, sufficient to hinder the discovery of astronomical uniformities, might have involved a permanent beclouding of man's intellect; for it is doubtful if science could ever have begun without the help of the stars. And, apart from the foundation of a stable system of knowledge, it must have been a liberating relief when thoughtful men discovered that there is no capriciousness in the routine of the physical universe. It is difficult for us to realize how many centuries had to pass before it was discovered that living creatures are also 'under the Reign of Law,' as the old phrase termed it. Even in the twentieth century, men who would never dream of indulging 'hopes' in a matter of bridge building, or the like, are often expectant of evading in their own bodies the consequences of breaking the laws of health.

How new the world became when Galileo resolved the Milky Way into a galaxy of separate stars, and when a geocentric picture of our solar system was changed by Copernicus and others into a heliocentric one! How new the world became in the early seventeenth century when the pioneer microscopists revealed the invisible structures, activities, and beings on which the visible in large measure depends! Again the world became new and newly unified when Lavoisier, victim of the extremists of the French Revolution, placed the panting mouse beside the burning candle, and declared that all living, in one of its chemical aspects, is a process of combustion or oxidation, one of the first 'legitimate materialisms' in biology, showing that, unique as living creatures are, they may be studied as the seats of chemical and physical processes in line with those that occur in the non-living domain.

How new the world became when Newton's genius linked the falling apple to the distant moon, discovering the most widely applicable, and, within certain modern limitations, the most perfect of all the formulæ that sum up

the routine of our experience! Well might the poet say,

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

A new unity means a new world; and another signal instance of this may be found in the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy which will be always associated with the work of Joule, a Manchester brewer, a maker of new knowledge if there ever was one. For we owe to Joule, and to others like Mayer and Helmholtz, whom we must associate with him, the establishment of the generalization that no energy (or power of doing work) can go lost, but can at most suffer transformation from one guise to another. The sun raises the water of the ocean to form clouds and sets loose the wind that shepherds these across the sky; the water vapor condenses into runlets on the mountains and the cascade drives wheels which generate electricity in abundance. Thence man may send powerful electric arcs through the air and fix the free nitrogen into ammonium nitrite or the like, and thus may produce the valuable artificial fertilizers of the wheatlands. So that man makes bread out of the thin air! Or the electricity generated by the waterfall may be used to light the distant city, or warm its houses, or drive its street cars. From one expression to another, like the Proteus of old mythology, the power may change, sinking down eventually to unavailable diffuse heat, but no energy can go lost, so to speak, in any closed system of dynamic operations. The law of the Conservation of Energy, requiring saving clauses to-day, suggested a world in which nothing real — *unless it be individuality* — can ever be lost. Bound up with the idea of conservation was the idea of the transformability of energy from one mode to another, and, as this began at once to influence practical inventions, it had widespread popular recognition and is a good instance of the way in which science has from time to time made the world new for large masses of the people.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but perhaps those we have recalled are sufficient to obviate the fallacy that the newness of the outlook to-day is in any way unique. The newness of to-day is perhaps preëminent in its degree, but it is of a kind that has had many heralds. We should perhaps have included the evolutionist outlook as one of the gains of the past, but there is something to be said for regarding its full acceptance among the general body of educated people as distinctively modern. In any case, since science in its making and in its diffusion is somewhat like an organic growth, it is a mistake to try to demarcate too firmly, and there is usually, as in the case of Darwinism, a long succession of anticipators, precursors, demonstrators, corroborators, expositors, and so forth.

The World To-day

I. One of the greatest unifications that science has ever made is expressed in the electronic theory of matter — that all the different kinds of matter differ from one another only in the number and disposition of their component electrons (unit charges of negative electricity) and hydrogen nuclei or protons (each carrying a charge of positive electricity). The simplest of all the atoms is that of hydrogen, which is pictured as consisting of a single proton and of a single electron revolving around it at a high velocity. But this is too simple to be a good sample, so we may take in contrast the atom of uranium, the most complex as yet known. It seems to have (1) a core of 238 hydrogen nuclei or protons; (2) along with these, 146

inner electrons; and (3), outside these again, 92 outer electrons. Thus, if we think of the centre of the uranium atom (the core and the inner electrons) as a sun, we may think of the 92 outer electrons as so many planets. The poet Blake spoke of seeing a world in a grain of sand, and that is what modern science has verified; the atom of matter is like a constellation. The picture of the complex atom as a constellation seems to be already in need of change, and the electron is no longer regarded as the last word in atomic analysis, but these and similar questions are for experts and far beyond our scope here; they do not affect the great new conclusion that all the different kinds of matter, such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, mercury, iron, silver, gold, radium, and uranium, differ only in the numbers and arrangements of their component electrons and protons — the tenuous building stones of the universe, 'the stuff out of which worlds have been spun.' Thus, starting with the discovery of radioactivity by Becquerel, science has given us a new world.

II. Another salient feature in the newness of the outlook to-day is the unification of the radiant energies. The first great step toward this was when Faraday unified electricity and magnetism, and cautiously expressed his expectation that other forms of energy would fall into line. This was in part fulfilled when Clerk Maxwell showed that light is also electrical in nature; and other unifications followed. To-day we picture an impressive gamut of electromagnetic radiotrons, differing in their measured wave lengths from those of very long wave length, some of which are used in broadcasting, to those of very short wave length, some of which are used in radiotherapy. If the visible light waves that we are most pleasantly familiar with in the sunshine be ranked as one octave, then there is a known gamut of 61 other octaves of electromagnetic radiations, or ether waves, as some would call them. This is one of the grandest unifications that the mind of man has achieved, and it should be noticed that by means of *one* of the octaves — namely, light — man has come to know all he knows.

From the time of Joule onward, it was clear to all thoughtful minds that the sun is the source of almost all the energy or power on the earth. But when they were asked how the sun, or any other luminous star, was able to continue for so long pouring forth light and heat, they gave answers which were not very satisfactory — for example, that the sun was burning itself away like a colossal fiery furnace, and that it made good its losses by contracting in volume. But such answers proved more and more unworkable, and it was reserved for the twentieth century to discover the source of all the power in our world. However the experts may still differ in regard to details, there seems to be general agreement that the source of all the radiant power in the universe of stars is atomic. According to some authorities, there is a release of energy by some transmutation of elements, such as occurs in the disintegration of the atoms of radioactive substances. According to others, there is generation of energy in sun and star when an electron and a proton, jerked off from atoms, annihilate one another in headlong collision. As regards the radiant energies, our world picture has a new unity and coherence.

III. We have referred to the unification of the different forms of matter and energy (hardly separable concepts to-day), and now we turn to the unification that has come about in the realm of organisms. A new unity has become

so familiar that we can hardly realize that it was an achievement of little more than a century ago. Aristotle knew some five hundred different kinds of animals, and he had anticipations of the fact that they were not all so different from one another as they seemed at first sight. Thus in his insight he indicated that scales, feathers, and hairs had a common nature, and he had a grasp of the fact that apparently different organs may be homologous — that is to say, closely alike in fundamental structure and development. Thus he knew that whales are mammals, not fishes. Other recognitions of the unity amid manifoldness were expressed later on in the relationships worked out by the comparative anatomists and the classifiers; and there was a prescient wisdom in Linné's application of the term Organisata to include both plants and animals. For this was a recognition of the important commonplace that plants and animals — so far apart to the ordinary observer — are more alike than they are different.

Yet it was not till 1838–39 that Schwann and Schleiden, soon supported by Virchow and Goodsir, formulated the cell theory or cell doctrine. This expressed three fundamental conclusions: (1) that all living creatures are either single cells or aggregates of cells and modifications of cells; (2) that every many-celled organism, if reproduced in the ordinary way, begins its individual life as a fertilized egg cell, which divides and redivides to build up an embryonic body; and (3) that the life of a multicellular organism is the sum total of the life of its component cells, and yet a little more, because of that integration which makes the living whole more than the sum of its parts. This cell theory made the world of life new.

Yet it is a remarkable historical fact that it was not until about 1861 that even biologists began to realize that there is a common physical basis of life in all living creatures. The more or less clear and viscid 'sarcode' of animal cells had been recognized, as when Dujardin studied the movements of the pinhead-like chalk-forming animals (Foraminifera) and noticed that the viscid outflowings adhered to his manipulating needles; but the idea that all animals are built up of a similar kind of living substance had not dawned. One reason for this was that the living matter of cells is very apt to be masked by inclusions and products which make the cells appear much more different than they really are; but the deeper reason was that the times were not ripe for the idea that life could be thought of in terms of a physical basis. It seems nowadays extraordinary that investigators could carefully describe the 'protoplasm' of the plant cell with von Mohl and the 'sarcode' of the animal cell with Dujardin without realizing that these were in essentials the same, though in each and every case *specific*. For along with the unity there has also to be recognized an individuality or specificity. As Saint Paul said, there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes.

It was an epoch-making step when Max Schultze in 1861 realized that there is a definite kind of stuff at the foundation of all forms of life — protoplasm, which Huxley tersely described as 'the physical basis of life.' This was what Sir Michael Foster called the beginning of 'the protoplasmic movement,' the fruitful idea that the particular kind of activity which we call 'life' has its home, so to speak, in an intricate mixture of carbon compounds (proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and so forth), and expresses itself in disruptions and constructions, downbreakings and upbuildings, katabolisms and

anabolisms of this material. The great French physiologist, Claude Bernard, has the credit of being one of the first to focus the idea of a balanced twofold process of waste and repair which is characteristic of life. It was a legitimate materialism, and the fulcrum for the powerful biochemical lever, yet soon it became necessary to ask — *as we are still asking* — whether protoplasm is not always, more or less, psychoplasm as well.

The student must be lacking in the historical sense who is not thrilled by the fact that just about a century ago (1828) Wöhler synthesized urea, a characteristic organic compound, occurring even in some plants; and Hennell about the same time did the same for alcohol. Why is this to be regarded as epoch-making? Because it had been previously supposed that organic compounds could not arise apart from the touch of life; but in 1828 the barricade was broken forever, and almost at one assault. It is now a familiar fact that the creative chemist can build up not only sugars, but even amino acids, and subtle carbon compounds like thyroxin and adrenalin — the hormones of the thyroid gland and the suprarenal bodies respectively. The synthetic chemist is hammering at the portals of life's citadel, and there is promise in the experiments of Baly and his collaborators, in which the action of light on a mixture of carbon dioxide and water serves to synthesize formaldehyde and then sugar, while the addition of some ordinary nitrogenous salt may bring about, still with the help of light, the formation of a nitrogenous carbon compound, approaching an amino acid.

Relatively modern are two important adjuncts to the idea of protoplasm, that it has the properties of a colloid, and that many of its activities are indissolubly bound up with fermentations; but our main point is that the idea of protoplasm made the world of life *new*. Apart from technicalities, the importance of the colloidal nature of protoplasm lies in the fact that innumerable ultramicroscopic particles and unmixing droplets are in suspension in a fluid medium, and that they present, like an archipelago of hundreds of islands with an enormous coast line, a large surface in proportion to their total volume — a large surface on which physical and chemical changes can go on apace, like trading on the coasts of the countless islands of our imaginary archipelago. As to the importance of those elusive substances known as ferments or enzymes, which can do so much though present in minimal quantities, and can do so much without being themselves exhausted, we cannot apart from them even begin to understand the rapidity and tirelessness of the chemical processes which go on in every living cell. Pasteur may be taken as one of the great initiators along this line of investigation.

What is the significance of all this?

1. It means that we have a unified view of the whole realm of organisms, since they are all built up of the same kind of material — namely, protoplasm. Here we get a glimpse of the genius of Nature (or of the Creator), that a fabric of at first bewildering diversity and intricacy is seen to be woven out of only two or three different kinds of thread. For what does the Common Denominator of the world include besides (*a*) atoms (electrons and protons), (*b*) electromagnetic radiotrons, and (*c*) mind?

2. It pleases our desire for unity to know that there is a legitimate materialism — namely, a promiseful chemistry and physics of the living body — in which much certainly goes on that is in line with the processes

that take place in the domain of non-living things. At the same time, though keeping to a factual basis, we hold by the autonomy of biology — that is to say, that there is much in the life of organisms that requires categories or concepts peculiar to biological science. Thus the organism is a 'historic being,' enregistering the past and using it to influence the future, often purposively, sometimes purposefully.

3. For the life of man — and not on its lower reaches only — it means much that his biochemical nature is being widely recognized, not merely as a theoretical proportion, but as a practical reality, to be supplemented, of course, by an acknowledgment of his biopsychical nature. He must not, to use Walt Whitman's phrase, lie awake in the dark and weep for his sins, when he should be undergoing thyroid treatment under the physician's orders. In the opposite direction, he must not allow himself to be so preoccupied with some deficiency in his calcium metabolism that he never asks himself whether he is not possibly starving himself as regards beauty.

But our present point is simply that the progress of biological science along the lines of the protoplasmic movement has opened up the prospect of a new world. Thus we know how the hormones or chemical messengers secreted by the ductless glands and distributed through the body by the blood are fundamentally important in securing the health and regulating the harmony of the body — whose activities, both protoplasmic and psychical, they may be said to *orchestrate*. Two of the most important of these hormones, the thyroxin made by the thyroid gland and the adrenalin made by the suprarenal bodies, can now be synthesized artificially in the laboratory, and thence introduced, with often miracle-like effects, into the body of the patient who is suffering from deficiency in the natural supply. Where no artificial synthesis has been effected, the hormone that the patient needs must be introduced from some other organism, as in the well-known case of insulin.

And just as a recognition of the rôle of hormones has changed the whole face of physiology, and is fast changing several departments of medicine, so the theory and practice of dietetics have been deeply modified by some recognition of the rôle of vitamins or accessory foodstuffs, which, though present in minimal amount in most natural foods, are now proved to be more necessary than the necessaries. Their importance in health and growth and development is not merely an interesting piece of new information; it puts into man's hands a new method of combating disease and fostering vigor. Sailors need no longer have scurvy or children rickets, for the counteractive vitamins are readily available in natural foods properly balanced.

To some it may seem an exaggeration to call this view of man as *a remediable organism* a new feature in our world to-day, but we cannot yield the point. To take an illustration, one of the heaviest mundane clouds that have ever darkened the human sky in warm countries is hookworm disease, due to various threadworms (Anchylostomum and Necator) which live in the food canal of man and suck blood from the walls. They produce anæmia and weakness, depression and despair, and are often fatal. They are the cause of the widespread 'tropical depression' familiar to missionaries, explorers, and employers of labor in many hot countries; and until recently the attempts to counter the disease have not met with much success. It has been shown, however, by the strenuous campaigners of the Rockefeller Institution that

hookworm is conquerable. Doses of carbon tetrachloride quickly eliminate the deadly parasites, and simple sanitary measures prevent reinfection. The heavy cloud has already lifted in many places. Our proposition is that the possession of a common protoplasm makes all organic nature kin; and the proposition has far-reaching implications. Thus man, unique and apart as he is, especially at his best, is solidary with the rest of creation. He has language and reason (the capacity for conceptual inference or working with general ideas), he is in some measure aware of his past and able to control his future, he builds up around him a potent social heritage; but the fact remains that he has prehuman strands in the fabric of his being, that he illustrates the laws of heredity like the beasts of the field, that he illustrates with differences the ordinary evolutionary factors, such as variation and selection, and that he, as protoplast, is part of that quivering web of interrelations which is yet another expression of the Unity of Life. This modern idea insists on correcting the fact of man's apartness by the facts of his solidarity, and so the world is becoming new.

IV. Another new feature of far-reaching importance, though not as yet very widely appreciated, is the Unity of Mind, meaning by this phrase that to an extent previously unsuspected there is evidence of a mental aspect throughout the whole animal world. Evading in this article the difficult question of the mental aspect in plants, — where, however, it seems almost self-evident to the distinguished investigator Sir J. C. Bose, — we claim for the animal world that there are expressions of an inner subjective life almost from the first. In simple types like amœbæ, it is possible enough that consciousness is only in flashes at critical moments; but as we ascend the series there is a more and more undeniable indication of a continuous mental aspect, until we find ourselves face to face with the clear intelligence of types like dog and horse, elephant and ape.

If we hold an ostrich plume in our left hand in front of us, with the axis slightly tilted, and so that the barbs of one side are pointing upward and those of the other side downward, we may arrange on this the very diverse modes of animal and human behavior. Perhaps the outer or convex surface of the axis and its barbs might usefully represent the objective, physiological, neural, or metabolic aspect of behavior, while the inner or concave surface might usefully represent the subjective, psychological, mental, or psychical aspect, in model or symbol as it were; but we need not go into this at present. Our point here is that the up-pointing barbs may be taken to represent all the initiative or experimental modes of behavior — for instance, trying various reactions, experimenting at non-intelligent levels, profiting by experience, learning to associate an antecedent and a consequent, utilizing intelligence or the power of perceptual inference, and, finally, rising to reason in the strict sense, or the power of conceptual inference, which seems to be confined to man, though possibly dawning in some of the doings of the higher apes. On the other side, the down-pointing barbs may be taken to represent all the outcomes of engrained reactions, inborn reflexes, enregistered tropisms and rhythms, instinctive behavior at various levels, conditioned reflexes established by the individual organism, the habituation of intelligent actions, the normal activities of the unconscious, and possibly unconscious cerebration at a very high level, as illustrated by some mathematicians

and other thinkers. From a common stem of evolving brain-and-mind there have arisen specialized forms of behavior in a long gamut, and, although no individual form directly gives rise to its successor in the ascent, there is a long graduated series from the amœba, exploring for food, to the biochemist, experimenting with new ways of solving the problem of nutrition in mankind.

There is no possibility of describing the higher reaches of thinking, feeling, and purposing among men and women without allowing for the mental aspect as a *vera causa* that counts; and, despite the extreme behaviorists, it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line, above which there is ideation, emotion, and purposing, but below which there is none. This would be an untenable evolutionary position, and it is also at variance with what is familiar fact in the individual development of every human embryo, infant, and child.

Thus there is dawning a new view that the whole of life and the whole ascent of life are interpenetrated with 'mind.' No doubt there was and is dim awareness before percepts and concepts, diffuse *joie de vivre* before defined emotion, and the bent bow of endeavor before clear-cut purposefulness; but throughout there is and has been 'mind,' even though it slumber in tree and coral, with no more than occasional thrills of excitement in a few, and dream-smiles, which we call beauty, in all. To the monistic evolution-philosophers it is indeed necessary to go further and to credit the original nebulæ with something more than would have met the eye had there been any eye to see — something analogous to mind, out of which mind could have evolved. For it cannot be juggled out of matter and energy. It is interesting to find that some of the leaders in modern physical investigation seem more willing than their predecessors to leave room for a breath of spontaneity in their deterministic schemes. After a long circuit there is a return toward the old truth: In the beginning was Mind.

But, keeping to the scientific 'universe of discourse,' we maintain that *the largest fact in evolution* is the growing ascendancy and emancipation of mind. In this there is great hopefulness for mankind, for who dare say that this evolutionary trend has reached its limit?

We should also have spoken of the new outlook which is implied in the immense size of the canvas on which modern astronomers depict the universe or the universes around us. It brings obvious difficulties of its own that the only living creatures we are sure of are those that have this earth as their home, and that no protoplasmic organisms such as we are aware of could live in an environment where water is not present in liquid form. This fact greatly reduces the possibilities of life on any other planet; and, although we cannot assert that there might not be somewhere else a population of entirely different body-and-mind integrates, they interest us but little, since we cannot imagine them in the least. Yet it seems difficult to be satisfied that we are quite right in supposing that man in a little cold corner of the inconceivable immense universe is the only creature who can interpret anything. If this is so, it is with a new catch in our breath that we echo the old words: 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?'

Some reference might have been expected to the modern idea of relativity, which has deeply changed the outlook of those who have understood it. We have omitted it partly because of its

difficulty, but mainly because no one can say that it has as yet gripped a large body of the people and made their world new. But we claim that this is true of the four great conclusions which have just been emphasized: (1) the unity of matter, (2) the unification of the radiant energies, (3) the unity and solidarity of life, and (4) the pervasiveness of mind.

The Old Giving Place to the New

Another way of appreciating the situation is to compare the old times and outlooks with the new. The world is vaster, grander, more orderly, more translucent, more wonderful than ever it was before.

1. Gone is the old fear of forces leagued against man, and of evil spirits waiting greedily for his destruction. Truly there is room in the world without for reasonable fear and still more in the world within. 'Fear not them which kill the body . . . but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body.' This second fear remains, but gone is the old fear of an inimical Nature and of daimonic powers that grudge man his short-lived happiness. What liberation of spirit this driving away of devils has meant! 'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers.'

2. Gone is the old sense of bewildering confusion, for almost everywhere there is order. A phantasmagoria has given place to a cosmos. Even discords like disease have their laws and can be reckoned with reasonably. The old notion of a disease as some mysterious enemy reaching out of the darkness unpredictably and seizing poor men by the throat may linger in regard to obscure maladies like cancer, but the causes of most diseases can be stained and microscopically examined. Storms can be predicted and famines prepared for. The fundamental mysteriousness of nature does not grow less, but the secondary mysteries disappear like clouds before the sun. Every year discloses some new orderliness in the universe.

3. Gone is the old bogey of the capricious. The poet almost finished it with his caustic line: 'Shall gravitation cease when *you* go by?' How many real laws of nature man has discovered as yet is a very difficult question, but he has at any rate shown that there are many great uniformities of experience that can be tersely formulated and entirely trusted to. Wherever there is individuality there is an element of the unpredictable, and some of the recent discoveries in physics suggest that we should not be in a hurry to set dogmatic limits to the emergence of spontaneity, even in the world of atoms; but the indeterminateness of complex individualities is neither capricious nor disorderly. Given a reasonable acquaintance with the facts, it is safer to predict the return of a comet than to tell how the cat will jump; yet there are laws of cat-jumping, and the Mendelian counts and describes his chickens before they are hatched!

4. Gone too is the phobia of the old apsychism, the fear of what Comte has called 'illegitimate materialisms.' There is a chemistry and physics of the living organism, and this is a legitimate materialism of indubitable fruitfulness; but it is illegitimate to say that nothing is done to or done by a living creature which cannot be adequately described in chemical and physical — that is, theoretically, mechanistic — terms. 'Illegitimate,' because exclusively mechanistic biology does not work; it involves a false simplicity which does not grip the major facts of life such as development and behavior. When it is pushed to the extreme of regarding the psychical life as a flow of

unmeaning and entirely negligible bubbles on the stream of metabolism, or as the mere whirr of the cerebral engine wheels, the mechanistic theory becomes a contradiction in terms, since a machine cannot possibly concoct a theory that it is merely a machine. We are, of course, aware that it is painfully easy to lose the *esprit de corps* in the details of colloidal chemistry, the individuality in the details of reflexes and tropisms, the mind in the body and the soul in the mind; yet it seems safe to say that an end has come to the old dread that science *necessarily* involves a mechanized theory of life. One must not, indeed, argue against a scientific conclusion because it seems to us to threaten some more sacred 'vested interest,' but it is always a sound method to ask whether this or that formulation is adequately covering *all the known facts of the case.* Illegitimate materialism remains a real danger, practical as well as theoretical, but we need not make a bogey of it. We need not be superstitious in regard to what was largely a superstition — the old materialism.

5. Another of the dispiriting phobias that we are warranted in leaving behind is the picture of an eternal world-eddy — 'nothing new but has already been, and nothing new under the sun.' For the story of the past is a story of emergent evolution — an evolution that deserves to be called *creative,* since it has gone on from novelty to novelty almost always excelling itself. No doubt masterpieces have been evolved and have passed away without leaving any descendants to-day; no doubt there have been retrogressions and degenerations. These are minor problems of much interest. But the large fact is the general advance of life, an advance in whose momentum we live. It is an ascent, not a descent, that we have behind us. Progress is, of course, a human and modern concept, but if birds and mammals have not made progress as compared with their extinct reptilian ancestors, then we must invent some other word for this kind of advance; and so is it for Homo Sapiens as compared with tentative men like Pithecanthropus.

6. Gone too is the inhibiting belief that there are certain evils which cannot be got rid of. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* The poor are always with us, we are told, and whoring, which has been from the beginning, will continue even unto the end. Disease has tentacles like Hydra, we are told, and to lop them off merely means that they grow again. The serpent of sin lies coiled and uncoiling forever at the roots of the tree Yggdrasill. 'You cannot change human nature' is one of the most frequently reiterated falsities. These widespread, strongly clutching beliefs as to the conservation of evils must be left behind. The history of modern medicine and hygiene is enough to give them the lie; and, although education cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, it can make decent citizens out of very unpromising materials. The fact is that evolution is going on, and, on the whole, integratively.

7. Gone too from the minds of many is the old view of science as a kind of bed-rock knowledge which has the last word to say about everything, the one and only right of way to reality. Science has no such exalted métier. It proposes to describe and formulate the measurable and impersonally verifiable facts of experience, to which certain methods of observation and experiment can be applied, and also to give a historical account of the actual way in which things and organisms have come to be as they are. Its questions are What, Whence, and How? But it declines to ask the question Why? For it is not its business —

that is, not in the line of its methods of descriptive analysis — to inquire into the purpose or significance of the evolving world as a whole. The word *ultimate* does not occur in the scientific dictionary, and science leaves interpretation to philosophy and religion. On the one hand, science must state its conclusions scientifically, without other than scientific implications; on the other hand, religion and philosophy must not clothe their interpretations in terms which cannot be accepted by the scientific intelligence. Hence particular conflicts must long continue, but they are coming to have more utility since the old idea has been relinquished that the scientific description and the religious interpretation are alternatives. To oppose them is to make a false antithesis; they are complementary, not competitive. Yet it has to be granted that those in whom the scientific mood is peculiarly strong and resolute have sometimes very little organic inclination to be interested in anything approaching the mystical, which is by hypothesis 'beyond science.' Contrariwise, it is very unlikely that Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, to select an attractive saint, could ever have become a great scient, for it is told of him that he rode all day along the shores of Lake Leman and then asked in the evening when they were coming to the water.

Science is a particular way of looking at the world, but it is not the only way. For its own purposes it must remain of single eye, but will man ever cease to demand a synoptic vision? We learn by feeling and living as well as by scientifically knowing. Science is one of the pathways toward the truth, but there are other pathways. *Vivendo discimus.* By certain methods, determinedly abstract and partial, methods of weighing and measuring, analyzing and reducing, science formulates the fractions of reality which it grips. But by hypotheses it only gets at fractions of reality, since it is too daring a postulate to suppose that scientific methods are always able to exhaust the manifoldness of a situation — especially when we are dealing with complexities of a high order, such as organism, man, and society. Scientific inquiry may be likened to fishing in the sea of reality with a particular kind of tackle. This tackle has well-known excellences, but it has also recognized limitations; and there may be much in the sea that the net used will not catch, being of too wide a mesh. On the whole, science aims at description in terms of the Lowest Common Denominators available; while religion and philosophy aim at interpretation in terms of the Greatest Common Measure.

New Prospects

The loggerhead turtle lays its eggs on a sandy shore, and when the young ones are hatched out they dig their way to the surface and make for the sea. By careful experiments Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard has shown that the young loggerheads are not guided by hearing or smelling the sea, nor do its waters in the strict sense come within their vision. But the loggerheads have an inborn bias to make for the more illumined horizon. If an upward slope is artificially arranged, they will creep uphill if it is toward the opener light; if a barrier like a fence is arranged so that the more illumined horizon is inland, then inland they will go. On the floor of a tub the little creatures crawl about at random, for the prospect is equally dull all around; but if the tub is inverted and the adventurers are placed on the platform, they will make unerringly in the right direction and topple over toward the sea! Comparing great things with

little, we may liken man to these loggerheads; he has, on the whole, a bias for making toward the more illumined horizon. The question we wish to ask is: *What new prospects are before us?*

Of a truth there cannot be anything fundamentally new, for evolution, as Samuel Butler said, is like a fugue in music, in which, when the subject and the counter-subject have been announced, thenceforward there can be nothing that is new, though all must be new. Now hunger and love correspond to the subject and counter-subject in the evolution-fugue. Since man began to come to his own he has been seeking for more life, more love, more light, and more luxury — always the same.

Yet there are novel features in the outlook of to-day, and the first of these is expressed in the distinctively modern rallying cry: 'Science for Life.' As man resolutely faces the remediable facts of life with the torch of science, what rewards may he not expect in a few centuries of this new habit — new as a general principle, though familiarly old here and there, for instance in some corners of medical practice? Occupational diseases are fast disappearing, parasitic and microbic diseases are being rapidly conquered, there is likely to be an improvement of public conscience that will mean a full stop to many constitutional defects and disharmonies. A fresh enthusiasm for positive health — as different from the absence of disease as positive peace is from the cessation of war — is spreading in the more civilized countries of the world. It is possible that some way of escape may be found from the disharmonies and pathologies of sex.

To many it seems that well-advised, not merely selfish and unadventurous, birth control will increase the welfare and happiness of families, will lessen the severity of the struggle for existence, still so often reproachfully tragic, will reduce the risks of war, and will evade the debacle of a world in which, if the absolute increase of its population continues at its present rate, there will soon be need, it has been well said, for mankind to hoist the placard, 'Standing Room Only.'

For centuries there has been experimenting with education, but the new outlook is psychology for education, or education as applied psychology. No doubt the ideal of eupsychics, held in a vague way, is as old as that of eugenics; what is new is a growing awareness of scientifically thought-out methods, by which the ideals can be more adequately attained. Traditionalism has ruled us for too long, and we have been tyrannized by minds which we mistakenly thought to be our own. Too little attention has been paid to the results reached by daring experimenters, pioneers before the time was ripe. Fair play in opportunities will certainly find abundant extension, but the biologically fallacious doctrine of equalitarianism will be left behind, so that classes in school will be no longer futilized by allowing the tail to become a tedious drag on the head. Besides systematic, though joyous, education of the senses (for example, of observation); besides the education of æsthetic feeling through beauty feasts, and of ethical feeling through telling the noble stories of the past; besides all sorts of indispensable brain-stretching disciplines or intellectual gymnastics, which should vary with individual teachers and pupils (for instance, mathematics for most and Greek verse for a few), what will be the essentials of informative instruction? We believe that the pupils of the future will leave school with (*a*) a dramatic picture of the events that have counted for most in the history of their race; (*b*) some ability to find their way about — just a little, but that clearly and sincerely —

in the world in which they are going to live; and (*c*) some vivid realization of the laws of health and happiness, with awareness of the rewards and joys of knowing more. As our successors thus become less miseducated, there will be progress indeed.

While in our opinion there is likely to be a loss of all belief in the possibility of the direct entailment of individual gains, — physical, intellectual, and emotional, — there will be compensating realization of the wonders that 'nurture' in the widest sense may effect for the individual. Heredity is the strongest factor in life, but surroundings and functionings are probably much more powerful than is as yet imagined, and they are capable of unlimited modification for the better.

Perhaps it will come to be realized that the inborn quality that means most for the progress of mankind — the quality, therefore, which is to be most persistently selected or bred for — is the individual's power of taking advantage of the most evolutionary elements in the social heritage, which is as supreme as the germ plasm is fundamental. Perhaps it is here that we come nearest the open secret of social, as distinguished from organic, progress.

And as to progress, known as yet only in particulate or piecemeal expression, and often checkered, will it not be more fully actualized when mankind becomes more discontented with one-sided views of life — for instance, sympathy without synthesis, or both without synergy? Like children who grow away from their toys and eagerly seize the realities of life, so will mankind pass more and more from the lower to the higher values, which give more lasting satisfaction and a deeper happiness. For, given positive health in abundant measure, and a reasonable possession of wealth (meaning command of food and other energies), what is progress but a fuller and more all-round embodiment of the true, the beautiful, and the good, on all of which even organic evolution has set its seal of approval? Nothing else is more than very piecemeal progress.

Speaking for ourselves, we cannot say that we see on the horizon — on the best-illumined horizon of the human loggerhead — any new understanding of what is meant by the relation of mind and body, or of the relation between body-MIND, like the philosopher thinking, and the mind-BODY, like the same philosopher taking exercise. The continuance of this obscurity is one of the greatest hindrances to firm-footed progress. Yet it is a scientific fact, not a wish-fathered thought, that in the course of the ascent of life, during hundreds of millions of years, there have been a slowly growing ascendancy and emancipation of the mental aspect of organisms. The higher organisms, such as birds and mammals, are more integrated unities than the lower — 'more perfect wholes,' as General Smuts would say; but at the same time there is a rounding-off of the inner life, which becomes less 'thirled' to the body, through which, however, it never ceases to be thrilled. Just as a yellow bunting on its furze bush is beginning to have a very definite subjective individuality, above which the dog and the horse, humanized by sharing responsible tasks with man, are reaching forward to a personality, which those who know them best are slowest to deny them, so there may be an integration evolving in mankind beyond the ordinary human mind and character. Is he not a bold evolutionist who would close the door of hope to those who believe that men and women at their best may rise to a yet higher integration — and even gain an 'immortable' soul?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Tenth reunion

It is ten years this June since the sweltering day on which mine was one of ninety moist hands extended in the direction of a B.A. diploma. It is even five years since the rather more sweltering June day on which mine was one of one hundred and twenty-five moist hands extended in the direction of a further diploma, while the fiery red dean murmured something about 'all of whom have made an original contribution to knowledge' and the audience, mercifully, laughed. Now the latter anniversary can be forgotten (graduate students are only statistically desirable or desired), but it is more difficult to escape the former. The relation between the two days may perhaps be expressed by saying that it was from my Alma Mater that I received the first diploma, whereas the second came from my Alma Mater-in-law. At any rate, there on my desk a few days ago lay the first of the rousing appeals of our class secretary, intimating that now is the time for all good women definitely to reserve rooms.

Am I going? In the negative spirit of one who has just been asked to fill out even a mild form of questionnaire, I began to think of reasons why I should *not* go. In the first place, what right had the class secretary to remind me that we have been out ten years? It had n't occurred to me; why should she force it on my attention? A horrible memory came back to my mind. Back in the year 1920, between the ice creams of an outdoor reception, some of us were critically regarding the alumnæ who were then ten years out. We pitied them, generously. At that moment a member of the class of 1910, noted for her beauty, crossed our path. 'Well,' admitted one of our number dubiously, 'I guess it *can* be done.' No, far be it from me to offer food for such comparisons.

But what about your own classmates? inquired a voice within me. Would n't it be interesting to see what's happened to them?

I know what's happened to them, I replied crossly. This is what's happened to them. This is what happens to any class of any woman's college.

There are those who are on the way to becoming ladies, social pillars of the city-suburban life mirrored, I believe the phrase is, by the more dignified columns of *Town and Country*. They have married the bondhouse-bound brothers who were our contemporaries at Yale-Harvard-Princeton. They have a graded series of infants, dressed charmingly and identically — is it to expedite a rapid census, I always wonder? They are board members of all the best hospitals and charities. Practically the only question on which they are divided, though on this they wax passionate, is that of nursery schools.

Then there are those who married stocks rather than bonds. Their heels have become higher and thinner and their voices have grown huskier with the years. They have fewer children and more antique shops than the former group and their agile vertebræ do not form part of the backbone of the community.

A third group, on the fringes of both of the preceding, consists of those who

were a little too vigorous to have a certain type of husband and a little too aimless to have a certain type of job. They end either by taking courses somewhere or by traveling on the Continent with their mothers.

Distinct from these are the women who have gone into the professions, who have taken positions while the others were achieving position. A considerable number of these are women who have married but at the same time kept and developed their own interests; from the rest is drawn the recently waning statistical correlation between college attendance and spinsterhood.

The range which they cover is fairly wide. At one end are those who went straight from college into underpaid teaching positions and to whom the reunion is a great event. (The ladies, appreciating this *en bonne hôtesse*, will say, 'We must see to it that N—— has a good time and does n't feel left out.') At the other are those whose acknowledged success in 'pioneering the opening up of certain careers for women' has complicated the problem of their personal dignity. Between is the classmate, correctly but just a shade obviously dressed, member of the Business and Professional Women's organization, who will be telling how she just held on until the manager finally saw the possibilities of the thing. That's all.

Does that description quite account for ——? pursued the voice, naming one or two of the people I most admire.

I tacitly admitted the point. (The effects of the questionnaire were beginning to wear off.) But, I parried, you know that it is much more satisfactory to see them individually, to walk out into the country with one of them, or to sit in somebody's study before a deliciously superfluous wood fire.

At this stage the voice was heard to murmur something indistinct about rhododendron. There was a pause.

What it really comes down to, broke in the voice suddenly, is whether you can make it by Saturday night, or whether you can't get there till Sunday morning.

I reached for the blank.

We come to Puteoli

On a bright Saturday morning in May, we wandered into Salisbury Cathedral, where, to my joy, service was about to begin. I followed it carefully, that my un-Episcopal ear might miss as little as need be, until, during the reading of the Scripture, the scarlet-clad dignitary, whose rank I could not guess, read, 'We came to Puteoli, where we found brethren.' Then *he* went on, and I stayed right there, with all the implications those chance-caught words suddenly spread before me.

Some people, I preached to myself, could travel around the world and never discern, even in the dimmest distance, the outline of the gates of Puteoli, nor recognize the 'brethren,' however brotherly their aspect. And of those blind travelers I, unhappily, am one. Others — and of such, fortunately, is my husband — glimpse the open, welcoming doors of Puteoli in every village street, and find brethren at every casual turning. And, since I was with him, we came often upon Puteoli, and often the brethren spoke to us. And here they speak to you in accents a bit blurred and enfeebled, but in words and spirit unchanged.

Said young Mr. Fisher, of the American Express Company in London, — my choicest English story, this! — 'If I may say it without seeming rude, you Americans certainly do have a strange fashion of pronouncing names. You say *War'wick* for *Warrick; Lee'-*

mington for *Lem'ington; Clov'elly* for *Clovel'ly; Bloomsberry* for *Bloomsb'ry.*'

'Just as,' I countered, without attempting denial, 'Englishmen, the best-educated of them, say *Mitchigan.*'

'Oh yes,' he replied complacently, 'it is *called* Mitchigan in England!'

Weeks later, at Bowness, we listened with much interest to the astonishingly good sermon of a lay preacher. Toward the close he quoted, most feelingly and forcefully, from 'the American poet Lowell,' rhyming him with 'towel'; and afterward, as we talked with him, he spoke the name again. Very casually my husband said, 'In his own country, of course, his name is pronounced *Lō'ell.*'

'Ah yes,' said Mr. Atkins; 'no doubt, no doubt. But over *here* it is pronounced *Low'ell.*'

We listen to our London waiter; he balances the brass tray, with its dishevelled tea things, on the brass footrail of the bed, and is brotherly: —

'Yes, madame, I've been all through the war — in France, I was, an' in Belgium. I was gassed, I was, an' wounded, too. But I never would do it again, an' I'm sayin' wot I mean. They could put a bullet through me 'eart, but I'd still be a conscientious objector. The ex-service man, 'e's readin' things 'e did n't read w'en everything was lovely, before the war, an' 'e's thinkin', too. 'E says to 'imself, "I'll be 'avin' a bit of a look round, to see wot I got by it all"; an' 'e 'as 'is bit of a look round, an' 'e sees it got 'im just nothin' at all, only 'is foot in a sling, and bein' called a *Bolshev'ik.*

'No, sir, *'e* won't go again, 'e won't. They talk about the Germans, but *we* know Germans — we got acqu'inted with the prisoners back of the lines, an' they often give us a 'and w'en we 'ad work to do. An' they're just the sime as us, are the Germans — just the sime. They did n't know w'y they were there — they went because they were made to, sime as us.

'They say the London tramways don't pay, sir — the London tramways, w'en the Atlantic Ocean would be small to 'old the money they tike in! But there's Lord Buncombe, 'e 'as 'is millions of pounds; an' there's 'is assistant, 'oo's 'is wife's sister, she 'as 'er million. An' there's 'is grandmother, she 'as 'er thousands — they drop down a bit w'en it comes to grandmothers, but still, she gets a-plenty. An' the motorman, 'e gets 'is fifty bob a week, an' lucky if 'e gets a free ride 'ome to Stepney!

'You ought to read the *D'ily 'Erald,* sir, an' see wot Jones, the Labor member, says in Parliament. It's very, very comycal, sir, the sime as a pl'y. The 'ome secret'ry makes a speech, an' Jones jumps up an' says, "You've 'eard your 'ome secret'ry," 'e says, "an' 'e's the biggest 'ypocrite of any 'ome secret'ry you've ever listened to," 'e says. "'E reminds me," 'e says, "of a boy that won a prize at a garden show by pinchin' the wreath off 'is dead comrade's grave. Your 'ome secret'ry," 'e says, "would pinch a worm off a blind duck," 'e says.'

In Penzance, on a Saturday evening, we stepped into a tiny fruit store up a narrow street, to buy our breakfast oranges.

'And you'll be foreigners,' said the black-eyed woman in charge. 'You'll want to be goin' to the Wesleyan chapel to-morrow's the mornin', an' seein' a touch of life. The mayor and the corporation will be there, and we'll be 'avin' a bit of a band to blow 'im into the chapel.

'Mr. Shimmin's a good preacher, accordin' to most, but there's one big advantage in goin' to the Church of England. If the sermon's poor, you

'ave n't to suffer above ten minutes, but if you go to the chapel the minister's like to go on and on till you're fair wore out.

'My father,' she went on, 'was a very religious man — very religious; but into a church 'e would not go. "Father," I've often remarked to 'im on a Sunday mornin', "you'd best go to chapel with us to-day. It'll do you good." "Na, na," said Father, shakin' 'is 'ead stubbornly. "When I'm in the chapel the parson's gabble is always interferin' with my devotions."'

In the station at Bath, a brotherly railway inspector told us enthusiastically of his ''olidays.'

'From what part of England do you come?' I asked, recognizing a not-till-then-encountered accent.

'Ah'm a Lincolnshire mon,' he replied proudly, 'an' Ah pronounce mah words Lincolnshire way. Mah daughters 'ave it out of me because Ah *do* pronounce 'em Lincolnshire way. "You say *book*, Father, w'en it ought to be *book*," they say to me. But *I* says to *them*, "It's *b-o-o-k*, an' if *b-o-o-k* don't spell *book*, wot *do* it spell?" You can't make nothin' else *out* of it — at least not Lincolnshire way.'

Windermere, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, with yellow roses in bloom over the doorways of the dark stone houses.

As we walked down the station platform, my husband said to the young man who was wheeling our luggage beside us on a barrow, 'Can you tell us of any private home, on the edge of town, where we can have a quiet week-end? We're tired of hotels and of hotel food.'

He hesitated, then handed us a dirty little card, with 'Mrs. Burton, Alexandra Road,' printed on it. 'You might try this place. The card got dirty from my 'ands, for it's a clean place, I know. An' they say she's a good cook.'

We found it much to our liking.

'We've no gas nor electricity,' said the rosy-cheeked little Yorkshire woman who was Mrs. Burton, 'but I'll be pootin' a student lamp in your room that gives plenty light. An' I can promise yeh fower good meals a day, with plenty of booter 'n' eggs; an' I've a coorrant pasty ready the minute.'

'It was the young luggage man at the station,' said my husband, when we were comfortably settled, 'who told us of your house.'

'It'll be me 'oosband,' said Mrs. Burton — and it *was* ''er 'oosband'!

Mrs. Burton had ideas on the subject of 'keepin' visitors.' 'I've a bit of a willin' mind,' she explained, 'and I don't like to pinch visitors. If yeh give folk joost enough, it's all right for the time, but they'll not be coomin' back, an' it's visitors as cooms back as counts. There's those in this town that keeps visitors, an' one of them's me own coozin, an' if yeh poots out boots to be cleaned she poots a penny extra on the bill. But I ain't one that believes in extras. Seven an' six a day is my charge, with plenty of booter an' eggs, an' no extras.'

Early one September morning we were slipping down the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Naples. I had drawn a camp chair to the railing, and was looking back at what I am sure must be one of the loveliest sights in the world — Capri, mist-hung, rising sheer from the shadowed water. Behind me, on the deck bench, sat a very obviously Italian couple. Italians of the lower class they evidently were, decently but none too tidily dressed.

Suddenly, to my surprise, the man leaned forward and spoke to me.

'You lika dees?' — with a sweep of his hand toward Capri.

'It's beautiful — beautiful!' I replied lamely.

'Ah, but iss no lak *my* home town!' he cried, pride and scorn mingled in his tone.

'What *is* your home town?' I marveled.

'New York!' he exclaimed, explosive in his emphasis.

And then, dropping his voice confidentially, 'I wass Italian once, but now, thank God, I am American. Thirty years I live in United States, and iss great country. In twenty years I am not in Italy; now I bring my boys to see what kind of country *iss* Italy.

'They no lika — iss notting doing. I no lika — too much "high hat." In village, one man getta da automobile — everybody must tippa da hat to da man with da automobile. He iss big man. I tella da people, in *my* country strit-sweeper hava automobile all hiss own. They no believa — they thinka I bloff. I tella how much money iss in *my* country — no believa. In Italy people no believa in money because they no see-a da money — in Italy everybody iss poor. If people had money, would not be even a *dog* left in Italy — everybody would come to *my* country.

'When I wass young and come out of army, I wanta da work — da hard work. Italy no gava me da bread. Now I am for country that gava me not just bread, but butter on my bread. Thank God I am American now, and I vota for Al Smith!'

He was not a typical Italian, but he was a typical citizen of Puteoli. I shall never see him again, nor any of the others whose words I have here set down, nor any of the scores whose words I have forgotten; but they have, all together, made Puteoli more real to me than Chicago, or than Oregon, Illinois.

Age and crabbed youth

Youth and Old Age! A parlous strife, in sooth!
We hear our Shakespeare troll his careless lay
(If it be his) of 'Crabbed Age and Youth'
That 'cannot live together.' In his day
The adjective and all that follows may
Have had some warrant from the situation;
But in our time we need an emendation.

I humbly offer: 'Age and Crabbed Youth';
Adding in sequence, 'Youth is full of care'
And 'Age is full of pleasance.' For in truth
Youth likes to tread the sweet way to despair,
Plucking the dismal growths that flourish there;
Age hugs the fire, and blesses his old self,
Fondling some old brown folio from the shelf.

Especially in our strange time's confusion,
When all's bewilderment in life and art,
And disillusion is a new illusion
From which the embittered Hamlet will not part,
Youth stalks in blacks, crossed arms above his heart.

I showed the foregoing verses, intended as part of a rather frivolous occasional poem, to a comparatively young friend of mine who is qualifying for the Ph.D. (He has written a learned paper on 'The Dram of Eale.') He said very gravely that he knew of no ground for emendation in the passage quoted, and that the practice of emending in order to obtain a sense personally preferred was to be considered an unpardonable crime. He added, with a slight frown, that it would be easy to list passages showing that the lines in question really expressed Shakespeare's idea of the nature of youth and age; but the process would be useless, because the song was probably not Shakespeare's, having appeared without warrant in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

His verdict, which was no doubt based on sound scholarship, failed to shake my conviction as to the comparative advantages of youth and age. The troubled spirit of youth — even youth academically prolonged —

does not, it would appear, admit that harmless humor which one might look for in autumn, 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.' The autumnal haze has a softening effect upon landscape, and suggests inevitably the blue smoke of the peace pipe, the happy emanation of a mind at ease. Surely autumn, rather than a 'winter of pale misfeature,' is the natural symbol of the spiritual quality of age. If, however, the conventional parallel of the four seasons be insisted on, it may be pointed out that winter has its exhilaration, its sparkling days of crisp snow crust and azure shadows, its nights of crowded stars and the hearth fire and the old brown folio, and what Stevenson calls 'the pleasures of shelter.'

Spring, on the contrary, is a callow season of uncertainty and experiment, in the life of man as in the order of the year. Shall we let the furnace fire go out? Is it going to shower? Should one wear an overcoat? Would it be better to postpone that May party? Such questions arise in the physical world; and infinitely more in the world of the spirit. Youth is the passionate pilgrim, in the old sense of the adjective, moving about, with blank misgivings, 'in a world not realized'; suffering, longing, and doubting. Whence and whither? What is the use of anything? *Is life worth living?* WHAT IS TRUTH? In the words of a contemporary writer,

> Youth is a thing not easy to endure.

Three poets of an earlier time have nobly expressed the higher possibilities of age: Emerson in 'Terminus,' Whitman in 'Old Age's Lambent Peaks' (is not the title itself a poem?), and Browning in 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.' These are sweet and wise and heartening counsels of the prophets. But now that one comes to an immediate application, does not each of them imply something more of effort than is quite congenial to the season? 'Peaks' perhaps suggests a climb; and 'taking in sail,' recommended by Emerson, is an operation requiring some energy. Above all, Browning's conception of age as employed in weighing the past, discerning, comparing, pronouncing, and, as it were, polishing up armor for an 'adventure brave and new'—that conception, so characteristically inspiring, seems at times a little exhausting too. Why should we not see in age a cheerful escape from all the intensities, and be content to adopt the attitude of that ancient monarch known to tradition merely as a Merry Old Soul?

Doubtless, if I had succeeded in beguiling my prospective young Doctor of Philosophy into adducing passages of Shakespeare in support of the orthodox view, he would have quoted:—

> Youth no less becomes
> The light and careless livery that it wears
> Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
> Importing health and graveness.

I was ready to counter by asserting that the passage was not one of direct self-expression, and by attacking the moral character of Claudius, King of Denmark, which should certainly put him out of court as a witness. Sables and weeds, forsooth! The solemn suggestion impels me to defiance in the following

SONG OF PLEASANT AGE

I shall not wear sables,
  I will not wear weeds.
I shall follow gay Fancy
  Wherever she leads.

I shall garb me in motley
  As the wise soul befits.
I shall carve me a bauble,
  I shall jingle my wits.

I shall dance down the road
  Till I quite disappear,
And the tap of my tabor
  Is the last sound you'll hear!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Emilio Lussu, lawyer by profession, saw eight years of service in the Italian Army. In the Great War he earned an almost legendary reputation for courage, serving throughout with the 151st Regiment of Infantry, made up of fellow Sardinians. Wounded again and again, he was decorated with four medals. Once the war was over, Lussu established in Sardinia the so-called Sardinian Party of Action, known to be opposed to the Dictatorship. A Fascist sympathizer shot him as he presided over a meeting, but he recovered, ran for the Chamber of Deputies, was elected and re-elected. Obviously, Lussu was not a man to be trifled with, and the Italian Government paid him the compliment of dealing with him on a grand scale. His story, appearing in the *Atlantic* in two installments, seems to us the most revealing of contemporary Italian documents. **Ralph Arthur Reynolds,** a San Francisco physician, visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Minister of Health. Much of his information regarding Vienna was obtained at first hand during his residence there for eighteen months in 1928 and 1929. Δ Would that all humanists were as humane as **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.,** director of the University Art Museum at Princeton!

The death of **Dallas Lore Sharp** leaves an irreparable gap in the company of *Atlantic* contributors. It is a privilege to print these impressions of a naturalist in Central America. Δ For those who like the tang of 'Eve's Apples,' we recommend **Eleanor Risley's** book, *The Road to Wildcat,* just published. **Arthur E. Morgan,** President of Antioch College, shows that there is no good end that cannot be perverted. **Robert Hillyer** is Assistant Professor of English at Harvard and author of seven volumes of poems. **Claudia Cranston** returns to the *Atlantic* after an absence of several years. Δ We conclude this month **Kathryne Mary Frick's** remarkable record of her life and education. **Edith L. Neale** will move many Ph.D.'s to covert sympathy. **Katherine Casey** is director of the Fashion and Merchandising Information Division of the Hahn Department Stores, Inc.; **Claire Sullivan** is a member of the *Atlantic* staff in charge of publicity.

Few academicians have a longer or more honorable record than **Vida D. Scudder,** Emeritus Professor of English Literature at Wellesley, author of books on such diverse subjects as Socialism, the Arthurian legends, and Saint Catherine of Siena. A devoted Franciscan scholar, she is now engaged on a volume treating of the first hundred years after the death of the Saint. **Francis G. Peabody,** clergyman, professor, dean, and author, is a venerated figure in Cambridge and Harvard. **Leland Hall,** after teaching at several American colleges, spent nearly two years in Morocco, making friends equally with natives and French. Δ The wheel has come full circle when **Julian Huxley,** prince of biologists and essayists, confronts a black man and gives his blessing to the primitive worship typified by the giant lizard. **J. Arthur Thomson** is Professor of Natural History in Aberdeen University.

E. L. Bogart, author of 'Our Interest in the Reparation Problem,' was credited by mistake to the University of California in the April Contributors' Column. He is Visiting Professor of Economics at Claremont Colleges, Claremont, California.

We ask the forgiveness of Mr. Charles C. Marshall for printing these lines in the authentic tradition of Artemus Ward.

San Carlos, Cal.

Deer Atlantick, —

Hoo is this heer fellah Marshall whatz bin writin short-witted and long-winded artickles in yore fancy magazeen laitly?

Way out heer in the wild open spaciz ov the West, we onct had a fellah by the saim naim. But he did sumthin gude for hoomanity. He waz honist and waz searchin fur gold . . . an he uncovered it. His name has gone down on the brite pagis of histry; a naim that every skool child noz by hart.

But this modern Marshall iz not honist it seams. At least he doesunt uppeer to B. Awl hez tryin two dew is thro mud on won of the greatest blessins that evur graced this heer hemisfere, I allood to the Catholick Church, ov coarse. He is out too find faultz whare thare iz nun. He'll make no discuveries like hiz naimsaik.

Abowt the onlee good sirvis I cud plan fur his remainin daze is a job on one (won) ov the grate enjineer's cummishuns . . . I heer refer too (two) thoz things made poplar by Presdint Whoovr. Thay are harmlis as nooduls.

I hoap he doesunt spoil eny more ov yure idishuns.

Yores sircumspecktly,

SILAS MARINER

From the Dean of the Women's Division, Colby College.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Most of us who are deans of women say 'hurrah' to the stimulating criticism in Mrs. Lee's article in the April *Atlantic*. There is just a lurking fear in my mind lest those who read the article and do not know college women may draw the conclusion that student government is driving students to the dogs at a rapid pace. It is dangerously easy to criticize — though not in Mrs. Lee's excellent style — any present state of affairs. It will, in turn, be easy and natural for us who are working with college women to criticize Mrs. Lee's article.

I do not want to criticize — much. I shall just feel ever so much better if I may point out one or two fundamental principles which she seems to have overlooked. I agree that the ideal aim of both education in general and student government in particular is greater liberty. But I believe also that consideration for the well-being of others, and the demands of convenience and necessity, must always enter into the ethics of human behavior to an appreciable extent. It may be just as innocent a pleasure to walk after 10 P.M. as before, but the innocence of this pleasure may be offset by the desirability — even the necessity — of a definite closing hour for a college residence. Indeed, the exercise of walking to a railroad station before 8.30 A.M., say, is quite as beneficial as it would be after this hour. But, if one needs to catch an 8.30 train, he must limit his freedom to the extent of taking his walk before that hour. Some educator has expressed a very good idea in these words: 'The educated person learns to do what he does not want to do at the time he does not want to do it.' And I read recently of a very modern young lady who spoke to an obstreperous 'boy friend' in words to this effect: 'You better go get yourself a few inhibitions.'

I should welcome as heartily as Mrs. Lee possibly could the appointing by colleges of commissions made up of qualified undergraduates, faculty members, and specialists in mental hygiene to study the whole subject of regulating the social behavior of students. I should only hope that such commissions would take into consideration *possibly* the Ten Commandments and *most certainly* the Golden Rule!

NINETTA RUNNALS

William Gordon Stuart, outspoken dirt farmer, and Jesse Pope, economist critic of the Federal Farm Board, have inspired both sympathy and debate.

BRIDGEHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article of William G. Stuart in the March *Atlantic*, while a forcible presentation of truths much needed by the non-farming public, leaves something to be desired as an economic presentation of the fate of the farmer.

It fails to mention the much greater productiveness of the machine-using mechanic as compared with the average farmer. Within sight of me as I write is a dwelling under construction. It will cost about $12,000. It was begun December 1, and it will be ready for occupancy in about a month. The average number of men at work has been perhaps nine. That means that nine men working four months have produced $12,000, or that one man working one year would produce $4000.

While I have not Mr. Stuart's article by me, I recall that he stated the gross production of his farm to be about $2300. This was accomplished by himself, at least one hired man, and his two children. Counting the two children as one man, that gives a per capita productiveness of something less than $800 per year. The difference between this and $4000 might account for a difference in return to the respective workers.

Mr. Stuart figures his personal income for one year at about $744, but I failed to note that he included in it either his house rent or board for himself and family. In even a prosperous country town, to say nothing of an industrial city, a good house could hardly be had for less than $50 a month, while board for two adults and two chil-

dren would amount to at least $150 more. If this be added to $744, it gives an annual income of $3144, which, while not equal to that of his engineer brother or his teacher niece, is probably well up to the average skilled mechanic's income per year.

Added to this is a certain measure of security. The farmer is the last man to starve, and while there is no occupation which requires a greater active display of all the social and economic virtues to achieve a distinguished success than does farming, there is none other in which a fool can so long keep a roof over him and have food for his table.

Mr. Stuart does well to criticize the inflated wages of some sorts of labor and the extravagance of public expenditure; but his strictures on waterway development would hardly be followed by the Mid-Western farmer whose wheat is borne to overseas markets down the Great Lakes or the Mississippi at a rate much below one all-rail to the sea, and he might recall that the original Erie Canal which made it economically possible to grow grain more than ten miles west of the Hudson is what gave the Empire State its start toward empire.

The farmer to-day is in the uncomfortable predicament of the sailor or the stagecoach driver of eighty years ago. Farming will not cease any more than transportation has ceased, but new methods will be used and while they are being worked out many innocent and capable people will suffer cruelly. The future is dark enough, but whether we look at Russia or at Iowa the tendency seems to be toward some form of collective farming with the use of machinery to the utmost.

It may be that eventually all land adapted to such farming will be so used and the rest go back to pasture or forest. It is quite certain that under such a system there would be fewer farmers than to-day, yet as much if not more food.

It is also quite possible that such a system would eventually ruin the land; if so, the mechanistic industrial civilization would collapse, as it will sooner or later, although in a way not now much expected.

Until agriculture is adjusted to our machine age, or until the machine is wrecked, farmers, unless exceptionally situated and exceptionally able, are going to have a hard time. Meanwhile some real help might be given them through a revision of systems of taxation which would place the greater burdens on the capitalist and the highly paid industrial worker because they are the ones who produce to-day the greatest wealth.

Very truly yours,
ERNEST S. CLOWES

THE PRESS CLUB, CHICAGO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is one especially good feature in the *Atlantic* — age does not wither, nor custom stale. It is like the sea itself, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow (and *salty*).

I come back to the March number, and I beg to register my emphatic endorsement (if that is not too presumptuous) of Mr. Pope's 'Challenge to the Federal Farm Board.' It is a word of wisdom, timely said. The Farm Board, the farm bureaus, and the banks, would be wise if they directed their energies to a well-ordered plan of curtailment.

Do not overload the stomach, do not overload the camel, do not overload the airplane, do not overload the market. That way danger lies. Produce according to the demand, no more. The old Attic rule — enough, but not too much — applies to-day, and to manufacturer and farmer alike.

But what shall the small farmer do, he asks. Go slow, diversify, coöperate, farm for subsistence, not for an artificially fostered demand. Cash and carry — no begging. The world is sick — have patience and wait for it to recover.

Sincerely,
JOHN T. BRAMHALL

What to do with your cat.

DECATUR, GEORGIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* I read with a great deal of interest the article by Professor George Herbert Palmer, 'On Growing Old.'

In the summer of 1897 I was a young bride living in Dorchester, Massachusetts. On a Saturday afternoon my husband and I made a call on a friend, a maiden lady of perhaps some forty summers, and found her in the busy preparation of closing her home for the summer. All was ready for the train trip — except the disposal of Tommie the cat. We found our friend more or less upset as to how she could get the twenty pounds of Tommie over to Cambridge on the street cars (it was before the days of automobiles).

After an offer of assistance by my husband, it was finally decided that we should take charge of Tommie and deposit him Sunday morning in Cambridge at the 'summer home for cats,' at 11 Quincy Street. We put the beautiful gray kitty in a covered basket and started for our home; arriving, we decided to let him have full range of the cellar. He was frightened at his more or less bumpy ride and ran up behind the furnace and refused to eat or come out, but the next morning the man of the family crawled behind

the furnace and brought him out. Tommie was usually of a very mild disposition, but he showed a decided dislike to the idea of getting back into the basket. However, with the combined efforts of three people we fastened the top and went on our way to Cambridge. Our friend had given us a postcard from the *Boston Transcript* which read: 'In answer to your inquiry will say that at 11 Quincy St., Cambridge, you will find a home for your cat during the summer months.'

We got off the car at Harvard Square, and it was easy to find Quincy Street, so with renewed energy we walked a block and stood for a few minutes in front of a very dignified home with '11 Quincy St.' on the gate. My husband put his basket down, took out the card and reread the address. This was undoubtedly the place, but my companion said, 'There must be some mistake. This looks like the home of a Harvard professor. Suppose we go back and ask that policeman if he knows of a cat home.' So, lifting his burden (it was a burden by now), we walked back to the Square.

In the words of my husband, 'If you want to feel foolish and ill at ease, ask a policeman if he knows of a boarding place in Cambridge where they keep cats for the summer.' Policeman (smiling broadly): 'A boardin' place for *cats?* In Cambridge? Well, I thought I knew somethin' about me own town, but if there is a boardin' place for cats, it's the first I ever heard of it.'

My husband handed him the postal card and explained, 'Read this card from the *Transcript* — that's all I know about it. This cat belongs to a friend and I want to find some place to leave him.'

'Well, that's 11 Quincy Street up that hill. It's Professor Palmer's home. Maybe he has gone ter boardin' cats — you never know what them professors will do next. All you can do is to go up there and ask him.'

So, with greater effort than ever on our part, and a dissatisfied cry from Tommie, the basket was lifted and in a few minutes we again stood in front of the dignified home. My husband has a good deal of nerve, but he was getting weak-kneed on this occasion. Finally he said, 'Well, I am going in and ask if this is the place.' So bravely he walked in, his bride by his side, and rang the bell (the pull bell of the '90's). The maid appeared, and said, 'What is it?' Finally and faintly the question came: 'Is this 11 Quincy Street — the place where you keep cats for the summer?' Not an unkind, but a sympathetic smile came over her face, and she said with Swedish accent: 'Dis is Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's residence and she does not keep no cats here — you is in de wrong place.'

Evidently we were. But — just as we were about to give up, a lovely lady of the '90's appeared at the door. We told her our story, showed her the card. She most graciously invited us into a wonderful library, and made us feel at home. We had met a friend. The lid of the basket was lifted, and Tommie stepped quietly out and purred his way into the heart of his new mistress, Mrs. Talmadge. She made this explanation: 'This is Professor and Mrs. Palmer's home, but they are traveling abroad. Mrs. Palmer is my sister and I am staying in her home while she is away. Some smart young reporter on the *Transcript* has given you this address, evidently intending it as a joke, for it is a well-known fact that Mrs. Palmer dislikes cats and will not have one on the place. But, as I am here alone, it will be company for me to have this beautiful animal. I will keep him and when your friend returns she may put in my missionary box whatever she intended to pay for Tommie's upkeep.' The kitty curled up on a Persian prayer rug, and we left feeling that this world is full of 'friendly folk.' The missionaries were aided in their efforts, our friend was made happy, and Mrs. Talmadge will never know how grateful to her William and Alice Alden were — and are.

ALICE S. ALDEN

From the Assistant Curator, North American Archæology, of the Field Museum of Chicago: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with much interest Professor Huxley's article, 'Climate and Human History,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic*.

Every anthropologist would probably agree with the author's initial statement that 'climate and geology between them decide where the raw materials of human industry are to be found, where manufactures can be established . . .' but I believe that most of us would not subscribe to the statement that 'climate decides where the main springs of human energy shall be released.' So far as anyone can judge, inventions and additions to culture have been made in many kinds of climate. The Mayas of Central America developed a high civilization in a damp, warm climate, while much of the Egyptian culture flourished in an arid region. Human energy has been released in diverse places and apparently quite independently of climate. In other words, climate (or environment) furnishes the 'brick and mortar' for culture, as Lowie says, but does not stipulate the plan or the manner in which materials shall be used.

It is difficult to believe that the 'hereditary makeup' of a race 'must be altered' if a race is to pass from one mode of life to another. The Navajo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico were,

until fairly recently, a nomadic people. To-day the Navajos have taken successfully to sheep raising, a quite different mode of life — and yet I believe no hereditary alteration has taken place. If Mr. Huxley's premise be correct, the human race must have altered its 'hereditary makeup' many times since *Pithecanthropus erectus*.

May I also point out that the American continent was probably first settled about 10,000 years ago (to estimate it conservatively) and that there is no evidence that it ever received any 'dose of civilization' from the old world, and certainly not so late as 3000 B.C.? A close study of aboriginal America will convince anyone that man probably arrived here with a minimum of culture (the bow and arrow or the spear thrower; the dog, fire, and the ability to chip stone), and that agriculture, architecture, writing, and so forth, are entirely autochthonous.

It might be of interest to note that the first flourishing period of Maya civilization did not, in all probability, take place in Yucatan, as Mr. Huxley implies, but in what is now called Guatemala or Honduras; moreover, there is every reason to believe that the jungle was just as dense and difficult to keep at bay then as it is now. In other words, the Maya civilization probably originated and developed in a region unaffected by 'cyclonic storms,' where the jungle and climate have remained unaltered for thousands of years.

Very sincerely yours,
PAUL S. MARTIN

We value the opportunity to print the following letter on a subject to which all must respond.

CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was as much with delight as with surprise, when I opened the *Atlantic* for January, that I encountered the article, 'How Death May Feel,' in the Contributors' Club. To explain my delight I need but say that I am a chronic invalid, and have, during the five turbulent years of my illness, experienced on many occasions that same feeling of profound pleasure.

I am nineteen years old. In the winter of 1924–25, influenza, for the second time in my life, laid me low, this time playing havoc with the valves of my heart — finishing the job it had commenced six years earlier — and relegating me to the bed I have occupied since.

In the summer of 1925, with a pulse that must have been fifty or less and barely perceptible, I faced what seemed to be almost certain death. Having no pain whatsoever and being entirely rational so far as my faculties were concerned (throughout my long illness I've never been delirious), I was free to contemplate what, for all practical purposes, were to be my last moments on earth. Contemplate I did. And to my utter astonishment I found my experience a pleasant one. Not only pleasant, but enticing: I wanted more of this supreme happiness I was feeling; I craved a clearer and deeper draught of this bliss.

To describe my exact feelings would be impossible. At times it might have been called a gradual assimilation by the universe — a slow but sure entrance into something more vast — a constant diminishing of the individual. Then again it seemed as though I were being wafted 'gently o'er a perfumed sea.'

After several days of intermittent flashes of these unearthly pleasures, I gradually lost all hold on them; and with the subsequent regaining of full consciousness — consciousness of material, earthly things — a feeling of shame came over me: shame because I had felt no regret at the prospect of leaving my loved ones. Yet, on later analyzing my experience, I came to the conclusion that there was no occasion for shame. I was n't to be judged in connection with the things of this earth, because at the time I was less of this earth than of another — another sweeter and happier earth: the place from which I had come, and to which, as a natural course, I was returning.

If, in relating my one particular experience, I have created the impression that the approach to death is always pleasant, let me hereby correct it. Most of my approaches to the next world are, by the very nature of my disease, the most horrible things imaginable. In these instances there is no sweet, steady contemplation of a paradise beyond; no 'gliding in of cosmic relaxation.' There is no relaxation. But, while there is no *steady* contemplation, there are times when, despite the wild insanity of my sufferings, I manage to grasp a little of what I feel — and know — lies just beyond. On this score I have written a poem which will express my feelings better than I could in prose.

Mine has never been a morbid, melancholy yearning for death. Indeed, so long as I am in no great pain it could not even be called a yearning. So far as I am concerned I much prefer regaining my health and remaining here on earth awhile, for the simple reason that a quiet anticipation has in it the germ of its own realization. But, for me, conditions do not indicate a long tenure here on earth. And, since they don't, I have voluntarily renounced such imaginary claims to worldly happiness as I may have had for the more complete and sustaining happiness to be found in anticipation of the beauties of the world beyond.

PILGRIMAGE DENIED

I waver on the shore of waters deep,
  Enchanted by their depth and glowing haze;
  Aware that here lies dim before my gaze
An object half attained in mortal sleep.

The more enamored grow my weary eyes.
  My soul, by illness racked, implores the deep,
  Seeing beyond its foam a painless sleep.
But, faith! I cannot break my earthly ties!

My passion grows — and even have I cried.
  My yearning grows with each increasing pain.
  I stumble — gasp and fall, but, oh! 't is plain
A something holds me from that foaming tide.

Sweet foaming tide! And of beyond the sea
  I've caught a glimpse, but managed nothing more —
  I've sighted peace beyond this earthly shore,
But cannot sail: there floats no barque for me.

WILLIAM HENRY

What is the *Atlantic?*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

It was the last question on the mid-year test in American Literature. And let it be said at once that the making of examinations is an art in itself. Fifteen years in the classroom have left me rather disillusioned in regard to a number of things connected with American education, but making out examination questions always acts as a spur to my lagging spirit. It challenges inventiveness.

On this particular test, after covering the field of American letters from the New England group to H. L. Mencken, I was using the well-known expedient of compressing a review of the entire field in one question by asking the victims to identify a list of totally unrelated proper names, persons, places, or titles, all of which had been at least mentioned in the course of the year's work. Sort of an 'Ask me another' game with ten points out of one hundred as the stakes.

One of the units of work done during the term had been a study of the Essay as a literary form, and in the course of this part of the work I had frequently made use of the *Atlantic* as collateral reading. With this in mind, and as a test of memory and observation, I wound up my list of names to be identified with 'Atlantic Monthly.'

Would you be interested in the answers from representative high-school seniors? I append a few, quoted word for word.

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is the first collection of prose and poetry of which Holmes is responsible.' (See Halleck, on Holmes.)

'A magazine of literary importance.' (Neat, not gaudy.)

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is a time-honored literary magazine which has remained throughout antiquity as a symbol of the literary progress of the ages.' (Do you need a publicity man?)

'The *Atlantic Monthly* was a periodical or paper.' (Note that *was.*)

'A book in the library.' (Thank heaven!)

'A monthly magazine published in Atlanta.' (The war is over, but the scars remain!)

And now, Mr. Editor, read this last one and smile, I dare you!

'The *Atlantic Monthly* is a very old literary magazine with a corresponding editor.'

Faithfully, for all your faults,

W. H. MCCREARY

THE SALLYPORT

Scientists have enjoyed the agreeable position of dispensing power and order, destroying superstition, promulgating laws of nature, and spreading light everywhere. Now some of them are beginning to taste the opposite pleasure of dispensing confusion, of discovering that what they took for light was really darkness visible, of presiding brilliantly over new-found paradoxes and eccentricities in the constitution of things.

Contrast J. Arthur Thomson's admirable and optimistic article in the present *Atlantic* with such a work as A. S. Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World.* No excuse is needed for mentioning Eddington's famous book, for it is hard to say whether it has been more widely and delightedly read or more widely and delightedly cribbed. Certainly no one ought to miss the experience of reading it, and if his business leads him to write articles, deliver lectures, or preach sermons, he will sooner or later find himself cribbing it.

Professor Thomson deliberately limits himself to those transforming discoveries which have actually come home to the popular imagination. Consequently time and space in his article have not been turned into a 'four dimensional continuum,' nor has the atom become, as another eminent authority describes it, 'a string of events that take place where it is n't.' Professor Thomson can still display to the full effect that wonderful operative knowledge of the conditions of man's life by which science has indeed transformed both those condi-

tions and man's imaginative picture of them. He can write truthfully, 'Gone is the old sense of bewildering confusion. . . . Every year discloses some new orderliness in the universe.'

Eddington, on the other hand, writes of all those most sophisticated and paradoxical discoveries that lie on the outermost fringe of advancing physics. A reader, putting down his book, might well exclaim: 'Gone is the old sense of orderliness. Each year discloses some fresh confusion in the universe. We used to think that the rules of nature were becoming always more plain. Now it seems a question whether nature has any rules. The laws by which an eclipse is predicted are only summaries of how swarms of particles behave on the average. When it comes to dealing with a single particle, its conduct is so unpredictable that the very principle of causation is difficult to maintain in the face of it. Instead of thinking of a force of gravity as binding suns and planets together in happy and proportional respect for each other, we must think of complicated mathematical laws of curvature as governing, or at least describing, the motions of material bodies. But matter itself, like the Cheshire cat, has faded from view, leaving a hollow and mocking grin. The strangest thing of all is that this empty grin seems to suggest and support all manner of mathematical laws and formulæ such as might really describe a world of matter if it were actually there, although a very paradoxical world indeed. Confusion has complimented our age by waiting until it arrived to make her masterpiece.'

Look on these two pictures, the counterfeit presentment of two worlds, or of a common world seen so differently as to look double. There is no need to choose either as exclusively right. One clue to the divergence might be expressed by saying that Thomson writes of science as knowledge, while Eddington writes of science as thought. Eddington is a scientist driven into philosophy by the increasing complexity of scientific study. No piece of knowledge is so self-sustaining that it cannot be shown to inhere in a world of uncertainty, an infinite penumbra of ignorance. Yet it remains perfectly good knowledge in an operative sense; it will build a bridge or cure a disease, and yet contain cosmic vistas of doubt and speculation. We know of a bacteriologist who, in the course of his researches on the ills that flesh is heir to, gives injections to fleas and allows them to feed twice daily on his immunized arm. The knowledge comprised in this is wonderful; but if one were to track the fleas or the biologist down to ultimate elements, one would come sooner or later to the theory of atoms, and find what appear to be not only incompatible but positively mythological definitions in the field. The control of nature seems to be in no way injured either because they are incompatible or because they are mythological.

To those who have read Eddington or other recent writers on science, and who may have been led to believe that they really have a notion of the Quantum Theory or of Einstein's principle of gravitation, and that up-to-date science consists of nothing but such paradoxes, Professor Thomson's article should be salutary. No one can say how stable the new conceptions of physics will prove. Indeed, industry does not throw away outworn machines faster than science throws away outworn ideas. The universe will not long be allowed to remain as eccentric as it is at the moment. Yet the really 'new world of science' in which the public is interested is Eddington's world of confusion rather than Thomson's world of order. True enough, the public has not grasped the discoveries of Einstein, but it is interested in them. A moving picture giving simple illustrations of the theory of relativity (some of them of questionable logic) has already made the rounds of several cities. Professor Thomson himself has acknowledged by a hint here and there the influence of the newest physical discoveries. He writes that the principle of conservation of energy requires 'saving clauses to-day.' 'How many real laws of nature man has discovered as yet,' he admits, 'is a very difficult question.'

The new world of science will not long be a world of confusion, but it may remain always a world of skepticism. Time was when new worlds were discoveries in space — new continents in the Western Hemisphere or at the poles, new planets or new

laws in the sky. Presently new worlds were discovered within the compass of a hair or a finger nail — the atom in matter, the cell in the body, the bacillus in the scale of life. As each new world came into view, it brought with it a fresh load of abstract thought, until now our new worlds are fast becoming pure discoveries in mind. The fact that prompts them remains hidden away in outer or inner depths; it is a faint blush on a photographic plate, or a form of life so infinitesimal that its existence is only known because it passes through a filter and infects other living tissue. All that we receive immediately is the report of some new mathematical abstraction, possessed of wonderful powers for those who can use them, or some new concept to add to our already bewildering store. A new world is a new way of thinking.

It is becoming increasingly evident that each of the successive scientific ways of thinking must be regarded with ultimate skepticism. The new worlds with which science presents us are partly worlds of actuality and partly worlds of imagination. Readers of Eddington will thank him for making clear how difficult and dubious it is to discriminate between the two elements, or to frame an intelligible connection between them. Each new scientific fashion of thought gives new control over operations and functions that can be measured and directed; but of the remote hidden universe it gives no final picture or ultimate means of apprehension. We cannot escape believing that thought is in touch somehow with actuality when it gives the power of control over the conditions of life; but what the link between them is grows more obscure as it is pursued to deeper levels. At the same time it grows correspondingly plain that a scheme of thought that aids in the control of the world may later turn out to contain a good deal of fantasy. True and entire faith must tramp long roads in this world in search of an honest lodging, although it may lie down in a fool's paradise anywhere.

Yet faith at the present moment is better off than it has been for a considerable period past. Skepticism may prove a more lasting refuge for it than the great ages of religion have done. Faith, for a great many men, appeared to find an established footing in science in its materialistic heyday; now what seemed a firm bottom of knowledge has sunk into the deeper quagmire of things. Having temporarily misplaced matter, science is not for the moment materialistic. Men do not seem on this account to be flocking back toward religion. Rather the way seems to lie clear before the world toward an age that will hold all general schemes of thought in ultimate skepticism. There are many reasons why a world of human beings should look forward to such an age cheerfully. Faith divides men; skepticism makes them one. Skepticism softens conflicts, promotes an eye for realities, tends toward peace. It civilizes passions and reduces the barbarity of ambition. The immediate human sphere of action and knowledge receives a new dignity when science carries its inquiries into the unhuman structure of the world so far that it passes the limits of certainty. A physicist studying the behavior of infinitesimal particles may be led to question the idea of cause. A wise man, reflecting on experience, will know that the movements of his life are not unrelated to choices and conditions that other men have observed and recorded before him. The science of intelligent human observation is very difficult, relative, and variable, yet it is also true and profound. Its masters — the poets, the dramatists, and those historians and philosophers who have also not disdained literature — are still the highest guides of man's advancing spirit. Compared with them, psychologists are children patronizing their teachers.

Finally, an age of skepticism cannot exclude the possibility of faith, how rich or definite does not yet appear. Skepticism must regard even itself without an excess of conviction. It cannot deny all knowledge, nor can it deny that cultivated and inspired imagination may have its just part in framing as much of the truth as may be known. The age of which we write so hopefully should give a new opportunity to the exhaustless powers of art and poetry. Theirs are the vehicles that best embody the truth of human knowledge and aspiration, and the only vehicles of this kind that are not injured by ultimate disbelief.

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